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SPRING.

"Nimium ne crede."

SPRING is coming! It uncloses
Tiny leaves on all the roses!
Snowdrop, hyacinth, and crocus
An inquiring eye can focus!
Nature says that Spring is coming
And the bees will soon be humming!

Spring is coming! By degrees
Rise the rows of early peas!
Spring is coming, sure and steady —
Slugs and snails have come already!
Nature says that Spring's approaching,
On the Winter's steps encroaching!

Spring is coming! Elm and chestnut —
Horse-, of course, and not the best nut —
Put forth buds; and larches slender
Wear a green that's fresh and tender!
Nature says that Spring is nearing,
Soon the cuckoo you'll be hearing!

Spring is coming! From their sleeping
Beds the tulips now are peeping!
Birds are singing, blithely winging,
Mid the swinging branches clinging!
Nature says that Spring is near us —
That's a prospect which should cheer us!

Spring is coming! But her pleasing
Promises may end in freezing!
All the buds and blooms are lost,
May or April bringing frost.
Nature cries that Spring is coming,
But experience says she's humming.

— *Fun.*

EXCELSIOR!

THE chains of Trade were falling fast,
As to the Tory benches passed
A youth, through social snow and ice,
Who bore a flag with the device —
"Excelsior!"

His brow was brass: his eye, beneath,
Slept like a dagger in its sheath;
And, 'twixt the stabs of his keen tongue,
Ever in under-tone there rung —
"Excelsior!"

He smote his foemen black and blue,
His friends he served, a henchman true;
He turned from Truth's white mountain-throne,
And upwards pressed, with stifled groan —
"Excelsior!"

"Try not that road!" Experience said,
"Truth's rocks hang threatening o'er thy head;
The stream of Proof runs deep and wide."
But, firm, that stubborn voice replied,
"Excelsior!"

"Oh, stay," fair Fiction cried, "and rest
A laurelled head upon my breast!"
A flash awoke his slumbrous eye,
But faded, as he gave reply,
"Excelsior!"

"Ware Toryism's rotten branch!
'Ware democratic avalanche!"
Such was calm Caution's last good-night:
A voice replied, from Treasury height,
"Excelsior!"

As Tory Chieftains officoward
Expectant turned their keen regard,
Discussing chances, hopes, and fears,
His voice burst on their startled ears —
"Excelsior!"

There, on Ambition's topmost round,
This climber at his goal was found,
Triumphant over snow and ice,
True to his flag and its device,
"Excelsior!"

For all his triumph, in cold blood,
Passionless, but not proud, he stood:
As from Truth's peaks, crowned with her star,
A proud voice rang above him far,
"Excelsior!"

— *Punch.*

BISHOP GRAY.

(Dedicated to A. C. LONDON.)

He's all your fancy painted him;
A sound High Church divine;
But Natal it is another's
See no more void than mine.
You shoved not out one never shoved
With shove in legal way:
Oh the law, the law'll be broken
By the move of BISHOP GRAY!

The mitre leave suspended o'er
His brow at airy height;
The new lawn sleeves put by for him
Whilst you are bound by right.
His mitre name no more to me;
His sleeves take hence away:
Oh the law, the law'll be broken
By the move of BISHOP GRAY!

I shrunk not, when they summoned me
To swell the censure's blast,
But due tribunal there was none;
No valid judgment passed.
Then since that truth must be confessed,
Don't give us cause to say,
Oh the law, the law was broken
By the move of BISHOP GRAY.

— *Punch.*

From The Cornhill Magazine.

THE THREE LYRISTS; HORACE,
BURNS, AND BÉRANGER.

THE mystical fascination which the Number Three used to exercise over the human mind, receives some excuse from interesting facts in the history of literature. Thus, there are three supreme epic poets, Homer, Virgil, and Milton. There are three masters of Greek tragedy, Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides. There are three unrivalled satirists, Aristophanes, Rabelais, and Swift. And there are three lyrists, who stand out in the annals of song, enjoying a popularity beyond all competition, — Horace, Burns, and Béranger. It is with the last triad that our business lies at present. It seems to us that each of them may be better understood if all three be compared together; and that whatever essential similarity can be shown to exist between them, will tend to throw light on the lyrical character and the lyrical genius.

The points of coincidence in the condition and temperament of these men of different nations, are curious, to begin with. They were all of humble degree by birth, yet more or less fortunate in some circumstances of their training. They were all, for parts of their career, in Government employment. They all early found patrons among men of rank. They all held a kind of mixed politics, the result of the fluctuations of the ages in which they lived. They all enjoyed popularity during their lifetimes. All three were strongly susceptible of religious impressions, but hostile to prevailing dogmatism and superstition; keenly alive to the love of friends, and the charm of women; deeply tinged with melancholy, though cheerful at ordinary times, and hilarious on festal occasions. All were patriotic to a degree exceeding the zeal of common men. And though the basis of their genius in each case was a gift of creative spontaneity which defies analysis, they all alike worked on traditional material, literary and musical; and worked on it in the true artistic spirit, — with much love of form, finish, symmetry, and grace. Finally, what is profoundly significant, these three song-writers all began with satire, — a thoroughly humorous vein of satire being common to the group.

In order to draw out this parallel with any fulness, it will be best that we should take a glance at each of our lyrists separately. Béranger has been little discussed in England, considering his European celeb-

rity, and the material illustrative of him at the disposal of students. Horace and Burns are more talked of; but the latest views regarding even these poets are far from being as generally known as some people suppose.

It is a strange thing to reflect upon, that Horace, who died one winter's day just eighteen hundred and seventy-five years ago, should have more readers even yet, than either Burns or Béranger. We apprehend, however, that this admits of no doubt. It is another piquant fact of the kind, that even these evergreen classical reputations have their good and bad seasons, — their periods of fashion and of neglect. In the eighteenth century, we hear of Horace everywhere, from the pulpit to the ball-room. But for many years after our own century opened, he was no longer the mode. He ceased, as Niebuhr says, to have justice done him; and in the lectures which Niebuhr delivered at Bonn in 1828-9, that great scholar protested against the reaction. Since then, there has been a highly active Horatian movement in literature. Hofman Peerkamp, a Dutch professor of great distinction, gave an impulse to this, in an unusual way. He issued, in 1833, a work, the object of which was to show that a good deal of the present text of Horace is spurious and supposititious. Such audacity roused the Germans, and the subject can hardly be said to have gone to sleep again yet. But the revival extended beyond the province of criticism, strictly so-called. Canon Tate and Dean Milman in England, Baron Valckenauer and others in France, conducted excellent investigations of the poet's whole life and genius, — and, indeed, his life had been treated with injustice as well as his genius. Translations, too, have multiplied, till a certain impatience of them has become manifest. Some are spirited and sympathetic paraphrases, like those of Father Prout and Lord Derby; some are more severe, but equally able, like those of Professor Conington. Others, again, repeating the error of Francis in new shapes, are loose in style, and modern in character, — echoes of Moore rather than of Horace.

Meanwhile, substantial agreement may be said to have been arrived at on some long-agitated Horatian questions. The old poet's character emerges out of the latest discussions as sound and loveable as ever. A Brutus and Cassius man in his youth, he gave in his intellectual adhesion to the Emperor only when the Empire had become a distinct and beneficent necessity. It was, in fact, his own cause, for the raising of new men, and the encouragement of letters were

essential parts of the Cæsarean policy. But he could still sing the praise of "the noble death of Cato." Nor was there anything servile in his attitude towards Augustus, whose services to the State he celebrated in a manly and independent kind of way. Augustus chid him playfully for not courting him more. Compared with the attitude of Boileau to such a ruler as Louis Quatorze, that of Horace towards Augustus — who, whatever else we may think of him, was one of the ablest sovereigns that ever lived — stands out with something of a classical dignity. With regard to his private life, what writer has shown more filial piety, or shown it with a finer disregard of all the mean social fears which beset low natures in unexpected prosperity? What man has ever been more familiar with the rarer and sweeter natures of his time? As for his morals, he would not have understood what is held on some branches of morals by the modern world, which has no right to measure him by its own standards. And Buttmann did a good deal to put people right on one matter at least, when he subjected the heroines of the love-songs to a critical inquiry. There are some eighteen of them, but they vanish away when looked at closely. The Pyrrhas and Glyceras are mere Greek statuettes. The Lalage of one lyric is not the Lalage of another; and Lydia dissolves into two figures, one as shadowy as its sister. Mr. Newman contends for the historical reality of Cinara, and is a little annoyed with Horace for not having married her. But even Cinara proves to have been a mere name on investigation. These hours of literature, with yellow and myrrh-scented hair, and crowns of ivy or rose leaves, were just as much Greek ornaments of Horace's library as the figures which Atticus bought in Athens for the library of his friend Cicero's Tusculan villa. The fact is, that in one whole class of his Odes, our friend the Venusian simply used the Latin language as an ivory on which to paint Greek subjects. This is so indisputable, that he has often been treated within the last half century or so as a mere imitator, whose satires and epistles alone deserve much admiration. But to talk in this way, is to talk just as great nonsense as those gentlemen who pretend to know all about the family of Tyndaris; or who believe Horace to be in downright earnest when he relates how, having fallen asleep in his childhood on Mount Vultur in Apulia, doves came and covered him with leaves of laurel and myrtle. He imitated the Greek lyrists undoubtedly; and there is a sense in which

Burns imitated the old Scotch song-writers, and Béranger the *chansonniers* of the eighteenth century. Tradition is essential to the popular lyricist, who must also avail himself, in order to seize the popular heart, of known and familiar artistic forms, — just as of known and familiar airs or tunes. But through imitation Horace learned to be original. The charming odes addressed to his friends Septimius, Pompeius, Varus, and others, are not fancy-pieces, but fresh from life; while such noble passages as the description of Regulus in the *Cælo tonantem* are thoroughly Roman. Scholars who insist too much on the imitative side of Horace's labours, seem to forget that the Greek lyrists Alcæus, Sappho, and others, continued to exist alongside him for many ages, and that, if he had been anything like a mere echo of them, his works would have been allowed to fall into oblivion. As it was, he appears to have been as popular through the whole Roman empire as Béranger in France, or Burns in Great Britain. We cannot say, indeed, how far it was possible for a writer to penetrate the masses in a civilization of which slavery formed so large a feature; but there is evidence enough that Horace was as widely known as any classical writer could become. Now, it is a cardinal point about our three lyrists, and their own peculiar triumph, that they gained the multitude without losing the cultivated classes. "If anybody provokes me," boasts Horace, "he shall weep for it, and be sung about all through the city." Béranger, whose songs were heard in every *cabaret*, tells us, not without complacency, that Louis XVIII. was accused of having them on his night-table when he died. Who such a formidable enemy of the Bourbons as Béranger? But the head of the Bourbons was a great lover of Horace, and knew a truly good song when he saw it. Success of this double kind is by no means the necessary attendant of all kinds of lyrical greatness. Odes like those of Gray or Wordsworth, even songs like some of Mr. Tennyson's, are not addressed to the people. What can be grander in its way, for example, than Tennyson's bugle-song? But take a stanza of it: —

O love, they die, in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill, and field, and river;
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever and for ever.

Who can even imagine a stanza like this being sung by a country girl, while spread-

ing her webs to bleach near a running stream?

This illustration of a poet's popularity is taken from Allan Cunningham, who records it as his own experience in the matter of the popularity of the songs of Burns. Burns, like Horace, has been differently estimated at different periods. since his death in 1796, ten years after his poems burst upon the world. His first biographers, including even Dr. Currie, obviously underrated him; and Walker especially (of whom the world would never have heard but for his acquaintance with the great man) writes in an intolerable and contemptible strain of patronage. It was the misfortune of Burns to be born in an age when Scotland had ceased to be a kingdom, without having reconciled herself to the condition of a province. In an earlier time he would have been happier, for whatever his circumstances his heart would have been more at peace. In a later time, he would have emigrated young, risen to fame and fortune, and left, probably, greater contributions to literature than any of those for the sake of which the world cherishes his memory. As it was, he fell upon a generation whose society and literature were both eminently artificial, and wrote his best things in a language the doom of which was already sealed. His whole life was thus a moral struggle, as well as a physical and social one; a struggle between a loyal romantic Scots heart, and a society fallen into narrow divisions, with their class prejudices and local mean-nesses; between the consciousness of original power, and the check imposed by the over-valuing of mere formal education on the part of an age which had forgotten what poetic originality really was. We hear much of Burns's flattering reception, in the winter of 1786, by the Edinburgh men of letters. But they were after all mere mediocrities; for the era of Hume had passed away, and the era of Scott had not opened. Hume was dead; Adam Smith was in declining health, and suffering from the depression of spirits which overtook him after the loss of his mother. Those whose names one hears as receiving Burns — let us say Blair and Mackenzie, for instance — wanted a relish for real genius, and evidently regarded the poor bard as a miraculous Ayrshire ploughman who thought much too highly of himself. Indeed, gross exaggeration long prevailed on the subject of Burns's actual position and attainments. He was not a peasant at all, to begin with, but came of an old stock of Kincardine-

shire farmers, who seem to have been people of some superiority, for his grandfather is found joining his brother agriculturists in setting up a school. His reading, from boyhood upwards, was what would have been thought respectable in almost any class of life at that time; for, with all the talk about Scotch education, it is the diffusion, rather than the degree of knowledge of any kind, that makes the Northern kingdom remarkable. But though in reality no vulgar portent, Burns was too much treated as such; and he left Edinburgh with stings lurking in his breast, for which the hospitality that curiosity about him had excited did not compensate. His drinking-bouts with what he calls "the stately patricians" of Edinburgh, produced not only headaches, but heartaches, which were much worse to bear.

That Burns's poems should have been admired, can hardly be claimed as a credit for that generation. Their power is so glaringly undeniable; they are so superior to any Scottish poems that the country had seen for centuries; that to overlook them would have been simple barbarism. Yet they only reached two editions in Burns's life-time, though he lived ten years after achieving his fame. Nor are those apologists more successful who would extenuate the meanness of the sordid patronage which placed him in an employment of seventy pounds a year. Scotland, through the influence of Dundas, had a large share of crown patronage at that time, but it was bestowed on those who had no claims but relationship, or who made up for the want of that, by the qualities so admirably portrayed in Sir Pertinax Macsycophant. Lord Brougham and the late Mr. McCulloch are not unnaturally surprised that Adam Smith should have been fobbed off with a commissionership of customs. But this was a joke to making Burns a gauger. And it is no excuse to say that he was "a poet, and as a poet unfit for business." There are, indeed, some morbid modern poets of peculiar schools who shrink even from criticism; who are afraid of being looked at; and who are capable of nothing but producing their highly artificial stuff in a retirement cheered by the occasional company of toadies. But the type of poet we are investigating just now is quite a different kind of man. Whether it be the strong vein of humour which seems an essential part of him, that widens the lyricist of this class, or not, certainly he has always sound common-sense, and tact, and a practical faculty for affairs. Burns astonished

people as much by the judgment with which he behaved in a society quite new to him, as by his genius. His talk and correspondence were admirable, and the extant papers of the excise show that he quickly learned, and excellently discharged, all kinds of business that came in his way. The similar qualities of Horace, whose lot was cast among a more generous people, were chiefly displayed in the mixture of taste and discretion with which he filled his place in the high Imperial society. As for Béranger, some of the ablest men in France loved to illustrate his good worldly wisdom by comparing it to that of Franklin.

Burns was undoubtedly the least fortunate man of our group, from every point of view. The best friend that his genius got for him, the Earl of Glencairn, who might perhaps have been to the poet something of what Mæcenas was to Horace, or Prince Lucien Bonaparte to Béranger, was cut off by death. Yet his name will last if only in these beautiful lines:—

The bridegroom may forget the bride,
Was made his wedded wife yestreen;
The monarch may forget the crown
That on his head an hour has been;
The mother may forget the child,
That smiles sae sweetly on her knee;
But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,
And a' that thou hast done for me.

For this "Lament" promises to live as long as the *Tyrrhena regum progenies* on the one hand; or the *délicace* of the *Chansons* published in 1833, on the other. There was a strong romantic element—a feudal feeling akin to that of Sir Walter—in the original attitude of Burns towards the ancient Scotch families. It is seen very clearly in his curious Jacobite letter to Lady Winifred Maxwell, the heiress of the Earl of Nithsdale; in his correspondence with Mrs. Dunlop, who came of the Wallace blood; in the dedication of his second edition to the Caledonian Hunt; and in the high-spirited, heart-stirring "Address to Edinburgh." We are reminded in the last poem of the—

Quid debeat, O Roma, Neronibus,
Testis Metaurum flumen—

and not a few similar passages, of Horace. But the stern experience of life taught Burns that the time for generous illusions was gone by. The Jacobite became a Jacobin, or something like it. The poet

who had addressed Mr. Tytler, the champion of Mary Stuart, in such verses as these—

My fathers that name have revered on a throne,
My fathers have fallen to right it;
Those fathers would spurn their degenerate son,
That name should he willingly slight it—

lived to sing "A Man's a Man for a' that," and to welcome the French Revolution. If, at one end of his career, he could, like the Roman poet, think kindly of the Etrurian grandees, and of the Claudii, and Lamiæ, of his Northern land,—at the other end of it, he handed over his torch to one who cared little indeed for such recollections and associations,—a child of the Revolution destined to perpetuate its glories, and to continue its work. Fate seems to have curiously linked together these lyrists; and Béranger, who knew neither the language of Rome, nor of Great Britain, lived to be repeatedly entitled "the Horace," and "the Robert Burns," of France, by men well competent to judge of both.

Burns, like Horace, had enjoyed the advantage of being the son of a good and wise father; and of receiving that sound domestic training which books cannot give, and which the want of books does not necessarily impair. It is curious to compare the Roman poet's grateful record of the excellent old freedman who kept his youth pure from all corruption,—

Servavit ab omni
Non solum facto, verum opprobrio quoque
turpi,—

with the Scotch poet's similar testimony to the equally humble and admirable cotter of Ayrshire:—

My father was a farmer upon the Carrick border, O,
And carefully he bred me in decency and order, O.

Pierre Jean de Béranger, born in the Rue Montorgueil, in Paris, in August, 1780, was less happily situated in this important respect. His father was a Picard from the neighbourhood of Péronne, a good-natured careless Frenchman, of volatile character, and wandering habits, in whom, or his career, we can trace none of the solid qualities which belong to his celebrated son. The father of this De Béranger had kept a cabaret near Péronne, having been aban-

done by his father, who re-married in England, and whose name and designation were Béranger de Formentel. But in spite of their condition, the father and grandfather of the poet resolutely maintained a claim to belong to the *noblesse*, and bequeathed him (their only legacy) a genealogy in which they asserted themselves to be descended from the great house of the Counts of Béranger in Provence. The poet was described as *De Béranger* in his *acte de naissance*, and through life adhered to "the particle;" that famous particle, the right to bear which is so fertile a theme for pleasantry among the wits of Paris, and about which Balzac was so persistently tormented. Béranger, we need not say, became as fervent a democrat as his father was a royalist, and made the "*de*" the occasion for a celebrated song: —

Et quoi ! j'apprends que l'on critique,
Le *de* qui précède mon nom.

* * *
Je suis vilain et très-vilain . . .
Je suis vilain,
Vilain, vilain.

He tells us, however, that he could have passed for a noble if he had liked; though it is no wonder that he never cared for the subject, bred among the people as he was, and making of the ideas of the Revolution a life-long worship. His youthful training was of a vague and various kind. His father, after having been a lawyer's clerk in the provinces, came to Paris, where he fell in love with the lively and attractive daughter of a tailor, in whose house the song-writer was born. The father and mother separated in six months. The father wandered away to Anjou and elsewhere in search of employment, and the mother went to live by herself, while young Pierre Jean continued under the roof of the good old tailor. Sometimes he went to see her, and she would take him to the theatres in the Boulevards, or to little dances in the country; so that he learned something of the strange drama of human life in Paris even before learning to read. And what a drama life in Paris was during the boyhood of Béranger, who grew up in a Revolution, as Horace had done before! At nine-years of age he saw the taking of the Bastille from the roof of a house in the Faubourg St. Antoine, where he had been sent to school, but where he got no other lesson, he says, than the lesson of that spectacle.* In the

* *Mrs Biographie* — a posthumous work, and an admirable contribution to autobiographical literature. The prose of Béranger is scarcely, if at all,

October of the same year, 1789, while walking with one of his aunts, they found themselves surrounded by a crowd of men, and of women of dreadful appearance. They were carrying the bloody heads of the *gardes-du-corps*, massacred at Versailles, on pikes; and one of these heads passed quite close to the shuddering boy. When thinking of it, adds he long afterwards, I can see it yet; and he thanked Heaven that he had been away from Paris during the Terror.

He escaped the scenes of that worst period of the Revolution (which, Republican as he was, he always deplored,) by having been sent to an aunt at Péronne. The good poor woman looked at the lad of nine years and a half, whose grandfather could no longer maintain him; whose father freed himself from him as a burden; whose very mother gave herself no thought about his fate; and who had been sent to her by the diligence as a kind of worthless parcel of humanity to be stowed away as she best could. "It is impossible for me to charge myself with him," said she, in her perplexity; and Béranger never forgot that moment. "Scenes like these," he remarks, "quickly ripen reason in those who are born to a little of it!" But the honest kindly aunt, a moment afterwards, clasped little Pierre Jean, with tears in her eyes, and exclaimed, "*Pauvre abandonné!* I will be to you a mother!" "Never," writes the grateful poet, "never was promise better kept!" She will be remembered in literary history, in her turn, with the *libertinus* of Venusia, and the grave kindly Scots father, who sleeps in Alloway kirkyard. Béranger calls her his real mother; and describes her as a woman of superior mind, who had made up for a defective education by serious and select reading. He was still unable to read aloud when she received him, though he had already contrived to get through the *Henriade*. She took him in hand, with the aid of a *Racine*, a *Télémaque*, and Voltaire's dramas; and an old schoolmaster taught him to write and cipher.

This excellent aunt's position was that of keeper of a small inn; and, as may be supposed, she could not bestow on her nephew anything like a high education. He remained through life, in his own words, unable to decline *musa*, a muse, or *rosa*, a rose; and ignorant of every language but that of his own land. We all know the attitude less excellent than his verse. In the satires and epistles of Horace we can see the capacity for a prose style, if need be; while that of Burns (though occasionally targid) is full of vigour and animation.

towards the ancient masters which a misfortune of this kind would have caused a narrow-minded mediocrity to assume. Such a man would have gone through life protesting that the Falernian grapes were sour; would have sneered at classical scholars; and made hazardous jests about "Greek particles" without any distinct idea of the place occupied by the particles in the structure of the language. But Béranger was a man of genius, and an honest man. Circumstances did not enable him to teach himself Latin, as Rousseau had done. But he always deplored his want of such knowledge as a misfortune; and he has expressed the feeling in remarkable passages of his letters. His ignorance of Latin gave him more pain, he declares, than all that he suffered from the poverty of his youth. "Horace is to me," he writes, "the Unknown God!" * "The happiness I most envy is that of knowing Greek." † But perhaps he exaggerated his disadvantages after all. For he was a great student of the best translations, to begin with; especially those of Aristophanes, who had a perfect fascination for him. And then there were the best models of his own brilliant and graceful literature, which he studied thoroughly. From a very early period he loved the standard old French models, in spite of his sympathy with the Revolution, and its influence on literature. He had no respect for the extravagance and eccentricities to which the Romantic movement led; or with the "easy writing" of later times. "If this sort of thing goes on," are his words, "Racine and La Fontaine will soon be in want of translators." — "We shall soon have people writing," observes he elsewhere, "who have not learned to read." He did not belong, he protests, to the creators of what is called *la littérature facile*, — "the mortal foe of that other literature which has been the joy of my life, and was once the pride of France!" In precisely the same spirit, Horace toiled lovingly at the *exemplaria Græca*; and Burns compared, sifted, analysed, the old Scotch ballads and songs, and the poems of Thomson, Collins, Shenstone, and the Queen Anne men.

Béranger remained in Péronne till he had reached the age of fifteen, having passed two years of the time in a printing-office — a part of his experience to which he always looked back with interest. He had also attended, during a small portion of this period, a gratuitous primary school, one of the thousand new schemes which the ferment of revolution had inspired. Meanwhile,

the Revolution itself, and its results, were giving him an education of their own, which blended strangely with the charm of the sonorous elegance, or exquisite and delicate playfulness, of the writers of Louis Quatorze. He attended a club where republican songs were sung, and republican speeches made, an influence to which he attributed the birth in him of *le goût de la chanson*. His aunt herself was full of the enthusiasm of the hour, with which the whole moral air of France was hot. The boom of the cannon of the English and Austrian forces besieging Valenciennes reached Péronne at the distance of sixteen leagues across the plains of Picardy, and woke an echo of hatred of the foreigner in young Béranger's sensitive heart. When a salute announced to the town that Toulon had been retaken, he was on the ramparts, and at every gun his heart throbbed with such violence that he was obliged to sit down to recover his breath. If young Burns, some twenty-five years before, had glowed with patriotic passion on reading of Wallace, what must have been the emotions of a French youngster of kindred soul, with the enemy on the frontier? The love of the national flag, and a certain jealousy of the foreigner, lasted with Béranger through the whole of his long life. In spite of all his admiration for Voltaire, both as genius and reformer, he scarcely ever forgave him his zeal for foreigners, and he never forgave him his outrage to the memory of Joan of Arc.

When Béranger returned to Paris, not long before the time of Burns's death at Dumfries, he found his father and mother living together again, and his father engaged in operations on the Bourse, and Royalist intrigues. Béranger's mother, whom, as he relates, he nowise resembled, either physically or morally, died soon afterwards — her life having been shortened by her "imprudences" — at the age of thirty-seven. The young Béranger joined his father in his money dealings, and became a clever financier; and he got some near glimpses of the kind of men who were plotting for the return of the Bourbons. But in 1798 the house broke down, and the growing poet — for he had already written much verse — found himself plunged in poverty. This period of his life corresponds to the period which intervened in the life of Horace between the battle of Philippi and the gift from Mæcenæ of the Sabine farm. Among the earliest of Horace's writings were his Archilochian Iambics against upstarts like Vedius Rufus; Béranger wrote Alexandrines against Barras and his adherents;

* *Correspondance de Béranger*, vol. II. p. 137-212.
† *ib.* vol. IV. 410.

and rejoiced when Bonaparte overthrew the Directory. Republican as he was, he thought Napoleon — just as Horace thought Augustus at Rome — the only man capable of governing his disordered country. He admired him, besides, for the genius which had covered the French arms with glory; and sympathised with him, as a new man whose career was itself an embodiment of the hopes and ideas of the Revolution. Looking back to those days, long afterwards, he speaks of them as a time "when I was often hungry, but when France was great and glorious!" He was, indeed, poor enough; poorer than Horace had ever been in his worst days, without, like Horace, having enjoyed a high cultivation. He lived in a garret on the sixth story, in the Boulevard Saint Martin, where the new century found him living on bread and cheese and writing poetry, with a wardrobe consisting of three bad shirts, (" *qu'une main amie se fatiguait à racconoder,*") and everything else to match. "I was so poor!" — he tells a friend of after years. "The humblest party of pleasure forced me to live on *panade* which I made myself." * Yet there were such little parties, sometimes; and there were friends, and love, and songs; and, in spite of all its hardships, Béranger seems to have looked back to that phase of his life with much more pleasure than pain. It was the period of the *Grenier* and of *Lisette*, and is represented by some of the most charming of his songs; for the song-writer, more than any other poet, pours out himself, and his life may be traced from point to point in his strains, as the year is marked by the succession of the notes of different birds.

Béranger was cheerful and hopeful; but the view from his little garret-window, in spite of its occasional adornment by a curtain in the shape of Lisette's shawl, continued to be dark. One day in the beginning of 1804, it occurred to him to send some of his manuscript poems to Lucien Bonaparte, the most lettered man of the Bonaparte family. He selected for the purpose two copies of dithyrambic verses of four or five hundred lines, and enclosed them with a private communication. Two days passed, when a letter arrived, which Béranger opened with a trembling hand. The senator had read the poems, and wished to see the poet! "My eyes filled with tears," are Béranger's words; "and I gave thanks to God, whom I have never forgotten in my moments of prosperity." The reader can fancy the situation. It was that of Horace, when, after the introduction of Varius and

Virgil, the Etruscan grandee opened his heart to him; that of Burns, when the letter of good Dr. Blacklock reached him, just as, flying from bailiffs and intolerable misery, he was about to embark at Greenock for the West Indies. Béranger borrowed some better clothes than his own, and hastened to present himself to the brother of the First Consul. Lucien received him with every kindness, and having to leave for Rome soon afterwards, assigned to him his allowance as a member of the Institute. There were three years of the *trailement* in arrears, which Béranger received at once. The lyricist is a kindly and loyal man. Béranger made over the greatest part of this sum to his father; exactly as Burns advanced two hundred of the five hundred pounds which he got for his second edition to his brother Gilbert. The good effect of having Lucien for a patron did not stop with the income of a thousand francs a year. It indirectly led to Béranger's being employed by the painter Landon in preparing a list of drawings of the pictures and statues in the galleries of the Louvre, then yearly enriched by the plunder of Europe. The poet could now help, not only his father, but his sister, and the widow of the "good old tailor," as he always calls him, his grandsire.

Three years later, and still through the indirect operation of the patronage of Lucien, Béranger obtained a clerkship in the department of Public Instruction. He began to be known, too, among men of letters; and his genius ripened under the influence of his constant reading and observation. The writings of Chateaubriand made a deep impression upon Béranger. He owed it to Chateaubriand, he says, that he was ever any thing more than a Voltairian, and that he remained through life a spiritualist rather than a materialist in his philosophy. The spirit of the nineteenth century finding expression through an improved form of the style of the eighteenth, — that is the combination which the songs of Béranger present to us. Though a writer of songs from early youth, Béranger tried several other species of composition before devoting himself entirely to the *genre*. We hear of a poem about Clovis; of a poem about Joan of Arc; of comedies. But he never contrived to satisfy himself in these fields; nor was it till 1813 that his reputation as a song-writer began to spread, and to encourage him to cultivate more than ever his special talent. The *Sénateur*, the *Petit Homme Gris*, the *Gueux*, but above all the *Roi d'Yvetot*, ran through society in manuscript copies, and delighted the

* *Correspondance*, vol. I. 422.

ers of such things, — always, observes Béranger, a numerous body in France. The *Roi d'Yvetot* — that delightful little portrait of a kind of French King of Brentford, whose crown was a nightcap; his guard a dog; and who journeys round his kingdom on a donkey — was a comic but kindly satire on the Imperial policy, and had a great success: —

Oh! oh! oh! oh! ah! ah! ah! ah!
 Quel bon petit Roi c'était là!
 La, la.

Béranger was elected to the *Caveau*, a club of wits and song-writers, presided over by Désaugiers, who held a place in it corresponding to that held by Charles Collé in the *Caveau* of the previous century. Of all the song-writers of that century which loved song so much, Collé was the gayest and most pungent. There is a neatness and grace, — a smartness, piquancy, and prettiness together, — suggesting a kind of cracker bonbons for the suppers of the gods, — about his *chansons joyeuses*. But, unfortunately, it is almost impossible to quote them; they are fit only for that private room in the Bourbon Museum at Naples, which zeal for classical learning alone (no doubt) induces so many travellers to visit, but from which youths under eighteen are rigorously excluded. Collé was private reader to the Duke of Orleans, for the entertainment of whom and his friends he wrote songs, and little theatrical pieces, and he knew the tone of his society. There is *gaillardise* enough in Béranger's songs, especially the early ones. But Béranger, — and this is his great distinction, — elevated the *chanson*, both morally and intellectually. In the hands of Collé, it was an aristocratic toy; in the hands of Béranger, it became a popular weapon.

The return of the Bourbons gave Béranger an admirable opportunity of employing it in its new character. Although a Bonapartist, he had never been an Imperialist. But when he saw foreign troops in possession of Paris, and a king whose very presence suggested national humiliation, his sense of the despotic character of Napoleon's government gradually grew weaker, and was succeeded by a kind of romantic tenderness for a name and family associated with so much glory and so much misfortune. The violet became in a kind of manner, to him, what the white rose once was to Burns; and his "Charlie" was so far away "over the water," — all the weary way to an island in another hemisphere! There were other conditions of the Restoration hateful to Bé-

ranger. Grandees of the emigration had come back, cherishing the vain hope that the whole changes of the last thirty years could be reversed, and the old society restored with the old dynasty. The *Marquis de Carabas* was the type of this class of inane fogies in Béranger's satire: —

* * *
 Vers son vieux castel
 Ce noble mortel
 Marche en brandissant
 Un sabre innocent.
 Chapeau bas! chapeau bas!
 Gloire au Marquis de Carabas!

Nor were the Marquesses of Carabas the only unwelcome visitors in Béranger's eyes. On all hands he heard the re-establishment of religious orders hopefully advocated. The Capuchins were to begin life again; the Jesuits were busy; a whole swarm of dusky creatures came to the light, — like disagreeable reptiles, of the slug or beetle kind, after a thunder shower! In the powerful satire, *Le Bon Dieu*, there is a piquant stanza on such as these: —

Je nourris d'autres nains tout noirs
 Dont mon nez craint les encensoirs.
 Ils font de la vie un carême,
 En mon nom lancent l'anathème
 Dans des sermons fort beaux, ma foi,
 Mais qui sont de l'hebreu pour moi.
 Si je crois rien de ce qu'on y rapporte,
 Je veux, mes enfants, que le diable
 m'emporte,
 Je veux bien que le diable m'emporte.

In *Les Capucins*, too, there is a lively satirical movement: —

La faim désole nos provinces;
 Mais la pitié l'en bannit;
 Chaque fête grâces à nos princes,
 On peut vivre de pain bénit.

Bénis soient la Vierge et les saints;
 On rétablit les Capucins!

In these ecclesiastical satires we have the counterparts of those which Burns produced during the Old and New Light controversy in Ayrshire — *The Two Herds*, for example, and *Holy Willie's Prayer*. But while the Scot had a miserably narrow field of action — dealing, as he did, with the provincial squabbles of an unlettered clergy, and writing in a *patois* — the Frenchman's audience soon became European. The annoyance of the Government, and its prosecutions, cost him the loss of his place in the *bureaux* of the university, and two

terms of imprisonment, — one in 1821, in St. Pelagie; the other in 1828, in La Force. But the sale of his volumes not only more than compensated for his place, but became a source of revenue for life. Success raised Burns to the position of — a gauger; with the privilege of dining at the houses of lairds who made him drunk, and whose wives sometimes cut him for the breaches of manners which such drunkenness produced. Success made Béranger not only independent in means, but one of the chiefs of the Opposition in France — the associate in politics of Lafayette, Dupont (de l'Eure), Benjamin Constant, Manuel, Thiers; the friend of Chateaubriand, Victor Hugo, Lamennais, Lamartine. Under Louis Philippe, office was open to him if he had been ambitious. A hint would have secured him a *fauteuil* in the Academy. But he kept aloof from such worlds; lived much in retirement — part of the time at Passy, Fontainebleau, and Tours; did a thousand acts of kindness and generosity, and lived and died a simple *chansonnier*. In the course of the last Revolution he was elected to a seat in the Assembly, but he resigned it almost immediately. When his life closed at a great age in 1857, so potent was the magic of his name, that the Imperial Government feared a republican movement at his funeral, and gave him public obsequies itself. The old tailor's grandson went to his grave between troops of soldiers stretching for miles, and with a whole city looking on, from roof to pavement. Shouts of "*Honneur à Béranger!*" rose and fell along the streets as the procession passed. These were, no doubt, what Horace would have called *supercacui honores*; but they are pleasant to think of as signs of the gratitude of a nation.

We have indicated, we think, not a few points of similarity in the fortunes and characters of the Three Lyrist; and such might be remarked even in the persons of at least two of them. Horace and Béranger were both little men; stoutish in middle age; one of them gray, the other bald, before his time; and of simple costume and manners. Of the face of Horace, we only know that his eyes, which were apt to suffer from weakness, were dark. The eyes of Béranger were large and blue; and his arched lips, sensitive and voluptuous, gave peculiar expression to a smile at once kindly and melancholy. The little Frenchman, too, had a large head, leaning towards his right shoulder, which was quaintly compared by one of his friends to "a skull of St. Chry-

sostom, with a face of Bacchus."* Horace and Béranger were men of town life — men formed by capitals; and the effect of this is seen in their writings. Burns had much of the character, as of the appearance, of the farmer; his manly build, his fresh complexion lighted up by dark eyes of singular lustre and beauty, suggested recollections of the hills and rivers, and the rainy West.

The emphatic distinction of the song-writer is not only that his songs are himself, but that in himself he is a high poetic representative of the common man. There are poets, and some of the greatest, who form a kind of caste, a sacred college, among themselves. One cannot fancy a small Æschylus, a little Milton, a miniature Wordsworth. If an ordinary writer attempted to write like these demigods of literature, he would give pleasure to no human being. In their high walk, you must be a demigod, or nothing. But the kind of charm which belongs to a Horace or a Béranger is simply the highest expression of a keenness of sense and quickness of feeling, which exist in less degree among many inferior men. They are the poets of the common world — not the commonplace world, which is a separate thing — but still the every-day world of their own generation. They express, with the peculiar and incomparable felicity of genius, the prevailing half-conscious thought of their time, and give voice to the universal passions which play through the life of the human race. Hence, each of them is a man relished by his contemporaries, and strongly national; and hence, also, their resemblance to each other, in spite of differences of race, epoch, and language. For the great elementary conditions of human existence are pretty much the same everywhere. All nations and ages worth taking cognizance of in literature have enjoyed the praises of good and the ridicule of bad men; the celebration of national glory, the beauty of the revolving seasons, or the pleasures of love and wine. The song-writer's soul is not "a star" that "dwells apart." He is a man of the world, with the sympathies and interests of the mass of men, and with his share of their frailties.

In a paper of this kind, where our object is to illustrate the type, rather than to analyze minutely the individual, we naturally dwell on the resemblances by which the existence of the type is proved, and its essential characteristics distinguished. All

* Béranger et Lamennais. Paris, 1861.

the leading themes of the song-writer are handled by these three lyrists in a similar spirit. Horace has his vein of natural piety, but he is against superstition. He tells rustic Phidyle that the simplest offering from a pure hand and an open heart is as welcome to the gods as the slaughter of ponderous oxen; a doctrine quite in accordance with that of the *Cotter's Saturday Night*, and with the inspiration of Béranger's *Dieu des Bonnes gens*. He loves the coolness of wells and the plash of fountains, the shade of the poplar and pine, the sound of music among the Sabine rocks; as Burns the wimpling of a Scotch stream through a glen or underneath the hazels; as Béranger the spring notes of birds in the woods and gardens sloping down to the Loire. Each poet, of course, regards such enjoyment from a point of view of his own: the Roman under his hot sky, and musing on a philosophy which preached pleasure, but could not escape a tinge of melancholy, seeks shade and repose, and momentary forgetfulness of the imperial city to which he knows that he intends to return. The Parisian's feeling is nearer to the Roman's than to that of their brother the Scot; but he colours even external nature with a tint from the politics of his age; nay, is sometimes unwilling that the birds should sing to any but his favourite idol, the people! In the Scot we have a deeper relation to scenery. He is a man of the North, with a vein of the mysticism of the Scandinavian blood; and he goes to nature for sympathy with his sorrow, as well as for a tender oblivion of it, and throws over the landscape the sentiment, whatever it may be, which has possession of his soul. We have said already that Burns is emphatically the rural lyrist of the three, though equally at home with human character, such as other influences contribute to make it. This appears in the love songs, as in all the rest. The heroines of Horace, whenever they appear to have any reality, are dwellers in the capital; damsels of the lute and lyre, whose beauty is the natural ornament of feasts, and of rooms laughing with silver. Those of Béranger (a democrat even in his loves!) are *grillettes*; it is part of their poetry that, however charming the taste of their simple and cheap attire, they shall be of humble belongings and occupation, daughters of the classes whose work is done in towns. We never hear of either batch of them as "coming through the rye," or encountering

* Sainte-Beuve, though a friend and admirer of Béranger, has not hesitated to censure this extravagance. *Causeries du Lundi*, 2d ed., vol. II. (1852.)

their lover among "the rigs o' barley," or parting with him by the banks of a country stream. Many of the heroines of all these are imaginary, as we have before observed of the Greek statuettes of Horace. There seems to have been an historical Lisette,* though the name is not always consistently used; but Rosette, Margot, Frétilon, Jeanneton, obviously answer to Pyrrha, Myrtales, Lalage, and that ideal sisterhood; and the same may be said of Tibbie Dunbar, Eppie Adair, and other Scotch lasses of homely names, the echoes of which will last long in Ayrshire and Nithsdale, and many a land far enough away from that which holds the singer's grave. Of the drinking songs, we may say, that in all these poets, they exhibit identity of inspiration, with a dissimilarity of details produced by diversity of latitude and climate. Horace calls for the *amphora* of Massican, which has been ripening in the *fumarium* ever since he was born. It is champagne that Béranger summons when he wants to see Margot's eyes sparkle:—

Le verre au main, voyez-la,
Comme à table elle babille !
Quel air et quels yeux elle a
Quand le champagne pétille !

The Northern bard likes wine, too:—

Go fetch to me a pint o' wine,
And fill it in a silver tassie;
That I may drink before I go
A service to my bonnie lassie—

he exclaims; and a still better and more passionate effusion begins:—

Yesgreen, I had a pint o' wine.

But it is to malt, rather than to the grape, that we owe Burns's best drinking songs, of which none perhaps are more admirable than "Willie Brewed a Peck o' Maut." Such a stanza as:—

It is the moon, I ken her horn,
That's blinkin' in the lift sae hie;
She shines sae bright to wylo us hame;
But by my sooth she'll wait a wee!

is the very essence of poetic and bacchanalian fun.

To attempt anything like a Plutarchian *συγκρισις* or comparison of these lyrists, with a view to pronouncing on their relative

* See *Correspondance de Béranger*, I., 423; and *La Lisette Béranger*, by Thales Bernard. (1864.) The last title reminds us that we have seen a special dissertation called *Conjectures on Tyndaris*!

powers and merit, is a difficult and uninviting task. It is easy to decide that they stand nearer on a level with each other than any song-writer outside the trio stands towards either of them. The songs of Moore, however clever, are artificial — mere strings of epigrams for drawing-rooms. Those of Dibdin are some of them vigorous and natural, but on the whole, they have a factitious character, and one seems to see the Admiralty mark on them, — as if they were served out with other stores. Excellent songs are scattered about our literature, singly or in small groups; but as two or three epigrams do not make an epigrammatist, so two or three songs do not make a song-writer; and the Three are all fertile. There is a certain right of primogeniture in literature, as elsewhere, and to this Horace is entitled. His culture was far higher than that of the other two. He wrote not songs only, but odes, ranking with the higher grade of the lyrical art; as a moralist and satirist, and author of the “*Ars Poetica*,” he has a station of his own among the magnates of letters which demands deference; and he has exercised a great influence over modern Europe. When Thiers said to Béranger, on his death-bed, “Do you know what I call you, Béranger? I call you the Horace of France,” the *chansonnier* answered, with admirable readiness and good taste, “But what would the other one say?” He ought not to suffer for his modesty — the honest *chansonnier*, who always seems half ashamed of his great fame; yet it is not unjust to place him below an elder brother. How, then, rank him with the Scot, whose external history his own more resembles, though he was infinitely better appreciated and rewarded by his nation? Here another difficulty comes in — the danger of being warped by national prepossessions; to which one must add the prodigious disadvantage at which every foreigner stands in attempting to grasp all the merit of works like Béranger’s, of which he himself says that they are “intimately French.” We cannot find that Béranger — who must have read Horace over and over again in translations — owed anything in that kind of way to Burns. He formed himself on his own literature; and we have a right to remember, in measuring him with Burns, that the strong point of that literature was never pure poetry — poetry proper, strictly so called. In what may be defined as the worldly-poetic element — that which we see in our English Pope and Gays, as distinct from the Shakespeares and Shelleys — France is strong. Accordingly, for urban pungency of comic

power, for terse, concise, epigrammatic finish of expression, we can desire nothing better than Béranger. His satire dances to his music as charmingly as Puck at one of the balls of the Queen of the Fairies. But this is not all. There is a fine vein of tender sentiment in such songs as “*Qu’elle est jolie!*” “*Les Etoiles qui Filent*,” “*La Bonne Vieille*,” “*Les Souvenirs du Peuple*,” and “*La Vieux Caporal*,” a vein sufficiently proving Béranger to be a poet, as well as a delightful humourist and wit. Burns, however, we cannot but think, reaches a loftier height, and strikes a deeper chord. Béranger is a song-writer in the best sense, but also in the narrowest sense of the word, — as, of course, he well knew himself. He is a song-writer, and nothing more. He has not left behind him a tale like “*Tam o’ Shanter*,” a pastoral picture, or religious idyl, of grave and earnest beauty, like “*The Cotter’s Saturday Night*.” Again, there is, — to borrow an image from the cellar, — more *body* in the humour and tenderness of Burns, than of Béranger. The irony of some of “*Holy Willie’s Prayer*,” the mixture of ludicrous delineation, with scornful mirth, in “*The Holy Fair*,” — these pass beyond the sprite-like mockery with which the Frenchman taunts the Jesuits. Burns’s satire has a dash of Hogarthian poetry, too, as in “*Death and Dr. Hornbook*,” which Béranger’s satire does not reach. On the other hand, it would be still vainer to seek in the always pleasant, and sometimes sweet and touching songs of Béranger’s graver mood, anything so profoundly heart-moving as the songs of Burns on “*Highland Mary*.” We cannot, indeed, read without a thoughtful melancholy, “*La Bonne Vieille*,” already referred to. He opens with a soft music: —

Vous vieillirez ô ma belle maitresse!
Vous vieillirez, et je ne serai plus.

And the last stanza sustains the feeling: —

Objet chéri, quand mon renom futile
De vos vieux ans charmera les douleurs,
A mon portrait quand votre main débile
Chaque printemps, suspendra quelques fleurs,
Levez les yeux vers ce monde invisible,
Où pour toujours nous nous réunissons;
Et bonne vieille, au coin d’un feu paisible,
De votre ami répétez les chansons.

But, —

Ye banks and braes and streams around
The castle of Montgomery —

And, —

Thou lingering star with less'ning ray,

belong to a different world. Indeed, they are perhaps *too* deeply tender for common singing. They are hymns rather than songs, and would hardly be out of place in churches.

We may remark, in conclusion, that, for the present, the kind of lyrical poetry of which Horace, Burns, and Béranger are the masters, seems to be extinct. We are in a literary winter when there are no singing birds; though, here and there, a "Theban eagle" may be sailing overhead, but communicating no delight to the multitude, out of sight of whom he wings his way through "the azure depths." The multitude have to fall back on the trash of the hour, which does not connect them by any link with the high literature of the world. Béranger and Burns have been in themselves an education for the poor of France and Scotland, — a consolation in their hard struggles, — a joy in their hours of mirth, — a voice for the feelings to which otherwise they could have given no adequate utterance. The want of living poets of such a class is a kind of national misfortune; but the best remedy for the want is the diffusion of the books which have been handed down to us from more opulent times.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

VESUVIUS.

THE eruption in progress, as we write, from Mount Vesuvius, and the numerous and violent eruptions from this mountain during the two last centuries, seem to afford an answer to those who would see traces of a gradually diminishing activity in the earth's internal forces. That such a diminution is taking place we may admit, but that its rate of progress is perceptible — that we can point to a time within the historical epoch, nay even within the limits of geological evidence, at which the earth's internal forces were *certainly* more active than they are at the present time, may, we think, be denied absolutely.

When the science of geology was but young, and its professors sought to compress within a few years (at the outside) a series of events which (we now know) must have occupied many centuries, there was room, indeed, for the supposition that modern volcanic eruptions, as compared

with ancient outbursts, are but as the efforts of children compared with the work of giants. And, accordingly, we find a distinguished French geologist writing, even so late as 1829, that in ancient times "tous les phénomènes géologiques se passaient dans des dimensions *centuples* de celles qu'ils présentent aujourd'hui." But now we have such certain evidence of the enormous length of the intervals within which volcanic regions assumed their present appearance; we have such satisfactory means of determining which of the events occurring within those intervals were or were not contemporary, that we are safe from the error of assuming that Nature at a single effort fashioned widely extended districts just as we now see them. And, accordingly, we have the evidence of one of the most distinguished of living geologists; that there is no volcanic mass "of ancient date, distinctly referable to a single eruption, which can even rival in volume the matter poured out from Skaptar Jokul in 1783."

In the volcanic region of which Vesuvius or Somma is the principal vent, we have a remarkable instance of the deceptive nature of that state of rest into which some of the principal volcanoes frequently fall for many centuries together. For how many centuries before the Christian era Vesuvius had been at rest, is not known; but this is certain, that from the landing of the first Greek colony in Southern Italy, Vesuvius gave no signs of internal activity. It was recognized by Strabo as a volcanic mountain, but Pliny did not include it in the list of active volcanoes. In those days, the mountain presented a very different appearance from that which it now exhibits. In place of the two peaks now seen, there was a single, somewhat flattish summit, on which a slight depression marked the place of an ancient crater. The fertile slopes of the mountain were covered with well-cultivated fields, and the thriving cities Herculaneum, Pompeii, and Stabia, stood near the base of the sleeping mountain. So little did any thought of danger suggest itself in those times, that the bands of slaves, murderers, and pirates, which flocked to the standard of Spartacus, found a refuge, to the number of many thousands, within the very crater itself.

But though Vesuvius was at rest, the region of which Vesuvius is the main vent was far from being so. The island of Pithecusa (the modern Ischia) was shaken by frequent and terrible convulsions. It is even related that Prochyta (the modern

Procida) was rent from Pithecusa in the course of a tremendous upheaval, though Pliny derives the name Prochyta (or "poured forth") from the supposed fact of this island having been poured forth by an eruption from Ischia. Far more probably, Prochyta was formed independently by submarine eruptions, as the volcanic islands near Santorin have been produced in more recent times.

So fierce were the eruptions from Pithecusa, that several Greek colonies which attempted to settle on this island were compelled to leave it. About 380 years before the Christian era, colonists under King Hiero of Syracuse, who had built a fortress on Pithecusa, were driven away by an eruption. Nor were eruptions the sole cause of danger. Poisonous exhalations, such as are emitted by volcanic craters after eruption, appear to have exhaled, at times, from extensive tracts on Pithecusa, and thus to have rendered the island uninhabitable.

Still nearer to Vesuvius lay the celebrated Lake Avernus. The name Avernus is said to be a corruption of the Greek word *Aornos*, signifying "without birds," the poisonous exhalations from the waters of the lake destroying all birds which attempted to fly over its surface. Doubt has been thrown on the destructive properties assigned by the ancients to the vapours ascending from Avernus. The lake is now a healthy and agreeable neighbourhood, frequented, says Humboldt, by many kinds of birds, which suffer no injury whatever even when they skim the very surface of the water. Yet there can be little doubt that Avernus hides the outlet of an extinct volcano; and long after this volcano had become inactive, the lake which concealed its site "may have deserved the appellation of 'atri janua Ditis,' emitting, perhaps, gases as destructive of animal life as those suffocating vapours given out by Lake Quilotoa, in Quito, in 1797, by which whole herds of cattle were killed on its shores, or as those deleterious emanations which annihilated all the cattle in the island of Lancerote, one of the Canaries, in 1730."

While Ischia was in full activity, not only was Vesuvius quiescent, but even Etna seemed to be gradually expiring, so that Seneca ranks this volcano among the number of nearly extinguished craters. At a later epoch, Ælian asserted that the mountain itself was sinking, so that seamen lost sight of the summit at a less distance across the seas than of old. Yet within the last two hundred years there have been eruptions from Etna rivalling, if not surpassing,

in intensity the convulsions recorded by ancient historians.

We shall not here attempt to show that Vesuvius and Etna belong to the same volcanic system, though there is reason not only for supposing this to be the case, but for the belief that all the subterranean forces whose effects have been shown from time to time over the district extending from the Canaries and Azores, across the whole of the Mediterranean, and into Syria itself, belong to but one great centre of internal action. But it is quite certain that Ischia and Vesuvius are outlets from a single source.

While Vesuvius was dormant, resigning for a while its pretensions to be the principal vent of the great Neapolitan volcanic system, Ischia, we have seen, was rent by frequent convulsions. But the time was approaching when Vesuvius was to resume its natural functions, and with all the more energy that they had been for a while suspended.

In the year 63 (after Christ) there occurred a violent convulsion of the earth around Vesuvius, during which much injury was done to neighbouring cities and many lives were lost. From this period shocks of earthquake were felt from time to time for sixteen years. These grew gradually more and more violent, until it began to be evident that the volcanic fires were about to return to their main vent. The obstruction which had so long impeded the exit of the confined matter was not however readily removed, and it was only in August of the year 79, after numerous and violent internal throes, that the superincumbent mass was at length hurled forth. Rocks and cinders, lava, sand, and scorice, were propelled from the crater, and spread many miles on every side of Vesuvius.

We have an interesting account of the great eruption which followed, in a letter from the younger Pliny to the younger Tacitus. The latter had asked for an account of the death of the elder Pliny, who lost his life in his eagerness to obtain a near view of the dreadful phenomenon. "He was at that time," says his nephew, "with the fleet under his command at Misenum. On the 24th of August, about one in the afternoon, my mother desired him to observe a cloud of very extraordinary size and shape. He had just returned from taking the benefit of the sun, and, after bathing himself in cold water, and taking a slight repast, had retired to his study. He arose at once, and went out upon a height whence he might more distinctly view this strange

phenomenon. It was not at this distance discernible from what mountain the cloud issued, but it was found afterwards that it came from Vesuvius. I cannot give a more exact description of its figure than by comparing it to that of a pine-tree, for it shot up to great height in the form of a trunk, which extended itself at the top into a sort of branches; occasioned, I suppose, either by a sudden gust of air which impelled it, whose force decreased as it advanced upwards, or else the cloud itself, being pressed back by its own weight, expanded in this manner. The cloud appeared sometimes bright, at others dark and spotted, as it was more or less impregnated with earth and cinders."

These extraordinary appearances attracted the curiosity of the elder Pliny. He ordered a small vessel to be prepared, and started to seek a nearer view of the burning mountain. His nephew declined to accompany him, being engaged with his studies. As Pliny left the house he received a note from a lady whose house, being at the foot of Vesuvius, was in imminent danger of destruction. He set out accordingly with the design of rendering her assistance, and also of assisting others, "for the villas stood extremely thick upon that lovely coast." He ordered the galleys to be put to sea, and steered directly to the point of danger, so cool in the midst of the turmoil around "as to be able to make and dictate observations upon the motions and figures of that dreadful scene." As he approached Vesuvius, cinders, pumice-stones, and black fragments of burning rock, fell on and around the ships. "They were in danger, too, of running aground, owing to the sudden retreat of the sea; vast fragments, also, rolled down from the mountain, and obstructed all the shore." The pilot advising retreat, Pliny made the noble answer, "Fortune befriends the brave," and bade him press onwards to Stabiae. Here he found his friend Pomponianus in great consternation, already prepared for embarking, and waiting only for a change in the wind. Exhorting Pomponianus to be of good courage, Pliny quietly ordered baths to be prepared; and "having bathed, sat down to supper with great cheerfulness, or at least (which is equally heroic) with all the appearance of it." Assuring his friend that the flames which appeared in several places were merely burning villages, Pliny presently retired to rest, and "being pretty fat," says his nephew, "and breathing hard, those who attended without actually heard him snore." But it became necessary to awaken him, for the

court which led to his room was now almost filled with stones and ashes. He got up and joined the rest of the company, who were consulting on the propriety of leaving the house, now shaken from side to side by frequent concussions. They decided on seeking the fields for safety, and fastening pillows on their heads to protect them from falling stones, they advanced in the midst of an obscurity greater than that of the darkest night, — though beyond the limits of the great cloud it was already broad day. When they reached the shore they found the waves running too high to suffer them safely to venture to put out to sea. Pliny "having drunk a draught or two of cold water, lay down on a cloth that was spread out for him; but at this moment the flames and sulphureous vapours dispersed the rest of the company and obliged him to rise. Assisted by two of his servants, he got upon his feet, but instantly fell down dead; suffocated, I suppose," says his nephew, "by some gross and noxious vapour, for he always had weak lungs and suffered from a difficulty of breathing." His body was not found until the third day after his death, when for the first time it was light enough to search for him. He was found as he had fallen, "and looking more like a man asleep than dead."

But even at Misenum there was danger, though Vesuvius was distant no less than fourteen miles. The earth was shaken with repeated and violent shocks, "insomuch," says the younger Pliny, "that they threatened our complete destruction." When morning came, the light was faint and glimmering; the buildings around seemed tottering to their fall, and, standing on the open ground, the chariots which Pliny had ordered were so agitated backwards and forwards that it was impossible to keep them steady, even by supporting them with large stones. The sea was rolled back upon itself, and many marine animals were left dry upon the shore. On the side of Vesuvius, a black and ominous cloud, bursting with sulphureous vapours, darted out long trains of fire, resembling flashes of lightning, but much larger. Presently the great cloud spread over Misenum and the island of Capreae. Ashes fell around the fugitives. On every side "nothing was to be heard but the shrieks of women and children, and the cries of men: some were calling for their children, others for their parents, others for their husbands, and only distinguishing each other by their voices: one was lamenting his own fate, another that of his family; some wished to die, that they might escape

the dreadful fear of death; but the greater part imagined that the last and eternal night was come, which was to destroy the gods and the world together." At length a light appeared, which was not, however, the day, but the forerunner of an outburst of flames. These presently disappeared, and again a thick darkness spread over the scene. Ashes fell heavily upon the fugitives, so that they were in danger of being crushed, and buried in the thick layer rapidly covering the whole country. Many hours passed before the dreadful darkness began slowly to be dissipated. When at length day returned, and the sun even was seen faintly shining through the over-hanging canopy of ashes, "every object seemed changed, being covered over with white ashes as with a deep snow."

It is most remarkable that Pliny makes no mention in his letter of the destruction of the two populous and important cities, Pompeii and Herculaneum. We have seen that at Stabiae a shower of ashes fell so heavily that, several days before the end of the eruption, the court leading to the elder Pliny's room was beginning to be filled up. And when the eruption ceased, Stabiae was completely overwhelmed. Far more sudden, however, was the destruction of Pompeii and Herculaneum.

It would seem that the two cities were first shaken violently by the throes of the disturbed mountain. The signs of such a catastrophe have been very commonly assigned to the earthquake which happened in 63, but it seems far more likely that most of them belong to the days immediately preceding the great outburst in 79. "In Pompeii," says Sir Charles Lyell, "both public and private buildings bear testimony to the catastrophe. The walls are rent, and in many places traversed by fissures still open." It is probable that the inhabitants were driven by these anticipatory throes to fly from the doomed towns. For though Dion Cassius relates that "two entire cities, Herculaneum and Pompeii, were buried under showers of ashes, while all the people were sitting in the theatre," yet "the examination of the two cities enables us to prove," says Sir Charles, "that none of the people were destroyed in the theatres, and, indeed, that there were very few of the inhabitants who did not escape from both cities. Yet," he adds, "some lives were lost, and there was ample foundation for the tale in all its most essential particulars."

We may note here, in passing, that the account of the eruption given by Dion Cassius, who wrote a century and a half after

the catastrophe, is sufficient to prove how terrible an impression had been made upon the inhabitants of Campania, from whose descendants he in all probability obtained the materials of his narrative. He writes that, "during the eruption, a multitude of men of superhuman stature, resembling giants, appeared, sometimes on the mountain, and sometimes in the environs; that stones and smoke were thrown out, the sun was hidden, and then the giants seemed to rise again while the sounds of trumpets were heard" — with much other matter of a similar sort.

In the great eruption of 79, Vesuvius poured forth lapilli, sand, cinders, and fragments of old lava, but no new lava flowed from the crater. Nor does it appear that any lava-stream was ejected during the six eruptions which took place during the following ten centuries. In the year 1036, for the first time, Vesuvius was observed to pour forth a stream of molten lava. Thirteen years later, another eruption took place; then ninety years passed without disturbance, and after that a long pause of 168 years. During this interval, however, the volcanic system, of which Vesuvius is the main but not the only vent, had been disturbed twice. For it is related that in 1198, the Solfatara Lake crater was in eruption; and in 1302, Ischia, dormant for at least 1,400 years, showed signs of new activity. For more than a year earthquakes had convulsed this island from time to time, and at length the disturbed region was relieved by the outburst of a lava stream from a new vent on the south-east of Ischia. The lava stream flowed right down to the sea, a distance of two miles. For two months, this dreadful outburst continued to rage; many houses were destroyed; and although the inhabitants of Ischia were not completely expelled, as happened of old with the Greek colonists, yet a partial emigration of the inhabitants took place.

The next eruption of Vesuvius took place in 1306; and then, until 1631, there occurred only one eruption, and that an unimportant one, in 1500. "It was remarked," says Sir Charles Lyell, "that throughout this long interval of rest, Etna was in a state of unusual activity, so as to lend countenance to the idea that the great Sicilian volcano may sometimes serve as a channel of discharge to elastic fluids and lava that would otherwise rise to the vents in Campania."

Nor was the abnormal activity of Etna the only sign that the quiescence of Vesuvius was not to be looked upon as any evidence of declining energy in the volcanic system.

In 1538 a new mountain was suddenly thrown up in the Phlegrean Fields—a district including within its bounds Pozzuoli, Lake Avernus, and the Solfatara. The new mountain was thrown up near the shores of the Bay of Baiæ. It is 440 feet above the level of the bay, and its base is about a mile and a half in circumference. The depth of the crater is 421 feet, so that its bottom is only six yards above the level of the bay. The spot on which the mountain was thrown up was formerly occupied by the Lucrine Lake; but the outburst filled up the greater part of the lake, leaving only a small and shallow pool.

The accounts which have reached us of the formation of this new mountain are not without interest. Falconi, who wrote in 1538, writes that several earthquakes took place during the two years preceding the outburst, and above twenty shocks on the day and night before the eruption. "The eruption began on September 29, 1538. It was on a Sunday, about one o'clock in the night, when flames of fire were seen between the hot-baths and Tripergola. In a short time the fire increased to such a degree that it burst open the earth in this place, and threw up a quantity of ashes and pumice-stones, mixed with water, which covered the whole country. The next morning the poor inhabitants of Pozzuoli quitted their habitations in terror, covered with the muddy and black shower, which continued the whole day in that country—flying from death, but with death painted in their countenances. Some with their children in their arms, some with sacks full of their goods; others leading an ass, loaded with their frightened family, towards Naples, &c. . . . The sea had retired on the side of Baiæ, abandoning a considerable tract; and the shore appeared almost entirely dry, from the quantity of ashes and broken pumice-stones thrown up by the eruption."

Pietro Giacomo di Toledo gives us some account of the phenomena which preceded the eruption: "That plain which lies between Lake Avernus, the Monte Barbaro, and the sea, was raised a little, and many cracks were made in it, from some of which water issued; at the same time the sea immediately adjoining the plain dried up about two hundred paces, so that the fish were left on the sand a prey to the inhabitants of Pozzuoli. At last, on the 29th of September, about two o'clock in the night, the earth opened near the lake, and discovered a horrid mouth, from which were vomited furiously smoke, fire, stones, and mud composed

of ashes, making at the time of the opening a noise like the loudest thunder. The stones which followed were by the flames converted to pumice, and some of these were *larger than an ox*. The stones went about as high as a cross-bow will carry, and then fell down, sometimes on the edge, and sometimes into the mouth itself. The mud was of the colour of ashes, and at first very liquid, then by degrees less so; and in such quantities that in less than twelve hours, with the help of the above-mentioned stones, a mountain was raised of 1,000 paces in height. Not only Pozzuoli and the neighbouring country were full of this mud, but the city of Naples also; so that many of its palaces were defaced by it. This eruption lasted two nights and two days without intermission, though not always with the same force; the third day the eruption ceased, and I went up with many people to the top of the new hill, and saw down into its mouth, which was a round cavity about a quarter of a mile in circumference, in the middle of which the stones which had fallen were boiling up just as a cauldron of water boils on the fire. The fourth day it began to throw up again, and the seventh day much more, but still with less violence than the first night. At this time many persons who were on the hill were knocked down by the stones and killed, or smothered with the smoke."

And now, for nearly a century, the whole district continued in repose. Nearly five centuries had passed since there had been any violent eruption of Vesuvius itself; and the crater seemed gradually assuming the condition of an extinct volcano. The interior of the crater is described by Bracini, who visited Vesuvius shortly before the eruption of 1631, in terms that would have fairly represented its condition before the eruption of 79;—"The crater was five miles in circumference, and about a thousand paces deep; its sides were covered with brushwood, and at the bottom there was a plain on which cattle grazed. In the woody parts, wild boars frequently harboured. In one part of the plain, covered with ashes, were three small pools, one filled with hot and bitter water, another saltier than the sea, and a third hot, but tasteless." But in December, 1631, the mountain blew away the covering of rock and cinders which supported these woods and pastures. Seven streams of lava poured from the crater, causing a fearful destruction of life and property. Resina, built over the site of Herculaneum, was entirely consumed by a raging lava-stream. Heavy showers of rain, generated by the steam evolved during the

eruption, caused, in their turn, an amount of destruction scarcely less important than that resulting from the lava-streams. For, falling upon the cone, and sweeping thence large masses of ashes and volcanic dust, these showers produced destructive streams of mud, consistent enough to merit the name of "aqueous lava" commonly assigned to it.

An interval of thirty-five years passed before the next eruption. But, since 1666, there has been a continual series of eruptions, so that the mountain has scarcely ever been at rest for more than ten years together. Occasionally there have been two eruptions within a few months; and it is well worthy of remark that, during the three centuries which have elapsed since the formation of Monte Nuovo, there has been no volcanic disturbance in any part of the Neapolitan volcanic district save in Vesuvius alone. Of old, as Brieslak well remarks, there had been irregular disturbances in some part of the Bay of Naples once in every two hundred years;—the eruption of Solfatara in the twelfth century, that of Ischia in the fourteenth, and that of Monte Nuovo in the sixteenth; but "the eighteenth has formed an exception to the rule." It seems clear that the constant series of eruptions from Vesuvius during the past two hundred years has sufficed to relieve the volcanic district of which Vesuvius is the principal vent.

Of the eruptions which have disturbed Vesuvius during the last two centuries, those of 1779, 1793, and 1822, are in some respects the most remarkable.

Sir William Hamilton has given a very interesting account of the eruption of 1779. Passing over those points in which this eruption resembled others, we may note its more remarkable features. Sir William Hamilton says, that in this eruption molten lava was thrown up, in magnificent jets to the height of at least 10,000 feet. Masses of stones and scorise were to be seen propelled along by these lava jets. Vesuvius seemed to be surmounted by an enormous column of fire. Some of the jets were directed by the wind towards Ottajano; others fell on the cone of Vesuvius, on the outer circular mountain Somma, and on the valley between. Falling, still red-hot and liquid, they covered a district more than two miles and a half wide with a mass of fire. The whole space above this district to the height of 10,000 feet, was filled also with the rising and falling lava streams; so that there was continually present a body of fire covering the extensive space we have mentioned, and extending nearly two miles

high. The heat of this enormous fire-column was distinctly perceptible at a distance of at least six miles on every side.

The eruption of 1793 presented a different aspect. Dr. Clarke tells us that millions of red-hot stones were propelled into the air to at least half the height of the cone itself; then turning, they fell all around in noble curves. They covered nearly half the cone of Vesuvius with fire. Huge masses of white smoke were vomited forth by the disturbed mountain, and formed themselves, at a height of many thousands of feet above the crater, into a huge, ever-moving canopy, through which, from time to time, were hurled pitch-black jets of volcanic dust, and dense vapours, mixed with cascades of red-hot rocks and scorise. The rain which fell from the cloud-canopy was scalding hot.

Dr. Clarke was able to compare the different appearances presented by the lava when it burst from the very mouth of the crater, and lower down, when it had approached the plain. As it rushed forth from its imprisonment, it streamed a liquid, white, and brilliantly pure river, which burned for itself a smooth channel through a great arched chasin in the side of the mountain. It flowed with the clearness of "honey in regular channels, cut finer than art can imitate, and glowing with all the splendour of the sun. Sir William Hamilton had conceived," adds Dr. Clarke, "that stones thrown upon a current of lava would produce no impression. I was soon convinced of the contrary. Light bodies, indeed, of five, ten, and fifteen pounds' weight, made little or no impression, even at the source; but bodies of sixty, seventy, and eighty pounds were seen to form a kind of bed on the surface of the lava, and float away with it. A stone of three hundred weight, that had been thrown out by the crater, lay near the source of the current of lava. I raised it up on one end, and then let it fall in upon the liquid lava, when it gradually sank beneath the surface and disappeared. If I wished to describe the manner in which it acted upon the lava, I should say that it was like a loaf of bread thrown into a bowl of very thick honey, which gradually involves itself in the heavy liquid, and then slowly sinks to the bottom."

But, as the lava flowed down the mountain slopes, it lost its brilliant whiteness; a crust began to form upon the surface of the still molten lava, and this crust broke into innumerable fragments of porous matter, called scorise. Underneath this crust—across which Dr. Clarke and his companions

were able to pass without other injury than the singeing of their boots — the liquid lava still continued to force its way onward and downward past all obstacles. On its arrival at the bottom of the mountain, says Dr. Clarke, "the whole current," encumbered with huge masses of scoriæ, "resembled nothing so much as a heap of unconnected cinders from an iron-foundry," "rolling slowly along," he says in another place, "and falling with a rattling noise over one another."

After the eruption described by Dr. Clarke, the great crater gradually filled up. Lava boiled up from below, and small craters, which formed themselves over the bottom and sides of the great one, poured forth lava loaded with scoriæ. Thus, up to October 1822, there was to be seen, in place of a regular crateriform opening, a rough and uneven surface, scored by huge fissures, whence vapour was continually being poured, so as to form clouds above the hideous heap of ruins. But the great eruption of 1822 not only flung forth all the mass which had accumulated within the crater, but wholly changed the appearance of the cone. An immense abyss was formed three-quarters of a mile across, and extending 2,000 feet downwards into the very heart of Vesuvius. Had the lips of the crater remained unchanged, indeed, the depth of this great gulf would have been far greater. But so terrific was the force of the explosion that the whole of the upper part of the cone was carried clean away, and the mountain reduced in height by nearly a full fifth of its original dimensions. From the time of its formation the chasm gradually filled up; so that, when Mr. Scrope saw it soon after the eruption, its depth was reduced by more than 1,000 feet.

Of late, Vesuvius has been as busy as ever. In 1833 and 1834 there were eruptions; and it is but twelve years since a great outburst took place. Then, for three weeks together, lava streamed down the mountain slopes. A river of molten lava swept away the village of Cercolo, and ran nearly to the sea at Ponte Maddaloni. There were then formed ten small craters within the great one. But these have now united, and pressure from beneath has formed a vast cone where they had been. The cone has risen above the rim of the crater, and, as we write, torrents of lava are being poured

forth. At first the lava formed a lake of fire, but the seething mass found an outlet, and poured in a wide stream towards Ottajano. Masses of red-hot stone and rock are hurled forth, and a vast canopy of white vapour hangs over Vesuvius, forming at night, when illuminated by the raging mass below, a glory of resplendent flame around the summit of the mountain.

It may seem strange that the neighbourhood of so dangerous a mountain should be inhabited by races free to choose more peaceful districts. Yet, though Herculaneum, Pompeii, and Stabizæ lie buried beneath the lava and ashes thrown forth by Vesuvius, Portici and Resina, Torre del Greco and Torre dell' Annunziata have taken their place; and a large population, cheerful and prosperous, flourish around the disturbed mountain, and over the district of which it is the somewhat untrustworthy safety-valve.

It has, indeed, been well pointed out by Sir Charles Lyell that, "the general tendency of subterranean movements, when their effects are considered for a sufficient lapse of ages, is eminently beneficial, and that they constitute an essential part of that mechanism by which the integrity of the habitable surface is preserved. Why the working of this same machinery should be attended with so much evil, is a mystery far beyond the reach of our philosophy, and must probably remain so until we are permitted to investigate, not our planet alone and its inhabitants, but other parts of the moral and material universe with which they may be connected. Could our survey embrace other worlds and the events, not of a few centuries only, but of periods as indefinite as those with which geology renders us familiar, some apparent contradictions might be reconciled, and some difficulties would doubtless be cleared up. But even then, as our capacities are finite, while the scheme of the universe may be infinite, both in time and space, it is presumptuous to suppose that all source of doubt and perplexity would ever be removed. On the contrary, they might, perhaps, go on augmenting in number, although our confidence in the wisdom of the plan of nature should increase at the same time; for it has been justly said" (by Sir Humphrey Davy) "that the greater the circle of light, the greater the boundary of darkness by which it is surrounded."

From The Cornhill Magazine.

A SAD HOUR.

THIS little introduction is to open the door of a home that was once in a house in a pleasant green square in London,—a comfortable family house, with airy and light and snug corners, and writing-tables, and with pictures hanging from the walls of the drawing-room, where the tall windows looked out upon the trees, and of the study upstairs where the father sat at his work.

Here were books and china pots and silver inkstands, and a hundred familiar things all about the house, which the young people had been used to for so long that they had by degrees come to live for them with that individual life with which inanimate things live for the young. Sometimes in the comfortable flicker of the twilight fire the place would seem all astir in the dance of the bright fires which burned in that hearth—fires which then seemed to be, perhaps, only charred coal and wood and ashes, but whose rays still warm and cheer those who were gathered round the home hearth so many years ago.

On one side of the fireplace hung a picture which had been painted by Miss Edgar, and which represented a pretty pale lady, with her head on one side. The artist had christened her Laura. On the chimney-piece, behind the old red pots, the little Dresden china figures, the gilt and loudly ticking clock, stood the picture of a kind old family friend, with a friendly, yet troubled expression in his countenance; and then, against a panel, hung a little water-colour painted by Hunt, and representing the sweet little heroine of this short history. Opposite to her for a while, was a vacant space, until one summer, in Italy, the father happened to buy the portrait of a little Dauphin or Neapolitan Prince, with a broad ribbon and order, and soft fair hair; and when the little Prince had come back from Italy and from a visit to Messrs. Colnaghi's, he was nailed up in his beautiful new frame on the opposite panel to the little peasant girl. There had been some discussion as to where he was to be placed, and one night he was carried up into the study, where he was measured with another little partner, but the little peasant girl matched him best; although the other was a charming and high-born little girl. Only a short time before Messrs. Colnaghi had sent her home in a gilt and reeded frame, a lovely little print of one of Sir Joshua's pictures. She lived

up above in the study, and was christened Lady Marjory by the young people who did not know the little lady's real name. And it happened that, one night in this long ago of which I am writing, one of these young folks, sitting basking in the comfortable warmth of the fire, dreamt out a little history of the pictures they were lighting up in the firelight, and nodding and smiling at her as pictures do. It was a revelation which she wrote down at the time, and which she firmly believed in when she wrote it; and perhaps this short explanation will be enough to make the little history intelligible as it was written, without any other change.

There was once a funny little peasant maiden in a big Normandy cap and blue stockings, and a bright-coloured kerchief, who sat upon a bank, painted all over with heather and flowers, with her basket at her feet, and who looked out at the world with two blue eyes and a sweet, artless little smile which touched and softened quite gruff old ladies and gentlemen who happened to see her hanging up against the parlour wall.

Opposite to the little peasant maiden was a lady of much greater pretensions. No other than Petrarch's Laura, indeed, in a pea-green gown, with a lackadaisical expression and her head on one side. But it was in vain she languished and gave herself airs;—everybody went up first to the grinning little peasant maid and cried, "Oh, what a dear little girl!"

At first the child, who, you know, was a little French child, did not understand what they were saying, and would beg Mrs. Laura to translate their remarks. This lady had brought up a large family (so she explained to the old gentleman over the chimney-piece), and did not think it right to turn little girls' heads with silly flattery; and so, instead of translating rightly, she would tell the little maiden that they were laughing at her big cap or blue stockings.

"Let them laugh," says the little maid, sturdily; "I am sure they look very good-natured, and don't mean any harm," and so she smiled in their faces as sweetly as ever. And quite soon she learnt enough to understand for herself.

Although Laura was so sentimental she was not utterly heartless, and she rather liked the child; and sometimes when she was in a good temper would tell her great long stories about her youth, and the south, and the gentlemen who were in love with her,—and that one in particular who wrote such heaps and heaps of poetry; and go on about

troubadours and the belle-passion, while the little girl wondered and listened, and respected Laura more and more every day.

"How can you talk such nonsense to the child," said the old gentleman over the chimney.

"Ah! that is a man's speech," said the lady in green, plaintively. "Nonsense! — yes, silent devotion. Yes, a heart bleeding inwardly — breaking without one outward sign; that is, indeed, the nonsense of a faithful woman's love! There are some things no man can understand, — no man!"

"I am surprised to hear *you* say so," said the old gentleman, politely.

"Are you alluding to that creature Petrarch?" cried Laura. "He became quite a nuisance at last. Always groaning and sighing, and sending me scrawls of sonnets to decipher, and causing dissension between me and my dear husband. The man disgraced himself in the end by taking up with some low, vulgar minx or other. That is what you will find," she continued, addressing the little girl, — "men are false; the truth is not in them. It is our sad privilege to be faithful — to die breathing the name beloved; heighho!" and though she spoke to the little girl, she looked at the old gentleman over the chimney-piece.

"I hear every day of a new arrival expected among us," said he, feeling uncomfortable, and wishing to change the subject; "a little Prince in a blue coat all covered over with diamonds."

"A Prince!" cried Laura, brightening up, — "delightful! You are, perhaps, aware that I have been accustomed to such society before this?"

"This one is but a child," said the old gentleman; "but they say he is a very pretty little fellow."

"Oh, I wonder — I wonder if he is the little Prince I dreamt of," thought the little girl. "Oh, how they are all talking about him."

"Of course they will put him in here," said Laura. "I want to have news of the dear court."

"They were talking of it," said the old gentleman. "And the other night in the study they said he would make a nice pendant for our little friend here."

When the little peasant maiden heard this, her heart began to beat, so that the room seemed to swim round and round, and if she had not held on by the purple bank she would certainly have slipped down on to the carpet.

"I have never been into the study," said Laura, fractionally; "pray, who did you meet

there when they carried you up the other night to examine the marks on your back?"

"A very delightful circle," said the old gentleman; "several old friends, and some very distinguished people: — Mr. Washington, Dr. Johnson, the Duke, Sir Joshua, and a most charming little lady, a friend of his, and all his R.A.'s in a group. Our host's great-grandfather is also there, and Major André, in whom I am sure all gentle ladies must take an interest."

"I never heard of one of them," said Laura, tossing her head. "And the little girl, pray who is she?"

"A very charming little person, with round eyes, and a muff, and a big bonnet. Our dear young friend here would make her a nice little maid."

The little peasant child's heart died within her. "A maid! Yes, yes; that is my station. Ah, what a little simpleton I am. Who am I that the Prince should look at me? What was I thinking about? Ah, what a silly child I am."

And so, when night came, she went to sleep very sad, and very much ashamed of herself, upon her purple bank. All night long she dreamed wild dreams. She saw the little Prince coming and going in his blue velvet coat and his long fair hair, and sometimes he looked at her scornfully.

"You low-born, wretched little peasant child," said he, "do you expect that I, a prince, am going to notice you?"

But sometimes he looked kind, and once he held out his hand; and the little girl fell down on her knees, in her dreams, and was just going to clasp it, when there came a tremendous clap of thunder and a great flash of lightning, and waking up with a start, she heard the door bang as some one left the room with a candle, and a clock struck eleven, and some voices seemed dying away, and then all was quite dark and quiet again.

But when morning came, and the little girl opened her eyes, what was, do you think, the first thing she saw leaning up against the back of a chair? Anybody who has ever been in love, or ever read a novel, will guess that it was the little Prince, in his blue coat, with all his beautiful orders on, and his long fair hair, and his blue eyes already wide open and fixed upon the little maid.

"Ah, madam," said he, in French, "at last we meet. I have known you for years past. When I was in the old palace in Italy, I used to dream of you night after night. There was a marble terrace outside the window, with statues standing in the sun, and orange-trees blooming year by year. There was a painted ceiling to the room,

with flying figures flitting round a circle. There was a great blue sky without, and deep shadows came striking across the marble floor day after day at noon. And I was so weary, oh! so weary, until one night I saw you in my dreams, and you seemed to say, 'Courage, little Prince, courage. I, too, am waiting for you. Courage, dear little Prince.' And now, at last, we meet, madam," he cried, clasping his hands. "Ah! do not condemn me to despair."

The little peasant maiden felt as if she could die of happiness.

"Oh, Prince, Prince," she sobbed, "oh, what shall I say? Oh, I am not worthy of you. Oh, you are too good and great for such a little wretch as I. There is a young lady upstairs who will suit you a thousand times better; and I will be your little maid, and brush your beautiful coat."

But the Prince laughed away her scruples and terrors, and vowed she was fit to be a princess any day in all the year; and, indeed, the little girl, though she thought so humbly of herself, could not but see how well he thought of her. And so, all that long happy day, the children talked and chattered from morning to night, rather to the disgust of Laura, who would have preferred holding forth herself. But the old gentleman over the chimney looked on with a gentle smile on his kind red face, and nodded his head encouragingly at them every now and then.

All that day the little peasant maiden was perfectly happy, and, when evening fell, went to sleep as usual upon her flowery bank, looking so sweet and so innocent that the little Prince vowed and swore to himself that all his life should be devoted to her, for he had never seen her like, and that she should have a beautiful crown and a velvet gown, and be happy for ever and ever.

Poor little maiden! When the next morning came, and she opened her sweet blue eyes, alas, it was in vain, in vain — in vain to this poor little loving heart. There stood the arm-chair, but the Prince was gone. The shutters were open, the sunshine was streaming in with the fresh morning air; but the room was dark and dreary and empty to her. The little Prince was no longer there, and, if she thought she could die of happiness the day before, to-day it seemed as if she must live forever, her grief was so keen, the pang so cruel, that it could never end.

Quite cold and shivering, she turned to Laura, to ask if she knew anything; but Laura could only inform her that she had always said so — men were false — silent de-

votion, hearts breaking without one sign, were a woman's privilege, &c. But, indeed, the little peasant girl hardly heard what she was saying.

"The housemaid carried him off into the study, my dear," said the old gentleman, very kindly, "this morning before you were awake. But never mind, for she sneezed three times before she left the room."

"Oh, what is that to me?" moaned the little peasant maiden.

"Don't you know?" said the old gentleman, mysteriously. "Three sneezes on a Friday break the enchantment which keeps us all here, and to-night at twelve o'clock we will go and pay your little Prince a visit."

The clock was striking twelve when the little peasant girl, waking from an uneasy dream, felt herself tapped on the shoulder.

"Come, my dear, jump," said the old gentleman, holding out his hand, and leaving the indignant Laura to scramble down by herself as best she could.

This she did, showing two long thin legs, cased in blue silk stockings, and reached the ground at last, naturally very sulky, and greatly offended by this want of attention.

"Is this the way I am to be treated?" said she, shaking out her train, and brushing past them into the passage.

There she met several ladies and gentlemen hurrying up from the dining-room, and the little Prince, in the blue coat, rushing towards the drawing-room door.

"You will find your love quite taken up with the gentleman from the chimney-piece," said Laura, stopping him spitefully. "Don't you see them coming hand in-hand? He seems quite to have consoled her for your absence."

And alas! at that instant the poor little maiden, in an impulse of gratitude, had flung her arms round her kind old protector. "Will you really take me to him?" she cried; "oh, how good, how noble you are."

"Didn't I tell you so?" said Laura, with a laugh.

The fiery little Prince flashed up with rage and jealousy. He dashed his hand to his forehead, and then, when the little peasant maid came up suddenly, all trembling with shy happiness, he made her a very low and sarcastic bow and turned upon his heel.

Ah, me! Here was a tragedy. The poor little girl sank down in a heap on the stairs all insensible. The little Prince,

never looking once behind, walked up very stately straight into the study again, where he began to make love to Sir Joshua's little lady with the big bonnet and the big round eyes.

There was quite a hum of conversation going on in the room. Figures coming and going and saluting one another in a courtly old-fashioned way. Sir Joshua, with his trumpet, was walking up and down arm-in-arm with Dr. Johnson; the doctor scowling every now and then over his shoulder at Mr. Washington's bust, who took not the slightest notice. "Ha! ten minutes past midnight," observed the General, looking at the clock. "It is, I believe, well ascertained that there exists some considerable difference between the hour here and in America. I know not exactly what that difference is. If I did I could calculate the time at home."

"Sir," said Doctor Johnson, "any fool could do as much."

The bust met this sally with a blank and haughty stare, and went on talking to the French lady who was leaning against the cabinet.

In the meantime the members of the Royal Academy had all come clambering down from their places, leaving the model alone in the lamp-lighted hall where they had been assembled. He remained to put on his clothes and to extinguish the lights which had now been burning for some hundred years. At night, when we are all lying stretched out on our beds, how rarely we think of the companies gathering and awakening in our darkened rooms below. Mr. H. C. Andersen was one of the first to note these midnight assemblies, and to call our attention to them. In a very wise and interesting book called *The Nutcracker of Nuremberg* (written by some learned German many years ago) there is a curious account of one of these meetings, witnessed by a little wakeful girl. On this night, alas, no one was waking; the house was dim with silence and obscurity, and the sad story of my little peasant maiden told on with no lucky interruption. Poor, poor little maiden! There she lay a little soft round heap upon the stairs. The people coming and going scarcely noticed her, so busy were they making the most of their brief hour of life and liberty. The kind old gentleman from over the chimney-piece stood rubbing her little cold hand in his, and supporting her drooping head upon his knee. Through the window the black night trees shivered and the moon rose in the drifting sky.

The church steeple struck the half-hour, and the people hurried faster and faster.

"Tira, lira, lira," sung a strange little figure dressed in motley clothes, suddenly stopping on its way. "What have we here? What have we here? A little peasant maid fainting in the moonlight—an old gentleman trying to bring her to! is she your daughter, friend? Is she dead or sick or shamming? Why do you waste your precious moments? Chuck her out of window, Toby. Throw the babby out of window. I am Mr. Punch off the inkstand;" and with another horrible chuckle the little figure seemed to be skipping away.

"Stop, sir," said the old gentleman, very sternly. "Listen to what I have to tell you. If you see a little Prince upstairs in a blue velvet coat tell him from me that he is a villain and a false heart; and if this young lady dies of grief it is he who has killed her; she was seeking him when he spurned her. Tell him this, if you please, and ask him when and where he will be pleased to meet me, and what weapons he will choose."

"I'll tell him," said Mr. Punch, and he was off in a minute. Presently he came back (somewhat to the old gentleman's surprise). "I have seen your little Prince," said he, "and given him your message; but I did not wait for an answer. 'Twere a pity to kill him, you cruel-hearted old gentleman. What would the little girl say when she came to life?" And Punchinello, who was really kind-hearted, although flighty at first and odd in manner, knelt down and took the little pale girl into his arms. Her head fell heavily on his shoulder. "Oh, dear! What is to be done with her?" sighed the old gentleman, helplessly wringing his hands and looking at her with pitiful eyes; and all the while the moon streamed full upon the fantastic little group.

Meantime the little Prince upstairs had been strutting up and down hand in hand with the English beauty, little Lady Margory, of the round brown eyes. To be sure he was wondering and longing after his little peasant maiden all the while, and wistfully glancing at the door. But not the less did he talk and make gallant speeches to her little ladyship, who only smiled and took it all as a matter of course, for she was a young lady of the world and accustomed to such attentions from gentlemen. It naturally followed, however, that the Prince, who was thinking of other things, did not shine as usual in conversation.

Laura had made friends with the great-

grandfather, who was an elegant scholar and could speak the most perfect Italian. "See what a pretty little pair," said he; "how well matched they are."

"A couple of silly little chits," said she, "what can they know of love and passion?" and she cast up a great quavering glance with her weak blue eyes. "Ah! believe me, sir," said she, "it is only at a later age that women learn to feel that agonizing emotion, that they fade and pine away in silence. Ah-ha! What a tale would it be to tell, that untold story of woman's wrongs and un—unrequited love!"

"Ookedookedoo, there's a treat in store for you, young man," said Mr. Punch, skipping by. "Will you have my ruffles to dry your tears? Go it, old girl." And away he went, leaving Laura speechless from indignation. He went on to where the Prince was standing, and tapped him on the shoulder.

"Where do you come from, you strange little man?" said Lady Marjory.

"There are many strange things to be seen to-night," said Punch, mysteriously hissing out his words. "There's a little peasant girl fainting and dying in the moonlight; she was coming to find her love, and he spurned her; and there is an old gentleman trying to bring her to life. Her heart is breaking, and he wants blood to anoint it, he says,—princely blood—shed in the moonlight, drop by drop from a false heart, and it is for you to choose the time and the place. This lady will have to find another cavalier, and will she like him, Prince, with fool's cap and bells, and a hump before and behind? In that case," says Mr. Punch, with a caper, "I am her very humble servant."

Lady Marjory did not answer, but looked very haughty, as fashionable young ladies do, and Mr. Punch vanished in an instant.

"I hope I shall never see that person again," said she. "The forwardness of common people is really unbearable. Of course he was talking nonsense? Little Prince, would you kindly hold my muff while I tie my bonnet-strings more securely?"

The Prince took the muff without speaking, and then dropped it on the floor unconsciously. Now at last he saw clearly, in an instant it was all plain to him; he was half-distracted with shame and remorse. There was a vision before his eyes of his little peasant maiden—loved so fondly, and, alas! wantonly abandoned and cruelly deserted—cold and pale and dying down below in the

moonlight. He could not bear the thought; he caught Lady Marjory by the hand.

"Come," said he, "oh, come. I am a wretch, a wretch! Oh, I thought she had deceived me. Oh, come, come! Oh, my little peasant maiden. Oh, how I loved her!"

Lady Marjory drew herself up. "You may go, Prince, wherever you may wish," she said, looking at him with her great round eyes, "but pray go alone; I do not choose to meet that man again. I will wait for you here, and you can tell me your story when you come back." Lady Marjory, generous and kind-hearted as she was, could not but be hurt at the way in which, as it seemed, she too had been deceived, nor was she used to being thrown over for little peasant maidens. The little Prince with a scared face looked round the room for some one with whom to leave her, but no one showed at that instant, and so, half-bewildered still and dreaming, he rushed away.

Only a minute before the old gentleman had said to Punchinello, "Let us carry the little girl out upon the balcony, the fresh air may revive her." And so it happened that the poor little Prince came to the very landing where they had waited so long, and found no signs of those for whom he was looking.

He ran about desperately, everywhere asking for news, but no one had any to give him. Who ever has? He passed the window a dozen times without thinking of looking out. Blind, deaf, insensible, are we not all to our dearest friend outside a door? to the familiar voice which is calling for us across a street? to the kind heart which is longing for us behind a plaster wall maybe. Blind, insensible indeed, and alone; oh, how alone! He first asked two ladies who came tottering upstairs, helplessly on little feet, with large open parasols, though it was in the middle of the night. One of them was smelling at a great flower with a straight stalk, the other fanning herself with a dried lotus-leaf; but they shook their heads idiotically, and answered something in their own language—one of those sentences on the tea-caddies, most likely. These were Chinese ladies from the great jar in the drawing-room. Then he met a beautiful little group of Dresden china children, pelting each other with flowers off the chintz chairs and sofas, but they laughed and danced on, and did not even stop to answer his questions. Then came a long procession of persons all dressed in black and white, walking sedately, running, slid-

ing up the banisters, riding donkeys, on horses, in carriages, pony-chaises, omnibuses, bathing-machines; old ladies with bundles, huge umbrellas, and band-boxes; old gentlemen with big waistcoats; red-nosed gentlemen; bald gentlemen, muddled, puzzled, bewildered, perplexed, indignant. Young ladies, dark-eyed, smiling, tripping and dancing in hats and feathers, curls blowing in the wind, in ball-dresses, in pretty morning costumes; school-boys with apple cheeks; little girls, babies, pretty servant-maids; gigantic footmen (marching in a corps); pages walking on their heads after their mistresses, chasing Scotch terriers, smashing, crashing, larking, covered with buttons.

"What is this crowd of phantoms, the ghosts of yesterday, and last week?"

"We are all the people out of Mr. Leech's picture-books," says an old gentleman in a plaid shooting-costume; "my own name is Briggs, sir; I am sorry I can give you no further information."

Any other time, and the little Prince must have been amused to see them go by, but to-night he rushes on despairingly; he only sees the little girl's pale face and dying eyes gleaming through the darkness. More Dresden, more Chinese; strange birds whirr past, a partridge scrambles by with her little ones. Gilt figures climb about the cornices and furniture; the book-cases are swarming with busy little people; the little gold cupid comes down off the clock, and looks at himself in the looking-glass. A hundred minor personages pass by, dancing, whirling in bewildering circles. On the walls the papering turns into a fragrant bower of creeping flowers; all the water-colour landscapes come to life. Rain beats, showers fall, clouds drift, light warms and streams, water deepens, wavelets swell and plash tranquilly on the shores. Ships begin to sail, sails fill, and away they go gliding across the lake-like waters so beautifully that I cannot help describing it, though all this, I know, is of quite common occurrence and has been often written about before. The little Prince, indeed, paid no attention to all that was going on, but went and threw himself down before the purple bank, and vowed with despair in his heart he would wait there until his little peasant maiden should come again.

There Laura saw him sitting on a stool, with his fair hair all dishevelled, and his arms hanging wearily. She had come back to look for one of her pearl earrings, and

when she had discovered it, thought it would be but friendly to cheer the Prince up a bit, and, accordingly, tapped him facetiously on the shoulder, and declared she should tell Lady Marjory of him. "Waiting there for the little peasant child; oh, you naughty fickle creature!" said she, playfully.

"You have made mischief enough for one night. Go!" said the Prince, looking her full in the face with his wan wild eyes, so that Laura shrank away a little abashed, and then he turned his back upon her, and hid his face in his hands.

So the sprightly Laura, finding that there was no one to talk to her, frisked up into the study again, and descrying Lady Marjory standing all by herself, instantly joined her.

This is certainly a lachrymose history. Here was Lady Marjory sobbing and crying too! Her great brown eyes were glistening with tears, and the drops were falling—pat—pat upon her muff, and the big bonnet had tumbled off on her shoulders, and the poor little lady looked the picture of grief and melancholy.

"Well, I never!" said Mrs. De Sade. "More tears. What a set of silly children you are! Here is your ladyship, there his little highness, not to mention that absurd peasant child, who is coming upstairs and looking as white as a sheet, and who fainted away again when I told her that the Prince's intended was here, but not the Prince. As for her—I never had any pa" . . .

"His highness? The Prince do you mean,—is he safe then?" said Lady Marjory, suddenly stopping short in her sobs. "Tell me immediately when, where, how, did you see him?"

"The naughty creature, I gave him warning," said Laura, holding up one finger, "and so I may tell your ladyship without any compunction. Heigho, I feel for your ladyship. I can remember past times;—woman is doomed, doomed to lonely memories! Men are false, the truth is not." . . .

"Has he fought a duel,—is he wounded? Oh, why did I let him go!" cried Lady Marjory, impetuously.

"He is wounded," said Laura, looking very knowing; "but men recover from such injuries. It is us poor women who die of them without a g-g-groan." Here she looked up to see if the bust of General Washington was listening.

Lady Marjory seized her arm with an im-

patient little grip. "Why don't you speak out instead of standing there maundering!" she cried.

"Hi-i-i," squeaked the green woman. "Well, then, he likes the peasant girl better than your ladyship, and it is his h-heart which is wounded. It would be a very undesirable match," she continued confidentially, recovering her temper. "As a friend of the family, I feel it my duty to do everything in my power to prevent it. Indeed, it was I who broke the affair off in the first instance. Painful but necessary. Who cares for a little shrimp of a peasant, — at least — I am rather sorry for the child. But it can't be helped, and nobody will miss her if she *does* die of grief."

"Die of grief!" said Lady Marjory, wonderingly.

"La, my dear, it's the commonest thing in the world," remarked Laura.

"Die of grief," repeated Lady Marjory; and just as she was speaking, in came through the door, slowly, silently stopping every now and then to rest, and then advancing once again, the old gentleman, and Punchinello, bearing between them the lifeless form of the little peasant maiden. They came straight on to where Lady Marjory was standing: they laid the child gently down upon the ground.

"We brought her here," said the old gentleman gloomily, "to see if the Prince, who has killed her, could not bring her to life again."

"O dear, O dear," sighed Punchinello, almost crying.

"Poor little thing, dear little thing." This was from Lady Marjory, suddenly falling on her knees beside her, rubbing her hands, kissing her pale face, sprinkling her with the contents of her smelling-bottle. "She can't, and shan't, and mustn't die, if the Prince or if I can save her. He is heart-broken. You, madam," she cried, turning to Laura, "go down, do you hear, and bring him instantly? Do you understand me, or you will repent it all your life." And her eyes flashed at her so that Laura, looking quite limp somehow, went away, followed by Punchinello. In a minute the Prince came rushing in and fell on his knees beside Lady Marjory.

And so it happened that the little peasant maiden lying insensible in Lady Marjory's arms, opened her sad eyes, as the Prince seized her hand. His presence had done more for her than all the tender care of the two old fellows. For one instant her face lighted up with life and happiness, but then

looking up into Lady Marjory's face, she sank back with a piteous, shuddering sigh.

The old gentleman was furious. "Have you come to insult her?" he said to the Prince. "To parade your base infidelity, to wound and to strike this poor little thing whom you have already stricken so sorely? You shall answer for this with your blood, sir, and on the spot I say."

"Hold your stupid old tongue, you silly old gentleman," said Mr. Punch. "See how pale the little Prince looks, and how his eyes are dimly flashing. He has not come hither to triumph, but to weep and sing dirges. Is it not so, little Prince?"

"Weep, yes, and sing dirges for his own funeral," cried the old gentleman, more and more excited. "Draw, sir, and defend yourself, if you are a gentleman."

But Lady Marjory, turning from one to the other, exclaimed, —

"Prince, dear Prince, you will not fight this good gentleman, who has taken such tender care of your little peasant maiden. Sir," to the old gentleman, "it would be you who would break her heart, were you to do him harm."

"And why should you want to do him harm?" said the little peasant, rousing herself and looking up, with a very sweet imploring look in her blue eyes, and clasping her hands. "He has done me none. It is the pride and happiness of my life to think that he should ever have deigned to notice me. It would not have been fit, indeed, that he, a Prince, should have married a little low-born peasant like myself."

The Prince, scarce knowing what he did, beat his forehead, dashed hot burning tears from his eyes.

"Sir," said he to the old gentleman, "kill me on the spot; it is the only fate I deserve, it will be well to rid the earth of such a monster. Farewell, little maiden; farewell, Lady Marjory. You will comfort her when I am gone. And do not regret me; remember only that I was unworthy of your love or of hers." And he tore open his blue velvet coat, and presented his breast for the old gentleman to pierce through and through.

Now Lady Marjory began to smile, instead of looking as frightened and melancholy as everybody else.

"Button up your coat, dear little Prince," said she. "You will have to wait long for that sword-thrust you ask for. Meantime you must console the little peasant girl, not I; for it is I who bid you farewell."

"Ah, gracious lady," cried the poor little monster, covering her hand with kisses, "it is too late, too late; a man who has broken her heart, who has trifled with yours so basely, deserves only to die — only to die."

"Let me make a confession," said Lady Marjory, speaking with a tender sprightliness, while a soft gleam shone in her eyes. "Our English hearts are cold, dear Prince, and slow to kindle. It is only now I learn what people feel when they are in love; and my heart is whole," she added, with a blush.

Such kind words and smiles could not but do good work. The little Prince almost left off sobbing, and began to dry his eyes. Meanwhile, Lady Marjory turned to the little peasant maiden.

"You must not listen to him when he talks such nonsense, and is so tragic and sentimental," she said. "He thought you had deceived him, and cared for some one else. He sobbed it in my ear when he went away to find you."

"Hey-de-diddle," cried Punchinello, capering about for joy; "and I know who told him — the woman in green, to be sure. I heard her. Oh the languishing creature! Oh the pining wild cat! Oh what tender hearts have women! Oh what feelings — what gushing sentiment!"

"You hold *your* tongue, you stupid Mr. Punch," said the old gentleman, who had put up his sword, and quite forgiven the little Prince.

"And so good by, dear friends," said Lady Marjory, sadly indeed, but with a face still beaming and smiling. "See the moon is setting; our hour is ended. Farewell, farewell," and she seemed to glide away.

"Ah, farewell!" echoed the others, stretching out their hands.

The last rays were streaming from behind the house-tops. With them the charm was ending. The Prince and the peasant girl stood hand in hand in the last lingering beams.

"Good-night," said Punchinello, skipping away.

"Farewell," said the old gentleman.

"Goodness! make haste," said Laura, rushing downstairs, two steps at a time. . .

It seemed like a dream to the little peasant child, still standing bewildered. One by one the phantoms melted away, the moon set, and darkness fell. She still seemed to feel the clasp of the little Prince's hand in hers, she still heard the tones of his voice ringing in her ears, when she found herself once more on her bank of wild-flowers, and alone. . . .

COMFORT FOR EX-KINGS.

Ex-KINGS, and Princes dispossessed,
Doth Europe not afford to you,
Each resting in his feathered nest,
A gratifying view?

Armed against one another, blows
Prepared to strike, her nations stand.
Amongst them see how prosper those
Who cast off your command!

Their soldiers serve against their will,
Lose limbs, and find untimely graves;
Endure hard discipline, and drill,
Meanwhile: what else than slaves?

The part that drew the luckier lot
Groan under war exaction; they
Who are not forced to face the shot,
Are forced the shot to pay.

Conscription those, taxation these
Burdens, grinds down, oppresses, wrings
Much more than when, ex-Majesties,
They had yourselves for kings.

Not one of you, with despot's might,
Used any subjects ever worse
Than those whom he compelled to fight,
Or whom he touched in purse.

Behold the food for steel and lead,
Drawn up in phalanx and in line!
Thralls of Democracy, instead
Of kingly Right Divine.

Praise France, who puts on self-defence
The neighbours whom she cannot fear,
With armaments whose scale immense
Means aim to domineer.

Praise France, from you, ye Bourbons, free.
Much freedom hers! — what land has less?
A military tyranny,
Tied tongues, and shackled Press.

And her Elect keeps thee, old Man
Of Rome, upon thy priestly throne,
Whilst thou dost the foundation ban
Whereon was built his own.

And Europe is a general camp,
Or garrison prepared for siege,
Since France must on a sister stamp
For what she calls "*prestige*."

— Punch.

LINDA TRESSEL. — PART VI.

CHAPTER X.

PETER STEINMARC, now that he was an engaged man, affianced to a young bride, was urgent from day to day with Madame Staubach that the date of his wedding should be fixed. He soon found that all Nuremberg knew that he was to be married. Perhaps Herr Molk had not been so silent and discreet as would have been becoming in a man so highly placed, and perhaps Peter himself had let slip a word to some confidential friend who had betrayed him. Be this as it might, all Nuremberg knew of Peter's good fortune, and he soon found that he should have no peace till the thing was completed. "She is quite well enough, I am sure," said Peter to Madame Staubach, "and if there is anything amiss she can finish getting well afterwards." Madame Staubach was sufficiently eager herself that Linda should be married without delay; but, nevertheless, she was angry at being so pressed, and used rather sharp language in explaining to Peter that he would not be allowed to dictate on such a subject. "Ah! well; if it isn't this year it won't be next," said Peter, on one occasion when he had determined to show his power. Madame Staubach did not believe the threat, but she did begin to fear that, perhaps, after all, there might be fresh obstacles. It was now near the end of November, and though Linda still kept her room, her aunt could not see that she was suffering from any real illness. When, however, a word was said to press the poor girl, Linda would declare that she was weak and sick — unable to walk; in short, that at present she would not leave her room. Madame Staubach was beginning to be angered at this; but, for all that, Linda had not left her room.

It was now two weeks since she had suffered herself to be betrothed, and Peter had twice been up to her chamber, creaking with his shoes along the passages. Twice she had passed a terrible half-hour, while he had sat, for the most part silent, in an old wicker chair by her bedside. Her aunt had, of course, been present, and had spoken most of the words that had been uttered during these visits; and these words had nearly altogether referred to Linda's ailments. Linda was still not quite well, she had said, but would soon be better, and then all would be properly settled. Such was the purport of the words which

Madame Staubach would speak on those occasions.

"Before Christmas?" Peter had once asked.

"No," Linda had replied, very sharply.

"It must be as the Lord shall will it," said Madame Staubach. That had been so true that neither Linda nor Peter had found it necessary to express dissent. On both these occasions Linda's energy had been chiefly used to guard herself from any sign of a caress. Peter had thought of it, but Linda lay far away upon the bed, and the lover did not see how it was to be managed. He was not sure, moreover, whether Madame Staubach would not have been shocked at any proposal in reference to an antenuptial embrace. On these considerations he abstained.

It was now near the end of November, and Linda knew that she was well. Her aunt had proposed some day in January for the marriage, and Linda, though she had never assented, could not on the moment find any plea for refusing altogether to have a day fixed. All she could do was to endeavour to stave off the evil. Madame Staubach seemed to think that it was indispensable that a day in January should be named; therefore, at last, the thirtieth of that month was after some fashion fixed for the wedding. Linda never actually assented, but after many discourses it seemed to be decided that it should be so. Peter was so told, and with some grumbling expressed himself as satisfied; but when would Linda come down to him? He was sure that Linda was well enough to come down if she would. At last a day was fixed for that also. It was arranged that the three should go to church together on the first Sunday in December. It would be safer so than in any other way. He could not make love to her in church.

On the Saturday evening Linda was down-stairs with her aunt. Peter, as she knew well, was at the Rothe Rosse on that evening, and would not be home till past ten. Tetchen was out, and Linda had gone down to take her supper with her aunt. The meal had been eaten almost in silence, for Linda was very sad, and Madame Staubach herself was beginning to feel that the task before her was almost too much for her strength. Had it not been that she was carried on by the conviction that things stern and hard and cruel would in the long-run be comforting to the soul, she would have given way. But she was a woman not prone to give way when she

thought that the soul's welfare was concerned. She had seen the shrinking, retreating horror with which Linda had almost involuntarily contrived to keep her distance from her future husband. She had listened to the girl's voice, and knew that there had been no one light-hearted tone from it since that consent had been wrung from the sufferer by the vehemence of her own bedside prayers. She was aware that Linda from day to day was becoming thinner and thinner, paler and still paler. But she knew, or thought that she knew, that it was God's will; and so she went on. It was not a happy time even for Madame Staubach, but it was a time in which to Linda it seemed that hell had come to her beforehand with all its terrors. There was, however, one thing certain to her yet. She would never put her hand into that of Peter Steinmarc in God's house after such a fashion that any priest should be able to say that they two were man and wife in the sight of God.

On this Saturday evening Tetchen was out, as was the habit with her on alternate Saturday evenings. On such occasions Linda would usually do what household work was necessary in the kitchen, preparatory to the coming Sabbath. But on this evening Madame Staubach herself was employed in the kitchen, as Linda was not considered to be well enough to perform the task. Linda was sitting alone, between the fire and the window, with no work in her hand, with no book before her, thinking of her fate, when there came upon the panes of the window sundry small, sharp, quickly-repeated rattings, as though gravel had been thrown upon them. She knew at once that the noise was not accidental, and jumped upon her feet. If it was some mode of escape, let it be what it might, she would accept it. She jumped up, and with short hurried steps placed herself close to the window. The quick, sharp, little blows upon the glass were heard again, and then there was a voice. "Linda, Linda." Heavens and earth! it was his voice. There was no mistaking it. Had she heard but a single syllable in the faintest whisper, she would have known it. It was Ludovic Valcarn, and he had come for her, even out of his prison. He should find that he had not come in vain. Then the word was repeated — "Linda, are you there?"

"I am here," she said, speaking very faintly, and trembling at the sound of her own voice. Then the iron pin was withdrawn from the wooden shutter on the out-

side, as it could not have been withdrawn had not some traitor within the house prepared the way for it, and the heavy Venetian blinds were folded back, and Linda could see the outlines of the man's head and shoulders, in the dark, close to the panes of the window. It was raining at the time, and the night was very dark, but still she could see the outline. She stood and watched him; for, though she was willing to be with him, she felt that she could do nothing. In a moment the frame of the window was raised, and his head was within the room, within her aunt's parlour, where her aunt might now have been for all that he could have known; — were it not that Tetchen was watching at the corner, and knew to the scraping of a carrot how long it would be before Madame Staubach had made the soup for to-morrow's dinner.

"Linda," he said, "how is it with you?"

"Oh, Ludovic!"

"Linda, will you go with me now?"

"What, now, this instant?"

"To-night. Listen, dearest, for she will be back. Go to her in ten minutes from now, and tell her that you are weary and would be in bed. She will see you to your room perhaps, and there may be delay. But when you can, come down silently, with your thickest cloak and your strongest hat, and any little thing you can carry easily. Come without a candle, and creep to the passage window. I will be there. If she will let you go up-stairs alone, you may be there in half-an-hour. It is our only chance." Then the window was closed, and after that the shutter, and then the pin was pushed back, and Linda was again alone in her aunt's chamber.

To be there in half-an-hour! To commence such a job as this at once! To go to her aunt with a premeditated lie that would require perfect acting, and to have to do this in ten minutes, in five minutes, while the minutes were flying from her like sparks of fire! It was impossible. If it had been enjoined upon her for the morrow, so that there should have been time for thought, she might have done it. But this call upon her for instant action almost paralysed her. And yet what other hope was there? She had told herself that she would do anything, however wicked, however dreadful, that would save her from the proposed marriage. She had sworn to herself that she would do something; for that Steinmarc's wife she would never be. And here had come to her a possibility of escape, — of escape too which had in it so much of sweet-

ness! She must lie to her aunt. Was not every hour of life a separate lie? And as for acting a lie, what was the difference between that and telling it, except in the capability of the liar. Her aunt had forced her to lie. No truth was any longer possible to her. Would it not be better to lie for Ludovic Valcarn than to lie for Peter Steinmarc? She looked at the upright clock which stood in the corner of the room, and, seeing that the ten minutes was already passed, she crossed at once over into the kitchen. Her aunt was standing there, and Tetchen, with her bonnet on, was standing by. Tetchen, as soon as she saw Linda, explained that she must be off again at once. She had only returned to fetch some article for a little niece of hers which Madame Staubach had given her.

"Aunt Charlotte," said Linda, "I am very weary. You will not be angry, will you, if I go to bed?"

"It is not yet nine o'clock, my dear."

"But I am tired, and I fear that I shall lack strength for to-morrow." Oh, Linda, Linda! But, indeed, had you foreseen the future, you might have truly said that you would want strength on the morrow.

"Then go, my dear;" and Madame Staubach kissed her niece and blessed her, and after that, with careful hand, threw some salt into the pot that was simmering on the stove. Peter Steinmarc was to dine with them on the morrow, and he was a man who cared that his soup should be well seasoned. Linda, terribly smitten by the consciousness of her own duplicity, went forth, and crept up-stairs to her room. She had now, as she calculated, a quarter of an hour, and she would wish, if possible, to be punctual. She looked out for a moment from the window, and could only see that it was very dark, and could hear that it was raining hard. She took her thickest cloak and her strongest hat. She would do in all things as he bade her; and then she tried to think what else she would take. She was going forth, — whither she knew not. Then came upon her a thought that on the morrow, — for many morrows afterwards, perhaps for all morrows to come, — there would be no comfortable wardrobe to which she could go for such decent changes of raiment as she required. She looked at her frock, and having one darker and thicker than that she wore, she changed it instantly. And then it was not only her garments that she was leaving behind her. For ever afterwards, — for ever and ever, — she must be a castaway. The die had been thrown now, and everything was over. She was

leaving behind her all decency, all feminine respect, all the clean ways of her pure young life, all modest thoughts, all honest, serviceable daily tasks, all godliness, all hope of heaven! The silent, quick-running tears streamed down her face as she moved rapidly about the room. The thing must be done, must be done, — must be done, even though earth and heaven were to fail her for ever afterwards. Earth and heaven would fail her for ever afterwards, but still the thing must be done. All should be endured, if by that all she could escape from the man she loathed.

She collected a few things, what little store of money she had, — four or five gulden, perhaps, — and a pair of light shoes and clean stockings, and a fresh handkerchief or two, and a little collar, and then she started. He had told her to bring what she could carry easily. She must not disobey him, but she would fain have brought more had she dared. At the last moment she returned, and took a small hair-brush and a comb. Then she looked round the room with a hurried glance, put out her candle, and crept silently down the stairs. On the first landing she paused, for it was possible that Peter might be returning. She listened, and then remembered that she would have heard Peter's feet even on the walk outside. Very quickly, but still more gently than ever, she went down the last stairs. From the foot of the stairs into the passage there was a moment in which she must be within sight of the kitchen door. She flew by, and felt that she must have been seen. But she was not seen. In an instant she was at the open window, and in another instant she was standing beside her lover on the gravel path. What he said to her she did not hear; what he did she did not know. She had completed her task now; she had done her part, and had committed herself entirely into his hands. She would ask no question. She would trust him entirely. She only knew that at the moment his arm was round her, and that she was being lifted off the bank into the river.

"Dearest girl! can you see? No; nothing, of course, as yet. Step down. There is a boat here. There are two boats. Lean upon me, and we can walk over. There. Do not mind treading softly. They cannot hear because of the rain. We shall be out of it in a minute. I am so sorry you should be wet, but yet it is better for us."

She hardly understood him, but yet she did as he told her, and in a few minutes she was standing on the other bank of the river, in the Ruden Platz. Here Linda

perceived that there was a man awaiting them, to whom Ludovic gave certain orders about the boats. Then Ludovic took her by the hand and ran with her across the Platz, till they stood beneath the archway of the brewery warehouse where she had so often watched him as he went in and out. "Here we are safe," he said, stooping down and kissing her, and brushing away the drops of rain from the edges of her hair. Oh, what safety! To be there, in the middle of the night, with him, and not know whither she was to go, where she was to lie, whether she would ever again know that feeling of security which had been given to her throughout her whole life by her aunt's presence and the walls of her own house. Safe! Was ever peril equal to hers? "Linda, say that you love me. Say that you are my own."

"I do love you," she said; "otherwise how should I be here?"

"And you had promised to marry that man!"

"I should never have married him. I should have died."

"Dearest Linda! But come; you must not stand here." Then he took her up, up the warehouse stairs into a gloomy chamber, from which there was a window looking on to the Ruden Platz, and there, with many caresses, he explained to her his plans. The caresses she endeavoured to avoid, and, when she could not avoid them, to moderate. "Would he remember," she asked, "just for the present, all that she had gone through, and spare her for a while, because she was so weak?" She made her little appeal with swimming eyes and low voice, looking into his face, holding his great hand the while between her own. He swore that she was his queen, and should have her way in every thing. But would she not give him one kiss? He reminded her that she had never kissed him. She did as he asked her, just touching his lips with hers, and then she stood by him, leaning on him, while he explained to her something of his plans. He kept close to the window, as it was necessary that he should keep his eyes upon the red house.

His plan was this. There was a train which passed by the Nuremberg station on its way to Augsburg at three o'clock in the morning. By this train he proposed that they should travel to that city. He had, he said, the means of providing accommodation for her there, and no one would know whither they had gone. He did not anticipate that any one in the house opposite would learn that Linda had escaped till the

next morning; but should any suspicion have been aroused, and should the fact be ascertained, there would certainly be lights moving in the house, and light would be seen from the window of Linda's own chamber. Therefore he proposed, during the long hours that they must yet wait, to stand in his present spot and watch, so that he might know at the first moment whether there was any commotion among the inmates of the red house. "There goes old Peter to bed," said he; "he won't be the first to find out, I'll bet a florin." And afterwards he signified the fact that Madame Staubach had gone to her chamber. This was the moment of danger, as it might be very possible that Madame Staubach would go into Linda's room. In that case, as he said, he had a little carriage outside the walls which would take them to the first town on the route to Augsburg. Had a light been seen but for a moment in Linda's room they were to start; and would certainly reach the spot where the carriage stood before any followers could be on their heels. But Madame Staubach went to her own room without noticing that of her niece, and then the red house was all dark and all still. They would have made the best of their way to Augsburg before their flight would be discovered.

During the minutes in which they were watching the lights Linda stood close to her lover, leaning on his shoulder, and supported by his arm. But this was over by ten, and then there remained nearly five hours, during which they must stay in their present hiding-place. Up to this time Linda's strength had supported her under the excitement of her escape, but now she was like to faint, and it was necessary at any rate that she should be allowed to lie down. He got sacks for her from some part of the building, and with these constructed for her a bed on the floor, near to the spot which he must occupy himself in still keeping his eye upon the red house. He laid her down and covered her feet with sacking, and put sacks under her head for a pillow. He was very gentle with her, and she thanked him over and over again, and endeavoured to think that her escape had been fortunate, and that her position was happy. Had she not succeeded in flying from Peter Steinmarc? And after such a flight would not all idea of a marriage with him be out of the question? For some little time she was cheered by talking to him. She asked him about his imprisonment. "Ah!" said he; "if I cannot be one too many for such an old fogey as Herr Molk, I'll let out my

brains to an ass, and take to grazing on thistles." His offence had been political, and had been committed in conjunction with others. And he and they were sure of success ultimately, — were sure of success very speedily. Linda could understand nothing of the subject. But she could hope that her lover might prosper in his undertaking, and she could admire and love him for encountering the dangers of such an enterprise. And then, half sportively, half in earnest, she taxed him with that matter which was next her heart. Who had been the young woman with the blue frock and the felt hat who had been with him when he was brought before the magistrates?

"Young woman; — with blue frock! who told you of the young woman, Linda?" He came and knelt beside her as he asked the question, leaving his watch for the moment; and she could see by the dim light of the lamp outside that there was a smile upon his face, — almost joyous, full of mirth.

"Who told me? The magistrate you were taken to; Herr Molk told me himself," said Linda, almost happily. That smile upon his face had in some way vanquished her feeling of jealousy.

"Then he is a greater scoundrel than I took him to be, or else a more utter fool. The girl in the blue frock, Linda, was one of our young men, who was to get out of the city in that disguise. And I believe Herr Molk knew it when he tried to set you against me, by telling you the story."

Whether Herr Molk had known this, or whether he had simply been fool enough to be taken in by the blue frock and the felt hat, it is not for us to inquire here. But Ludovic was greatly amused at the story, and Linda was charmed at the explanation she had received. It was only an extra feather in her lover's cap that he should have been connected with a blue frock and felt hat under such circumstances as those now explained to her. Then he went back to the window, and she turned on her side and attempted to sleep.

To be in all respects a castaway, — a woman to whom other women would not speak! She knew that such was her position now. She had done a deed which would separate her for ever from those who were respectable, and decent, and good. Peter Steinmarc would utterly despise her. It was very well that something should have occurred which would make it impossible that he should any longer wish to marry her; but it would be very bitter to her to be rejected even by him because she was unfit to be an honest man's wife. And

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then she asked herself questions about her young lover, who was so handsome, so bold, so tender to her; who was in all outward respects just what a lover should be. Would he wish to marry her after she had thus consented to fly with him, alone, at night: or would he wish that she should be his light-of-love, as her aunt had been once cruel enough to call her? There would be no cruelty, at any rate no injustice, in so calling her now. And should there be any hesitation on his part, would she ask him to make her his wife? It was very terrible to her to think that it might come to pass that she should have on her knees to implore this man to marry her. He had called her his queen, but he had never said that she should be his wife. And would any pastor marry them, coming to him, as they must come, as two runaways? She knew that certain preliminaries were necessary, — certain bidding of banns, and processes before the magistrates. Her own banns and those of her betrothed, Peter Steinmarc, had been asked once in the church of St. Lawrence, as she had heard with infinite disgust. She did not see that it was possible that Ludovic should marry her, even if he were willing to do so. But it was too late to think of all this now; and she could only moisten the rough sacking with her tears.

"You had better get up now, dearest," said Ludovic, again bending over her.

"Has the time come?"

"Yes; the time has come, and we must be moving. The rain is over, which is a comfort. It is as dark as pitch, too. Cling close to me. I should know my way if I were blindfold."

She did cling close to him, and he conducted her through narrow streets and passages out to the city gate, which led to the railway station. Nuremberg has still gates like a fortified town, and there are, I believe, porters at the gates with huge keys. Nuremberg delights to perpetuate the memories of things that are gone. But ingress and egress are free to everybody, by night as well as by day, as it must be when railway trains arrive and start at three in the morning; and the burgomaster and warders, and sentinels and porters, though they still carry the keys, know that the glory of their house has gone.

Railway tickets for two were given to Linda without a question, — for to her was intrusted the duty of procuring them, — and they were soon hurrying away towards Augsburg through the dark night. At any rate they had been successful in escaping.

"After to-morrow we will be as happy as

the day is long," said Ludovic, as he pressed his companion close to his side. Linda told herself, but did not tell him, that she never could be happy again.

CHAPTER XI.

THEY were whirled away through the dark cold night with the noise of the rattling train ever in their ears. Though there had been a railway running close by Nuremberg now for many years, Linda was not herself so well accustomed to travelling as will probably be most of those who will read this tale of her sufferings. Now and again in the day time, and generally in fair weather, she had gone as far as Fürth, and on one occasion even as far as Würzburg with her aunt when there had been a great gathering of German Anabaptists at that town; but she had never before travelled at night, and she had certainly never before travelled in such circumstances as those which now enveloped her. When she entered the carriage, she was glad to see that there were other persons present. There was a woman, though the woman was so closely muffled and so fast asleep that Linda, throughout the whole morning, did not know whether her fellow-traveller was young or old. Nevertheless the presence of the woman was in some sort a comfort to her, and there were two men in the carriage, and a little boy. She hardly understood why, but she felt that it was better for her to have fellow-travellers. Neither of them, however, spoke above a word or two either to her or to her lover. At first she sat at a little distance from Ludovic, — or rather induced him to allow that there should be some space between them; but gradually she suffered him to come closer to her, and she dozed with her head upon his shoulder. Very little was said between them. He whispered to her from time to time sundry little words of love, calling her his queen, his own one, his life, and the joy of his eyes. But he told her little or nothing of his future plans, as she would have wished that he should do. She asked him, however, no questions; — none at least till their journey was nearly over. The more that his conduct warranted her want of trust, the more unwilling did she become to express any diffidence or suspicion.

After a while she became very cold; — so cold that that now became for the moment her greatest cause of suffering. It was mid-winter, and though the cloak she had brought was the warmest garment that she pos-

sessed, it was very insufficient for such work as the present night had brought upon her. Besides her cloak, she had nothing wherewith to wrap herself. Her feet became like ice, and then the chill crept up her body; and though she clung very close to her lover, she could not keep herself from shivering as though in an ague fit. She had no hesitation now in striving to obtain some warmth by his close proximity. It seemed to her as though the cold would kill her before she could reach Augsburg. The train would not be due there till nine in the morning, and it was still dark night as she thought that it would be impossible for to sustain such an agony of pain much longer. It was still dark night, and the violent rain was pattering against the glass, and the damp came in through the crevices, and the wind blew bitterly upon her; and then as she turned a little to ask her lover to find some comfort for her, some mitigation of her pain, she perceived that he was asleep. Then the tears began to run down her cheeks, and she told herself that it would be well if she could die.

After all, what did she know of this man who was now sleeping by her side, — this man to whom she had intrusted everything, more than her happiness, her very soul? How many words had she ever spoken to him? What assurance had she even of his heart? Why was he asleep, while her sufferings were so very cruel to her? She had encountered the evils of this elopement to escape what had appeared to her the greater evils of a detested marriage. Steinmarc was very much to be hated. But might it not be that even that would have been better than this? Poor girl! the illusion even of her love was being frozen cold within her during the agony of that morning. All the while the train went thundering on through the night, now rushing into a tunnel, now crossing a river, and at every change in the sounds of the carriages she almost hoped that something might be amiss. Oh, the cold! She had gathered her feet up and was trying to sit on them. For a moment or two she had hoped that her movement would waken Ludovic, so that she might have had the comfort of a word; but he had only tumbled with his head hither and thither, and had finally settled himself in a position in which he leaned heavily upon her. She thought that he was heartless to sleep while she was suffering; but she forgot that he had watched at the window while she had slumbered upon the sacks in the warehouse. At length, however, she could bear his weight no longer,

and she was forced to rouse him. "You are so heavy," she said; "I cannot bear it;" when at last she succeeded in inducing him to sit upright.

"Dear me! oh, ah, yes. How cold it is! I think I have been asleep."

"The cold is killing me," she said.

"My poor darling! What shall I do? Let me see. Where do you feel it most?"

"All over. Do you not feel how I shiver? Oh, Ludovic, could we get out at the next station?"

"Impossible, Linda. What should we do there?"

"And what shall we do at Augsburg? Oh dear, I wish I had not come. I am so cold. It is killing me." Then she burst out into floods of sobbing, so that the old man opposite to her was aroused. The old man had brandy in his basket and made her drink a little. Then after a while she was quieted, and was taken by station after station without demanding of Ludovic that he should bring this weary journey to an end.

Gradually the day dawned and the two could look at each other in the grey light of the morning. But Linda thought of her own appearance rather than that of her lover. She had been taught that it was required of a woman that she should be neat, and she felt now that she was dirty, foul inside and out, — a thing to be scorned. As their companions also bestirred themselves in the daylight she was afraid to meet their eyes, and strove to conceal her face. The sacks in the warehouse had, in lieu of a better bed, been acceptable; but she was aware now, as she could see the skirts of her own dress and her shoes, and as she glanced her eyes gradually round upon her shoulders, that the stains of the place were upon her, and she knew herself to be unclean. That sense of killing cold had passed off from her, having grown to a numbness which did not amount to present pain, though it would hardly leave her without some return of the agony; but the misery of her disreputable appearance was almost as bad to her as the cold had been. It was not only that she was untidy and dishevelled, but it was that her condition should have been such without the company of any elder female friend whose presence would have said, "This young woman is respectable, even though her dress be soiled with dust and meal." As it was, the friend by her side was one who by his very appearance would condemn her. No one would suppose her to be his wife. And then the worst of it was that he also

would judge her as others judged her. He also would say to himself that no one would suppose such a woman to be his wife. And if once he should learn so to think of her, how could she expect that he would ever persuade himself to become her husband? How she wished that she had remained beneath her aunt's roof! It now occurred to her, as though for the first time, that no one could have forced her to go to church on that thirtieth of January and become Peter Steinmarc's wife. Why had she not remained at home and simply told her aunt that the thing was impossible?

At last they were within an hour of Augsburg, and even yet she knew nothing as to his future plans. It was very odd that he should not have told her what they were to do at Augsburg. He said that she should be his queen, that she should be as happy as the day was long, that everything would be right as soon as they reached Augsburg; but now they were all but at Augsburg, and she did not as yet know what first step they were to take when they reached the town. She had much wished that he would speak without being questioned, but at last she thought that she was bound to question him. "Ludovic, where are we going to at Augsburg?"

"To the Black Bear first. That will be best at first."

"Is it an inn?"

"Yes, dear; not a great big house like the Rothe Ross at Nuremberg, but very quiet and retired, in a back street."

"Do they expect us?"

"Well, no; not exactly. But that won't matter."

"And how long shall we stay there?"

"Ah! that must depend on tidings from Berlin and Munich. It may be that we shall be compelled to get away from Bavaria altogether." Then he paused for a moment, while she was thinking what other question she could ask. "By the by," he said, "my father is in Augsburg."

She had heard of his father as a man altogether worthless, one ever in difficulties, who would never work, who had never seemed to wish to be respectable. When the great sins of Ludovic's father had been magnified to her by Madame Staubach and by Peter, with certain wise hints that swans never came out of the eggs of geese, Linda would declare with some pride of spirit that the son was not like the father; that the son had never been known to be idle. She had not attempted to defend the father, of whom it seemed to be acknowledged by the common consent of

all Nuremberg that he was utterly worthless, and a disgrace to the city which had produced him. But Linda now felt very thankful for the assurance of even his presence. Had it been Ludovic's mother, how much better would it have been! But that she should be received even by his father, — by such a father, — was much to her in her desolate condition.

"Will he be at the station?" Linda asked.

"Oh, no."

"Does he expect us?"

"Well, no. You see, Linda, I only got out of prison yesterday morning."

"Does your father live in Augsburg?"

"He hardly lives anywhere. He goes and comes at present as he is wanted by the cause. It is quite on the cards that we should find that the police have nabbed him. But I hope not. I think not. When I have seen you made comfortable, and when we have had something to eat and drink, I shall know where to seek him. While I am doing so, your had better lie down."

She was afraid to ask him whether his father knew, or would suspect, aught as to his bringing a companion, or whether the old man would welcome such a companion for his son. Indeed, she hardly knew how to frame any question that had application to herself. She merely assented to his proposition that she should go to bed at the Black Bear, and then waited for the end of their journey. Early in the morning their fellow-passengers had left them, and they were now alone. But Ludovic distressed her no more by the vehemence of his caresses. He also was tired and fagged and cold and jaded. It is not improbable that he had been meditating whether he, in his present walk of life, had done well to encumber himself with the burden of a young woman.

At last they were at the platform at Augsburg. "Don't move quite yet," he said. "One has to be a little careful." When she attempted to raise herself she found herself to be so numb that all quickness of motion was out of the question. Ludovic, paying no attention to her, sat back in the carriage, with his cap before his face, looking with eager eyes over the cap on to the platform.

"May we not go now?" said Linda, when she saw that the other passengers had alighted.

"Don't be in a hurry, my girl. By God, there are those ruffians, the gendarmerie.

It's all up. By Jove! yes, it's all up. That is hard, after all I did at Nuremberg."

"Ludovic!"

"Look here, Linda. Get out at once and take these letters. Make your way to the Black Bear, and wait for me."

"And you?"

"Never mind me, but do as you're told. In a moment it will be too late. If we are noticed to be together it will be too late."

"But how am I to get to the Black Bear?"

"Heaven and earth! haven't you a tongue? But here they are, and it's all up." And so it was. A railway porter opened the door, and behind the railway porter were two policemen. Linda, in her dismay, had not even taken the papers which had been offered to her, and Valcarm, as soon as he was sure that the police were upon him, had stuffed them down the receptacle made in the door for the fall of the window.

But the fate of Valcarm and of his papers is at the present moment not of so much moment to us as is that of Linda Tressel. Valcarm was carried off, with or without the papers, and she, after some hurried words, which were unintelligible to her in her dismay, found herself upon the platform amidst the porters. A message had come from Nuremberg by the wires to Augsburg, requiring the arrest of Ludovic Valcarm, but the wires had said nothing of any companion that might be with him. Therefore Linda was left standing amidst the porters on the platform. She asked one of the men about the Black Bear. He shook his head, and told her that it was a house of a very bad sort, — of a very bad sort indeed.

CHAPTER XXII.

A DOZEN times during the night Linda had remembered that her old friend Fanny Heisse, now the wife of Max Bogen, lived at Augsburg, and as she remembered it, she had asked herself what she would do were she to meet Fanny in the streets. Would Fanny condescend to speak to her, or would Fanny's husband allow his wife to hold any communion with such a castaway? How might she dare to hope that her old friend would do other than shun her, or, at the very least, scorn her, and pass her as a thing unseen? And yet, through all the days of their life, there had been in Linda's world a supposition that Linda was the good young woman, and that Fanny Heisse was, if not a castaway, one who had made the frivolities of

the world so dear to her that she could be accounted as little better than a castaway. Linda's conclusion, as she thought of all this, had been, that it would be better that she should keep out of the way of the wife of an honest man who knew her. All fellowship hereafter with the wives and daughters of honest men must be denied to her. She had felt this very strongly when she had first seen herself in the dawn of the morning.

But now there had fallen upon her a trouble of another kind, which almost crushed her, — in which she was not as yet able to see that, by God's mercy, salvation from utter ruin might yet be extended to her. What should she do now, — now, at this moment? The Black Bear, to which her lover had directed her, was so spoken of that she did not dare to ask to be directed thither. When a compassionate railway porter pressed her to say whither she would go, she could only totter to a seat against the wall, and there lay herself down and sob. She had no friends, she said; no home; no protector except him who had just been carried away to prison. The porter asked her whether the man were her husband, and then again she was nearly choked with sobs. Even the manner of the porter was changed to her when he perceived that she was not the wife of him who had been her companion. He handed her over to an old woman who looked after the station, and the old woman at last learned from Linda the fact that the wife of Max Bogen the lawyer had once been her friend. About two hours after that she was seated with Max Bogen himself in a small close carriage, and was being taken home to the lawyer's house. Max Bogen asked her hardly a question. He only said that Fanny would be so glad to have her; — Fanny, he said, was so soft, so good, and so clever, and so wise, and always knew exactly what ought to be done. Linda heard it all, marvelling in her dumb half-consciousness. This was the Fanny Heisse of whom her aunt had so often told her that one so given to the vanities of the world could never come to any good!

Max Bogen handed Linda over to his wife, and then disappeared. "Oh, Linda, what is it? Why are you here? Dear Linda." And then her old friend kissed her, and within half an hour the whole story had been told.

"Do you mean that she eloped with him from her aunt's house in the middle of the night?" asked Max, as soon as he was alone with his wife. "Of course she did," said Fanny; "and so would I, had I been treated as she has been. It has all been the fault

of that wicked old saint, her aunt." Then they put their heads together as to the steps that must be taken. Fanny proposed that a letter should be at once sent to Madame Staubach, explaining plainly that Linda had run away from her marriage with Steinmarc, and stating that for the present she was safe and comfortable with her old friend. It could hardly be said that Linda assented to this, because she accepted all that was done for her as a child might accept it. But she knelt upon the floor with her head upon her friend's lap, kissing Fanny's hands, and striving to murmur thanks. Oh, if they would leave her there for three days, so that she might recover something of her strength! "They shall leave you for three weeks, Linda," said the other. "Madame Staubach is not the Emperor, that she is to have her own way in every thing. And as for Peter" —

"Pray, don't talk of him; — pray, do not," said Linda, shuddering.

But all this comfort was at an end about seven o'clock on that evening. The second train in the day from Nuremberg was due at Augsburg at six, and Max Bogen, though he said nothing on the subject to Linda, had thought it probable that some messenger from the former town might arrive in quest of Linda by that train. At seven there came another little carriage up to the door, and before her name could be announced Madame Staubach was standing in Fanny Bogen's parlour. "Oh, my child!" she said. "Oh, my child, may God in His mercy forgive my child!" Linda cowered in a corner of the sofa and did not speak.

"She hasn't done any thing in the least wrong," said Fanny; "nothing on earth. You were going to make her marry a man she hated, and so she came away. If father had done the same to me, I wouldn't have stayed an hour." Linda still cowered on the sofa, and was still speechless.

Madame Staubach, when she heard this defence of her niece, was hardly pushed to know in what way it was her duty to answer it. It would be very expedient, of course, that some story should be told for Linda which might save her from the ill report of all the world, — that some excuse should be made which might now, instantly, remove from Linda's name the blight which would make her otherwise to be a thing scorned, defamed, useless, and hideous; but the truth was the truth, and even to save her child from infamy Madame Staubach would not listen to a lie without refuting it. The punishment of Linda's infamy had been deserved,

and it was right that it should be endured. Hereafter, as facts came to disclose themselves, it would be for Peter Steinmarc to say whether he would take such a woman for his wife; but whether he took her or whether he rejected her, it could not be well that Linda should be screened by a lie from any part of the punishment which she had deserved. Let her go seven times seven through the fire, if by such suffering there might yet be a chance for her poor desolate half-withered soul.

"Done nothing wrong, Fanny Heisse!" said Madame Staubach, who, in spite of her great fatigue, was still standing in the middle of the room. "Do you say so, who have become the wife of an honest God-fearing man?"

But Fanny was determined that she would not be put down in her own house by Madame Staubach. "It doesn't matter whose wife I am," she said, "and I am sure Max will say the same as I do. She hasn't done anything wrong. She made up her mind to come away because she wouldn't marry Peter Steinmarc. She came here in company with her own young man, as I used to come with Max. And as soon as she got here she sent word up to us, and here she is. If there's anything very wicked in that, I'm not religious enough to understand it. But I tell you what I can understand, Madame Staubach, — there is nothing on earth so horribly wicked as trying to make a girl marry a man whom she loathes, and hates, and detests, and abominates. There, Madame Staubach; that's what I've got to say; and now I hope you'll stop and have supper with Max and Linda and me."

Linda felt herself to be blushing in the darkness of her corner as she heard this excuse for her conduct. No; she had not made the journey to Augsburg with Ludovic in such fashion as Fanny had, perhaps more than once, travelled the same route with her present husband. Fanny had not come by night, without her father's knowledge, had not escaped out of a window; nor had Fanny come with any such purpose as had been hers. There was no salve to her conscience in all this, though she felt very grateful to her friend, who was fighting her battle for her.

"It is not right that I should argue the matter with you," said Madame Staubach, with some touch of true dignity. "Alas, I know that which I know. Perhaps you will allow me to say a word in privacy to this unfortunate child."

But Max Bogen had not paid his wife a false compliment for cleverness. She per-

ceived at once that the longer this interview between the aunt and her niece could be delayed, — the longer that it could be delayed, now that they were in each other's company, — the lighter would be the storm on Linda's head when it did come. "After supper, Madame Staubach; Linda wants her supper; don't you, my pet?" Linda answered nothing. She could not even look up, so as to meet the glance of her aunt's eyes. But Fanny Bogen succeeded in arranging things after her own fashion. She would not leave the room, though in sooth her presence at the preparation of the supper might have been useful. It came to be understood that Madame Staubach was to sleep at the lawyer's house, and great changes were made in order that the aunt and niece might not be put in the same room. Early in the morning they were to return together to Nuremberg, and then Linda's short hour of comfort would be over.

She had hardly as yet spoken a word to her aunt when Fanny left them in the carriage together. "There were three or four others there," said Fanny to her husband, "and she won't have much said to her before she gets home."

"But when she is at home!" Fanny only shrugged her shoulders. "The truth is, you know," said Max, "that it was not at all the proper sort of thing to do!"

"And who does the proper sort of thing?"

"You do, my dear."

"And wouldn't you have run away with me if father had wanted me to marry some nasty old fellow who cares for nothing but his pipe and his beer? If you hadn't, I'd never have spoken to you again."

"All the same," said Max, "it won't do her any good."

The journey home to Nuremberg was made almost in silence, and things had been so managed by Fanny's craft that when the two women entered the red house hardly a word between them had been spoken as to the affairs of the previous day. Tetchen, as she saw them enter, cast a guilty glance on her young mistress, but said not a word. Linda herself, with a veil over her face which she had borrowed from her friend Fanny, hurried up-stairs towards her own room. "Go into my chamber, Linda," said Madame Staubach, who followed her. Linda did as she was bid, went in, and stood by the side of her aunts bed. "Kneel down with me, Linda, and let us pray that the great gift of repentance may be given to us," said Madame Staubach. Then Linda knelt down, and hid her face upon the counterpane.

All her sins were recapitulated to her during that prayer. The whole heinousness of the thing which she had done was given in its full details, and the details were repeated more than once. It was acknowledged in that prayer that though God's grace might effect absolute pardon in the world to come, such a deed as that which had been done by this young woman was beyond the pale of pardon in this world. And the Giver of all mercy was specially asked so to make things clear to that poor sinful creature, that she might not be deluded into any idea that the thing which she had done could be justified. She was told in that prayer that she was impure, vile, unclean, and infamous. And yet she probably did not suffer from the prayer half so much as she would have suffered had the same things been said to her

face to face across the table. And she recognised the truth of the prayer, and she was thankful that no allusion was made in it to Peter Steinmarc, and she endeavoured to acknowledge that her conduct was that which her aunt represented it to be in her strong language. When the prayer was over Madame Staubach stood before Linda for a while, and put her two hands on the girl's arms, and lightly kissed her brow. "Linda," she said, "with the Lord nothing is impossible; with the Lord it is never too late; with the Lord the punishment need never be unto death!" Linda, though she could utter no articulate word, acknowledged to herself that her aunt had been good to her, and almost forgot the evil things that her aunt had worked for her.

ECCENTRICITIES OF THE FLESH.—There are some people who are so peculiarly constituted that matters the most harmless of the mass of mankind act upon them in the most distressing manner. For instance, some persons cannot eat a lobster salad without its having a very curious effect upon their complexion. We know a lady who once indulged at supper-time in a salad of this kind, and upon her return to the ball-room her face and neck immediately became covered with spots, obliging her to retire. Cockles and shrimps have the like effect upon persons thus peculiarly constituted. A medical friend tells us that eating veal gives a lady of his acquaintance the nettle-rash, and that orange-peel has produced great nervous excitement. Figs, again, give rise in some people to what is termed "formication," or a sensation like the tickling movement of ants upon the palate. The most extraordinary example of the adverse influences of a common article of food upon the human stomach is related by a surgeon of one of our public hospitals. He says that a patient of his cannot touch rice without the most extreme discomfort. "On one occasion, when at a dinner-party, he felt the symptoms of rice-poisoning come on,

and was, as usual, obliged to retire from the table, although he had not partaken of any dish ostensibly containing rice." It appeared, on investigation, that some white soup, with which he had commenced his dinner, had been thickened with ground rice." In another case similar symptoms have come on after a gentleman had partaken of bottled beer; this apparently extraordinary fact was explained by the presence in the bottle of a few grains of rice, which had been placed there to excite a secondary fermentation. But what is this to the perverse stomach of a gentleman in a case cited by Dr. Prout, who was poisoned by eating a mutton chop? The most digestible of all flesh to the ordinary mortal, was to him positively as poisonous as though he had eaten toadstools. It was at first imagined by his physicians that his dislike to this kind of food arose from mere fancy, and in order to test him mutton disguised was served to him as other flesh-meat, but always with the same result—violent vomiting and diarrhoea. Indeed, the effect upon him was so great, that, had he been kept upon a mutton diet, Dr. Prout believed he would have died. — *Cassell's Magazine*.

From Good Words.

"ECCE HOMO."

PART III.

BY THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

IN two former papers I have presumed in some sense to speak for the author of "Ecce Homo." In this the third and last he will speak for himself, in passages which I shall select by no means with a view to exclude what may be open to criticism or objection, but in the hope of exhibiting a fair sample both of the matter and manner of the work, with something like a connected idea of its contents.

After a brief chapter on John the Baptist, which appears to be scarcely equal to the general standard of the work, our author comes to the Temptation, and here he glances at the subject of miracle:—

"Miracles are, in themselves, extremely improbable things, and cannot be admitted unless supported by a great concurrence of evidence. For some of the Evangelical miracles there is a concurrence of evidence which, when fairly considered, is very great indeed; for example, for the Resurrection, for the appearance of Christ to St. Paul, for the general fact that Christ was a miraculous healer of disease. The evidence by which these facts are supported cannot be tolerably accounted for by any hypothesis except that of their being true. And if they are once admitted, the antecedent improbability of many miracles less strongly attested is much diminished. Nevertheless nothing is more natural than that exaggerations and even inventions should be mixed in our biographies with genuine facts." (P. 10.)

The general view taken of the Temptation affords a pointed example of what may be termed our author's naturalistic method of handling:—

"Now the story of Christ's temptation is as unique as Christ's character. It is such a temptation as was never experienced by anyone else, yet just such a temptation as Christ, and Christ in those peculiar circumstances, might be expected to experience. And further, this appropriateness of all the circumstances hardly seems to be perceived by the Evangelists themselves who narrate them. Their narrative is not like a poem, though it affords the materials for a poem; it is rather a dry chronicle.

"Let us consider the situation. We are to fix in our minds Christ's peculiar charac-

ter, as it has been gathered from the Baptist's description of him. His character then was such that he was compared to a lamb, a lamb of God. He was without ambition, and he had a peculiar, unrivalled simplicity of devout confidence in God. Such is the person to whom it is now announced by a great prophet that he has been called to a most peculiar, a pre-eminent career. But this does not fully describe the situation; a most important circumstance has yet to be mentioned. From the time of his temptation Christ appeared as a worker of miracles. We are expressly told by St. John that he had wrought none before, but all our authorities concur in representing him as possessing and using the gift after this time. We are to conceive him therefore as becoming now for the first time conscious of miraculous powers. Now none of our biographies point this out, and yet it is visibly the key to the whole narration. What is called Christ's temptation is the excitement of his mind which was caused by the nascent consciousness of supernatural power." (Pp. 11, 12.)

Another and perhaps less startling specimen of his method is supplied by the account of the Third Temptation, in which our Lord was solicited to fall down and worship Satan:—

"We are perhaps to understand that he was tempted to do something which on reflection appeared to him equivalent to an act of homage to the evil spirit. What then could this be? It will explain much that follows in Christ's life, and render the whole story very complete and consistent, if we suppose that what he was tempted to do was to employ force in the establishment of his Messianic kingdom. On this hypothesis, the third temptation arises from the same source as the others; the mental struggle is still caused by the question how to use the supernatural power. Nothing more natural than that it should occur to Christ that this power was expressly given to him for the purpose of establishing, in defiance of all resistance, his everlasting kingdom. He must have heard from his instructors that the Messiah was to put all enemies under his feet, and to crush all opposition by irresistible God-given might. This certainly was the general expectation; this appeared legibly written in the prophetic books. And, in the sequel, it was because Christ refused to use his supernatural power in this way that his countrymen rejected him. It was not that they expected a

king, and that he appeared only as a teacher; on the contrary, he systematically described himself as a king. The stumbling-block was this, that, professing to be a king, he declined to use the weapons of force and compulsion that belong to kings. And as this caused so much surprise to his countrymen, it is natural that he should himself have undergone a struggle before he determined thus to run counter to the traditional theory of the Messiah and to all the prejudices of the nation. The tempter, we may suppose, approached him with the whisper, 'Gird thee with thy sword upon thy thigh; ride on, and thy right hand shall teach thee terrible things.'

"If this was the temptation, then again how characteristic of the Lamb of God was the resistance to it, and at the same time how incomparably great the self-restraint involved in that resistance! One who believes himself born for universal monarchy, and capable by his rule of giving happiness to the world, is entrusted with powers which seem to afford the ready means of attaining that supremacy. By the overwhelming force of visible miracle it is possible for him to establish an absolute dominion, and to give to the race the laws which may make it happy. But he deliberately determines to adopt another course, to found his empire upon the consent, and not the fears of mankind, to trust himself with his royal claims and his terrible purity and superiority defenceless among mankind, and, however bitterly their envy may persecute him, to use his supernatural powers only in doing them good. This he actually did, and evidently in pursuance of a fixed plan; he persevered in this course, although politically, so to speak, it was fatal to his position, and though it bewildered his most attached followers; but by doing so he raised himself to a throne on which he has been seated for nigh two thousand years, and gained an authority over men greater far than they have allowed to any legislator, greater than prophecy had ever attributed to the Messiah himself." (Pp. 15-17.)

Next we take the immeasurable divergence of His own idea of the coming kingdom from that current among his adversaries and critics:—

"It will soon become necessary to consider at leisure in what sense Christ understood his own royalty. At present it is enough to remark that, though he understood it in a very peculiar sense, and though he abdicated many of the functions of a sovereign,

he yet regarded it as a royalty not less substantial, and far more dignified, than that of his ancestor David. We may go one step farther before entering into the details, and note the exact ground of the quarrel which the Jews had with him. He understood the work of the Messiah in one sense, and they in another, but what was the point of irreconcilable difference? They laid information against him before the Roman government as a dangerous character; their real complaint against him was precisely this, that he was *not* dangerous. Pilate executed him on the ground that his kingdom was of this world; the Jews procured his execution precisely because it was not. In other words, they could not forgive him for claiming royalty and at the same time rejecting the use of physical force. His royal pretensions were not in themselves distasteful to them; backed by a military force, and favoured by success, those pretensions would have been enthusiastically received. His tranquil life, passed in teaching and healing the sick, could not in itself excite their hatred. An eloquent teacher, gathering disciples round him in Jerusalem and offering a new and devout interpretation of the Mosaic law, might have aroused a little spite, but not the cry of 'Crucify him!' They did not object to the king, they did not object to the philosopher; but they objected to the king in the garb of the philosopher. They were offended at what they thought the degradation of their great ideal. A king who neither had nor cared to have a court or an army; a king who could not enforce a command; a king who preached and lectured like a scribe, yet in his weakness and insignificance could not forget his dignity, had his royal title often in his mouth, and lectured with an authority that no scribe assumed; these violent contrasts, this disappointment of their theories, this homely parody of their hopes, inspired them with an irritation, and at last a malignant disgust, which it is not hard to understand." (Pp. 28, 29.)

The author is struck by three points especially, in the design of Christ:—

"When we contemplate this scheme as a whole, and glance at the execution and results of it, three things strike us with astonishment. First, its prodigious originality, if the expression may be used. What other man has had the courage or elevation of mind to say, 'I will build up a state by the mere force of my will, without help from the

kings of the world, without taking advantage of any of the secondary causes which unite men together — unity of interest or speech, or blood-relationship. I will make laws for my state which shall never be repealed, and I will defy all the powers of destruction that are at work in the world to destroy what I build'?

"Secondly, we are astonished at the calm confidence with which the scheme was carried out. The reason why statesmen can seldom work on this vast scale is that it commonly requires a whole lifetime to gain that ascendancy over their fellow-men which such schemes presuppose. Some of the leading organizers of the world have said, 'I will work my way to supreme power, and then I will execute great plans.' But Christ overleaped the first stage altogether. He did not work his way to royalty, but simply said to all men, 'I am your king.' He did not struggle forward to a position in which he could found a new state, but simply founded it.

"Thirdly, we are astonished at the prodigious success of the scheme. It is not more certain that Christ presented himself to men as the founder, legislator, and judge of a divine society than it is certain that men have accepted him in these characters, that the divine society has been founded, that it has lasted nearly two thousand years, that it has extended over a large and the most highly civilized portion of the earth's surface, and that it continues full of vigour at the present day." (Pp. 41, 42.)

This chapter, on "Christ's Credentials," is the noblest we have yet encountered. We must be content with giving the paragraph in which it is summed up: —

"To sum up the results of this chapter. We began by remarking that an astonishing plan met with an astonishing success, and we raised the question to what instrumentality that success was due. Christ announced himself as the Founder and Legislator of a new Society, and as the Supreme Judge of men. Now by what means did he procure that these immense pretensions should be allowed? He might have done it by sheer power; he might have adopted persuasion, and pointed out the merits of the scheme and of the legislation he proposed to introduce. But he adopted a third plan, which had the effect not merely of securing obedience, but of exciting enthusiasm and devotion. He laid men under an immense obligation. He convinced them that he was a person of altogether transcen-

dent greatness, one who needed nothing at their hands, one whom it was impossible to benefit by conferring riches, or fame, or dominion upon him, and that, being so great, he had devoted himself of mere benevolence to their good. He showed them that for their sakes he lived a hard and laborious life, and exposed himself to the utmost malice of powerful men. They saw him hungry, though they believed him able to turn the stones into bread; they saw his royal pretensions spurned, though they believed that he could in a moment take into his hand all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them; they saw his life in danger; they saw him at last expire in agonies, though they believed that, had he so willed it, no danger could harm him, and that had he thrown himself from the topmost pinnacle of the temple he would have been softly received in the arms of ministering angels. Witnessing his sufferings, and convinced by the miracles they saw him work that they were voluntarily endured, men's hearts were touched, and pity for weakness blending strangely with wondering admiration of unlimited power, an agitation of gratitude, sympathy, and astonishment, such as nothing else could ever excite, sprang up in them; and when, turning from his deeds to his words, they found this very self-denial which had guided his own life prescribed as the principle which should guide theirs, gratitude broke forth in joyful obedience, self-denial produced self-denial, and the Law and Law-Giver together were enshrined in their inmost hearts for inseparable veneration." (Pp. 50, 51.)

Here is a beautiful conception of faith; faith in its initial stage, but as including moral elements: —

"Justice is often but a form of pedantry, mercy mere easiness of temper, courage a mere firmness of physical constitution; but if these virtues are genuine, then they indicate not goodness merely, but goodness considerably developed. A man may be potentially just or merciful, yet from defect of training he may be actually neither. We want a test which shall admit all who have it in them to be good whether their good qualities be trained or no. Such a test is found in faith. He who, when goodness is impressively put before him, exhibits an instinctive loyalty to it, starts forward to take its side, trusts himself to it, such a man has faith, and the root of the matter is in such a man. He may have habits of vice, but the loyal and faithful instinct in him will

place him above many that practise virtue. He may be rude in thought and character, but he will unconsciously gravitate towards what is right. Other virtues can scarcely thrive without a fine natural organization and a happy training. But the most neglected and ungifted of men may make a beginning with faith. Other virtues want civilization, a certain amount of knowledge, a few books; but in half-brutal countenances faith will light up a glimmer of nobleness. The savage, who can do little else, can wonder and worship and enthusiastically obey. He who cannot know what is right can know that some one else knows, he who has no law may still have a master, he who is incapable of justice may be capable of fidelity, he who understands little may have his sins forgiven because he loves much." (Pp. 66, 67.)

The following passages compare the pleas for toleration in cases of belief and of conduct:—

"We ought to be just as tolerant of an imperfect creed as we are of an imperfect practice. Everything which can be urged in excuse for the latter may also be pleaded for the former. If the way to Christian action is beset by corrupt habits and misleading passions, the path to Christian truth is overgrown with prejudices and strewn with fallen theories and rotten systems which hide it from our view. It is quite as hard to think rightly as it is to act rightly, or even to feel rightly. And as all allow that an error is a less culpable thing than a crime or a vicious passion, it is monstrous that it should be more severely punished; it is monstrous that Christ, who was called the friend of publicans and sinners, should be represented as the pitiless enemy of bewildered seekers of truth. How could men have been guilty of such an inconsistency? By speaking of what they do not understand. Men, in general, do not understand or appreciate the difficulty of finding truth. All men must act, and therefore all men learn in some degree how difficult it is to act rightly. The consequence is that all men can make excuse for those who fail to act rightly. But all men are not compelled to make an independent search for truth, and those who voluntarily undertake to do so are always few. They ought, indeed, to find pity and charity when they fail, for their undertaking is full of hazard, and in the course of it they are too apt to leave friends and companions behind them, and when they succeed they bring back glorious spoils for those who remained at home criticising them. But they

cannot expect such charity, for the hazards and difficulties of the undertaking are known to themselves alone. To the world at large it seems quite easy to find truth, and inexcusable to miss it. And no wonder! For by finding truth they mean only learning by rote the maxims current around them." (Pp. 72, 73.)

The author is greatly struck with the peremptory and universal character of the institution of baptism, which he perceives to be made "as indispensable to membership, as that spiritual inspiration which is membership itself" in the new and "Divine Society." The method of this society he considers to be broadly distinguished from that of the moral philosophy which has often laboured to improve mankind. The whole argument of the ninth chapter on this contrast will well reward perusal. The subjoined are two passages from it:—

"Philosophers had drawn their pupils from the *élite* of humanity; but Christ finds his material among the worst and meanest, for he does not propose merely to make the good better, but the bad good. And what is his machinery? He says the first step towards good dispositions is for a man to form a strong personal attachment. Let him first be drawn out of himself. Next let the object of that attachment be a person of striking and conspicuous goodness. To worship such a person will be the best exercise in virtue that he can have. Let him vow obedience in life and death to such a person; let him mix and live with others who have made the same vow. He will have ever before his eyes an ideal of what he may himself become. His heart will be stirred by new feelings, a new world will be gradually revealed to him, and, more than this, a new self within his old self will make its presence felt, and a change will pass over him which he will feel it most appropriate to call a new birth. This is Christ's scheme stated in its most naked form; we shall have abundant opportunities in the sequel of expounding it more fully."

"Of these two influences—that of Reason and that of Living Example—which would a wise reformer reinforce? Christ chose the last. He gathered all men into a common relation to himself, and demanded that each should set him on a pedestal of his heart, giving a lower place to all other objects of worship, to father and mother, to husband or wife. In him should the loyalty of all hearts centre, he should be their pattern, their Authority, and Judge. Of him

and his service should no man be ashamed, but to those who acknowledged it morality should be an easy yoke, and the law of right as spontaneous as the law of life; sufferings should be easy to bear, and the loss of worldly friends repaired by a new home in the bosom of the Christian kingdom; finally, in death itself their sleep should be sweet upon whose tombstone it could be written, 'Obdormivit in Christo.' (Pp. 98, 101, 102.)

Having thus far traced, as he considers, the rise of the Monarchy of Christ, in his second part, which commences with chapter x., the author professes to treat of the legislation by which that Monarchy is governed. The Christian philosophy of pleasure is strikingly handled in the following passage:—

"This paradoxical position—that pleasure is necessary for us, and yet that it is not to be sought; that this world is to be renounced, and yet that it is noble and glorious—might, if it had been taken up by a philosopher, have been regarded as a subtlety which it would be impossible to act upon. But as the law laid down by a King and Master of mankind, every word of whom was treasured up and acted out with devotion, it has had a surprising influence upon human affairs. In the times of the Roman Emperors there appeared a sect which distinguished itself by the assiduous attention which it bestowed upon the bodily wants of mankind. This sect set the first example of a homely practical philanthropy, occupying itself with the relief of ordinary human sufferings, dispensing food and clothing to the destitute and starving. At the same period there appeared a sect which was remarkable for the contempt in which it held human suffering. Roman magistrates were perplexed to find, when it became necessary to coerce this sect by penal inflictions, that bodily pains, tortures, and death itself, were not regarded as evils by its members. These two sects appeared to run into contrary extremes. The one seemed to carry their regard for the body to the borders of effeminacy; the other pushed Stoical apathy almost to madness. Yet these two sects were one and the same—the Christian Church. And though within that body every conceivable corruption has at some time or other sprung up, this tradition has never been long lost, and in every age the Christian temper has shivered at the touch of Stoic apathy and shuddered at that of Epicurean indolence." (Pp. 118, 119.)

He shows how little had yet been accomplished towards establishing the true brotherhood of mankind, notwithstanding the marvellous achievement of the Romans in consolidating so many nations into a political unity; without which it is indeed difficult to see how the physical and social barriers to the spreading of Christianity could have been surmounted:—

"A number of nations which had before waged incessant war with one another had been forced into a sort of unity. What court-poets call a golden age had set in. Round the whole shore of the Mediterranean Sea, and northward to the Danube and beyond the British Channel, national antipathies had been suppressed, and war had ceased, while the lives of men were regulated by an admirable code of laws. Yet, except to court-poets, this age did not seem golden to those who lived in it. On the contrary, they said it was something worse than an iron age; there was no metal from which they could name it. Never did men live under such a crushing sense of degradation, never did they look back with more bitter regret, never were the vices that spring out of despair so rife, never was sensuality cultivated more methodically, never did poetry curdle so readily into satire, never was genius so much soured by cynicism, and never was calumny so abundant or so gross or so easily believed. If morality depended on laws, or happiness could be measured by comfort, this would have been the most glorious era in the past history of mankind. It was in fact one of the meanest and foulest, because a tone or spirit is necessary to morality, and self-respect is needful to happiness." (Pp. 132, 133.)

And now, what followed?—

"The city of God, of which the Stoics doubtfully and feebly spoke, was now set up before the eyes of men. It was no insubstantial city, such as we fancy in the clouds, no invisible pattern such as Plato thought might be laid up in heaven, but a visible corporation whose members met together to eat bread and drink wine, and into which they were initiated by bodily immersion in water. Here the Gentile met the Jew whom he had been accustomed to regard as an enemy of the human race; the Roman met the lying Greek Sophist, the Syrian slave, the gladiator born beside the Danube. In brotherhood they met, the natural birth and kindred of each forgotten, the baptism

alone remembered in which they had been born again to God and to each other." (P. 136.)

In the closing pages of this chapter (xii.) the question of slavery is ably dealt with. Perhaps the whole history may be summed up in this. The Gospel was its death-warrant; and execution was only delayed until the religion, then infant, was adult, and had strength enough to deal the blow.

In the thirteenth chapter the author approaches that doctrine of enthusiasm, or passionate devotion which has been regarded as so peculiarly his own. Christianity did not, he says, leave us a code of morals, in the ordinary sense :—

"Instead of giving laws to his Society, he would give to every member of it a power of making laws for himself. He frequently repeated that to make the fruit of a tree good you must put the tree into a healthy state, and, slightly altering the illustration, that fruit can only be expected from a fruit-tree, not from a thistle or thorn. The meaning of this plainly is that a man's actions result from the state of his mind; that if that is healthy they will be right, and if not, they will be wrong. Such language was new in the mouth of a legislator, but not at all new in itself. It was an adoption of the style of philosophy. Philosophers had always made it their study to bring their minds into a healthy condition, '*frui emendato animo.*' When, however, we inquire what Christ considered a healthy condition of the mind to be, we do not find him in agreement with philosophers. The law-making power of which mention has been made, which, raised to predominance, issues in an unerring tact or instinct of right action, was differently conceived by him and by them. They placed it in reason, and regarded passion as the antagonistic power which must be controlled and coerced by it. Christ also considers it necessary to control the passions, but he places them under the dominion not of reason but of a new and more powerful passion. The healthy mind of the philosophers is in a composed, tranquil, and impartial state; the healthy mind of Christ is in an elevated and enthusiastic state. Both are exempt from perturbation and unsteadiness, but the one by being immovably fixed, the other by being always powerfully attracted in one direction." (Pp. 144, 145. See also pp. 253, 254.)

This enthusiasm was justified by the char-

acter of the object proposed to the eyes and hearts of men :—

"Did the command to love go forth to those who had never seen a human being they could revere? Could his followers turn upon him and say, How can we love a creature so degraded, full of vile wants and contemptible passions, whose little life is most harmlessly spent when it is an empty round of eating and sleeping; a creature destined for the grave and for oblivion when his allotted term of fretfulness and folly has expired? Of this race Christ himself was a member, and to this day is it not the best answer to all blasphemers of the species, the best consolation when our sense of its degradation is keenest, that a human brain was behind his forehead and a human heart beating in his breast, and that within the whole creation of God nothing more elevated or more attractive has yet been found than he? And if it be answered that there was in his nature something exceptional and peculiar, that humanity must not be measured by the stature of Christ, let us remember that it was precisely thus that he wished it to be measured, delighting to call himself the Son of Man, delighting to call the meanest of mankind his brothers. If some human beings are abject and contemptible, if it be incredible to us that they can have any high dignity or destiny, do we regard them from so great a height as Christ? Are we likely to be more pained by their faults and deficiencies than he was? Is our standard higher than his? And yet he associated by preference with these meanest of the race; no contempt for them did he ever express, no suspicion that they might be less dear than the best and wisest to the common Father, no doubt that they were naturally capable of rising to a moral elevation like his own. There is nothing of which a man may be prouder than of this; it is the most hopeful and redeeming fact in history; it is precisely what was wanting to raise the love of man as man to enthusiasm. An eternal glory has been shed upon the human race by the love Christ bore to it. And it was because the Edict of Universal Love went forth to men whose hearts were in no cynical mood, but possessed with a spirit of devotion to a man, that words which at any other time, however grandly they might sound, would have been but words, penetrated so deeply, and along with the law of love the power of love was given. Therefore also the first Christians were enabled to dispense with philosophical phrases, and instead of saying that they loved the ideal of man in man,

could simply say and feel that they loved Christ in every man.

"We have here the very kernel of the Christian moral scheme."

"Few of us sympathise originally and directly with this devotion; few of us can perceive in human nature itself any merit sufficient to evoke it. But it is not so hard to love and venerate him who felt it. So vast a passion of love, a devotion so comprehensive, elevated, deliberate and profound, has not elsewhere been in any degree approached save by some of his imitators. And as love provokes love, many have found it possible to conceive for Christ an attachment the closeness of which no words can describe, a veneration so possessing and absorbing the man within them, that they have said, 'I live no more, but Christ lives in me.' Now such a feeling carries with it of necessity the feeling of love for all human beings. It matters no longer what quality men may exhibit; amiable or unamiable, as the brothers of Christ, as belonging to his sacred and consecrated kind, as the objects of his love in life and death, they must be dear to all to whom he is dear. And those who would for a moment know his heart and understand his life must begin by thinking of the whole race of man, and of each member of the race, with awful reverence and hope." (Pp. 164-167.)

The consequence has been a product altogether new in the world: that of holiness, exhibited in the human life and character:—

"But that Christ's method, when rightly applied, is really of mighty force, may be shown by an argument which the severest censor of Christians will hardly refuse to admit. Compare the ancient with the modern world; 'Look on this picture and on that.' One broad distinction in the characters of men forces itself into prominence. Among all the men of the ancient heathen world there were scarcely one or two to whom we might venture to apply the epithet 'holy.' In other words, there were not more than one or two, if any, who besides being virtuous in their actions were possessed with an unaffected enthusiasm of goodness, and besides abstaining from vice regarded even a vicious thought with horror. Probably no one will deny that in Christian countries this higher-toned goodness, which we call holiness, has existed. Few will maintain that it has been exceedingly rare. Perhaps the truth is, that there has scarcely been a town in any Christian coun-

try since the time of Christ where a century has passed without exhibiting a character of such elevation that his mere presence has shamed the bad and made the good better, and has been felt at times like the presence of God Himself. And if this be so, has Christ failed? or can Christianity die?"

"His biography may be summed up in the words, 'he went about doing good;' his wise words were secondary to his beneficial deeds; the latter were not introductory to the former, but the former grew occasionally, and, as it were, accidentally, out of the latter. The explanation of this is that Christ merely reduced to practice his own principle. His morality required that the welfare and happiness of others should not merely be remembered as a restraint upon action, but should be made the principal motive of action, and what he preached in words he preached still more impressively and zealously in deeds. He set the first and greatest example of a life wholly governed and guided by the passion of humanity. The very scheme and plan of his life differed from that of other men. He had no personal prospects, no fortune to push, no ambitions. A good man before had been understood to be one who in pursuit of his own personal happiness is careful to consider also the happiness of those around him, declines all prosperity gained at their expense, employs his leisure in relieving some of their wants, and who, lastly, in some extreme need or danger of those connected with him, his relations or his country, consents to sacrifice his own life or welfare to theirs. In this scheme of life humanity in its rudimentary forms of family feeling or patriotism enters as a restraining or regulating principle; only in the extreme case does it become the main spring of action. What with other good men was the extreme case, with Christ was the rule. In many countries and at many different times the lives of heroes had been offered up on the altar of filial or parental or patriotic love. A great impulse had overmastered them; personal interests, the love of life and of the pleasures of life, had yielded to a higher motive; the names of those who had made the great oblation had been held in honour by succeeding ages, the place where it was made pointed out, the circumstances of it proudly recounted. Such a sacrifice, the crowning act of human goodness when it rises above itself, was made by Christ, not in some moment of elevation, not in some extreme emergency, but *habitually*; this is meant when it is said, he went about doing good, nor was the sacri-

fice made for relative or friend or country, but for all everywhere who bear the name of man." (Pp. 171, 187-189.)

The author's view of the law of philanthropy, and of the adaptations which it acquires from the circumstances of modern society, is to be found in chap. xvii., which will not bear being represented by extracts, and in chaps. xix.-xxiii.

The subject of Authority, and its place in regulating the moral action of the world, has not been evaded. The broad and distinct general proposition with regard to its weight, which is contained in the following extract, will tempt many readers to wish for a fuller development:—

"Preaching is moral suasion delivered formally at stated intervals. In good education there is an equal amount of moral suasion, delivered far more impressively because delivered to individuals and at the moment when the need arises, while besides moral suasion other instruments are employed. Of these the principal is Authority, a most potent and indispensable agent. We have traced above the process by which mankind were ripened for the reception of Christianity. For many ages peremptory laws were imposed upon different nations and enforced by a machinery of punishment. During these ages, out of the whole number of persons who obeyed these laws, very few either knew or inquired why they had been imposed. But all the time these nations were forming habits of action which gradually became so familiar to them that the nations who wanted similar habits became to them objects of contempt and disgust as savages. At last the time came when the hidden principle of all law was revealed, and Christian humanity became the self-legislating life of mankind. Thus did the Law bring men to Christ. Now what the Law did for the race the schoolmaster does for the individual. He imposes rules, assigning a penalty for disobedience. Under this rule the pupil grows up, until order, punctuality, industry, justice and mercy to his school-fellows, become the habits of his life. Then when the time comes, the strict rule relaxes, the pupil is taken into the master's confidence, his obedience becomes reasonable, a living morality." (Pp. 219, 220.)

The law of the Christian sabbath is also touched, too briefly for our desires, in p. 222; as is that commutation of "personal service in the cause of humanity" (p. 224) for money payments, often none of the

most copious, to which the modern arrangement of working by societies, in many respects excellent, and apparently indispensable at the present day, yet cannot but afford an unhappy facility.

The depth of the mercy of Christ to women who have compromised their own peculiar glory, is exhibited in discussing two incidents which, says the author, may be seen as specimens of Christ's redeeming power. And here we come upon that great issue, which ought in truth to be used as a touchstone of all religions and of all states of society, their effect upon the character and social position of Woman:—

"The female sex, in which antiquity saw nothing but inferiority, which Plato considered intended to do the same things as the male, only not so well, was understood for the first time by Christ. His treatment brought out its characteristics, its superiorities, its peculiar power of gratitude and self-devotion. That woman who dried with her hair the feet she had bathed in grateful tears has raised her whole sex to a higher level. But we are concerned with her not merely as a woman, but as a fallen woman. And it is when we consider her as such that the prodigious force and originality of Christ's mercy makes itself felt. For it is probably in the case of this particular vice that justice ripens the slowest and the seldomest into mercy. Most persons in whom the moral sense is very strong are, as we have said, merciful; mercy is in general a measure of the higher degrees of keenness in the moral sense. But there is a limit beyond which it seems almost impossible for mercy, properly so called, to subsist. There are certain vices which seem to indicate a criminality so engrained, or at least so inveterate, that mercy is, as it were, choked in the deadly atmosphere that surrounds them, and dies for want of that hope upon which alone it can live. Vices that are incorrigible are not proper objects of mercy, and there are some vices which virtuous people are found particularly ready to pronounce incorrigible. Few brave men have any pity to spare for a confirmed coward. And as cowardice seems to him who has the instinct of manliness a fatal vice in man as implying an absence of the indispensable condition of masculine virtue, so does confirmed unchastity in women seem a fatal vice to those who reverence womanhood. And therefore little mercy for it is felt by those who take a serious view of sexual relations. There are multitudes who think lightly of it, and therefore feel a good deal

of compassion for those who suffer at the hands of society such a terrible punishment for it. There are others who can have mercy on it while they contemplate it, as it were, at a distance, and do not realize how mortal to the very soul of womanhood is the habitual desecration of all the sacraments of love. Lastly, there are some who force themselves to have mercy on it out of reverence for the example of Christ. But of those who see it near, and whose moral sense is keen enough to judge of it, the greater number pronounce it incurable. We know the pitiless cruelty with which virtuous women commonly regard it. Why is it that in this one case the female sex is more hard-hearted than the male? Probably because in this one case it feels more strongly, as might be expected, the heinousness of the offence; and those men who criticise women for their cruelty to their fallen sisters do not really judge from the advanced stage of mercy, but from the lower stage of insensibility. It is commonly by love itself that men learn the sacredness of love. Yet, though Christ never entered the realm of sexual love, this sacredness seems to have been felt by him far more deeply than by other men. We have already had an opportunity of observing this in the case of the woman taken in adultery. He exhibited on that occasion a profound delicacy of which there is no other example in the ancient world, and which anticipates and excels all that is noblest in chivalrous and finest in modern manners. In his treatment of the prostitute, then, how might we expect him to act? Not, surely, with the ready tolerance of men, which is but laxity; we might expect from him rather the severity of women, which is purity. Disgust will overpower him here, if anywhere. He will say, 'Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade. . . . 'Tis best that thou diest quickly.' There is no doubt that he was not wanting in severity; the gratitude that washed his feet in tears was not inspired by mere good-nature. But he found mercy too, where mercy commonly fails even in the tender hearts of women. And mercy triumphed, where it commonly dies of mere despair." (Pp. 247-249.)

Worthy of special notice is the treatment in pp. 267-8 of the Pharisees, as what may be called the "sepulchre-builders," with their successors in all times: but let us hasten on to the concluding chapter. Once more he presents to us a glowing picture of the Christ of the Gospels:—

"Once more, how is this enthusiasm kindled? All virtues perpetuate themselves in a manner. When the pattern is once given it will be printed in a thousand copies. This enthusiasm, then, was shown to men in its most consummate form in Jesus Christ. From him it flows as from a fountain. How it was kindled in him who knows? 'The abysmal depths of personality' hide this secret. . . . But since Christ showed it to men, it has been found possible for them to imitate it, and every new imitation, by bringing the marvel visibly before us, revives the power of the original. As a matter of fact the Enthusiasm is kindled constantly in new hearts, and though in few it burns brightly, yet perhaps there are not very many in which it altogether goes out. At least the conception of morality which Christ gave has now become the universal one, and no man is thought good who does not in some measure satisfy it.

"Living examples are, as a general rule, more potent than those of which we read in books. And it is true that the sight of very humble degrees of Christian humanity in action will do more to kindle the Enthusiasm, in most cases, than reading the most impressive scenes in the life of Christ. It cannot, therefore, be said that Christ is the direct source of all humanity. It is handed on like the torch from runner to runner in the race of life. Still it not only exists in Christ in a pre-eminent degree, but the circumstances of his life and death gave pre-eminent opportunities of displaying it. The story of his life will always remain the one record in which the moral perfection of man stands revealed in its root and its unity, the hidden spring made palpably manifest by which the whole machine is moved. And as, in the will of God, this unique man was elected to a unique sorrow, and holds as undisputed a sovereignty in suffering as in self-devotion, all lesser examples and lives will for ever hold a subordinate place, and serve chiefly to reflect light on the central and original Example. In his wounds all human sorrows will hide themselves, and all human self-denials support themselves against his cross." (Pp. 321, 322.)

This passage appears to us without asserting to disclose, and thus to teach more winningly than if it drily asserted, that distinction in kind between the life and character of our Lord, and the lives and characters of other men good and great in their measure, which forms at once the most

natural and the most solid ground for the new conviction of His Deity in minds that have yet to learn the Christian alphabet, and which strengthens and refreshes that conviction, where it has been from the cradle upwards an original and primal truth. I have omitted the few words which fill the blank, "it was the will of God to beget no second son like Him;" for they seem to deal with things that we know not of, and are ill able to touch.

Presently the author gives us a solemn and much-needed warning:—

"The creed which makes human nature richer and larger, makes men at the same time capable of profounder sins; admitted into a holier sanctuary, they are exposed to the temptation of a greater sacrilege; awakened to the sense of new obligations, they sometimes lose their simple respect for the old ones; saints that have resisted the subtlest temptations sometimes begin again, as it were, by yielding without a struggle to the coarsest; hypocrisy has become tenfold more ingenious and better supplied with disguises; in short human nature has inevitably developed downwards as well as upwards, and if the Christian ages be compared with those of heathenism they are found worse as well as better, and it is possible to make it a question whether mankind has gained on the whole." (P. 326.)

Yet I venture to record dissent from the concluding words. No doubt wickedness is more wicked now, as well as goodness holier and higher, than it was in ante-Christian times. But surely the question, whether "mankind has gained on the whole?" is one that we may regard as carried by the airs of heaven out of the ocean of argument into the haven, for us at least, of admitted truth. It is enough to appeal to social changes of a palpable character and of the broadest range. Take for instance the uplifted idea and state of woman; the second, and we may trust final, triumph, now all but accomplished, of the Gospel over slavery in its modern and most insidious form; the general retirement of social infamies into the shade; the acknowledgment of the obligation to provide systematically for the sick, the sorrowing, and the very poor; the creation and visible growth of some idea of right as between nations, however separated; the acknowledgment of peace, and not war, as the natural and normal state of man; the endeavour, not always successful, to

create by municipal law a legal and judicial equality on behalf of all members of the community, in despite of all the contrasts of fortune and even of character. These are some of the changes, effected by Christianity in the very same regions, and among the same races, and now become part of the patrimony of civilisation, which appear to be in themselves decisive. And if they are in themselves decisive, the force of the decision is much enhanced when it is borne in mind that all this ground has been made good at a time when, through the wider prevalence of a quickened intelligence, a far more extended scope and range than the old world ever knew have been given to those temptations to selfishness and sin (in every form except that of violence), which beset on the right hand and on the left the path of every human pilgrim as he travels towards his home.

Finally: it is in no narrow spirit that the author exhibits to us the Church of Christ standing in the midst of the triumphs, of which it has been the organ:—

"The triumph of the Christian Church is that it is *there*,—that the most daring of all speculative dreams, instead of being found impracticable, has been carried into effect, and, when carried into effect, instead of being confined to a few select spirits, has spread itself over a vast space of the earth's surface, and, when thus diffused, instead of giving place after an age or two to something more adapted to a later time, has endured for two thousand years, and, at the end of two thousand years, instead of lingering as a mere wreck spared by the tolerance of the lovers of the past, still displays vigour and a capacity of adjusting itself to new conditions, and lastly, in all the transformations it undergoes, remains visibly the same thing and inspired by its Founder's universal and unquenchable spirit."

"The achievement of Christ, in founding by his single will and power a structure so durable and so universal, is like no other achievement which history records. The masterpieces of the men of action are coarse and common in comparison with it, and the masterpieces of speculation flimsy and insubstantial. When we speak of it the commonplaces of admiration fail us altogether. Shall we speak of the originality of the design, of the skill displayed in the execution? All such terms are inadequate. Originality and contriving skill operated indeed, but, as it were, implicitly. The creative effort which produces that against which, it is said, the gates of hell shall not prevail, cannot be analyzed. No architects' designs were fur-

nished for the New Jerusalem, no committee drew up rules for the Universal Commonwealth. If in the works of Nature we can trace the indications of calculation, of a struggle with difficulties, of precaution, of ingenuity, then in Christ's work it may be that the same indications occur. But these inferior and secondary powers were not consciously exercised; they were implicitly present in the manifold yet single creative act. The inconceivable work was done in calmness; before the eyes of men it was noiselessly accomplished, attracting little attention. Who can describe that which unites men? Who has entered into the formation of speech which is the symbol of their union? Who can describe exhaustively the origin of civil society? He who can do these things can explain the origin of the Christian Church. For others it must be enough to say, 'the Holy Ghost fell on those that believed.' No man saw the building of the New Jerusalem, the workmen crowded together, the unfinished walls and unpaved streets; no man heard the clink of trowel and pickaxe; it descended out of heaven from God." (Pp. 327, 329, 330.)

With this noble specimen of the author's eloquence, the volume closes. I have already spoken of the method it pursues with reference to its main object, the exhibition of the august, though simple figure of our Lord in His Life and Work. Next to this in power, is his conception of the institution, to which the prosecution of that work from the day of Pentecost onward was committed, and by which the most ethereal and sublime speculation ever opened to the flight of the imagination, was reduced to a body of fact without rival in human experience. Nor should the reader pass unnoticed the broad and masculine grasp with which this work handles the subject of Christian morality both personal and social. And it is doubtless needful that popular theology, which like everything else tends to settle down into mere formulas, should thus be shaken up from time to time, and measured and adjusted by its eternal standards; that we may come at least nearer to a sense how truly the treasure is divine which is lodged unworthily in our poor earthen vessels: how the dispensation provided for us in Christ our Lord, without in the least pretending to solve off-hand all the problems that surround and perplex our state, yet is thoroughly adapted to all our capacities as well as all our practical and present needs: how lofty it is, and yet how lowly, how sublime, and yet how solid,

with its head in the highest heavens, and with its feet upon the solid earth.

I must not close without wishing the author well in what remains unaaccomplished of his work. What and how much that is the public is unaware; and in what manner he will acquit himself we can only augur from the powerful specimen of his handiwork which is already before us. It is to be hoped that the consciousness of his strength will not lead him to attempt too much. To trace historically and philosophically the construction of the Christian system in institutions and in doctrines, would be the work not (so to speak) of stolen leisure, but of a life, and would require not less of reverence than of courage, of caution than of comprehension. Let us, however, leave to the exercise of his freedom one whom we have already thanked for his use of it. To him, or to any of us, it will be a great calamity should he in such a matter be misled. But what has here been written, if it could be supposed to have a value, is not a retaining fee: it is simply a record of service done, and of gratitude gallantly and fairly earned.

From The Saturday Review, 29 Feb.

MR. ADAMS.

THE general esteem and respect which attend Mr. Adams on his departure from England ought not to impair his popularity with his fellow-citizens. No wise Englishman desires that the representative of a foreign country should identify himself with the interests of the State to which he is temporarily accredited. It is enough that he should be exempt from narrow prejudice, and that he should be able and willing to appreciate alien customs and modes of thought. As long as international relations are exclusively conducted among crowned heads and Cabinets, a versatile diplomatist of the school of TALLEYRAND has the best chance of winning in the political game; but where public affairs are directly or virtually controlled by general opinion, it is above all things necessary that an ambassador should share and understand the feelings of his own countrymen. Even at European Courts, English Ministers have sometimes been delicately rallied on the long course of professional employment which was supposed to have dulled their sympathy with the course of public opinion

at home; and, indeed, the only plausible argument against a special diplomatic service is founded on the advantage possessed by a statesman who comes fresh from contact with domestic affairs. The son and grandson of Presidents of the United States, a New Englander from the model State of Massachusetts, once a Republican member of the House of Representatives, and the associate of the principal leaders of the party, Mr. ADAMS might be expected to be an American of the Americans, and he has never belied his character. A more pliable Minister would have been less efficient for the task of preserving the peace in a time of extraordinary irritation. A certain impassiveness and severity of demeanour prevented the most sanguine English politicians from assuming that the American envoy repudiated for himself the tone of remonstrance which he was constantly instructed to use. To command personal deference in English society, a diplomatist must be a gentleman; but if he is to be the faithful exponent of American feeling, he may advantageously dispense with the external qualities of a courtier. The friendly regard which Mr. ADAMS has earned in England has frequently found expression in public and in private; but the most awkward of his admirers has never committed the blunder of paying him a compliment on any supposed superiority to his countrymen at large. On occasions on which a certain expansiveness of sentiment would not have been inappropriate, Mr. ADAMS has perhaps erred on the side of sternness and indifference. Of the genuine burst of regret which was caused by the murder of Mr. LINCOLN he took little notice; but, if he has not been demonstrative of kindly feeling, he has also abstained from passionate and discourteous language when the wildest invective against the English Government would have increased his popularity at home.

The students of Mr. SEWARD's despatches will best appreciate the tact and prudence which rendered the communications of the American Minister with the English Government not altogether intolerable. The transmission of a long series of eloquent lectures on the duties of nations must have been an invidious task when it became necessary to inform Lord RUSSELL or his successors, in personal interviews, that, in the judgment of the American SECRETARY of STATE, they had perpetrated almost every conceivable wrong. The style of composition preferred by Mr. ADAMS himself contrasted strongly with the ornate copiousness of his official superior. A close

reasoner, and sometimes almost a pugnacious litigant, Mr. ADAMS never indulges in rhetorical amplifications, or in the generalities which find favour on platforms and with political assemblies in the United States. His arguments are as dry and as calm as if they were presented to a Court of Equity, while Mr. SEWARD seems always anxious to prove that his opponent is maintaining an untenable position in violation of the most sacred principles. It is not improbable that the SECRETARY of STATE and the representative of his Government in England cultivated a perfect mutual understanding, and that they half unconsciously effected between themselves a convenient division of labour. It was the business of Mr. ADAMS to persuade, to convince, or to confute the FOREIGN SECRETARY, and the English Cabinet; but Mr. SEWARD wrote as much for his own countrymen as for the English Government, and American taste requires that the candle of patriotism should not be hidden under the bushel of conciseness. There is reason for believing that from the beginning of the American troubles Mr. SEWARD has sincerely desired to preserve peace with England. During a considerable part of Mr. LINCOLN's tenure of office, the able SECRETARY of STATE directed the Government under the name of his inexperienced chief; and it is certain that, on the important occasion of the seizure of the passengers on board the *Trent*, Mr. SEWARD almost alone prevented the PRESIDENT and the Cabinet from yielding to the popular clamour for an immediate rupture. It is not necessary to suppose that Mr. SEWARD cherishes friendly feelings to England; but, notwithstanding his habitual flux of oratory, he is a patriotic and cautious statesman. During the war he knew that a conflict with England, and probably with France, would have established the independence of the South; and, on the return of peace, it would have placed insuperable difficulties in the way of financial improvement. To satisfy his fellow-citizens, and perhaps to indulge his own feelings, he wrote volumes on volumes of complaint; and, down to the present time, he has refused to settle pending disputes, except on conditions which the English Government holds to be inadmissible. Yet peace has been preserved during the seven years of his administration; and a large share of the credit must be distributed between the SECRETARY of STATE and the American Minister in England. One or two of Mr. SEWARD's most eloquent and disagreeable despatches were not even pre-

sented to the English Government; and it is not known that Mr. ADAMS was censured for the prudence which dictated the suppression.

Although the retiring Minister has always been welcomed in English society, his public position during a portion of his term of service must have been in some respects unpleasant. He arrived in England in the early summer of 1861, only two or three days after the issue of the celebrated proclamation of neutrality; and he had a plausible grievance in the alleged precipitation of a measure to which he might be supposed to have been prepared with objections. He probably soon satisfied himself that the recognition of neutrality, whatever may have been the merits or the policy of the proceeding, had been made in good faith, without intention of offence to himself or to his Government; but it must be assumed that he believed in the substantial justice of the charge of premature interference which it has ever since been his principal business to reiterate. To Englishmen in general it seemed, at the commencement of the secession, that a great nation had permanently divided itself into two sections, and that it was neither prudent nor justifiable to take part with either belligerent; but Mr. ADAMS represented only one of the contending parties, and it was his duty to claim for the residuary Government the exclusive recognition which had formerly related to the whole Union. As the fortune of war afterwards justified his contention, he may naturally hold, in common with his countrymen, that a policy founded, as events proved, on ignorance of the future, was erroneous and unjust. The accident of his arrival after the proclamation of neutrality might have excused an asperity of language and manners which his sound sense taught him to avoid. He probably remembered some circumstances which the violent English adherents of the Republican party in the United States have forgotten, if they ever knew them. His predecessor, Mr. DALLAS, was a Democrat, representing a President who was the zealous supporter of the South; and Mr. DALLAS had succeeded Mr. BUCHANAN, who, during his residence in England, plotted the acquisition of Cuba, for the avowed purpose of securing the maintenance of slavery in the Southern States. The same statesman had, only six months before the arrival of Mr. ADAMS in England, declared to Congress, in a Presidential Message, that the Consti-

tution provided no means of reclaiming by force any State which might secede from the Union. It was not the business of foreign politicians to take part in the domestic contests of the United States, or to withhold credit from the official utterances of American Presidents and Ministers Plenipotentiary. The sudden revolution of opinion which followed the capture of Fort Sumter ought perhaps to have been foreseen by sagacious observers, but it could not with propriety have been formally anticipated. Mr. ADAMS himself had in Congress acted with the moderate party which would willingly have averted the secession by any practicable sacrifices. In England he may perhaps have been sometimes amused with the ignorance of the philanthropic fanatics who were the noisiest devotees of his own policy and Government.

In subsequent discussions with the English Government, Mr. ADAMS maintained with inflexible tenacity the American doctrines of the day; but he never lost his temper, he never aggravated unavoidable differences by offensive language, and, above all, he never diverged into eloquence. For two or three years it was of vital importance to the United States to preserve the peace, although almost every American speaker and writer appeared to be bent on bringing on an immediate quarrel with Great Britain. The amateur assistants whom Mr. SEWARD despatched from time to time to aid Mr. ADAMS in his arduous duty contributed little or nothing to the maintenance of peace; and they probably sometimes embarrassed the Minister by their officious interference. Archbishop HUGHES, of New York, thought it his duty to fulfil Mr. SEWARD's pacific instructions by making anti-English speeches in Ireland; and other agents confined themselves to the society of strong American partisans. Mr. ADAMS, even if he had shared in any respect the nature of a demagogue, would have abstained from impertinent intrusion into the domestic quarrels of a foreign country. From first to last he has faithfully represented his Government, and he has presented to Englishmen the character of a worthy descendant of the grave and dignified statesmen who illustrated the earlier days of the Republic. If his countrymen hereafter require the services of a prudent and experienced counsellor, they may possibly think that the highest dignity in their gift would be well bestowed on hereditary merit even in the third generation.

From The London Review.

DR. NEWMAN'S POEMS.*

As a rule, Christianity is not happy in its poets. Singers like to catch strains nearest the earth, and it is rare to find a soul embracing angels only, and never striving to warm the dead Greek gods into life or to seek objects for its poetic passion in the forms of flesh. Here we breathe a cool, religious air, and, if we follow the writer in his thoughts, find that his verses are condensed from an abstract mood whose pivot is God. For him there are no Pagan images or accessories. He rejects an ornament for his lines, with a false colour on it, as an impertinence. His ideas are purged and clarified to an extreme and thin degree, but this very thinness gives them a force to penetrate deep into sentiments of the noblest and most worthy kind. There is no effort at dramatic performance, and still nothing can be more perfect in its way than the dramatic instinct which achieves its result without an apparent exertion. One of the greatest charms also about Dr. Newman's poetry is its intense conviction and certainty. It is as distinct as logic. A cloud never passes across the sun on which his eyes are fixed. The full devotedness of a mind all surrendered to its own theory of existence is his. You can trace in every line the perpetual consciousness of the man, his unswerving determined belief in the utter insignificance of the things of the world, and the absorbing, nearly selfish, vigour with which he has set himself to follow to the very end those views which he is satisfied entail an immortality. The expression "devotional," however, would very adequately describe the characteristic feature of these verses. There is an absence of that warmth and familiarity with which we are usually accustomed to identify "devotional" poems. Warmth with Dr. Newman would be obtrusive; he prefers to offer up a cold and clarified homage, a distant petition for help, for aid; but he waits at the gate of the Temple.

The want of a little common humanity in the verses must be felt. Of a wide intellectual sympathy there is a great deal; but the sympathy is purely intellectual, and offered only to be drawn back and have substituted in its place a compassion which for ever insists on becoming a religious virtue. Dr. Newman does not waste a feeling upon pity which he could convert into a pearl, for which he would have a reward in heaven.

The effect of this constant motive underlying the whole current of his reflections, is to make the reader wish for a moment that the writer could feel with an ordinary pulse. The nearest approach to a sense of grief to be found in this book is in the following poem, a very beautiful poem, severe and classic in its shape, and replete with a music, melancholy and sweet, but still seeming to be far away from us on lonely and inaccessible heights:—

"CONSOLATIONS IN BEREAVEMENT."

"Death was full urgent with thee, Sister dear,
And startling in his speed; —
Brief pain, then languor till thy end came
near —
Such was the path decreed,
The hurried road
To lead thy soul from earth to thine own God's
abode.

Death wrought with thee, sweet maid, impatiently: —
Yet merciful the haste
That baffles sickness; — dearest, thou didst die,
Thou wast not made to taste
Death's bitterness,
Decline's slow-wasting charm, or fever's fierce
distress.

Death came unheralded: — but it was well;
For so thy Saviour bore
Kind witness, thou wast meet at once to dwell
On His eternal shore;
All warning spared,
For none He gives where hearts are for prompt
change prepared.

Death wrought in mystery; both complaint and
cure
To human skill unknown: —
God put aside all means, to make us sure
It was His deed alone;
Lest we should lay
Reproach on our poor selves, that thou wast
caught away.

Death urged as scant of time: — lest, Sister
dear,
We many a lingering day
Had sickened with alternate hope and fear,
The agony of delay;
Watching each spark
Of promise quenched in turn, till all our sky
was dark.

Death came and went: — that so thy image
might
Our yearning hearts possess,
Associate with all pleasant thoughts and bright,
With youth and loveliness;
Sorrow can claim,
Mary, nor lot nor part in thy soft soothing
name.

* Verses on Various Occasions. London: Burns,
Oates, & Co.

Joy of sad hearts, and light of downcast eyes !
 Dearest, thou art enshrined
 In all thy fragrance in our memories ;
 For we must ever find
 Bare thought of thee
 Freshen this weary life, while weary life shall
 be."

The excessive spiritualism of these poems is indeed remarkable. Dr. Newman breaks through the crust (as it seems to him) which envelops earth, air, and sea, and speaks directly to beings of another order and dwelling, who, according to him, have certain agencies to do here. In fact, with him, it is the unseen world which is alone real. He almost says this literally:—

"SUBSTANCE AND SHADOW.

"They do but grope in learning's pedant round,
 Who on the fantasies of sense bestow
 An idol substance, bidding us bow low
 Before those shades of being which are found,
 Stirring or still, on man's brief trial-ground ;
 As if such shapes and moods, which come
 and go,
 Had aught of Truth or Life in their poor
 show,
 To sway or judge, and skill to stain or
 wound."

His good angel is always beside him. The dead are gazing on us from their homes above. Taking ever an interest in our pursuits, our sorrows, our triumphs—

"A sea before
 The Throne is spread ;—its pure still glass
 Pictures all earth-scenes as they pass.
 We, on its shore,
 Share, in the bosom of our rest,
 God's knowledge, and are blest."

The workings of God are actual and vivid, not mysterious, either, for Dr. Newman recognises angels here and angels there, and tangible devils with qualities as discoverable by him as the bad arguments of his old opponent, the Rev. C. Kingsley. Nothing, perhaps, could give us a stronger proof of the filtrating power possessed by this keen and beautiful intellect than the manner in which these phantoms are always preserved from vulgarity or tawdriness. An angel in a miracle play and an angel of Dr. Newman's faith or fancy would be two very different things and yet both would spring from the same theological origin. Anything more lovely or more fascinating than the angels he dreams of it is impossible to conceive. He places those glorious creatures, as it were, at different ranges, to mark in

some way the illimitable gulf between the Deity and us. He has a singular apprehension of this gulf. Behind his faith there is also a perpetual threat. God is "unwearied," the Lord is "dread," he will punish severely even those saved from the eternal burning. And yet there are times when this spirit is abandoned, and when the Soul puts itself in submissive love and obedience at the Almighty's direction without a pang of fear or misgiving:—

"THE PILLAR AND THE CLOUD.

"Lead, Kindly Light, amid the encircling
 gloom,
 Lead Thou me on !
 The night is dark, and I am far from home—
 Lead Thou me on !
 Keep Thou my feet ; I do not ask to see
 The distant scene,—one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
 Shouldst lead me on.
 I loved to choose and see my path ; but now
 Lead Thou me on !
 I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
 Pride ruled my will : remember not past years.
 So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
 Will lead me on,
 O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
 The night is gone ;
 And with the morn those angel faces smile
 Which I have loved long since, and lost
 awhile."

Need we say, after what we have written, that we commend this book? Nobody can read it without entertaining the sincerest respect for its writer. Seldom, indeed, do we find ourselves in contact with a mind so definite, so exalted, and so faithful to its pure and sanctified impulses—to its desires, fed at sources which none but fools could mock.

From *The Athenæum*.

MEMOIRS OF LORD BROUGHAM.

A CURRIOT'S case has been heard before Mr. Church, chief clerk of the Master of the Rolls.

It is well known that the death of Lord Campbell removed from Lord Brougham that apprehension which he said would add a last pang to the agonies of a dying bed—the fear that Campbell would write his life. Still, it was likely enough that the task of writing a life of the famous orator would fall into some other hands ; and therefore the ex-

Chancellor bethought him that he would snatch the fearful opportunity from all his rivals by doing the work himself — publishing in his own day and under his own name a proper account of his career. All the world, we may say, expected from him an autobiography. All the world, however, imagined that it would have to wait until he had passed away from the region of criticism before it could enjoy the pleasure of reading a book which, whenever it appears, can hardly help being a wonderful and dramatic story. More than a year ago, Lord Brougham decided otherwise. Why should he not put forth his labour now, and hear what was said about his work while there was yet time to correct mistakes and reply to malevolence? Yes; he would publish now.

Great collections of materials had been made, and many chapters, it is understood, had been already written by the learned Lord. Yet much remained to be done. Like Lady Morgan, Lord Brougham appears to have kept all his correspondence; and a room full of letters requires a good deal of adroit winnowing. We hear of a gentleman having had under his care a batch of thirty thousand letters! Such a mass of papers would need for their perusal and arrangement a pair of young eyes; and the aged orator consulted a friend as to the hire of a gentleman who could read and write, and would not object to assist in making the projected work readable and popular.

Dr. Joseph Cauvin was recommended by that friend, and his services were accepted by Lord Brougham on rather vague terms of remuneration. On one point, however, there was no vagueness. Dr. Cauvin's share in the labour was to be almost wholly intellectual. He was to draw up a regular plan, to suggest subjects for treatment, and determine which letters out of the mighty mass of correspondence should be inserted in the book. But he was to labour for hire, and not for fame. It was expressly stipulated that he was not to expect publicity and popularity. His name was not to appear on the title-page. He was to be content with money. So far, so good. Dr. Cauvin fell to work, reading the matters already set down in writing, going through a collection, as he says, of thirty thousand letters, submitting plans for the general treatment, and otherwise carrying out his part of the undertaking. The work seems to have made progress; and, but for the subsequent quarrel, we suppose that some part of it might have been by this time before the public. But a day arrived when the editor wished for payment on account. Then arose the question of how much he

ought to be paid for doing the brain-work and foregoing the reputation to be won by intellectual toil. On this point, the two parties displayed differences of opinion which were not to be overcome by reference to their common friends. Dr. Cauvin, to speak in general terms, put his service at the figure of 1,000*l*. The other side contended that this sum was not only too high, but so high as to prevent any publisher from undertaking the work subject to so heavy an editorial charge. Now came the dead lock. Dr. Cauvin, who had possession of the Brougham letters and papers, fancied he had a right to keep them until his claim was finally discharged. Hence, an appeal has been made to the Master's chief clerk, which must have been highly distasteful to all the parties concerned, since all the parties in it appear to a disadvantage. Mr. Church decided that Dr. Cauvin had no right over the papers. He admitted, however, that the case was exceptional, and recommended that the documents should be handed over to some man of letters with power to arrange about the proper terms of remuneration for the labour done. Until this course could be adopted the papers were to be deposited in the Rolls Court. Meantime, the 'Life and Times of Lord Brougham' is necessarily delayed.

From The London Review.

THE STUDY OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.*

DEAN ALFORD gives us in this volume the method he would advise for the study of the Epistles. In an introductory chapter, suggestive of much which might not strike ordinary readers of the Bible, he gives the keynote of his discourse by observing that the Gospel which was founded by deeds was spread by narration. This is to some extent true, but it is not wholly true. The Gospel was as much evidenced in the lives of the Apostles, as it was in the history they had to relate, and the doctrine they had to expound. At the same time that they preached, they proved their mission by working miracles. They were, in a manner, to be the Gospel as well as to preach it. And it was, no doubt, this concurrence of a doctrine and practice so opposite to those which then prevailed

* How to Study the New Testament. By Henry Alford, D.D., Dean of Canterbury. London: Strahan & Co.

amongst the nations, that produced such startling results in the way of conversion. But that does not lessen the interest which attaches to the narrative of their labours, or to those epistles by which they endeavoured to nourish and confirm the faith which they had implanted. Habit has somewhat drilled us to the value of these extraordinary documents; and Dean Alford observes, with much force, that "perhaps we do not sufficiently realize in our imaginations the state of the newly-founded Churches during this first and deeply interesting period;" and that, consequently, "we do not appreciate the full significance of the Apostolic epistles, and their entire appropriateness to the work which was then to be done." This may appear a trite observation, but it is in truth not so. It is plainly impossible that we should realize the force of the Epistles without some help from the imagination — not to construct for us a world which had no reality, but to recall for us that very world to which, immediately after the Ascension of our Saviour, His Gospel was preached. "Let us," says Dean Alford, "by way of introduction to the Epistles, take the case of one such Church, in Asia Minor, or on the opposite shores of Greece, and endeavour to enter into its state and its wants." Then he proceeds: —

"Imagine a fair plain, with sheltering mountains. The scenery differs not much from that which some of us have seen in the south of Italy, save that the palm has somewhat encroached on the cypress and the olive; which latter trees, however, are found prevalent, and in luxuriance. The plain is bestridden with the arches of aqueducts, which have for their centre a fair group of buildings, whose columns are marked out by the fierce Eastern sun into lines of bright and dark alternating. That is the Acropolis — the temple fortress — the abode of the tutelary deities, whose images may be seen glittering in the sun, as we see to this day the saints on St. John Lateran glittering miles off over the Campagna at Rome. We are in a heathen land. But let me enter the city: let me deliver my Christian note of introduction. The scene is very strange to me. Amidst the crowd of loungers, half-clad slaves, and children wholly naked, moves the heathen procession, with its ox adorned with garlands, and its sacrificing priest, girt at the waist, and his axe at his shoulder. It is plain who is in possession. But where is the little seed out of which shall grow the great tree whose roots shall thrust out the plant that now fills the land? I deliver my letter. I enter into converse. What do I find? A few months before, a holy man has taken his departure. He had been with them some weeks — golden weeks —

weeks of blessedness to their furthest memory. It had been an angel's visit. They take me up the Acropolis; there he stood and prayed; then he told them this or that Christian truth; the very cornices of the temple, the very coincident points in the look-out over land and distant sea, are full of the good tidings which he brought. . . . I re-enter the city with them, and in the shade of evening, and again under the moist dawn, I resort to their humble room of worship. Here is the centre and focus of the light which has been poured upon them. Here, from day to day the holy man poured out his treasury of golden words — doubly precious now that the tone of his voice has departed."

To keep alive the impressions thus made, "the apostolic teachers were directed to the expedient of writing letters to the churches which they had founded, or which owed their existence to emissaries sent from themselves." Thus we came by the Epistles.

"And surely no plan could have been more effectual, whether for the present emergency, or for the future profit to the Church. The questions which would need determining would be just those which were likely to recur again and again during the spread of the Gospel, and during the progress of individual churches. The relations of Christianity to social life, and to heathen practices, the observance of days and the abstinence from meats — and other doubts arising from circumstances — would furnish examples of the application of the commands and maxims of Christ, and would call up the mention of first principles in a way which, when once exemplified, it might be easy to continue. And such letters would naturally also be employed in taking notice of any points in the conduct of those addressed which required correction, and thus would be led to dilate upon the great requirements of Christian morality. And when the writer was conscious of certain doctrines having been but insufficiently explained, he would naturally enlarge upon them; and would establish and enforce the belief of such as were likely to be called in question."

The reader has in these extracts the key to Dean Alford's method of studying the Epistles. It is a subject, of course, upon which a variety of theories might be constructed, but there is nothing contrary to probability in that which the Dean propounds, while his dissertations on the Epistles themselves are full of instructive matter, recalling for the reader the peoples, their cities and surroundings, to whom they were addressed. On the whole, we seldom see a work of the kind so popularly written, and so free from religious slang.

From The London Review.

THE POETRY OF MIDDLE AGE.

THERE is a singular tendency abroad at present towards the investigation of idealisms. We must have everything in heaven and earth reduced to the terminology of the exact sciences; and there shall be no more love, hope, or piety, without its corresponding physiological cause. Religious enthusiasm is the product of disorder of the brain; self-denial is only the result of an undue excitement of certain nervous susceptibilities. Poetry is the sublimation of strong passions; it is the superfluous vigour of youth projected into the realms of the imagination; it is the subtle product of a resplendent ignorance of the world. Apollo, therefore, must be young; he must have a splendid circulation; his mental and physical organization must be replete with unnecessary force. Not reflection, but anticipation, must be his watchword; and it is his duty to sing loudly and strongly of the impossible glories which his juvenility — his greenness, in fact — suggests. When he passes from this brief period of probation, the sober truths of middle age temper his hopes and extinguish his rhapsodies. He proceeds to demonstrate heaven by scientific method. His vague idealisms are vanished; he seizes hard matters of fact; and it is only too well with him if he does not cry with Faust, —

"Was kann die Welt mir wohl gewähren?
Entbehren sollst du! sollst entbehren!"

That some such theory is the actual and practical belief of most people whom one meets, is not to be doubted. Youth is the time for illusions; middle age lays the cold hand of experience on these flushed aspirations. Youth dreams; middle age sees; old age reflects, and grumbles. Youth paints the coming years, the coming mistress, the coming fame, in rainbow hues; middle age deals with the temperature of the wine-cellar, and is particular to see that the woodcock have hung long enough before being cooked for supper. But the least effort of reflection will show us that the self-deceiving powers of human nature — if it is necessary to talk of idealization as a process of self-deception — are always present, and that the different effects they produce at different stages in a man's life are solely due to the changing of the material upon which they work. It is merely a matter of literary history that the noblest idealizations human nature has produced have been the work of ripe middle age. The "Inferno,"

"Paradise Lost," and "King Lear" were the work of workers who more than most men had been buffeted about and tried in the sobering school of experience. The "Wahlverwandtschaften" is surely of more value to us than the peevish impulses of young Werther. And in ordinary everyday life we constantly meet with men who, themselves devoted to the barest materialism in theory, and apparently living the most prosaic life imaginable, are nevertheless possessed by some occasional "illusion" which transfigures their poor existence, and makes it less animal and more human. It may be some divine tenderness for their grandchild, or some incomprehensible affection for their favourite horse, or some impulsive longing to be near the sea. One who has devoted a true poetic gift to the study of middle age — we mean Mr. James Hedderwick — who, writing for the "secret thrill of a remote applause," has been too much and unaccountably overlooked in these times of rapid literary changes — has described a wretched miser whose mania has procured him only the contempt and aversion of all who know him. But the miserable old man has more than his money over which to gloat; that does not quite satisfy him; and sometimes he takes from a secret drawer

"A faded writing and a lock of hair."

Humanity on mathematical principles is impossible. No attainable culture can banish those redeeming weaknesses of unreason and blind affection which fall to the lot of the most logical of human beings. The sympathies of middle age have merely altered their horizon. They embrace other objects, and are concentrated on other aims. The writer of whom we have just spoken has endeavoured to sketch these new relations formed by the growth of a man's nature between himself and the world. He has his apology ready for that leaning towards the *res angustæ domi* which has been too often satirized by intellectual Bohemians: —

"Man soars into the wide eternities,
Till, wildered in their awful solitudes,
He shrinks for soothing to the homely moods
Of womanly affection, and the wise,
Calm faith of childhood, and the love displayed
In the familiar smile the season wears."

It is the blindness of youth which does not perceive the signification of common things; which fails to grasp the tender idealisms which may be concealed in the ordinary acts

of an ordinary life. Youth paints life with the melodramatic brush of a Victor Hugo; middle age observes it with the serenity of a Goethe. But there is no lack of passion in middle age. Surely that is not the strongest passion which cries the loudest; nor yet is that strength, as Mr. Carlyle has observed, the most useful strength which takes the form of hysterics. Suppose we go to the police courts for a little inductive teaching. The police reports in our morning newspapers are, so far as they go, a much safer guide to certain phases of modern life than the dainty selections of the three-volume novel. Who, then, is it whom we find figuring in that lurid lime-light, which the crime of infidelity throws upon a man and his surroundings? Not, as a rule, the young man who has been jilted, who bewails the destruction of his idealisms in weak verse, and for a time becomes a nuisance to himself and his friends; but the middle-aged man whom sudden passion compels to cut the throat of his children in order that he may revenge himself upon their mother. Middle age attains to a maturity of emotion as well as to a maturity of intellect; and when the judgment of a full-grown man is set aside, and he is resigned to the fierce impulses of passion, the result is of corresponding intensity and horror.

A pleasanter theme is the pious aspirations of middle age, with their tendency towards immediate faith and rest. The end of life does not necessarily become the more awful the nearer we approach to it; although, as Mr. Hedderwick says —

"A chill is wafted from the fleeting years,
Great Heaven! what doom it were to walk
alone
To the final Mystery! but hand in hand,
With all the generation journeying on,
We face with courage due the shadowy land,
And scarce would lag behind our marching
peers."

In one way, however, the habit of middle age is cowardly. A young man boldly accepts the conclusions to which the ordinary processes of logic drive him. Middle age has either less belief in the infallibility of human reason, or is desirous of immediate personal comfort at any price. The young man who first approaches the study of political economy, and believes it to contain the whole duty of man, may convince himself that it is clearly his duty to society and to himself to discountenance promiscuous almsgiving. Having logically demonstrated this truth, he puts it into his creed, and will in nowise budge from the

line of conduct which it demands. Fifteen or twenty years afterwards, he may still entertain a high respect for political economy as a science; but the spectacle of an old man shivering on a frosty night, and mutely asking for the dry bread of charity, is only too likely to appeal to some higher instinct than a belief in Bentham, let us say. And so with a hundred other matters. An enlargement of sympathy naturally begets in middle age a corresponding charity of judgment, a highly laudable distrust of one's own infallibility, and a clearer and kindlier vision. It is in middle age, also, that all the specially transitive good qualities of human nature assert themselves. Proselyting — which is simply philanthropy *plus* a strong conviction of some kind or other — is seldom the bent of a man under forty; and to be a proselytizer demands a considerable substratum of that idealization which in another form becomes poetry. What really seems to be the rock on which most people's notions about the poetry of youth and the prose of middle age split, is a confusion of terms in mixing up the illusion of ignorance with the illusion of the imagination. What is called the romantic period of a man's life is the period in which he is most prone to receive and act upon views of life which are merely untrue. It will happen occasionally that such a mistaken belief may produce a dramatic complication or climax, which is in itself poetical; but that is an accident. The romance of a youth of nineteen is, as a rule, founded upon ignorance; the romance of middle age is the result of developed character, passion, or tragic situation. It is not quite so with women; for a woman reaches maturity before middle age, and may have, as a girl, a quite surprising womanliness of judgment and intensity of character. Generally speaking, however, the loves and feelings and aspirations of a young girl are as vapid and weak as those of a young man; and as little to be depended upon as being an index to the ultimate nature or possibilities of the individual. She may be a sort of undeveloped Undine in appearance, and afterwards turn out a cruel and avaricious termagant; while he, after having worn long hair, and worshipped Fichte, and written verses for half a dozen years, may more or less suddenly become a highly matter-of-fact banker, with a weakness for croquet. In either case, whatever there is in the individual organization of true poetic idealism — as distinguished from foolish anticipations or reflected sentiment — will only be evolved by the slow process of years.

From The Leader.

JEALOUSY.

ONE of the most difficult of the emotions to analyse and do justice to is jealousy. No woman will thank you for the love that is without it; and yet the love that is with it is always treated with ridicule. It is certainly one of the drollest emotions that an outsider can contemplate. It works a kind of tragical expression in the face which is almost as exaggerated and comical as the blood-thirsty scowl of the transpontine villain. It is odd that with this emotion, which most men and women have experienced in a greater or less degree in their lives, almost nobody will sympathise. We suppose that there is some philosophic reason for this; yet it is certainly a curious consideration, for all that. Shakespeare in six lines has pretty well said all that can be said of love:—

"It shall suspect where is no cause of fear;
It shall not fear where it should most mistrust;
It shall be merciful, and too severe,
And most deceiving when it seems most just.
Perverse it shall be where it shows most toward;
Put fear to valour, courage to the coward."

It must be believed that it is just because love works in this subtle yet incongruous manner — because its obstinate operations can never find a right interpretation even by the most reflective observer, that the unfortunate emotion that dogs its expression always fails in winning the sympathy, even the recognition, that it would be found to deserve were it nakedly unfolded before us. Judging of jealousy in the abstract, it is certainly more pardonable than love. It might be defined as a second love, growing, as it were, out of the parent-feeling, refined by its very exaltation into a sensitiveness that can be made to quiver with a kind of agony by a doubtful smile, or glance, or movement of the head. Whom can you expect to sympathise with such a sensitive condition of being? The old, who might be thought to understand it because they have experienced it, think it unnatural, and, of course, unjustifiable; the young laugh at it, if it be obvious, and wonder at its cause; whilst the jealous themselves are the most hard upon it, as if hating their own degradation in the degradation which they witness in others.

Jealousy, so far from meriting contempt, will generally be found to deserve pity. There are signs in the eyes and utterances

in smiles which the keen intelligence of love is quick to interpret. Love after all is rightfully exacting. Let a man love a woman devotedly, let him concentrate in her his noblest emotions, his most refined feelings, let him environ her with a love-lighted halo, and contemplate his future peaceful in the mellowing beauty of her presence. A mighty trust is his; in her heart will be found enshrined all that he has of honour, of virtue, of hope. Is he to be ridiculed for jealously interpreting the movements of the life which he has rounded with his love? Even let the interpretation be false, jealousy is not blamable. Every woman knows how requisite is tact when once she is conscious of being in possession of another's love. There is never jealousy without some provocation; it may be faint or obvious in proportion to the nature of the love; but inquire into apparently the most groundless jealousy and you will find a cause somewhere. People will think themselves quite justified in ridiculing jealousy that is provoked by the most harmless actions. What are these harmless actions? They may mean a waltz, a protracted *tête-à-tête* apart, a whisper, a smile, a thousand things seemingly too trifling to mention. People will tell you that it is the nature of woman to love admiration. They will assure you that she will woo it so long as she has any pretensions (and after) to support the wooing; that you may be quite sure that her love is yours only, and that if she flirts with others it is very harmless indeed, and means no more than "her way of enjoying herself." All this of course is very pretty consolation. But is the jealousy unjustifiable that is provoked by it? We think not. A girl who insists upon waltzing after she is engaged is much better left alone. True love will never care to clasp the waist that can be clasped by any coxcomb's arm. True love will never care to enjoy the privileges that seem accorded to any drawing-room snob who may wish to claim them. There must be some distinction between the "before" and the "after." If love does not suggest a reserved and consistent demeanour to an engaged girl, tact should, and if tact does not, then it is plain that the sooner the lover surrenders the fair one to the full enjoyment of her own uncontrolled actions, the better. She will be found useful as a dancer, but dangerous as a wife.

Of course, our remarks hold equally good with men. But it will generally be found that a man, unless he has a title, or plenty of money, or a very handsome face, will not be half so much courted as a girl. He is in

less danger of violating the conditions imposed upon him by love. He therefore wants less tact than a woman. We shall, of course, be thought very "straight-laced" for what we have said, and shall be accused of taking the subject of jealousy merely as an excuse for attacking at least two-thirds of the engaged girls of the day. Well, we will not disclaim the charge; we should only just like to add, in conclusion, that if the motive of flirtation in a girl after she is engaged be merely a womanly love of admiration, she sets about her labours to secure it in the very last way those men whose admiration she courts would suggest. A girl who is not ashamed of letting the world know that she regards herself in the light of a wife; who does not blush to refuse a waltz, not only because her own love tells her that the spectacle of her whirling entertainment may pain a very honest and very manly affection, but because her sense of womanly dignity would be offended by the pressing contact of a stranger's arm; who does not indulge in those little "innocent" recreations so very much practised by a certain class of young ladies who are determined to let people see that "they are not yet married" (a great joke, by the way, amongst them); such a girl, we say, is far more likely to secure the ennobling opinion of an order of men, not so rare as is imagined, who think for the most part upon women in the light of flowers, fit only to be picked for their perfume, then thrown aside.

From The London Review.

AN OLD LADY'S RECOLLECTIONS.*

THERE are few long lives the reminiscences of which would not furnish some matter of interest to others. The garrulity of age is excusable; nay, is often the means of making us better acquainted with the characteristics of preceding times than we otherwise should be. Of late years we have had several collections of personal gossip which have heightened and enlarged our knowledge of the wonderful epoch when Buonaparte was overrunning the Continent, and we were fighting against enormous odds, not only for supremacy, but for existence; an epoch which steam and electricity seem to have isolated as completely as the middle

* Recollections from 1803 to 1837. With a conclusion in 1868. By the Honorable Amelia Murray. London: Longmans & Co.

ages. To these works the Hon. Miss Murray now adds another, referring for the most part to the same period—a volume which, though brief and slight, will be found not devoid of amusing anecdote. Miss Murray is the daughter of Lord George Murray, Bishop of St. David's, who married a Miss Annie Grant, daughter of General Grant. The paternal grandfather of Miss Murray was the Duke of Athole; but the family had settled in England, and the authoress of the present volume seems to have been born in Surrey. Lord George died prematurely in 1803, and his widow was left in straitened circumstances, which were to some extent relieved by a pension granted to the widow and daughters by Pitt, in consideration of the deceased bishop having invented and organized one of the first attempts at telegraphic communication, which was carried on by means of a series of shuttles, and which saved the country much expenditure during the war. "I just remember," says Miss Murray, "seeing one of these telegraphs on the roof of the Admiralty: it sent messages through others on corresponding heights, and by this means notice was given to the different ports, which enabled the fleets to unite; and a great naval victory was gained in consequence. I rather believe a model of the old telegraph is still preserved at Somerset House." The year 1804, the second of Lady George Murray's widowhood, was passed at Shepperton, on the Thames. At Oatlands, on the opposite bank, the Duchess of York had a cemetery for dogs, with little headstones to mark where her especial favourites were interred. In 1805, the Murray family went to Weymouth, where they attracted the attention of George III. and Queen Charlotte, who appear to have treated them with great kindness, inviting them to the lodge, loading them with presents, and taking them for trips in the royal yacht. "I have been seated on the old King's knee," says Miss Murray; "and I remember he charged me always to wear a pocket, for George III. was shocked by the scanty dresses then in fashion, which made it out of the question for ladies to wear pockets." We have of late returned to the fashions of 1805 in this respect; though whether it is again "out of the question for ladies to wear pockets" is a delicate matter into which we will not inquire. The costume of girls in those days seems to have been much more simple than it is now. "Then it was only the married women who were attired expensively," satins and velvets being considered too heavy and old-looking for maidens. It was regarded as "the

thing" for ladies to cover their foreheads with a broad band; but we fancy that Miss Murray is mistaken in saying that "it was not considered delicate or refined" to leave the forehead exposed. The fashion, if we mistake not, was introduced by Mrs. Siddons as an offering to the Tragic Muse, and was afterwards followed, as other fashions are, because women like to be in accordance with "the mode." A stranger habit in those days was for ladies who had passed their youth to wear wigs. The Princesses, we are told, had their heads shaved, and wore wigs ready dressed and decorated for the evening, to save time. Widows almost always shaved their heads, and mourned in perukes. The shaving of the head as a token of grief is a very ancient custom; but the wearing of a wig as the sign of widowhood is peculiar. At the time to which Miss Murray is alluding, the use of wigs had been very generally given up by men, but it seems to have survived for awhile with the ladies. About 1808, the King appointed Lady George Murray a lady-in-waiting on his two eldest unmarried daughters, the Princesses Augusta and Elizabeth. It was the custom of the King's household in those days to have no regular luncheon; but "each lady had a chicken, a plate of fruit, and a bottle of 'King's cup' brought to her room, every day the same." What, it may be asked, was "King's cup"? It was a beverage invented by the great George himself, and consisting of an infusion of lemon-peel in cold water, sweetened with sugar. We cannot say that the description of this nectar at all tempts us: it bears too great a resemblance to the drink which the poor little half-starved "Marchioness" improvised out of orange-peel and water, and which, if you persuaded yourself *very* much, you might accept for wine. Miss Murray says nothing in praise of "King's cup," and, as her loyalty is evidently such that she would gladly commend if she could, we conclude that her silence is fatal. The system of fees and perquisites existed in those times to a monstrous degree. "On all the highest saints' days, a tinsel cross of divers colours was placed on the tables of the ladies, or sent to their residences, and a guinea was understood to be due in return. A bottle of wine every two days, and unnecessary wax candles, were the perquisites of the ladies' maids." The pages would sometimes be seen walking out of the presence of Royalty with a bottle of wine sticking out of each pocket; and the State page would coolly go round to those persons who had attended

the drawing-rooms, and, book in hand, demand his fees for nothing in particular.

Miss Murray denies, or at least doubts, the statement that Queen Charlotte was stern and severe in her enforcement of etiquette. She repeats from recollection some anecdotes which she heard her Majesty tell of her early years in this country:—

"The English people did not like me much, because I was not pretty; but the King was fond of driving a phaeton in those days, and once he overturned me in a turnip-field, and that fall broke my nose. I think I was not quite so ugly after dat."

"Lady Henderland was one of my ladies. She was left to sit with me in the evening, when the King went to business at nine o'clock. I sat, and the good lady sat, and we both got very tired. At last Lady Henderland said, 'Perhaps your Majesty is not aware that I must wait till your Majesty dismisses me!' 'Oh, good my lady!' I said; 'why did you not tell me dat before?'"

"The King went on one occasion into Kent, to review the volunteers at Lord Rouncey's. He was accompanied by the Queen.

"I was in a tent," she said. 'There was a sentinel, but I suppose he was looking at something else; so an old Kentish woman, in a red cloak, made her way in; and she stood staring at me with her arms akimbo. At last she said, 'Well, she is not so ugly as they told me she was!' 'Well, my good woman,' I replied, 'I am very glad of dat.'"

Here follows an anecdote of the Duke of Clarence (afterwards William IV.) and his love of swearing:—

"The Princes frequently visited their sisters at my mother's; and enjoyed being received into what, for the time, was a family circle. My youngest brother was then a child. The Duke of Clarence came to spend a few days. It was too much the fashion then for gentlemen to use language which would not now be tolerated in any civilized society. My mother asked as a favour of the Duke that he would avoid making use of some expletives, which her little boy would certainly copy; and think himself justified, after such an example, in making use of. The Duke took this hint most amiably; and, before leaving Weymouth, he said, 'Lady George, have I not been very careful? I am sure your boy has not learnt any naughty words from me.' 'I do feel very grateful, sir,' was her reply; 'but if your Royal Highness could refrain for a week, why not give up a bad habit altogether?'"

"I have understood that Queen Adelaide, after her marriage, induced King William to relinquish this practice; and that in the latter

years of the Sailor Monarch's life he was never known to utter an oath."

Several great fires, believed to be the work of incendiaries, took place in London about that time, creating an amount of excitement equal to that which followed the Fenian outrage in Clerkenwell last December. "The Prince of Wales was believed to have received an anonymous letter, with the information that he would hear of many public buildings being on fire, and it was whispered that a train of gunpowder was happily discovered in time at the Opera House." The Fenians of those days were the disaffected English who objected to the ruinous taxation consequent on the war, and who wished to follow in the wake of revolutionary France. Of Lord Eldon we have a good story. Dining one day with the Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Manners Sutton) at the King's table, he said, "It is a curious fact that your Majesty's Archbishop and your Majesty's Chancellor both married their wives clandestinely. I had some excuse, for Bessie Surtees was the prettiest girl in all Newcastle; but Mrs. Sutton was always the same pumpkin-faced thing she is at present!" The King was much amused, and told the story to the Princesses. The subjoined anecdote, illustrative of the stinginess of Sir William Scott, brother of Lord Eldon, is not new, but it is good:—

"At the conclusion of a week's visit, in a large house, Lady Scott came down to her hostess, with arms extended, carrying a huge number of towels. 'Madam, look here!' she said. 'I think it my duty to make you aware of the extravagance of your housemaids: day after day I have locked up useless towels that have been put into mine and Sir William's rooms; yet they were always replaced. Look at all this linen, ma'am!—towel upon towel, and during all this week one has served us both!'"

The daughter of Lord Eldon told Miss Murray that she and her mother had but one bonnet between them! At the time of the Court mourning, the Chancellor would send his daughter a piece of tape, telling her to measure carefully the length of her petticoat, that there might be no unnecessary waste in the quantity of bombazine to be sent.

Coming to the year 1809, we read that Sir Humphrey Davy gave it as his opinion that "it would be as easy to bring down a bit of the moon to light London as to succeed in doing so with gas." Scientific men

are as liable to make mistakes in science as theologians in religion. Robert Stephenson affirmed that to make a canal across the Isthmus of Suez was an impossibility; yet M. de Lesseps has triumphed nevertheless.

Miss Murray is rather severe on the Princess of Wales, afterwards Queen Caroline. She writes:—

"There was about this period (1809) an extravagant 'furor' in the cause of the Princess of Wales. She was considered an ill-treated woman, and that was enough to arouse popular feeling. My brother was among the young men who helped to give her an ovation at the Opera.

"A few days afterwards he went to a breakfast at a place near Woolwich. There he saw the Princess, in a gorgeous dress, which was looped up to show her petticoat, covered with stars, with silver wings on her shoulders, sitting under a tree, with a pot of porter on her knee; and, as a finale to the gaiety, she had the doors opened of every room in the house, and, selecting a partner, she galloped through them, desiring all the guests to follow her example! It may be guessed whether the gentlemen were anxious to clap her at the Opera again."

The intended marriage of the Princess Charlotte to the Prince of Orange is said by Miss Murray to have been broken off owing to the intrigues of the Grand Duchess of Russia, who made the Prince drunk at a party at which he was to have waltzed with the Princess, and so disgusted the latter that she gave her hand to Prince Leopold of Coburg (the late King of the Belgians), to whom she had previously formed an attachment. Miss Murray is of opinion that the Princess was in fact starved to death. She was found one day in tears over her luncheon of tea and bread-and-butter. "She had been accustomed to take a mutton chop and a glass of port wine, and she said she felt quite weak for want of it—Sir Richard Croft having forbidden any meat in the middle of the day. She required a generous diet, and, having always been used to it, she felt the loss; yet the orders of her physician were strictly obeyed, and I think her life was the sacrifice." We certainly manage better in these respects now.

With a letter from Mrs. Jameson to the authoress, written from Lake Superior at the time of the accession of our present Queen, we must close this amusing volume:—

"We hailed a schooner with, 'What

news?" "William IV. dead, and Queen Victoria reigning in his stead!"

"We sat there silent, looking at one another, and at that moment the orb of day rose out of the Lake, and poured its beams full in our dazzled eyes.

"Many thoughts came into my mind, some tears rose into my eyes, not certainly for that dead King, who, in ripe age and in all honour, was gathered to the tomb; but for that living Queen, so young and fair.

"As many hopes hung on that noble head
As there hang blossoms on the boughs in
May."

"And what will become of them — of her?"

"The idea that even here, in this new world of woods and waters, amid these remote wilds, to her utterly unknown, her power reaches, and her sovereignty is acknowledged, filled me with compassionate awe. I say compassionate, for if she feel in its full extent the liabilities of her position, alas for her! and if she feel them not, oh! worse and worse.

"I tried to recall her childish figure and features. I thought over all I had ever heard concerning her. I fancied her not such a thing as they could make a mere pageant of; for that, there is too little without, too much within. And what will they make of her? for at eighteen she will hardly make any thing of them — I mean of the men and women around her. It is of the woman I think more than of the Queen; for, as part of the State machinery, she will do quite as well as another, better perhaps; so far, her youth and her sex are absolutely in her favour. If she be but simple-minded, and true-hearted, and straightforward, with a common portion of intellect; if a Royal education have not blunted in her the quick perceptions and pure, kind instincts of the woman; if she has only had fair play, and carries into business plain distinct notions of right and wrong, and the fine moral sense that is not to be confounded by diplomatic verbiage about expediency, she will do better for us than a whole Cabinetful of cut-and-dried officials, with Talleyrand at the head of them.

"And what a fair heritage is this which has fallen upon her! — a land young like herself, a land of hopes; and fair, most fair. Does she know, does she care any thing about it? while hearts are beating warm towards her, and voices bless her, and hands are stretched out towards her, even from these wild lake shores."

We are indebted to Miss Murray for a pleasant collection of gossip. None of her matter may be valuable, and some may be trivial; but her little volume helps to render more vivid the England of a vanished day, and on that account it will be read and prized by many.

EFFECT OF ABSENCE OF SOUND. — Dr. H. Ralls Smith, of Louisville, Kentucky, by certain investigations, claims to have established the truth of the theory that animals living permanently in the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky are not only without a trace of the optic nerve, but are also destitute of the sense of hearing. At one time, writes the *New York Tribune*, he penetrated about four miles into the interior of the cave, and some four hundred feet below the surface of the earth, the solitude and total absence of sound produced a very distressing and almost insupportable effect upon him, resulting in a very perceptible, although temporary, defection of hearing and aberration of mind. This explains the fact why persons lost in the cave for one, two, or three days have always been found, when rescued, in a state of temporary insanity. The mind and special senses, deprived of their natural pabulum and stimulus, gradually become weakened, paralyzed, atrophied, and finally as far as external manifestations are concerned, nearly if not quite extinct. This fact may afford some clue to the cause of cretinism in the Alpine valleys.

HUMAN NATURE. — And withal, I suppose there was never an age in which a more genuine enthusiasm was felt and manifested by all classes for country pursuits. I do not mean merely that Englishmen are more eager than ever after country sports. But the whole tendency of the modern English mind seems to be towards naturalism. Our best art is naturalistic. This century has seen the creation of a school of water-colour painting whose aim is the delineation of realistic landscape. And natural history seems likely to become the favourite pursuit of our boys and girls, since the study of it has been taken up with enthusiasm by clever men who are also popular writers. And the frame of mind which impels men to the study of natural history is one which can be very easily understood. Undoubtedly the proper and the natural study of mankind is man. There can be no such subject of interest for the human mind as that which is afforded by the hopes, the fears, the interests, the habits, the progress or retrogression of the human race. Whether regarded in the light of history, or politics, or religion, or ethics, or metaphysics, the *humani nihil alienum* is a touch of nature which will always wring plaudits from pit, gallery, and boxes — from all classes and conditions of men. And at first sight it does seem a monstrous thing, or the mark of a very little mind, to quit the study of men — of a man, look you, the heir of all ages: "so noble in reason, so infinite in faculties, in form and moving so

express and admirable, in action so like an angel, in apprehension so like a God!" to quit, I say, the study of man, that one may employ oneself in studying an oyster or a shrimp. But the explanation of this is not difficult to find. The young enthusiast of human nature, fresh from the study of history and philosophy, tries to apply what he has learnt in books to the living subject, man. He starts with a generous enthusiasm of humanity; he enters upon a profession; he mixes with men. But he is brought to a sudden pause by the dead weight of practical experience. Like a young horse starting with his first load, instead of moving onward with a slow and steady pull, he attempts a rush: the dead weight checks him, the collar galls him, and he becomes for the time a jibber. To drop metaphor, there probably comes a time in the experience of most men when the study of human nature, of their fellow-man, his pursuits, his aims, his hopes — a study which they entered upon with such avidity at first — becomes distasteful to them. Practically, they find him to be a meaner being, occupying a lower place in the scale of creation than they had thought. As their knowledge of the world widens, they find that some one or two men whom they had looked up to as their guides and teachers are not perfect or infallible. They find out in them that weaker side of humanity in which all men share. And so, from being hero-worshippers, they become for a time misanthropists. The fact is, they have probed just deep enough to find the devil in man, but they have not probed deep enough to find the angel. And the worst of it is that the devil they get at in most modern men is such a poor devil after all, deteriorated, says the sneering philosopher, by much intercourse with man; who does not seem to know how to sin upon a grand scale, but is a compound of meanness and petty shifts — not Milton's devil, but rather Goethe's; a sneering, shiftily Mephistophelian fiend; and not the primeval Satan at all. — *Macmillan's Magazine*.

THE SHAM SACERDOS.

(Ritualist sings)

AMO a mass;
I make a lass,
Of conscience nice and tender,
Upon her knee
Confess to me,
For she's of the feminine gender!
Harum scarum, BISHOP SARUM,
Horum corum, shrive, O!
Tag-rag, M. B. waistcoat, chasuble and
hatband,
Hic, hoc, humbug vocative.

— Punch.

MIDDLE AGE.

I.

Just a little dowly I sit alone to-night,
And see on the far horizon's verge the line of
pale gray light,
And hear the mystic music, the deep unceasing
roar,
As the restless billows swell and break along
the level shore.

II.

Just a little dowly — as I know the hill is turned,
And what of all the glorious things for which
my spirit yearned,
While yet the eager footstep sprang along the
upward way? —
My dreams lie shivered at my feet, and my hair
is turning gray!

III.

Just a little dowly, fool that I am, e'en still!
Because all beauty as of yore my heart and eyes
can fill;
Because the grandeur of the sea I prize as truly
now
As when its breezes blew bright curls from an
unwrinkled brow;

IV.

Because a high heroic act; because sweet poet-
words,
Bright poet-fancies, echo yet back from my
spirit-chords;
Because my love is warm and frank; because
my pulses hold
Their whilome power — I half forget that I am
growing old.

V.

Till, just a little sadly, some trifle brings it all
Sweeping across my sunshine, turning my wine
to gall;
And anxious thoughts, and fearful doubts, and
yearning sorrows come:
Ah, little fear that Time's stern voice should
over-long be dumb!

VI.

Just a little dowly — ah, come my bonnie
bairns;
Lef Grief, and Loes, and Memory brood o'er
their rising cairns!
Creep close to me, my maidens; laugh out my
noble boy!
God spare my flowers, and middle-age claims
fearlessly her joy.

S. R. P.

— *Times's Magazine*

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

No. 1245.— April 11, 1868.

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MOTHER COUNTRY.

Oh what is that country,
And where can it be,
Not mine own country,
But dearer far to me ?
Yet mine own country,
If I one day may see
Its spices and cedars,
Its gold and ivory.

As I lie dreaming
It rises, that land :
There rises before me
Its green golden strand,
With its bowing cedars
And its shining sand ;
It sparkles and flashes
Like a shaken brand.

Do angels lean nearer
While I lie and long ?
I see their soft plumage
And catch their windy song,
Like the rise of a high tide
Sweeping full and strong
I mark the outskirts
Of their reverend throng.

Oh what is a king here,
Or what is a boor ?
Here all starve together,
All dwarfed and poor ;
Here Death's hand knocketh
At door after door,
He thins the dancers
From the festal floor.

Oh what is a handmaid,
Or what is a queen ?
All must lie down together
Where the turf is green,
The foulest face hidden,
The fairest not seen ;
Gone as if never
They had breathed or been.

Gone from sweet sunshine
Underneath the sod,
Turned from warm flesh and blood
To senseless clod,
Gone as if never
They had toiled or trod,
Gone out of sight of all
Except our God.

Shut into silence
From the accustomed song,
Shut into solitude
From all earth's throng,
Run down tho' swift of foot,
Thrust down tho' strong ;
Life made an end of
Seemed it short or long.

Life made an end of,
Life but just begun,
Life finished yesterday,
Its last sand run ;
Life new-born with the morrow,
Fresh as the sun :
While done is done for ever ;
Undone, undone.

And if that life is life,
This is but a breath,
The passage of a dream
And the shadow of death ;
But a vain shadow
If one considereth ;
Vanity of vanities,
As the Preacher saith.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

— *Macmillan's Magazine.*

TOM NODDY'S LAMENT.

AIR — " I Cannot Sing the Old Songs."

I CANNOT eat the old horse
I rode long years ago ;
I'm sure my teeth would fail me,
And foolish tears might flow.
For bygone hunts come o'er my heart
With cuts from round and side,
I cannot eat the old horse
On which I used to ride.

I cannot eat the old horse,
For visions come again
Of glorious meets departed,
And runs in soaking rain.
But perhaps when raging hunger
Shall set its hand on me ;
I then may eat the old horse,
And hope he'll tender be.

— *Punch.*

From The Contemporary Review.

CHURCH PARTIES, PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

THE saying ascribed to Lord Chatham,* that the Church of England had a Popish Liturgy, Calvinistic Articles, and an Arminian clergy, was, like most epigrammatic statements, the exaggeration of a truth. It is historically true that the Prayer-Book represents, for the most part, the element which we have inherited from mediæval Latin Christendom, that whenever any tendencies to move Romewards have shown themselves in the history of the English Church, they have worked primarily through the *cultus* which the Prayer-Book sets forth, and been defended in things external by its rubrics, and in matters of doctrine by the language of its formularies. It is not less true that, though the phraseology of the Articles may have more affinities with the Confession of Augsburg than with any of the doctrinal statements of the French or Swiss Reformers, they have upon them the stamp of that theology which found in Calvin its ablest and most logical exponent. It was true, lastly, of the clergy of Chatham's time, that they, in the antagonism of their theology to the Calvinism of Dissent, and in the hatred of Popery which they had inherited from the Revolution of 1688, might be popularly described as Arminian. Actually, indeed, the points at issue between Calvinists and Arminians, Supralapsarians and Sublapsarians, the old battle-ground of the Quinquarticular controversy, were rather laid on one side altogether, than debated with the eagerness which gives birth to party action. To the supercilious judgment of the statesman, perhaps to many of the clergy, Wesley and Whitefield, Law and Toplady, any teachers of earnest evangelical religion would have seemed equally Calvinistic. What characterized the great body of the clergy of that time was rather a popular, untheoretical Pelagianism, a non-emotional religion, a non-æsthetic *cultus*, the assertion of man's power to will, of the inalienable prerogatives of conscience, of the authority of the faculty which was known by various names, as "right Reason," the "Moral Sense," the "Light of Nature," and the like. On this ground, chiefly, it opposed the Calvinism which, under Whitgift and Abbot, had once been dominant in the Church of England, as inconsistent with

man's conceptions of the moral attributes of God.

But the characteristic feature of Chatham's epigram is, that it treated the Liturgy and the Articles as dead and obsolete, things belonging to the past, "decaying and waxing old, and ready to vanish away." They were there, remnants of a by-gone age, in glaring contrast with whatever was living and energetic in the actual teachers and representatives of the Church. The one thing that did not enter into his calculations was that the two elements which seemed to have lost their power should start up into a new vitality, prove themselves to be "not dead but sleeping," sweep away almost or altogether the so-called Arminianism of the clergy, and divide them into two hostile camps, watching each other with suspicion and distrust, sometimes breaking out into acrimonious bitterness, sometimes entering on the pitched battles of legal prosecutions. So, however, it has been. High Church and Low Church, Anglican and Evangelical, Ritualistic and Protestant — these names bear witness of a strife which, far from being extinct, waxes fiercer and hotter every day. Prayer-Book and Articles are each represented by large and active parties, bound, of course, theoretically to acknowledge both, and to prove their agreement with each other, yet each also striving, consciously or unconsciously, to subordinate one to the other, to make the most of whatever fits into its own system, to ignore or pass over lightly the inconvenient passages which bear testimony to that of its opponents.

And to these two great parties there has been added of late years a third, which may be said roughly to represent the "Arminian clergy" of Chatham's aphorism. Theoretically, indeed, the chief leaders among those to whom some one in an evil hour gave the nickname of the Broad Church* party, are as far as possible from symbolizing with the scholastic technicalities of Arminian theology. They, too, leave it on one side, or fling it behind them with a contemptuous apathy. But so far as they represent the spirit of private judgment in opposition to Church authority; of critical inquiry into Scripture and its sources instead of a prac-

* The saying has been often quoted. I confess myself unable to verify it in what I know of Lord Chatham's speeches, letters, or life.

* The phrase appears, recognised as already current, in an article on Church Parties, by Mr. Conybeare, in the *Edinburgh Review* for Oct., 1853, and beyond all question acquired through that article a wider and more lasting notoriety. Attention had, however, been drawn to the rise of a new School, likely to be a formidable competitor with the then dominant Tractarianism, by the present Bishop of London, in the Preface to his University Sermons, published in 1846.

tical acceptance of its infallible authority as it meets us in the English version, and a theoretical assertion of its infallibility in the original; of a religion predominantly ethical in contrast with one chiefly emotional, or dogmatic, or liturgical, they answer to many of the thinkers and scholars of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries whom Chatham had in view. They are the heirs of Chillingworth and Hales, of Tillotson and Burnet, of Balguy and Butler, of Clarke and Paley, if we may include foreign theologians in the list, of Grotius and Le Clerc. The existence of such a party introduces a new complication into the problem. There is the risk of divergence in three directions till the body is rent asunder. There is the risk also of the combination of any two of the factions in order for a time to triumph over, and, it may be, expel the third.

All such classifications, however serviceable for purposes of rough analysis, are, of course, only approximately accurate. There are, let us thank God for it, very many who cannot be well classed with any party, and who yet (or therefore) do their work faithfully and loyally. There are affinities which draw together those who are labelled as antagonists. The influence of free and open speech, and friendly meetings, brings out latent sympathies that were hardly dreamt of. The moderate Churchman and the moderate Evangelical are often as near each other as are the Liberal-Conservative and the Conservative-Liberal. A section, at least, of the Evangelical school, has been more or less faithful to the principle of free inquiry. There have been approximations to union, in their common desire for a wider basis than the Tudor platform of the English Church, even between High and Broad. And each party, again, let us remember, is seen at its worst rather than its best, in what we have learnt to call its "organs" and its "representatives." The real master-minds on either side may understand and so appreciate each other, may come into occasional collision, and yet lose no jot of mutual admiration and esteem; but the followers, the journalists, the frothy talkers, exaggerate all differences, and sharpen all animosities. Paul, Cephas, Apollos, may represent but different phases of the truth,—phases conditioned by the inevitable differences of education, temperament, mental constitution. It is by the men who cry "I am of Cephas," and "I of Apollos," and "I of Paul," that Christ is divided and the unity of the Church imperilled.

One who has never been able to attach himself to the ranks of any of these parties,

or to use its Shibboleths, who shrinks more and more from the organized action which characterises their movements, and who yet finds much to reverence and sympathise with in all three, may perhaps be permitted to note what it is that he admires in each, what it is that keeps him from joining any one until it becomes other than it is. A position of comparative isolation, if it bring with it many drawbacks,—the loss of the sense of strength in belonging to a compact body, the loss of influence over many whom one would gladly reach, of apparent and even real opportunities for good,—brings with it also the compensation of a judgment, which, if it be erroneous, is at least not embittered,—which may fail through ignorance or unconscious prepossession, but is, at least, not swayed by personal or controversial antipathies. Such an one may hope to do justice to those who are arrayed in hostile ranks, even where they are least able to do justice to each other. He may render to each the service of helping it to see its own defects, and to recognise the merits of its opponents. The words of the great Epicurean poet * might speak but of a lofty selfishness :—

"Suave mari magno, turbantibus æquora ventis,
E terrâ magnum alterius spectare laborem.
Suave etiam belli certamina magna tueri
Per campos instructa, tuâ sine parte pericli."

There may be a terrible temptation, an intellectual voluptuousness, in the sweetness of which he speaks :—

"Sed nil dulcius est bene quam manita tenere
Edita doctrina sapientum templa serena,
Despicere unde queas alios passimque videre
Errare atque viam palanteis quærere vites."

But one who stands apart from the battle may at least interpose the friendly offices of a neutral between the two belligerents. One who, in seeking the *via viæ*, has not travelled with this crowd or that, may be able to see, though on no loftier eminence than others, that those who look upon each other as hopelessly lost, "ignorant and out of the way," are yet in it, and to direct the notice of each to the points where it has turned aside from the straightest or the easiest way, and to the snares and pitfalls that beset it.

I. It has been too much the fashion with superficial writers of the opposing schools to

* Lucretius, *ll.*, 1-10.

depreciate the character of the Evangelical party, and the services which it has rendered to the cause of English Christianity. It is represented not seldom as a party all but effete, wanting in intellectual power, having no hold on the minds or affections of the great body of Englishmen. I believe that an impartial survey of its history and present state would lead to a very different conclusion. Faults there have been, faults there are, which are sapping its strength, mistakes in principle or policy which have threatened its vitality, but as a whole, its results may challenge comparison on many grounds with those of any party in the Church.

It would not be easy to fix the date when the school in question could be said to have begun its organized existence. The Puritan tradition, though it had been thrust out violently by the Act of Uniformity in 1662, though discouraged alike by the churchmanship of Sancroft and the latitudinarianism of Tillotson, though retreating into obscurity before the cold morality of the educated clergy, and the coarse Toryism of the uneducated squireens who filled most of the country parishes, had never quite died out. Leighton, and Bunyan, and Baxter had readers and disciples even among the clergy, and yet more among the middle-class laity. Beveridge, high enough in his churchmanship on some points, and rich in ecclesiastical learning, might well be recognised as a representative teacher on most of the cardinal doctrines of Evangelical theology. The movements of Wesley and Whitefield began within the Church, and had they been met with the wisdom which looks before and after, instead of with blind panic or blinder irritation, might have been kept within it as a source of new life and strength. And out of this tradition (I do not forget that they themselves would have ascribed the work to a higher Worker) sprang those to whom we may look as to the patriarchs of the more modern schools; Toplady, and Cowper, and Newton, and Cecil, and Romaine, followed, scarcely a generation later, by Wilberforce and Simson, and those whose lives and characters have been portrayed so vividly by Sir James Stephen as the "Clapham Sect."

It is, of course, undeniable that the Evangelical succession includes but few names of men eminent for the power which shows itself in Biblical scholarship or philosophical theology. Scott stands almost alone as their great master of exegesis. Milner is their one ecclesiastical historian. It was true then, as it had been at an earlier time, that "not many wise men were called." Human

learning, if not formally condemned, was practically disparaged. "The Bible, and the Bible alone, was the religion of Protestants," and by the Bible was meant the Authorised Version, accepted without inquiry as to the history of its contents, or the accuracy of its renderings. The claims of reason to interpret Scripture, "as any other book," were set aside as impious and presumptuous. The true interpretation was to be found not intellectually, but experimentally, and men were assured, with a vehemence which roused consciences and emotional natures could hardly withstand, that this experimental knowledge could only issue in the acceptance of the characteristic doctrines of the school. When men, and yet more when women, are told that they are lost, unregenerate, unconverted, unless they believe this or that dogma, the result in most cases (those excepted in which there is the vigour that shows itself in reaction and resistance) is, that they pray to believe, will to believe, in order to deliver themselves from the misery or, it may be, the disgrace of not believing.

It has been, I believe, a great blessing for the Evangelical party as such, and yet more for the millions whom they influence directly or indirectly, that they have had no one teacher of commanding, logical, inexorable intellect. A religion may meet the emotional and moral wants of men's nature, may foster many, if not all, of the graces of the Christian character, and yet become startling, portentous, repulsive, if developed philosophically and pushed to its speculative consequences. To preach that men are reconciled to God by the death of his Son, may come as a message of glad tidings to weary and sin-laden souls; they may accept and rejoice in the thought that the burden of their sins has been removed and that Christ has borne it; and yet the popular theory of the Atonement, the reciprocated transfer of imputed guilt and imputed righteousness, the satisfaction made to the Infinite Righteousness which demands the punishment of every sinner by the wrath poured out on the sinless One, the equivalence of sufferings borne by the God-man for a few hours or years with those decreed for the whole human race through the ages of eternity, the seeming antagonism between the stern avenging righteousness of the Father, and the milder, more compassionate purpose of the Son, the forensic justification which is separable in thought and fact from any righteousness in the justified, these, when worked into a system by a keen and logical intellect, issue in conclusions which alike perplex the

questioning minds of children and childlike souls, and repel those of maturer manhood, who cannot reconcile what is offered to them as theology with their deepest convictions of the truth and righteousness of God. So, in like manner, the sense of election, of being the object of Divine love, predestined, chosen, called, sanctified, is doubtless, as the Seventeenth Article of the Church of England says, "full of sweet, pleasant, and unspeakable comfort" to those who have before felt desolate and fatherless, to whom the love of God has come with a power to quicken, and who have looked with joy as upon the brightness of a Father's face. And yet, who that has followed the theory of Election, "looking before and after," back to the immutable decrees, forward to the irreversible doom, has not felt misgivings, shrinkings, shudderings, as he gazed on the abysses that opened on every side around him? The eternal condemnation to everlasting tortures of the whole human race, except an infinitesimally small fraction of the visible Israel and the visible Church of Christ; the exclusion from eternal life of all the souls who have passed away in unconscious infancy, baptized or unbaptized, except the few, unknown to us, very few out of very many, though each wailing mother may cheat herself with the hope that her own darlings are among them; the "*horribile decretum*" which makes the salvation of the saved, and the perdition of the lost, equally the result of a force irresistible, and irrespective of all human will — these are what the doctrine issues in when it is brought into a system by a remorseless intellect like that of John Calvin or Jonathan Edwards. It is among the marvels of religious history that such a system should have been accepted by so large a portion of Protestant Christendom in the sixteenth century as the truest form of Christianity, that confessions of faith like the Lambeth Articles, and those of the Synod of Dort, and of the Westminster divines, should have held their ground so long. It has been, I repeat, a gain for English Christianity that but few representatives of the Evangelical schools have pushed the premises which they hold to these conclusions; that those who have done so have been of the fanatic, uncultivated, unreasoning type, not those who might have guided and moulded the convictions of large masses of their followers. Had it been otherwise, the collision between these dogmas and the intuitive convictions as to the Divine Will, to which men cling in proportion as they rise out of mere brutishness, would have been more violent and more inevitable, and Evangelical philosophy

would have found its escape from the dilemma in denying that those convictions are more than misleading phantoms. It would have told us, as its only logical defenders have done, that we can form no estimate from the meaning of "true," "just," "loving," "merciful," when predicated of men, as to what they mean when they are predicated of God, — that we must use them in prayer and worship as men use the titles of a great king in a foreign speech which they do not understand, but that they are not meant for us to ponder over and trust in. They are but "regulative" formulæ of thought; one might also say, regulation forms of etiquette.

The great body of Evangelical writers and workers have escaped this danger. Regardless of logical consistency, they have proclaimed election as inviting every man to claim it. They have preached the atonement as St. Paul and St. John preached it, as made, and that not fruitlessly, for all men. They have taught men that the root of personal religion lies deeper than in sacerdotal or ritual acts, or moral actions; that the 'abysmal depths of personality' must feel the spirit of God moving upon the face of the waters, and that there must be a change, a turning, a conversion of the soul. And if the tree is to be known by its fruits, the Evangelical party can point to what it has done within the last seventy or eighty years, to what it is doing now, as proofs that it has not been altogether barren. To it we owe the whole work that has been done by the Church Missionary and the British and Foreign Bible and the Religious Tract Societies; and whatever view we may take of their machinery, or their teaching, they represent, beyond all question, an enormous amount of zeal, energy, and wealth, which men have devoted to the glory of God and to the service of their fellows, instead of spending it on their pleasures or investing it for their profit. To it, in the first instance, we owe also the personal activity of laymen and women in visiting the sick, teaching in Sunday schools, helping the clergy in the mechanism of relief. Even the Simeon Trust (whatever we may think of the policy of such an organization) represents an immense improvement in the feeling with which ecclesiastical patronage had been previously regarded. It was something gained, that rich capitalists should purchase advowsons, not for their sons or nephews, but for strangers, whose one recommendation was that they were devout preachers of the truth. And the same zeal, let it be remembered, has ramified in a

thousand different directions. More than most others, the Evangelical party have shown that they possess that "enthusiasm of humanity" which, as a phrase, they now shudder at and condemn. To them — helped, it is true, by the Liberal party, who had an "enthusiasm of humanity" of another type — we owe the abolition of the slave-trade and the emancipation of our slaves. The long list of Exeter Hall societies represents money and time and labour given to the work of saving our soldiers and sailors from the moral perils to which they are specially exposed; to that of rescuing men and women who were plunged in the depths of shame and misery. Refuges, reformatories, ragged schools, if not theirs exclusively, have been theirs primarily and prominently. The City Mission and Pastoral Aid Societies, sermons in theatres and midnight meetings (with whatever drawbacks they may be accompanied) have been, at least, noble efforts in the great conflict of light against darkness, and good against evil. The representative leader of all attempts to remedy some of the worst social sins of England, to save women and children from the evils of crushing and debasing labour in factories and mines and agricultural gangs, to make our treatment of convicts remedial as well as penal, to keep the management of the insane from falling into unfit hands, has been also the representative leader of the Evangelical party. I differ widely on many points from the theological opinions of Lord Shaftesbury; I regret the violence and want of charity which has sometimes characterized his language in speaking of other parties in the Church; but I own that his public life, devoted, as it has been, with a resolute renunciation of the ordinary prizes which tempt other men of like rank, to labours such as these, seems to me almost the pattern life of an English peer. It would be well if it could "provoke" others who belong to different schools to a noble "jealousy."

In yet another respect the school of which I am now speaking has done good service to the cause of English — I do not shrink from adding, to that of Catholic Christianity. It has recognized, as far as it could, that in the divisions which have separated so many of our countrymen from the English Church, the fault has not been all on one side. We are heirs of the evils of a past age, and the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children. Inherited prepossessions on the one side, the trammels of Acts of Parliament and a cumbrous machinery on the other, keep us, for the

present, apart; but it is right to own that the division which now exists has in it hardly any of the characteristics of the guilt of schism, and the Evangelical party have rightly welcomed all lawful opportunities for showing that their feelings towards dissenting ministers and dissenting laity are those of Christian brotherhood, that they can in many works make common cause with them. And they have done well, also, in holding out the right hand of fellowship, as the fathers of the English Reformation, and many even of the Stuart divines did, to the Reformed Churches of the Continent. They have not learnt to find closer ties of sympathy with the decrepitude of the Greek or the corruptions of the Latin Church than with those who were the children of the Germans, the Swiss, the French, the Dutch, with whom our fathers had made common cause in the struggle against Rome. With Cosin and with Sancroft, no less than with Hooker and Abbot, with Cranmer and Ridley, they did not look on the loss of the Apostolical succession as excluding the Protestant and Reformed communities of the Continent from the pale of the visible Church, or the interchange of Christian friendliness.

And yet it is clear, in spite of all that is thus worthy of honour in their past and present action, that the Evangelical school is, as a whole, losing ground; that it does not promise, as it is, to be prominent as an element for good in the future history of the English Church. The children of Evangelical parents are seldom faithful to the traditions of their fathers; often they pass over to swell the ranks of Ritualists or Positivists. Whatever temporary predominance they may have gained in the Episcopate is too clearly traceable to the influence of their leader over the mind of Lord Palmerston to give much hope of its being permanent. They have little power over the minds of younger men among the clergy, or at the universities. They are not gaining it over the great masses of the people. And the causes of the failure are not far to seek.

(1.) The preaching of the clergy of this school has been at once pitched in too high a key, and too bounded in its range. Assuming that the whole work of the preacher was the conversion of the sinner, the salvation of men's souls, and that this was to be attained by setting forth the doctrine of the Atonement in its fulness, they have left the wide range of Christian ethics, one might almost say the rich treasures of Scriptural exegesis, comparatively untouched. In the hands

even of a master mind, intensely earnest, and throwing his whole soul into every sermon, such a course would be subject to the invariable law that "passive impressions, by being repeated, grow weaker," and those who listened to them would grow callous or indifferent. Satisfied that the work of conversion had in their case been accomplished long ago, on them the stimulant would act as a narcotic, and lull them to an unprogressive, undiscerning slumber. But when it comes to be the stereotyped discourse of men of little culture or spiritual experience, just fresh from a pass examination at Oxford or Cambridge, or from a theological college; when from year to year there is but the substance of one sermon, whatever may be the text; when the preacher goes on "*semper eandem canens cantilenam*," the natural, inevitable effect has been that of stunted intellectual and moral growth; at the worst (perhaps rather at the best, for here there is, at any rate, a sign of life), of irritation, repulsion, scepticism. (2.) It has been the weakness of the Evangelical school to ignore, more or less completely, the influence of art on men's religious life. Holding, and rightly holding, that there is nothing elevating and purifying to man, or acceptable to God, in a merely æsthetic worship, they have taken any arrangements which they found, have looked only to the accommodation of a large number of hearers at the lowest possible rate, have acquiesced in, if not introduced, the arrangement which places pulpit, reading-desk, and clerk's ditto, in an unlovely prominence in front of the communion-table, have set their faces against choral services, surpliced choirs, processions and processional hymns, floral decorations, and the like. Trusting to the continuance of emotions which in their nature cannot continue, they have forgotten the importance of associating the thought of worship with joy, beauty, brightness; of enlisting, as far as may be, the willing services of men, women, and children in ministering to its completeness. As their predecessors under Elizabeth and James shrank with horror from the surplice as a rag of Popery, so they have shrunk from or shuddered at anything beyond the surplice, or at the surplice itself, if carried into the pulpit. So far as their objection to the latter practice had any meaning at all, it implied (not, of course, that they intended such an inference), that they thought that teaching and worship ought to be dissociated from each other, and that the preacher should appear in his character as

an academic, and not as a minister of the Church of Christ. And so, in many cases (I gladly acknowledge a marked improvement of late years both as to the architecture of the churches they have built and the choral element of worship), their *cultus* has been heavy, flat, uninviting; and those whom they did not supply with wholesome food have drifted off (I can scarcely blame them) in search of something to satisfy cravings which are in themselves natural and innocent, and cannot safely be neglected. (3.) At the risk of entering on delicate and dangerous ground, I cannot shrink from declaring my conviction that the school of which I speak has all along been singularly unfortunate in its representative organ in the press. That they wished for a newspaper which should deal with public matters on Christian principles, which should exclude the prurient details of crime and the chronicle of vices and dissipations hardly less offensive; that they were not satisfied thirty years ago with the *Times* for daily, or the *John Bull* for weekly food, this is every way to their credit, but the result has shown how hard it is to be religious in leading articles to order: how much easier it is to minister to the passions and prejudices, yet more, perhaps, to the timidity, of a religious party. The representative organ thus set on foot has been conspicuous chiefly for its absence of candour, manliness, and generosity. There is hardly a distinguished thinker or worker in the Church whom it has not worried and denounced. It has exaggerated whatever of narrowness and prejudice it found within the ranks of its party, and stirred them to a perpetual policy of suspicion and alarm. It has done all it could to keep open and to widen the gap between Evangelical and other schools. The appearance of a penny paper set on foot by the same party, unless it indicate, as it may do, their desire to have some better representative than the *Record*, does not augur well for any closer approach to unity.

What then are the hopes, what the policy, what the probable future of the Evangelical party? No one who looks at the work which it has done and is even now doing, would wish to see it deprived of its due place and influence in the counsels of the English Church. Even those who were furthest removed from Mr. Gorham's peculiar paradox might legitimately rejoice in the decision which saved the Church of England from a probable disruption, and rescued at least one-third of its clergy from the alternative of accepting the formularies of the Church in a

sense repugnant to their reason and conscience, or taking up a position of sectarianism. But the risk which they then ran ought to have taught them a lesson which they have been slow to learn. They have yielded once and again to the temptation which the present tripartite division of the English Church presents to men who calculate on party combinations, and fight with carnal weapons, to coalesce with one section of their opponents against the other. When men's minds were agitated by "Essays and Reviews," they joined with Dr. Pusey and his followers in the protests and declarations which issued in a prosecution, forgetful of the fact that no criticism or exegesis in that volume could be more at variance with the apparent meaning of the formularies of the Church of England generally than their view of baptism and absolution from the language of the Baptismal Service, and that for the Visitation of the Sick. They are now taking advantage of the popular middle-class antipathy to Ritualism, to organize a prosecution at the cost of £50,000 (that, at least, is the amount named for the guarantee fund), against incense, lights, and the so-called "elevation of the sacramental elements,"* forgetful of the fact that no excesses on the side of ritual can be more divergent from the letter which they press than their own neglect and non-observance. Their wisdom, we believe, would be to preach, write, in every way proclaim what they believe to be the truth, and to abstain carefully from all such coalitions and prosecutions. The greatest risk which lies before them is the possible success of the party which five years ago they joined, in their movement in Convocation, and Congresses, and Conferences, for a new Court of Final Appeal in Spiritual Causes, consisting wholly or chiefly of bishops and divines. Should such a court ever be established, it may be questioned whether their position in the Church of England would be worth ten years' purchase, and they might then regret that they had alienated those who, in all previous crises, had pleaded for the cause of freedom. But there is also the risk of a struggle of another kind. The action of a Reformed Parliament in matters ecclesiastical may be quicker and sharper than men imagine. There may be a struggle between the maintenance of any national religious institutions and pure voluntarism, between any form of Christian education and pure

secularism, and they may then be glad enough to welcome the co-operation of those whom they now seek to drive from the Church, even though they should still wear chasubles, and burn incense, and have lights upon their altars. But if the Evangelical party, as such, can escape the ban which falls on those who "learn nothing and forget nothing," they have still a great work to do, and may do it so as to be a blessing to the Church and nation. As yet the phase of Christian truth presented in their teaching is the only one that has been found to exert any strong influence for good over our soldiers and our sailors, our "navvies," and our "roughs," and they may find there a rich harvest yet waiting to be gathered, or go on sowing that others may reap after them. They may bear their witness, in ways far more eloquent than the five-days' orations of counsel, against a sensuous and Romanising ritual, against a perverted sacramental theory, against an unscriptural sacerdotalism. They are strong in numbers, wealth, influence. If they would accept, as indeed many are accepting, from one school something of its ardour in the interpretation of Scripture and of all that illustrates it, and from another something of its love for beauty and order, and colour and brightness, as accessories of worship, and from a third its earnestness in dealing with the great social evils of our time largely and systematically, it may yet renew its youth as the eagle's, and the latter days be better than the former.

II. The High Church party (I am reluctantly compelled to use these nick-names), if we think of it as distinguished from the so-called Ritualists, is conspicuous, at present, as being, though not, it may be, the most numerous, yet the loudest, the most energetic, the most organized. The motto, "in quietness and in confidence shall be your strength," which was its watchword in the earlier days of the Oxford movement, has long since been forgotten, and every thing is done by Caucuses and Committees, and all the machinery of public agitation. It would be idle and unjust to forget that they too have the standing-ground of prescription in the English Church; that the principles which they profess were prominent (though with a larger mixture of Calvinism than they would willingly accept) under Elizabeth and James, ran a headlong career and had a headlong fall under Charles I., and rose again, rabid and rampant, at the Restoration. The secession of the Non-Jurors after the revolution of 1688, on purely politico-religious grounds, weakened the party within the Church. Old Angli-

* The question of vestments, it must be remembered, is not even raised in the St. Alban's case. Do the promoters of the prosecution acknowledge their legality?

canism passed into an easy-going Erastianism among Court divines, or subsided into the "Church and King" and "three times three" of country squires and rectors. Doubtless here and there, as Dr. Pusey and Mr. Keble have told us, the traditions of Anglo-Catholicism were kept up, and the seed sown which was afterwards to bear fruit with such unexpected productiveness. The exciting cause of the movement which has had such wide issues, and is likely to have yet wider, was the triumph of liberalism in the Reform Bill.* The leaders of the party looked on this as inaugurating a series of revolutionary attacks on all things sacred. In the bill for the suppression of some Irish bishoprics they saw the commencement of an Atheistic policy, and heard the "footfalls of the coming Antichrist." The intervention of the Committee of Council on National Education, even the abolition of slavery in the West Indies, were part and parcel of the same Godless system. It was time to blow the trumpet in Zion, and the trumpet accordingly was sounded. The "Tracts for the Times" were issued.

It is not difficult to trace the causes of the success which the movement had during the first ten or twelve years. Much, doubtless, was due to the indescribable influence of personal character, to the sort of fascination which John Henry Newman exercised on those who came in contact with him; the guilelessness which had the effect of guile, or guile which had the effect of guilelessness; the touch of hand, the glance of eye, the tone of voice, which riveted their hearts and bound their intellect to the subtle spell. But there was much in the teaching of the school which was attractive both to higher and lower natures. It transformed the unreasoning antipathy to the middle-class dissenter, which the sons of country gentlemen and clergy brought with them, into a religious duty. It offered those who craved for something more than an emotional individualism in religion, and were yet afraid of Popery, the appearance, at least, of historical continuity, of fellowship with distant ages and remote Churches, of a unity which corruptions and schisms might impair, but which they could not utterly destroy. It gave men the sense, always more or less ennobling, of a corporate life, of belonging to a visible society for which they were to live and work. It led many, for the first time, to the thought of self-conquest, self-denial, as a law of life. The leaders of the movement were men thoroughly in ear-

nest, as waging war with deadly foes, and cared little for the æsthetic decorations which have since become so prominent. On what eloquent prelates have recently described as the "coruscations" of a stream of molten metal flowing thrice-purified from the furnace, Newman, as with an impatient contempt, flung the epithet of the "gilt-gingerbread school," and for a time it stuck.*

The secession of many of the leaders of the party to the Church of Rome, which seemed at first to threaten its existence, was eventually an element of strength. It freed them from the dangerous influence of men of genius whose course cannot be calculated; it left them to the guidance of men of stereotyped convictions, who repeated the axioms of a theory when those that had built it up confessed that it had broken under their feet, and whose line of action could always be predicted. Looking to the work which the clergy and laity of this school have done both before and since the great defection, it is but simply just to acknowledge that they, too, may point to works which entitle them to our warmest gratitude. They have been munificent in building churches and schools, in the support of all distinctively Church societies, in the extension of the colonial episcopate. They have aimed at a more systematic penitential discipline for the fallen; at the revival of sisterhoods, which are, with whatever drawbacks, at least protests against worldliness and frivolity. They have done much to make the worship of the English Church hearty and real, to clothe it with a decorous brightness. They have done much, also, to counteract our tendency to a self-satisfied insularity, by stretching out their hands to the Churches of the East. There is something to sympathise with even in their wish to fraternise with Western Christendom, in their acknowledgment that the light of Christian truth was not wholly extinct even in the Dark Ages; in their refusal to treat the Latin Church as simply the home of Antichrist and the dwelling of the Beast. They have, lastly, added largely and richly to our hymnody and devotional literature. If much of the latter seems to a healthy taste morbid and un-English, if the extent to which the system of the confessional has been carried seems to us fatal alike to true manliness and true womanliness, we can yet acknowledge that it is but the exaggeration of a much-neglected duty.

* Comp. Newman's "History of my Religious Opinions," pp. 33, 34.

* The word was applied to the portions of the Romish ritual which have since been most eagerly reproduced, in the *British Critic* for 1840, quoted in the "History of my Religious Opinions," p. 127.

But the school, both in its wider action, and in the more extreme forms which have within the last three or four years become conspicuous, has many weak points in its system, and has made many false steps in its action. It has treated the great work of the Reformation as an unlucky episode, a "limb badly set, which must be broken before it can be set right again;" spoken and written as if the Anglican reformers were martyrs either for an opinion which was itself heretical, or through sheer stupid incapacity to perceive that their teaching and that of the Church of Rome were substantially identical. It has left the Protestant ground of faith, and set up in its place the vague, uncertain standard of Catholic consent and Church authority, "undisputed" general councils, and a "stream" of patristic writers. It has carried its sacramental and sacerdotal theories to the extent of practically denying all grace except through ecclesiastical ordinances, all forgiveness of sins except through priestly absolutions; unchurching all Christian societies that are wanting in the continuity of a so-called apostolical succession, leaving English Dissenters, and Scotch Presbyterians, and foreign Protestants, to "uncovenanted mercies." In its more advanced sections, it has adopted all that it can adopt of the pre-Reformation system: dresses, acts, gestures, have been resuscitated after a lapse of three centuries, with the avowed purpose of symbolising a doctrine which also belonged, in the judgment of most English theologians, to the dogmatic system of the Middle Ages, and was deliberately rejected by our Reformers. It mattered not that congregations were offended, that Bishops disapproved, that the legality of the usages was at least questionable. They were adopted and maintained expressly because they were symbols of mediæval doctrine, because they were a defiance of popular and episcopal opinion.

And the spirit which led to this defiance has shown itself, also, in determined antagonism to the State. The sovereignty of law, the supremacy of constitutional tribunals in matters ecclesiastical, has been denounced with a parrot-like repetition as mere Erastianism. In the repeated attempts, at the risk of varying and contradictory decisions, to obtain a new Court of Final Appeal in which clerical influence shall be dominant, or to establish a voluntary Court side by side with that which alone the Constitution of England recognises; in the manifest eagerness with which the snapping of every link that brought the colonial churches of the Anglican communion under the same

system as the national Church itself, has been hailed as an augury of freedom; in the strange, hot haste which has turned the consecration of a bishop into something like a Fenian conspiracy, needing the vigilance of ecclesiastical detectives; in the fierceness with which men have fought against the shadowy grievance of the Conscience Clause, and so hastened the growth of a system of secular education against which the acceptance of that clause would be the best, if not the only safeguard; in all this we may trace a feverish restlessness, a vain attempt to put back the hands of the clock of Time, a reactionary policy which is to the Christianity of England what Ultramontanism is to the Christianity of the Continent. If in its more moderate phases its representatives in the press — as the *Guardian*, the *Christian Remembrancer*, and the *Ecclesiastic* — have been characterized for the most part by moderation, reverence, and culture, its more recent developments and its cheaper organs have shown an absence of those qualities even more conspicuous than that of the worst moments of the *Record*.

It may seem a legitimate conclusion from these premises that one who holds them should urge the measures of repression in which some seem to find the one pathway of safety. To prosecute Ritualists on every debateable point of divergence from common usage, and when that experiment fails, or before it is fully tried, to pass an Act of Parliament for the purpose of restraining or expelling them; to occupy the time of the Lords and Commons of England with debates on the pattern of a surplice or the colour of a stole, — this may appear to many the policy of a true statesmanship, the test of a true Protestantism. I own, with whatever reluctance, that even when it springs from a natural and noble anxiety to protect the peace of the Church against those who trouble it, I see little prospect of any such measures being successful; that the temper which clamours for them seems to me to be too often that of panic, irritation, unwisdom. It profits but little to drive in the external, eruptive symptoms of disease, while the disease itself remains unhealed. You may restrain, by pains and penalties, those who find in vestments, lights, incense, gestures, the witnesses to what they hold as the truth of the Real Presence, but if you leave the doctrine itself unquestioned, you do but tempt them to a more explicit assertion of it in words, and a more subtle inventiveness in the art of evasive interpretation. It will be difficult for the most accomplished jurist to draw up an antiritual-

ist Act of Parliament through which a ritualist pleader will be unable to drive his proverbial "coach and six." * And if you make your assault upon the doctrine itself, then, over and above all the evils which attend the discussion of such a question in the hands of paid advocates, you are risking, on the one hand, failure, and, on the other, the disruption of the Church of England. You are, at least, trying to abridge the liberty of speculation in a region where, within very wide limits, short of a formal, as distinct from an inferential, acceptance of the dogma of Transubstantiation, it has hitherto been allowed, where logical clearness and clear definition are all but unattainable. When men once begin to brood over the *spiritual* presence of a *body*, they may be pardoned if they sometimes lose their way in the labyrinth of metaphysical cobwebs spun out of the subtleties of schoolmen. It is hard to visit them with severer measures than those which we apply to men whose divergence from the tone and temper, from the letter and the spirit, of the Prayer-Book is unquestionably far wider. What we need in such matters, and at such a time, is to enlarge instead of narrowing our list of *anaphora*. Ascertain, if you will, what vestments or ceremonial acts are lawful, but if any hitherto unusual are declared to be lawful, let us refuse to recognise them as badges of a party, and they will soon cease to be valued because they are so. If a dozen clergymen of well-known Evangelical or "broad" proclivities were to appear in chasubles and birettas, the gloss of those

garments in the eyes of ritualists would soon be gone, and before long we should see them falling back upon the safe simplicity of the surplice. If such an experiment seem too bold or too ludicrous, it might surely be within the limits of a wise forbearance to treat the glorious apparel of the "gilt gingerbread" school as among the "*tolerabiles ineptiæ*," which it is not worth while to fight about. Either course seems less hazardous than that of a prolonged and costly litigation, not unlikely to fail of its purpose, or an abortive attempt at a legislation *de minimis* in a reformed House of Commons, and by way of interlude to a Bill for the suppression of the Irish Church Establishment.

Above all, too, we have to bear in mind that the inevitable effect of all repressive measures of this nature is to encourage the type of tame, routine mediocrity, to discourage the nobler and more heroic, more saintly forms of excellence. "*Surtout, point de zèle*," may be a fit motto for a secular diplomatist. It is hardly fit to be the watchword of a true statesman, still less to be the guiding principle of any portion of the Church of Christ. And if we want zeal, we must be content to accept it as we find it, with more or less of the impulsiveness, exaggeration, want of discernment, which are its almost inevitable accompaniments. You cannot get it to order, however desirable the union may be, combined with a given per-centage of moderation and discretion. The men who have been prominent in the work of what is called the "Catholic Revival" have shown, for the

* Three methods for settling the difficulty have been proposed. (1.) A simple repeal of the rubric under cover of which most of the changes identified with the world-Ritualism have been introduced, as going back to "such ornaments of the church and of the ministers thereof as were in the Church of England" the authority of Parliament in the second year of King Edward the Sixth might seem to cut away the only ground upon which they have been defended. But if this were all, then there would be absolutely no legal direction whatever as to the apparel of the clergy in Divine service. We should be thrown back upon custom or upon the Canons, and, as neither of these have the authority of an Act of Parliament, prosecutions to restrain offenders would be more instead of less difficult. (2.) If it is to be so that, without this repeal, any case in which a dispute has been raised between a clergyman and any of his parishioners should be referred to the decision of a bishop, there comes a dilemma from which it is not easy to escape. Either he is to decide, as a judge would do, according to what the law actually is, not according to what he would wish it to be; and in this case, in the extreme uncertainty which surrounds the whole question, he may have to sanction, against his will, some of the practices which are most objected to; or else he is to be intrusted with the dangerous power of settling the law aside to meet his own views of fitness and expediency. In either case there is the risk of great diversity of usage in different dioceses, — of irritating interference in one with practices which are tolerated, or even encouraged, in another; of the waste

of a bishop's time and energy in discussing the most trivial ceremonials. His pastoral functions would be almost merged in those of an *arbitrarius elegantiarum* in matters of ecclesiastical millinery. (3.) Should the failure of these methods suggest, as the one way of cutting the knot, an Act enacting that the white surplice, the black stole, the academic hood, should be all that men should wear, questions without end might still be raised. *What is a surplice?* Must it be of stout linen or fine lawn, down to the knees or down to the ankles, tight or loose, with or without pattern in the texture, with or without borders, worn over a cassock or over coat and trousers? And what colours are permissible in these under-garments — black only, or Oxford mixture, or shepherd's plaid, or bishop's purple? And how is the stole to be worn — over one shoulder or both, with or without fringes, or ornamental symbols? And what are the limits of variation as to the size, and colour, and mode of wearing the hood? Here, too, there might be room for startling diversities of tint and texture, for an approximation to the dress of a past age or an alien Church. Unless we legislate specifically from the crown of a priest's head to the sole of his foot, or nail, not a "bed," but a surplice of Procrustes in the Jerusalem Chamber as an invariable standard, we are all at sea again, and shall be driven to fall back upon that trust in the effect, in the long run, of public opinion, and in the good sense and feeling of the clergy, the temporary loss of which is now driving us upon prosecutions and Acts of Parliament.

most part, that they had this zeal as their characteristic. They have taken a course which exposes them to the frowns of bishops, to the disfavour of most patrons, to the insults and outrages of well-dressed or ill-dressed mobs. They have been content to throw themselves on the sympathy of those who were like-minded with them. They have stripped themselves, wherever they could, of the secure income of pew-rents, and with no endowments, or miserably small ones, have trusted to the fluctuating receipts of offertories. Self-will, the love of notoriety, the pleasure of defying a bishop, or resisting the "aggrieved parishioner," may, if you will, have mingled as secondary motives in much that they have done. But there remains, after all deductions, a residuum of courage, zeal, devotion, which however misapplied or wasted, is in itself worthy of honour. It had been well (most English Churchmen will confess it now) if those in high places had done something more than they did towards retaining Wesley and his followers within the Church's pale, in spite of what was then called their dangerous "enthusiasm." The future historian of the nineteenth century may wonder at the lack of power to discern the signs of the times which made its rulers eager to legislate for the suppression of a vestment, or the expulsion of its wearers, while its judicial courts were throwing wide the gates of doctrine, and giving an almost unrestrained license in criticism and exegesis. Gamaliel's counsel has been worn so threadbare as a quotation, that it seems almost a platitude to refer to it, nor can I say that the case seems doubtful enough to be judged by such a standard. I find a more suggestive warning in another incident of the same period. The Jewish priesthood also had then a vestment question which pressed, they thought, for a decision. The Levites claimed, and the priests resisted their claim, to wear a linen ephod. The struggle went on for years. It was settled at last in favour of the claimants by the authority of the second Agrippa. Within a few months more the Temple in which priests and Levites ministered was a heap of blackened ruins.*

I cannot, for one, bring myself to believe that if the Reformed House of Commons enters at all upon the task of legislating for the Church of England, it will confine itself within the narrow limits of Lord Shaftesbury's or any kindred bill. I can hardly bring myself to wish, believing, as I do, that "if men do not alter them for the bet-

ter, time alters all things for the worse," that we should transmit for two or three generations more, and carry into all lands, without change or revision, the Prayer-Book and the Articles, which bear, in every page almost, traces of the traditions, controversies, compromises of the Tudor and Stuart periods — traces, one must add, of obvious haste, and want of elasticity and variety. Our Lectionary, our Rubrics, our Order for Morning and Evening Prayer, our reading of the Psalms, our occasional Services — all call with more or less urgency for a revision which shall give them greater life and elasticity, and make our worship at once less monotonous and more intelligent. And if as yet, in the discords and confusions that belong to the period of transition in which we live, the time for the greater work seems not fully come, it will be at least our wisdom to contemplate and provide for it as a necessity which must inevitably be met, rather than by partial and premature action to accelerate a crisis, and, possibly, a disruption. Those who believe that there is any real danger of the predominance of Romanism, or even of so-called Sacerdotalism, among us, until men have passed through a more fiery struggle, and seek, after it, the narcotic of repose at any price, must be strangely blind to the signs in the heavens, and deaf to the mutterings of the coming storm. Left to itself, without the stimulus of prosecutions, commotions, popular outrages, threatened legislation, the Ritualist movement will either collapse altogether, or leave, as its contribution to the Church's life, some new element of strength and beauty. The Sacramental and Sacerdotal theories, of which the Ritual is the expression, will take their place with all other exaggerations of half-truths, having borne their witness that "man does not live by bread alone," and has other needs than those which are satisfied by any political organisation or merely intellectual culture.

III. There remains the third school. I have said that its accepted nickname was given to it in an evil hour. I will add that less than either of the others has it any claims to the praise or the censure which attaches to the party character. On the one hand, it has done no great work, established no conspicuous institutions, seldom acted with any concert or organisation, and then in no wide scheme of benevolence or devotion. On the other hand, it has not descended to the debasement which so often attends on party action, has kept its hands clean from the taint of personal calumny, has been ready to ac-

* Josephus, *Ant.*, xx. 8, 6.

knowledge the good which it found on either side. I believe that this is, in many ways, the position which those who are labelled as belonging to this school should be content to occupy, that they will be unwise if they attempt to change it for greater activity and more effective combination. It is every way good that there should be many men who see the falsehood of extremes and keep their heads cool, when others are excited into panic and passionate irritation. It is well that they should be content to work with the machinery which they find in Church and State, in societies and parishes, modifying, expanding, improving, as they have opportunity. So acting, they may render good service, as they have rendered, in checking the violence of party action, and maintaining, even, it may be, widening the Church of England's limits. But if they were to appear with a "cry to go to the country with," to assume the character and adopt the tactics of a party, their work would be, I believe, simply mischievous. They have no bond of union but the claim for freedom of inquiry, and that freedom may issue in widely different results. Whatever combinations for defence may have been forced upon them when freedom was threatened in their own persons, are in their nature simply temporary. In the few instances in which their action has been aggressive, the result has been disastrous. They have done rash and reckless things for the sake of showing that they are free, and so caused the panic of which they narrowly escaped being victims. They held Bibliolatry to be the *fons et origo* of all evils in English Christianity, and so they appeared in the character of iconoclastic reformers, exaggerating or inventing difficulties and inconsistencies in the Book which Christendom has accepted as the gift of God. Their contributions to the study of the Bible have left on many minds, unintentional as the result might be, the impression that it was not worth studying at all, except as containing the literature of an ancient and interesting people. But apart from any such immediate consequences of single acts, what I lay stress on is that the principles which they hold in common are too negative in character to enable them to do any effective work as a party in our national or ecclesiastical life, however great the service that may be done by individuals. Were the changes and chances of that life to give them a momentary predominance, the history of the Girondists would probably repeat itself. They too would be swept away by a torrent of religious Jacobinism

against which they would struggle vainly. The "Broad" party of the Church would prove to be the pioneers of Positivism.

Confining ourselves to what has been done by those who are thus described, as individual writers, we cannot doubt, I believe, that they have rendered great service to the intellectual and religious life of England. They have filled up the gap which the other parties had neither the will nor the power to fill. The best commentaries, the best dictionaries of the Bible, the best histories of the Church, the fullest and most vivid word-pictures of sacred places, are all due, with hardly an exception, to those who, as being neither High nor Low, Ritualist or Evangelical, must be classed with this school. From the days of Dr. Arnold onwards they have been prominent in the work of educational progress, breaking through the trammels of prejudice and routine, and seeking to compel every time-honoured institution, every misused endowment, to contribute its *maximum* of good towards the great work of making the civilization of England purer and more humane, and therefore more Christian. They have, for the most part, been prominent in the endeavour to redress social wrongs, to bridge over the widening chasm which threatens to divide class from class. They have shown more than most others their belief that Christian men may find in political life a nobler sphere of action even than that of being distributors of alms, or acting on committees of religious societies. They have kept, and, we may hope, will yet keep, the Church of England from stagnating in self-satisfied ignorance and sluggishness, or lapsing into an obsolete Mediævalism, or stiffening into a narrow Puritanism.

But with these manifold excellences, there are also defects which may not be passed over. As yet hardly one of those of whom I have spoken has shown any power of so speaking as to awake a responsive echo in the hearts of the millions of ignorant and poor with whom English Christianity has to deal. Men of culture themselves, they require culture in their hearers. There are no books, sermons, pamphlets, tracts, belonging to this school, which find, like those of the Evangelical school, their twenty or thirty thousand readers. As yet they have made but scanty contributions to the hymnody or devotional literature of the Church of England.* Earnest, eloquent, noble as many of their words have been, kindling a

* Here, too, it is simply just to note the names of the Deans of St. Paul's and Canterbury as exceptions to the general statement.

responsive glow in the hearts of those like-minded with themselves, they have failed to reach the hearts of the millions round us even more than those of the Evangelical or Mediæval parties have failed. Men have felt the need of something more than even the noblest aspects of Christian ethics,—something more than the most vivid pictures of the pattern life of Christ. The characteristic defect of the teaching of the school has been, that in its bearing on the conscience it appeals to the sense of imperfection and infirmity, rather than to that deeper misery which attaches to the thought of sin. It trains the soul which as yet is in average health to run the race and to fight the battle of life, but it fails to come to the help of those whose limbs are weary, or who lie naked and wounded after the conflict. It may stir men on to high endeavours, and teach them a scorn of baseness; but the souls of those who hear, if roused at all, feel that they have a witness within which brings a far sharper accusation, and a burden from which they seek to be delivered, which that teaching does not seem to touch with one of its fingers. To men who have gone, or are going, through the conflict between light and darkness, life and death, ethical teaching, however lofty, narrative of scriptural facts, however graphic, is but as "parmaceti for an inward wound." They crave for the message, "Thy sins be forgiven thee," which reaches them in different forms and through different agencies, from the Evangelical and Sacerdotal schools. The old words, sacrifice, atonement, justification, are necessary to meet their wants, to sustain their life.

It is, I believe, for this reason a matter for rejoicing that the chief positions of influence which the representatives of this school have hitherto attained, have been chiefly educational. This has indeed been the natural result of their generally higher culture, and wider knowledge, and greater sympathy with the spirit of the age. But it has also put the right men in the right place, and given them the work for which they were, and the others were not, fitted. A school on the principles of the *Record* would tend, in the first instance, so far as it was successful, to the intellectual narrowness of Puritanism. Whole regions of literature would be looked on as *tubooed*; science taught with a perpetual distrust and fear of going too far; boy-nature would be forced by hot-house culture into a precocious spiritual experience, sometimes hysterical, sometimes simulated; lines of demarcation would

be drawn between the converted and the unconverted. The minds of some among them might be wrecked for life by brooding over the dark mysteries of God's election. A rigid Sabbatarianism would crush the elasticity of boy-life, or develop those who were not crushed into censorious Pharisees. A school on the principles of the *Church Times*, on the other hand, would, as far as it succeeded, naturalize among us the features of the Seminary type of character. What we note now chiefly in boys who have had no good school-training, and come under the guidance of ritualist clergy, would then be seen on a larger scale. The practice of confession, not as the medicine for special diseases of the soul, but as part of its diet and habitual training, would sow the seeds of the very evils against which it was meant to guard, and fill the mind with ever-recurring spectral horrors, which a healthier system would seek to counteract by influences that are to the sick soul as fresh air and bright sky are to the diseased body. The souls of those so trained would learn to think that the one sufficient and indispensable condition of forgiveness for themselves and others was the priest's "*absolvo te*." The ritual element of religion would receive an undue prominence in their thoughts. The last new pattern of chasubles, the correct colour for a stole on the Festival of St. Agatha, the proper angle of inflection at the Doxology, the last exposure of the ignorance and Erastianism of bishops in the weekly "organs" of the "Church" party, would be the prominent topics of conversation in such a school-room. And in either case there would, sooner or later, be a reaction. Driftings to Rome, to Positivism, to practical or speculative Atheism, would be the natural outcome of systems which were in different ways inconsistent with a cultivated mind and with healthy manliness.

For boy-life on the other hand, for that of those who are passing out of boyhood into the work of life, the teaching of the third school is likely to be at once strengthening and attractive. Its high ethical tone, its appeal to wide, far-reaching laws of duty as distinguished from the stress laid by others on this or that positive commandment, the extension of its sympathies beyond the limits which others have marked out, its fearlessness as to the result of critical or scientific inquiries; all these will give, as they have given it, an influence over the educated youth of England which brings with it no light responsibility. They have before them the golden opportunity of a noble

work. They are exposed to many special dangers which may lead to their letting it slip.

(1.) As the first and chiefest of these perils I note once more the tendency to give an undue prominence to the merely negative aspects of their teaching. They find the minds of men bowed, as they believe, with a false reverence before the dogma of the infallibility of a Book, or that of the authority — practically treated as infallible — of the Church. They look upon that reverence as idolatrous, and they rush, as I have said, into the opposite extreme of a rabid iconoclasm. They write essays, reviews, treatises, commentaries, which seem to have but the one aim of showing that the Bible is full of erroneous statements, and the date and authorship of its books uncertain. They seem sometimes only able to assert their new-won freedom as Caliban asserted his. I do not say that this has hitherto been the characteristic of the representative men of the school, but it tends to be more and more that of the rank and file, of the more hot-headed and reckless men among the leaders. Those who wish it well, and see in its existence a ground of thankfulness and hope, must wish also that it should remember that men cannot live upon negations — that it is the work of Christian teachers to build up rather than to destroy. Let them, if they choose, assume the fallibility of the Bible and of the Church; but if they retain sufficient reverence for the former to believe that it contains the truth which is the foundation of the latter, it should be their task to bring out and to proclaim that truth, rather than to parade with an offensive ostentation the inconsistencies in matters of fact, or modes of thought, with which it seems to them to be accompanied.

(2.) Though in a less degree than is the case with others, the men who are popularly classified as of this school are liable to the incapacity of recognising excellence in those who differ from them. Their very latitudinarianism may make them narrow; their very zeal for tolerance, intolerant. They may be tempted to catch at opportunities of party combinations, to employ the machinery of prosecutions or legislation to harass or expel the antagonists who for the time seem to them most formidable. They may fail to see that they are wanting in what gives the others a command over men's affections which they themselves as yet have but seldom gained. If they could bring themselves to sympathize, not only with efforts after moral greatness and the assertion of intellectual freedom, but with sin-stricken

and contrite hearts, they might then "preach Christ and Him crucified" with a power all the more mighty and victorious, because of the freedom with which it would be associated. If they would remember that affections, imagination, even the perception of beauty of form, colour, sound, all enter into worship as well as the intellect in its cold and clear serenity, they would welcome and adopt (so far as the Church's law and that of the nation permitted), instead of opposing, whatever has given life and beauty to the ritual which they condemn. They would accept even chants and processions, symbolic acts and symbolic colours, architecture in its noblest forms, painting and sculpture, flowers and banners, as accessories of devotion.

(3.) In the national crisis through which we are passing, there are two great questions in which they, more than members of the other schools, have it in their power to exercise an influence for good. Ignorance and pauperism, the startling forms of which reveal themselves in colossal and ever-increasing proportions whenever we look below the surface of social life, these are what we have to deal with, and they need to be dealt with, as the author of "Ecce Homo" has reminded us, on no narrow or sectarian principles, but also on no principles that are at variance with the mind of Christ. To grapple with these evils as men who neither on the one side forget the laws of all human society, nor on the other of that special society which He came to found, who can bring forth out of their treasures "things new and old," tied neither to the traditional palliatives of the two great evils, nor to the nostrums of empirics, this is the work on which they seem specially called upon to enter. If the advancing democracy, which seems, in some form or other, inevitable, is not to pass into utter and reckless anarchy, it must be Christianized, and their very sympathy with it and with its struggles may enable them to reach, through this agency, those who have proved impenetrable to more direct appeals.

Lastly, if those who are thus ticketed and labelled wish to avoid the fate of other parties in past ages or the present, let them shun, as they would the taint of pestilence, the unclean element of party organization. The worst enemies of the Broad Church school could not wish for it a more evil destiny than that it should attach itself to the agency of Caucuses and Committees, to an unscrupulous propagandism, to cheap "organs" in the newspaper press. In every such action, it must be repeated, the worse and not the

better elements are prominent, and the worse elements of this school would probably be far more evil than those which we have already witnessed in the others; just because it would be more difficult to distinguish between the destructiveness of a cynical unbelief and that of an over-zealous display of freedom. Whatever excellence attaches to journals which are associated with this school now, belongs to them because they represent the minds of independent thinkers, not the action of a party.

What future lies before the Church of England, or before the English people, we can but dimly guess. Changes of political organization, of social order, of ecclesiastical arrangement, of religious conviction, may be impending, of the magnitude of which we can form no conception. But whatever comes, each of the parties within the Church, with all its errors, and half-truths, and passionate prepossessions, has, I believe, a work to do, and should be helped, not hindered, in doing it. The time for antagonism or re-creation is surely past. We waste our strength in fighting old battles over again, as a kingdom divided against itself. There are evils round us greater than Romanism, greater than Ritualism, greater than Rationalism, and against these "the word of the Lord" calls us to fight, even when it comes from the lips of the apostles of unbelief. The trumpet which summons us to *that* battle gives no "uncertain sound."

E. H. PLUMPTRE.

From The Sunday Magazine.

THE FRIENDSHIP OF JONATHAN.

BY THE EDITOR, DR. GUTHRIE.

MANY friendships — traceable to near neighbourhood, a common playground, the same form at school, some accidental meeting on a road or in a room — spring from trivial circumstances. Growing strong only with the progress of years, they resemble our streams which, though at length swelling into rivers, are at first but tiny rills; feeble in their beginning, and springing from mossy wells, of obscure and humble birth. It was not so with Jonathan's friendship. It finds its type in those rivers, the Rhine and Rhone for instance, which, fed by exhausted snows, and springing into light in lofty regions, high above the sea to whose distant shores their waters wend, are rivers at their

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birth; bursting from the icy caverns of Alpine glaciers in full, impetuous flood. It had its origin in a very memorable event, and on one of the most notable days in the whole history of Israel.

The peasant had left his plough in the furrow, the fisherman his boat on the lake, the shepherd his flock to the care of boys and women; and gathering from the hills of Bethlehem, and the shores of Galilee, and the remotest ends of the country, its best and bravest sons had mustered to its defence. With Saul at their head and their fathers' swords in their hands, they have set the battle in array against the Philistines in the valley of Elam — yet shrink from it. They are appalled. A giant who stalks forth day after day into the valley that divides the opposing hosts, and challenges Israel, and blasphemes Israel's God, has struck the boldest with terror. No lingerer at home in such a crisis, no coward, but distinguished as much for his bravery as for his rank, Jonathan was there; and I can fancy how his heart was ready to burst with vexation, how he chafed and fretted, as, slowly retreating before the steps of this terrible antagonist, he obeyed his father's orders, and yielding to the dictates of prudence declined Goliath's challenge — refusing to fling away his life in such an unequal contest. Grieved at the insults cast on the arms of Israel; trembling with anxiety for his father's life and crown; wounded to the heart by the blasphemies of the uncircumcised Philistine; often withdrawing from the bustle and distractions of the camp to seek on his knees light and help from God, and cry to Him, in his despair of any from man, "How long, O Lord, how long! Why do the heathen rage and the people imagine a vain thing? Let God arise, let his enemies be scattered: as smoke is driven away, so drive thou them away; as wax melteth before the fire, so let the wicked perish in the presence of God;" with such feelings I can fancy that of all the eyes that day turned on David, Jonathan's watched him with the greatest agitation. What astonishment and admiration he felt for the gallant stripling! what anxious prayers he put up on his behalf, as he saw him, clad in a shepherd's garb, his heart armed with faith, but his hand only with a sling, step out boldly from the lines to accept the challenge — to bring away the giant's head, or leave his own to feed the fowls of heaven! The stone sped on its fatal errand. Goliath falls; and with a shout that rends the air, Israel hails the conqueror. And when the stripling, so young and yet so brave, crowned with such

honour and yet so modest, so full of love to his country and piety to his God, advances to lay his bloody trophy at the feet of Saul, Jonathan's whole heart flows out to him; he becomes at once the object of a deep and deathless love. It came to pass, to use the beautiful language of Scripture, that, when David modestly replying to Saul's question, "Whose son art thou?" "I am the son of thy servant Jesse the Bethlehemite," had made an end of speaking, the soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David, and Jonathan loved him as his own soul. So their friendship began; and its continuance, under the most adverse circumstances, was even more remarkable than its commencement.

The friendships are few that survive years of separation; the shock of conflicting interests; the drain made on our old affections by new claims; the trials they are put to by infirmities of temper, by plain dealing with faults, by a manly independence, by requests refused, by favours unrequited, by the rivalries of business, by the partisanship that springs from creeds or politics, and by a thousand other nameless circumstances. Fragile as the flowers the winter frost traces on our windows, there are friendships that a breath will melt away. It may be very wrong and very pitiful, but, as the wise man says, "a whisperer separateth chief friends;" and who lives long lives to see so many, like leaves the frost has nipped, fall off, and the ties which friendships had formed, so often and sometimes so easily dissolved, that he comes to read with little astonishment, and no great sense of exaggeration, the words of one who, describing his relationships, said, "Though the church would not hold my acquaintances, the pulpit is large enough to hold all my friends."

Happily, there are friendships that stand the test of time and the severest strains; but among these, what poet or panegyrist has recorded with glowing pen one to be compared with Jonathan's? It is quite unique: remarkable as his father's stature when Saul, shrinking, as great men have done, from an office of great responsibility, hid himself among the stuff, and, directed by God where to find him, the people "ran and fetched him thence: and when he stood among the people, he was higher than any of the people from his shoulders and upward; and Samuel said, See ye him whom the Lord hath chosen, that there is none like him among all the people?" The words of the poet may be justly applied to Jonathan, —

"None but himself could be his parallel."

For example, men will praise their friends, but how few are generous enough without jealousy to hear others praise them, at their expense, in eulogiums they feel to be disparaging to themselves. There is no passion more natural to us, man or child, than jealousy. See how it broke out against David from the lips of his own brother! Indignant at the stripling for talking as if he would meet the giant, and carry off the palm from his brethren and all the host of Israel, Eliab sharply rebuked him, asking, "Why comest thou down thither? and with whom hast thou left those few sheep in the wilderness? I know thy pride, and the naughtiness of thine heart." And who that knows his own heart will refuse some sympathy to Saul for taking offence — however unjustifiable his way of expressing it — at the disparaging comparison in the song of the maidens when dancing before David, they sung, "Saul has slain his thousands, but David his tens of thousands." We wonder not at Saul's offence, but at Jonathan's generosity. The song that grated so harshly on his father's ear, stirred up nor envy, nor jealousy, in him. Rejoicing in another's honour, he hailed the rise of a sun that paled his own star; and though, as Saul's eldest son, standing next the throne, Jonathan was content to be second to the good, brave, gallant shepherd, who had gone forth in the name and strength of the Lord to shut the mouth of the blasphemers, and peril his life for the safety of his country and the honour of his God.

Then see what severe trials this friendship endured; and enduring, triumphed over. Saul's gloomy eye fixed on David, the javelin he hurled to pin him to the wall, the cries of his soldiers echoing from the rocks as they hunted the fugitive from cave to cave, and hill to hill, not more illustrating the words, "Jealousy is cruel as the grave; the coals thereof are coals of fire," than the friendship of Jonathan did those which follow, "Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it."

Happier in his eldest son than David in Absalom, than many fathers, and most kings, in theirs, Saul had a pious, most noble, brave, and dutiful son in Jonathan. What piety, for example, in the words he addresses to his armour-bearer, when, pointing across the gorge to a garrison of the Philistines, he proposed, single-handed, to attack it, saying, "Come and let us go over; it may be that the Lord will work for us: for there is no restraint to the Lord, to save by many or by few?" What exploit in the annals of war braver, or so brave,

as that which followed — when, scaling their rocky fastness on his hands and knees, he leaped headlong among a swarm of Philistines, and, receiving the battle on his single shield, mowed them down like grass before the scythe? Thus gloriously broke the day on Israel — filling the hearts of her warriors with courage for the coming battle; but, like many that rise with dawn of brightest promise, it had nearly set in the deepest gloom. The victory is won; but at what a price! His father has made a rash vow; and he now requires that Jonathan shall die. It was hard to part with wife and children, hard to leave the world in the flush of life and the very hour of victory, yet he submits himself to the father's will. Baring a bosom seamed and scarred with wounds suffered in that father's cause, he stands ready to receive the stroke — a sacrifice to filial piety; and had fallen, but that the people, brandishing swords red with the blood of the Philistines, broke out into open revolt, and throwing themselves before Saul, said, "Shall Jonathan die, who hath wrought this great salvation for Israel? God forbid: as the Lord liveth, there shall not one hair of his head fall to the ground. So the people rescued Jonathan, that he died not."

The reed that bends its head to a breath of wind, and the old grey rock which withstands the hurricane that strews the plain with trees and the foaming shore with wrecks, are not more unlike than Jonathan where his own interests, and the same Jonathan where David's interests were concerned. Such was the depth and power of his affection for his friend. Here neither Saul's entreaties, nor anger, nor violence could move him. He would part with life to please his father, but not with his love for David. When Saul, to the astonishment of the host, proposed to sacrifice his son to a rash and wicked vow, Jonathan neither made resistance nor remonstrance — like Him whose divine friendship he recalls, he "was dumb, opening not his mouth." But when Saul threatens David's life, he refuses obedience, and becomes the advocate of his friend; in words replete with affection, a pious spirit, and unanswerable arguments, he pleads with his father; he remonstrates with him, saying, "Let not the king sin against his servant, against David, because he has not sinned against thee, and his works to theeward have been very good; for he did put his life in his hand and slew the Philistine; and the Lord wrought a great salvation for all

Israel; thou sawest it, and didst rejoice; wherefore wilt thou sin against innocent blood, to slay David without a cause?"

Saul makes many attempts to awaken Jonathan's jealousy, and kindle in his son's bosom the hatred that burned and raged in his own. But they are vain. Nor does he succeed any better when all his pent-up passions burst forth in volcanic fury on discovering that David, the object of his hatred, is to be the successor to his throne. In that discovery he flatters himself he holds a spell of power to turn Jonathan's love into the bitterest hatred, and raise all the devil in his son. There was no devil to raise. The dreadful secret is revealed; but whatever pain it inflicted, whatever struggle it cost, whatever tears it wrung from Jonathan's eyes, it kindles no bad passions in that pious, generous, and loving heart.

If piety is shown by a regard to God and a childlike submission to his sovereign will, by taking up our crosses and denying ourselves daily that we may follow Christ, by saying, like Jesus himself, as he took the bitter cup of our sorrows from his Father's hand, "Father, not my will, but thine be done," what finer example of this grace than Jonathan? David is to supplant him; David is to enter on the honours and fortune he expected to enjoy; and out of the ruins of Saul's house David is to build his own; yet Jonathan ceases not to regard him with unabated and the tenderest affection. For this his father loads him with cruel reproaches; and borne away on the foaming torrent of his passions, insults the very name and memory of his mother; calling him "the son of a rebellious and perverse woman." But these reproaches — like the javelin his mad hand hurled at his son — are all in vain. Jonathan leaves the presence of his father to seek David, and warn him of what was no longer doubtful, his imminent danger. With what affection they meet; with what bitter sorrow and loving vows they part; tender as brave, "they kissed one another, and wept one with another, until David exceeded; and Jonathan said to David, Go in peace, forasmuch as we have sworn both of us in the name of the Lord, saying, The Lord be between me and thee, and between my seed and thy seed for ever." Once again they met. It was in the wood of Ziph, and probably under the cloud of night. There, strong in faith and clinging to the hope of better days, Jonathan sets himself to comfort the friend of his bosom. "Fear not," he says to David, "for the hand of Saul, my father, shall not find thee; and thou shalt be

king over Israel, and I shall be next unto thee ; " and so, neither of them anticipating that this was to be their last meeting on earth, they parted — never to meet more ; Jonathan to leave behind him a name sacred to friendship, and enter, ere long, through a bloody passage into welcome rest ; David to mourn his loss, and cherish Jonathan's sweet memory, and lay on his grave the finest wreath ever bedewed with tears and woven in honour of the dead.

Tender as a woman, and yet true as steel, overflowing with generous kindness, utterly devoid of selfishness, trusting as much as he was trusted, with a heart that reflected David's as face answereth to face in water, Jonathan was the paragon, and perfect pattern of a friend. Many a fond lie has been written on tombstones ; and with all their good qualities magnified by the tears through which we gaze on them, the dead appear fairer, dearer, and better than they ever seemed in life ; but Jonathan was altogether worthy of this grand eulogium : —

"The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places : how are the mighty fallen !

Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon ; lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice, lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph.

Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew, neither let there be rain upon you, nor fields of offerings : for there the shield of the mighty is vilely cast away, the shield of Saul, as though he had not been anointed with oil.

From the blood of the slain, from the fat of the mighty, the bow of Jonathan turned not back, and the sword of Saul returned not empty.

Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided : they were swifter than eagles, they were stronger than lions.

Ye daughters of Israel, weep over Saul, who clothed you in scarlet, with other delights ; who put on ornaments of gold upon your apparel.

How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle ! O Jonathan, thou wast slain in thine high places.

I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan : very pleasant hast thou been unto me : thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women.

How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished !

SLEEPING IN CHURCH. "They would scarcely believe him when he told them that when in Thurso some time ago, he on one occasion saw six hundred people asleep in church." — [Speech of Dr. Guthrie.]

On's their devoted head,
While the law thunder'd,
Snugly and heedlessly
Snored the six hundred.
Great was the preacher's theme ;
Screw'd on was all the steam ;
Neither with shout nor scream
Could he disturb the dream
Of the six hundred.

Terrors to right of them,
Terrors to left of them,
Terrors in front of them —
Hell itself plundered
Of its most awful things,
Weak-minded preacher flings
At the dumbfounder'd.
Boldly he spoke and well ;
All on deaf ears it fell ;
Vain was his loudest yell
Volley'd and thunder'd ;
For, caring — the truth to tell —
Neither for heaven nor hell,
Snored the six hundred.

Still, with redoubled zeal,
Still he spoke onward,
And, in a wild appeal,
Striking with hand and heel —
Making the pulpit reel,
Shaken and sundered —
Called them the Church's foes,
Threatened with endless woes —
Faintly the answer rose
(Proofs of their sweet repose)
From the united nose
Of the six hundred.

L'Envoy.

SERMONS of near an hour,
Two much for human power ;
Prayers, too, made to match
(Extemporaneous batch,
Wofully blundered) ;
With a service of music
Fit to turn every pew sick —
Should it be wondered ?
Churches that will not move
Out of the ancient groove
Through which they flounder'd,
If they will lag behind,
Still must expect to find
Hearers of such a kind
As the six hundred.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE BRIDEGROOM.

TIME wore on, the winter passed over, and early in the spring Monsieur de Vêrancour had been brought to regard as admissible the event which had at first appeared in his sight as so enormously ridiculous; — the possible marriage, namely, of his eldest daughter with Richard Prévost.

It must not, however, be supposed that this was easily accomplished. Félicie did not find it sufficient to gain one or two isolated battles; she had a complete campaign to undertake, and her final victory was due only to her patience and consummate good generalship. She never lost her temper and never lost a point; but let what would be the insignificance of her gain of the previous day, she always contrived to add some small gain to it on the following one, so that, in the course of a month or two, by dint of clever treatment, the Vicomte got quite accustomed to his new position, and, in the prospects of her future wealth, consented to lose sight of the fact that his daughter would become the wife of a valet de chambre's grandson. One thing was settled at the very outset, and that was, that the matter should be kept secret; that no word of the future engagement should transpire; and that not until Monsieur Richard had left D——, and taken rank in the department as Monsieur de Châteaubréville, should he be presumed to have aspired to the honour of Mademoiselle de Vêrancour's hand.

What principally disposed the Vicomte in favour of the coming mésalliance was, that, besides the wealth of the bridegroom, the whole proceeding had about it a character of barter that was serious and satisfactory. There was nothing sentimental in the whole concern. All was business-like and full of calculation. Had the unfortunate Monsieur Richard put himself in the light of an aspiring lover, of a man who, for the sake of becoming Félicie's husband, would sacrifice every other earthly consideration in life, it is probable that the young lady herself would have crushed his hopes with withering contempt, and it is certain that on such terms the Vicomte would never have consented to accept Monsieur Richard as his son-in-law. But the latter was wise enough to understand this, and he never once alluded to the possibility of his marriage being anything more than a business transaction. This put all parties at their ease, and made the situation clear and comprehensible. Monsieur Richard, having a very

large fortune, which, situated as he was, could be of no use to him, found means, through the condescension of the Vêrancour family, of securing to himself a status in society, and of being admitted to spend his money among people of birth and rank. This, of course, could not be purchased at too high a rate, and, in fact, Monsieur Richard got it a vast deal too cheap. On the other hand, Mademoiselle Félicie, instead of being condemned to lead a life of single blessedness in an out-of-the-way province, with not enough to live upon decently, acquired the free disposal of an income much exceeding that of the most fashionable ladies for several miles round. This was as it should be, and there was a sense of fitness in the fact of a Vêrancour enjoying a hundred thousand francs a year.

The work of renovation and embellishment at Châteaubréville went on apace, and would have been in an advanced stage of completion, had it not been for poor Monsieur Richard's health. The winter had been extremely severe, and the unlucky young man had been a frequent sufferer. His lungs were said to be delicate, though the fact was made a matter of dispute between two rival practitioners; the old doctor at D—— declaring for the weakness of the chest, and a young doctor, lately settled at Cholet, taking the part of "nerves," and at most only tolerating the notion of bronchial susceptibility. But then this new disciple of *Æsculapius* was a man who made light of everything, according to the way of the modern Parisian school. It was a wonder he believed in death, — some said he called it an accident, — and he did not promise to have any success in his provincial sphere. He treated poor Monsieur Richard somewhat severely, never called him "poor" at all, and shrugged his shoulders at those who did. He openly declared that the ailments of Monsieur Richard were only laziness and self-indulgence, and told him to his face that he would never be well till he took more exercise, lived more in the air, washed more in cold water, and eat fewer sweetmeats. He affirmed that whatever harm there was, came from the liver and the mucous membrane, and that the patient's absurd mode of life was answerable for the whole. But then this young man, Doctor Javal by name, was of a hard and unkind nature, and did not sympathise readily with people who complained overmuch.

It is certain that Monsieur Richard's mode of living was unwholesome, but that struck no one else, for it always has been a theory in France, — in the provinces above all, —

that the amount of pampering a man enjoys should be measured only by the power of paying for that whereby you are to be pampered. Therefore, Monsieur Richard, being rich, was quite right to indulge himself in every possible way, — as he did. The atmosphere he kept up in his room was that of a forcing-house, and when he went out of doors he muffled himself up into a permanent state of perspiration. He had ordered down a neat little brougham from Tours, and drove about with shut windows and a foot-warmer, — never walking save on the brightest, warmest days, and for very short distances. Warm baths he allowed himself with the approbation of the old doctor at D——, who was forever vaunting their “cooling and calming action!” And sweetmeats he indulged in to a degree that met with the approbation of no one at all, — not even of Madame Jean, who had to make them. Altogether the winter had severely tried Monsieur Richard, and his appearance was unhealthy, as he would sit shivering over the fire in the salon of the Château, where the inmates never attained beyond a very moderate degree of warmth.

With all this, his impatience to be in the full enjoyment of his riches seemed daily to increase in ardour. He was fretful with desire to see the house at Châteaubréville fit to be inhabited, and would sometimes avow to Mademoiselle Félicie that he counted the days and hours till he should have entered upon his new duties as head of one of the principal establishments in the department. Curiously enough, by degrees, as the state of his health became less satisfactory, fortune appeared intent upon favouring him more. An enterprise in which his uncle had invested a considerable sum, full fifteen years ago, a copper mine in Chili, and which had been supposed to be an unlucky venture, suddenly turned up a prize, and Monsieur Richard found himself, from day to day, far richer than he thought. It was evident now that he would enter upon his proprietorship of Châteaubréville without having to deduct from his capital the amount that the improvements there would have cost. Well, Monsieur Richard was a lucky man! Only it was just at this identical moment that his health gave symptoms of the greatest weakness.

“Compensation!” said the public of D——; and perhaps it was so. Perhaps it would not have been just if, in addition to his extraordinary good luck in every other respect, Monsieur Richard had had the robust health and solid nervous system of some others who have their livelihood to

earn. It is a just dispensation of Providence that the possession of great joys and the power of enjoying them seldom go together; it consoles those who have only the capacity for enjoyment without anything to enjoy, and prevents them from cutting their neighbours’ throats, or their own.

But what would most have surprised any English observer, had he had occasion to examine minutely the feelings of the various persons we have introduced to him, would have been to notice the comparative absence of what is usually called “feeling” in any one of them.

Here was a father about to see one of his daughters take the gravest step that ever is taken in a woman’s life; here was a girl under twenty about to assume upon herself the responsibilities of wedlock; and here was a man about to give all his worldly advantages for the privilege of calling this girl his; — yet in all this, where was the love? — where the sentiment, compared to which everything else is as nothing?

Monsieur de Vêrancour, amongst all the objections he saw to Félicie’s marriage with Richard Prévost, never adverted to the possible existence of a moral one; never so much as asked himself whether she would be happy with this man, or whether she could be pure and worthy and good; — whether, at the end of a few years of such a union, the immortal part of her would be better, nobler than now, or weakened and debased. He simply did not think of anything of the kind, because no one that he ever heard of was in the habit of so doing, and because his duty was merely to place, to establish his children; — having done which, he was entitled to hold up his hands to the Almighty, like Simeon, and chaunt his *Nunc Dimittis* in all confidence. Monsieur de Vêrancour was, as times go, a very excellent father; and no one in their senses would dream of demanding from him an iota more than what he was doing.

And Félicie?

Félicie was, according to the worldly morals of France, a thoroughly right-minded person, — a person upon whom you could count. This means that all the figures you take the trouble to cast up in relation to her would be found correct; all the calculations you make would be unerring, because you never would have to fear one of those perturbations which are brought about by the ill-regulated, comet-like vagaries of a sentiment. Félicie was reliable. I will not speculate upon what a lover or even a friend might wish, but depend upon it there is not in all France a father or mother who

would not be full of pride and delight if heaven sent them only such a daughter as *Félicie de Véranmour*.

As to *Monsieur Richard*, the future bridegroom of the fascinating *Félicie*, his nature was too thoroughly feeble a one to bear the strong tree of love; but he was possessed by an unceasing desire to call the girl his, and only refrained from manifesting it because his instinct told him that such a manifestation would be prejudicial to his interests.

One person alone, in this assemblage of eminently reasonable individuals, was unlike the rest, and that person was *Vévette*. She was a stray flower in this garden of pot-herbs, a wild rose upon the wall destined only to foster fruit. Such being the nature of her character and life, *Vévette* was not regarded by those around her as altogether safe; and, if she had not been such a very child, she would have been narrowly watched, and made to undergo a due and proper course of training. It was tacitly understood between the *Vicomte* and his eldest daughter that whenever the latter became *Madame de Châteaubréville*, and was the sovereign mistress of her magnificent household, she should take her younger sister to live with her, and do the best she could for her advancement in life. *Vévette's* "turn," as she had practically expressed it, would then come, and neither *Félicie* nor her father had the slightest doubt of how exemplary it would be on their parts to contrive that that "turn" should be an advantageous one.

The whole of poor little *Vévette's* life had been of a kind to mislead her in all her appreciations of herself and of others. She had lost her mother too young to have seen, from her example, how perfect a merely loving woman, aiming at nothing loftier, could be; and she was far too humble to imagine that whatever instinctive sentiment she possessed could be otherwise than blameable. Of course, her convent education had been for her, with her peculiar disposition towards timidity and diffidence, the worst possible education. Convent discipline, the most enlightened as well as the worst, can seldom or never be good for any save the haughty and rebellious in spirit, whom it does sometimes modify, and to whom it teaches worldly wisdom as well as the justice of concession. To the naturally meek and humble, convent discipline is simply destruction. It roots up self-reliance and preaches dependance as a virtue, and you

may pretty surely predict of a convent favourite that her notions of right and wrong are not innate, but imposed upon her from without.

Now, although poor little *Vévette's* nature was too sweet and pure a one to be spoilt by all these mistakes of education, her peace of mind was destroyed by them, and her simplicity of heart perturbed. Whilst in reality all her own native instincts were towards the fair and the noble and the generous, she was driven into being perpetually at war with herself, and into believing that whatever she thought, or wished, or did, must be wrong. On all sides she had heard her sister lauded as the pattern of everything a woman should be, and her own inmost soul, when questioned, told her she could not be like *Félicie*.

It was one of the causes of her love for *Raoul*, that, recognising as he did the beauty of her nature, he gave her — whether she would or not — a kind of trust in herself. The great cause of the love, however, was the impossibility of avoiding it. They were left to themselves, and they loved, just as it was natural they should do. But this was precisely one of poor *Vévette's* greatest troubles. From the same source whence she had drawn her piety, her faith in all divine truths, from that same source flowed a doctrine which condemned her to be incessantly at war with herself. That nature was to be vanquished, and that all Love was a sin, — this was the doctrine of her teachers. And what was she to do with such teaching as this?

Instead of loving frankly and gladly, and hopefully and strongly, and finding virtue in the truth of devotion, the poor child struggled against what was best and noblest in herself, and though with her whole heart she loved *Raoul*, the innocence of the passion was overcast, and she was doomed to the torture of an unquiet conscience, and to what was worse still, the knowledge that far from bringing happiness to him she best loved, she, by her own uncertainties and alarms, brought him perpetual perplexity and pain.

But in this little out-of-the-way town of D—, events were in store which threatened to force the persons we have been attempting to describe out of their conventional parts into the real characters which has been allotted to them in the grave and serious drama of life.

CHAPTER XV.

THE BRIDE.

As the domain of Châteaubréville lay at the other side of the department, to the north-east, if you went from D—— by the road, it was a good half-day's work to get there. The usual manner of performing the journey was to drive over to one of the railway stations on the banks of the Loire, and from thence proceed by rail to the post town nearest to the château itself, whence a vehicle could be despatched to meet you.

This was Monsieur Richard's mode of proceeding, and it had now become his habit, when he went over to inspect his future residence, to pass one night always, and occasionally two or three, at the château. It took four hours of tolerably good driving, with a rest of half-an-hour at the half-way auberge, to get from D—— to the station, and another good hour and a half were required before landing you at the hall door of Châteaubréville. The expedition, therefore, was not possible in the short days of winter. But Monsieur Richard was growing very anxious that his future wife should give her opinion upon some of the interior arrangements of what was to be her home, and his anxiety would, if he had dared, have been tiresome; as it was, it was only fidgety, and he was for ever recurring to his fear lest too much delay would be engendered by the want of certain details being positively fixed upon. March was drawing to an end, and the weather had, for the last ten days, been singularly fine, the genial warmth of the sun bringing forth vegetation in what was an exceptional manner even for the soft climate of western France.

It was decided to take a journey to Monsieur Richard's new estate, but to take it in a form that should not awaken the curiosity of the inhabitants of D——. Monsieur Richard himself was to go over to Châteaubréville the day before, pass the night there, and prepare every thing for the reception of the Vicomte and his daughters on the morrow. The remarkable old conveyance which, in the days of the Restoration, had been a calèche, drawn by two stout percherons, was ordered out, and Baptiste, in his time-worn livery, prepared to get all the work he could out of the one aged horse which on such like occasions had the honour of transporting the Vêrancour equipage of state from place to place.

Why his master and his family were go-

ing early in the morning to the N—— station Baptiste did not guess, which was no wonder, seeing that Baptiste was not bright; but the lynx-eyed Suzette, his better half, did not guess it either, which was wonderful. So the Vicomte and the two girls really did accomplish their journey without all the gossips in D—— knowing whether they were bent, and the general opinion was that they had gone to see the Mère Supérieure of a very famous convent on the Nantes Line, in order to arrange for the noviciate of Mademoiselle Vêvotte, who was all but certain one day to take the veil.

The N—— station was reached, the down train duly caught, and the party safely set down at the village where Monsieur Richard was to be found in waiting. And there he was sure enough, and all four packed themselves into the vehicle he had brought for their convenience; and the big, finely gilt clock just over the vestibule door was striking one when they got out at what was one day to be Félicie's future home.

The few hours allotted to the visitors—they were forced to leave again at a little after five—were, as you will easily conceive, amply employed by all they had to see. Félicie proved herself thoroughly equal to the duties of her future position, and inspected everything as though she had all her life been the mistress of a large house, and reigned over a numerous establishment. Nothing was beyond or beneath her; nothing, in fact, out of her competency. She dived down into the kitchens, and soared up into the attics, authoritatively decreeing what was requisite for each individual servant as long as he or she was "in the exercise of their functions" for the master's benefit, and how little was sufficient for them when they were consigned to the privacy of their own rooms. She was brilliant on the subject of pantries, larders, and store-closets, and hit upon all the dry corners in which it was best to keep provisions and linen; and in the wash-houses absolute inspiration visited her, and she overturned all the plans which had been adopted for heating the caldrons, substituting for them others which were, as she victoriously showed, far more economical. The architect who had been appointed to meet them, and who knew nothing of the names of the persons with whom he spoke, was penetrated with admiration of the wise and omniscient Félicie, and could not help repeating at every fresh defeat of his combinations by

her suggestions — “Voilà une petite dame bien entendue !”

Poor Vévette felt, as usual, thoroughly crushed into nothing by her sister's superiority. So did the Vicomte; but then he liked it, which Vévette did not. No true woman can bear to think of herself as femininely inferior, that is, inferior in those qualities which constitute a woman. The decision and practical ability of Félicie overawed Vévette; and feeling that nothing could ever make her emulate her sister's virtues, she began to regard herself as useless, i.e., incapable of imparting happiness; and the inevitable consequence was discouragement and deep self-dissatisfaction. Poor Vévette! She resolutely admired Félicie because she had been told to do so from childhood upwards; but do what she would, she felt she could not like her ways.

This visit to Châteaubréville was a sore trial for Monsieur Richard, for almost all the arrangements to which he had been consenting for four months were disputed and in most cases changed. Of course, on the alterations made in the inside of the house Monsieur Richard had never given an opinion, — he had none, — but had allowed his architect to go his own way, and the architect had aimed chiefly at two things — filling his own pockets, and giving to the general aspect of the dwelling a sufficient air of richness. In neither of these aims did Mademoiselle Félicie at all acquiesce, and she made comparatively short work with the bourgeois-like splendour which was about to flaunt from every wall and window of the “renovated” old place.

“What on earth has made you think that the panels in this small drawing-room should be gilt?” asked she, smiling, but with at the same time an air of such exquisite impertinence that a spectator must have had a curious idea of what the husband's life would be who would daily endure such treatment. “What is the use of gilding here?”

“It is richer,” replied both Monsieur Richard and his architect at once.

The elegant Félicie curled her lip, and used an inexpressibly disdainful accent whilst echoing the word “richer!” And she meant this as much for her own sire as for Monsieur Richard, for she could not avoid seeing that the Vicomte was every bit as unable to resist the temptation of what was gaudy as was his base-born son-in-law elect.

“Why, what would you furnish these salons with?” she continued, always imperterbably smiling, and looking so pretty!

“Would you hang them with crimson damask?”

“Crimson damask is very handsome,” observed the architect, rather abashed.

“Then what is to become of your beautiful old meuble in white wood, and Beauvais tapestry, which is absolutely priceless for any connoisseur?”

“Well,” ventured to remark Monsieur Richard, “Monsieur and I thought of putting that into the rooms up-stairs, and” —

But she quickly cut him short, and laid her law of elegance down, which was manifestly to be without appeal. “No one but parvenus,” said she, mercilessly, though in honey-sweet tones, “ever put gilding and silk or satin stuffs into country houses. Richness, or even pomp, is all very well for a Paris residence, and in your drawing-rooms in Paris you can be as lavish of gold and crimson damask, within a certain measure, as you choose; but freshness is the notion that ought to be inspired by the aspect of a country abode. Renovate, by all means, the old boiseries of these salons, but keep them what they are; wood, plain wood, white upon pearl grey, and no gold! — for Heaven's sake, no gold!”

Monsieur Richard looked utterly disappointed, and as if half his satisfaction in his wealth were taken from him. He pleaded for just a little “show,” for here and there a patch of garish colouring or of costly material, and finding no other, he invariably made use of the same argument, and vaunted the richness of what he proposed. Against all the delicate-tinted, though perhaps a little faded, Beauvais and Gobelins furniture, which Mademoiselle de Véricour advocated, he opposed his bran new, gorgeous tissues, of which he lugged about a huge roll of patterns. “See how rich this is!” he repeatedly said.

“But it is bad in taste!” was the only answer he got, and this answer reduced him to silence. And so it was with everything. What he had thought fair or fitting was not discussed, or superseded by something fairer or more fitting; but the standard by which he could by any possibility judge of its fittingness or fairness was not explained to him. He was put from the starting-point out of the pale of whatsoever was connected with taste!

And I don't say that, from the artistic point of view, Mademoiselle Félicie was wrong, for I am tolerably certain that no teaching and no change of habits could ever have given Richard Prévoist the fine perceptions that are requisite to be able to judge the beauty of external objects, just as

probably no mere circumstance would have ever destroyed them in Félicie. But it was a hard case, for here were this man and this woman about to enter upon a compact to exist side by side during the term of their natural lives, without one single point in their respective modes of life being otherwise than calculated to keep them morally asunder.

They went through the house, up-stairs and down-stairs, and every step made it evident how perfectly at home Félicie would be in this fine old mansion when she came to be its mistress, and how no amount of mastership would ever make of Richard Prévoist anything else save an intruder. But though each, perhaps, may have instinctively felt this, neither saw in it anything which appeared like a warning, and the man was as ready as before to buy the wife who would despise him, and the wife equally ready to accept the husband with whom while she lived she could never have one single moment's community of thought.

They rambled through the gardens and shrubberies, and visited greenhouses and poultry-yards and stables, and here, as indoors, the captivating Félicie promulgated her dogmas, and put out of the question all attempt at a retort or a counter-objection by the fatal sentence: "It is not the proper thing," or "It is bad taste."

When the time came for going, Mademoiselle Félicie was well pleased with her expedition, and when she stepped into the vehicle which was to take them back to the station, she felt that upon the whole she had spent a pleasant day. Monsieur Richard could not make up his mind as to whether the day had been altogether a pleasant one to him, and for the first time since they had met, the future father and son-in-law cherished a sort of mutual sympathy; for they had been equally snubbed by the same person.

At the N—— station who should they meet but the Curé of D——, who had been sent for by the bishop, and was returning to his parish by a late train. They made him the offer of a fifth place in the venerable old calèche, which necessitated the pitiless squeezing together of the two young ladies, but thoroughly convinced Baptiste that the object of the journey had really been the convent at which Mademoiselle Vévette would one day take the veil.

It was striking seven when they started on their homeward course, but the old horse, eager for his stables, did his best, and Baptiste affirmed that they should reach D—— before the four hours usually required

would be over. The night was a warm but windy one; fitful, as the finest nights in early spring are wont to be, and after the moon had silvered the whole road before them and the tall trees along its edge, her light would be suddenly eclipsed by the dusky veil of some swiftly drifting clouds. "We are going through your property here, are we not, Monsieur le Vicomte?" asked the Curé, as the carriage jolted out of a very ill-repaired by-way into a tolerably smooth road skirted by young woods.

"No, no; that's none of mine," was the reply. "I wish it were. Les Grandes Bruyères lie much higher up to the left. We have just come across old Rivière's fields, and at this moment we are entering on Monsieur Richard's woods."

"A valuable property," suggested the Curé.

"Humph!" grunted the Vicomte. "Yes, valuable enough, but atrociously ill kept, I must say."

"What can one do?" objected Monsieur Richard. "It would be the work of an active stout-bodied man to superintend the cuttings hereabouts. I know that, and old Prosper is assuredly not fit for the post; but if I were to turn him away what would become of the old fellow? He is already in a very shaky state of health."

"More than that even, Monsieur Richard," replied the Curé; "the man seems to me absolutely shattered; he is so wasted away as to be but the shadow of himself; and his temper is strangely gloomy."

"Have you seen him lately?" inquired Monsieur Richard eagerly.

"Not very lately, — and you?"

"Oh! I never see him," was the prompt rejoinder. "When he comes, he sees Madame Jean, or he goes to the notary."

"Poor old man!" said Vévette gently; "his must be a sad life up all alone there in his woods. Was he always quite alone in the world?"

"As long as I have known him, always," answered Monsieur Richard.

"Yes," added the Curé, "and as far as I know, he was always of the same unsociable disposition; a born solitaire, but, after his fashion, sincerely pious."

"Poor old man!" said Vévette again.

The carriage rolled and jolted on, and the third quarter past ten was just to be heard from the church belfry as it came upon the stones at the entrance into D——. "There ends my land," said Monsieur Richard, as he pointed to a steep wooded bank just outside the town which sloped down into the road. "Up that little path

you can go on to the very top of the hill and past M. Rivière's new farm."

"And straight up to old Prosper's hut," added the Vicomte. "I know the road well, and take it often out shooting. There's somebody coming down it now;—just look! It never can be old Prosper at this hour." The moon at this moment was shining very brightly, and gave plainly to view the figure of a man coming out of the little winding path into the road. He was evidently about to cross it, but was stopped by the advance of the old horse that was trotting forwards under Baptiste's whip. He drew up and waited. The carriage passed, and as it did so the moonbeams fell full upon his face.

"Why, it's Raoul!" exclaimed Félicie.

"Nonsense!" said her father. "Raoul's in Paris doing his office work."

"Besides, what should he be about in the middle of the night on a lonely path leading only through my woods?" muttered Monsieur Richard. "I don't suppose he has conferences with Prosper up in his hut."

"I don't mind that," continued Félicie; "it was Raoul."

Vévette felt a shudder go through her whole being, without knowing what it was that affrighted her.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE LITANIES FOR THE DEAD.

A FEW days went by, and it was found to have really been Raoul de Morville whom the Vêrancours had seen coming down into the road on the night of their return from Châteaubréville. But the way in which this was found out was rather strange, and did not leave a very satisfactory impression. Raoul had called upon the Vicomte, and stated that a sudden illness of his father's had summoned him from Paris, and that he had obtained a month's leave of absence from his office. Old Morville had had a kind of paralytic seizure, and was very weak and ailing; but no one in D—— had heard of this, for little or no intercourse was kept up between the inhabitants of the town and those of La Morvillière.

"When did you come, Raoul?" asked Félicie, carelessly.

"On Wednesday," was the answer.

"Why, Raoul," was the rejoinder, with a mocking smile, "you positively do not know what you are saying. You came on Tuesday, and you have been here four whole days without coming to see us. Oh! don't

deny it, for we saw you on Tuesday night coming down into the road by the path leading from the woods. Surely you must have remarked us. You must have recognised Baptiste in the moonlight."

Raoul looked singularly annoyed and embarrassed, and at last ended by admitting that he had arrived on the Tuesday night, and that, not finding the D—— diligence at the station, he had come on foot, taking a short road across the hill and through the woods.

"Short road if you will, my lad," observed the Vicomte; "but it's a good fourteen miles' walk."

"And I really cannot think how you came not to see the carriage. The moon was quite bright just then," persisted Félicie.

"Well, I think I remember that I did see a carriage," replied young Morville; "but I certainly did not recognise the man who was driving it. I suppose I was thinking of something else."

"You must have been deeply absorbed in your thoughts then," exclaimed Félicie; "for Baptiste is not precisely a microscopic personage, and you have known him ever since he used to wheel us all together up and down the garden in his barrow."

Raoul was evidently uncomfortable, Félicie was malicious in her playfulness, and Vévette was miserable, she neither knew why nor wherefore. The whole was unsatisfactory and odd. Every one thought so, but no one said it.

Vévette felt that some harm threatened Raoul de Morville. What might be its nature, or whence it came, she knew not, but the instinct was as strong as it was sure; and from the moment in which this unmistakable touch of reality came upon her, all the fictions of her education flew to the winds. Raoul was in danger, and now she knew how she loved him. What the danger was, what the harm that menaced him,—that she could not define; but in the dread of his having to pass through some hard and terrible suffering, everything else was lost to her sight. She did not stop to discuss whether it was wrong to love thus; she did not ask herself even whether she should ever be Raoul's wife; she simply felt that she would risk life, happiness, everything, sooner than that harm should come to him.

Raoul had avowed,—or rather he had not denied to her, on the last day when they met;—that he had some "trouble." What was it? How could she find out? How could she help him? Poor Vévette's experience of life was as limited as that of

a child, and all that she did know led her to suppose that no one had any grief unconnected with money. Since she was in existence she had always heard talk of money, and always been forced to conclude from what she heard that the aim of every one's life was to keep his own money and add to it that of other people. It is true she had been invariably taught that the mere possessors of wealth were to be despised, and that honour was due alone to good birth; but, at the same time, she had had it strongly borne in upon her that the well-born were somehow or other to be made rich, and that in their achievement of riches lay the perfect fitness of things.

Vévette's mere judgment, then, told her that Raoul was probably suffering some grievous pecuniary embarrassment; but something beyond her judgment, higher than it, told her it was a peril of a graver kind that threatened him. She half determined to consult the Curé, but hesitated for many reasons, one of which was, that Monsieur le Curé himself was just then not so accessible as usual, but seemed to be almost out of temper, and to hold converse unwillingly with those who sought him. On the other hand, Raoul came but seldom to the Château, declaring that his father took up his whole time; and when he did come, Vévette's stolen glances at him were met by looks so mournful in their lovingness, that misery and dread entered deeper and deeper into the poor child's heart. What could be impending?

The Curé had remarked that for many weeks the Breton woodcutter had neglected attending mass, and though it was not his custom either to note down those who remained away from church, or to think less well of them because they did so, still, the peculiar character of Prosper Morel, and his strong superstitious tendencies, made it strange that he should thus absent himself for a continued length of time from all celebration of divine worship.

One morning in April Monsieur le Curé sallied forth after early mass, and took a turn through the market-place. It was market-day, and all the housekeepers of the town and its environs were busy haggling and clamouring over their bargains. Madame Jean was busier and more authoritative than any one else, for she had the countenance of military authority wherever she went, and woe betide any luckless peasant woman who might attempt to gain, no matter how little, upon the weight of what she sold, or prevaricate upon the freshness of eggs, butter, or poultry. She would have

had to settle accounts with the Brigadier, who, on market days, was almost always to be seen in the near neighbourhood of Madame Jean, lending her an importance which neither she nor those about her disdained. But the sword yields precedence to the Church, and "Monsieur Frédéri" fell back respectfully when he saw Monsieur le Curé approaching Madame Jean.

"I wish you would tell me what you know of old Prosper Morel," were the first words addressed by the pariah priest to Richard Prévost's housekeeper. "As far as I have remarked, he has been more than two months without coming to church; for him that is odd."

Madame Jean looked the Curé full in the face. "Two months!" echoed she; "why, saving your reverence, I don't believe he's put his foot there for—for let me see," and she counted on her fingers, "one, two, three, four, five—yes, five," and then she mumbled, "March, February, January, December, November—five full months. I don't believe, Monsieur le Curé, that old Prosper has ever been inside the church since the day of the Feast for the Dead."

"Impossible!" retorted the Curé. "I'm quite certain I've seen him since then."

"So you may, but not in church. Seen him! Oh yes, so have I, too;—but how? Hulking and skulking about, crawling along close to the walls, and never speaking to mortal creature, but making off, if you see him, like an owl with the daylight let in upon him!"

"But Prosper is a good Christian," urged the Curé. "He never would stay away from church in that way."

Madame Jean turned up her nose, and sniffed the air with a look of something like indignation.

"Church, indeed!" she exclaimed. "Why, Monsieur le Curé, if one is to believe all one hears, the old savage—those bas Bretons are no better—has been and built himself some sort of a church or chapel of his own, where he keeps up a psalm-singing and a howling day and night, just as if he were a heretic, neither more nor less."

"Have you spoken to Monsieur Richard about him?" inquired the Curé very calmly, and in nowise allowing himself to be prejudiced.

"Well now, really, Monsieur le Curé," retorted Madame Jean, "where would be the good of speaking to Monsieur Richard? Primo, he's always for showing every indulgence towards old Prosper, under pretence that he was nursed by Prosper's wife;

and, *secundo*, he don't get stronger or better able to bear worry than he used to be. He's very weak indeed, is Monsieur Richard, and nobody knows the trouble I have with him only to persuade him to eat a little wholesome *soupe grasse*, or a white of a chicken, and not to be always stuffing himself with sweets, creams, and jellies, and sugar-plums, that only turn on his stomach and make him sickly, and shivery, and fractious, just like a baby! And that's what he is, poor Monsieur Richard; for all the world, just like a baby!"

While Madame Jean was delivering herself of this harangue, the Curé had been apparently communing with himself rather earnestly. With one hand shoved into the pocket of his *soutane*, he employed the other in shifting his black calotte about upon his big head, now bringing it down to his very nose, and then shoving it back to the nape of his neck. Then he suddenly fished up a blue checked cotton handkerchief from the depths of his pocket, blew his nose vigorously, put the kerchief back, rammed both hands into his pockets, said, "Bon jour, Madame Jean," rather abruptly, and marched off, across the Place, to the side street which led him up to his own dwelling.

A quarter of an hour later, Monsieur le Curé might be seen, with his broad-brimmed hat upon his head, and a good strong stick in his hand, walking over the stones to the spot where they cease at the entrance into the town of D—. The day was bright and warm, soft and sunny, and though it was only the first week in April, there was green everywhere, — that beautiful, delicate green through which the sun shines so pleasantly, and which is so suggestive of youth, — the youth of the year. When Monsieur le Curé got upon the high road, he suddenly turned to the left, and struck into the little path that led up the bank, and passed, as we have already been told, through Richard Prévost's woods. He walked on up the hill till at the top he reached a flat part of the country, divided between cornfields and woods; and skirting a field where the young wheat was just beginning to throw its verdant robe over the brown earth, he plunged completely into the shade of the woods, and made for the plantations of tall timber.

In the middle of a clearing, which our pedestrian soon reached, ten long and tolerably straight alleys met, and a board nailed to the stem of a beech-tree informed you that this was called "L'Etoile des dix routes." Between two of these forest avenues, and backed by thick towering woods, in which the axe had not been busy for some years,

stood a solid, well-enough built woodman's hut. The door was well-hinged, and the window-panes unbroken. All looked to be in fairly good order. This was Prosper Morel's abode, and Monsieur le Curé went straight up to the door, knocked at it, and got no answer. He tried to open it. It was locked. He examined the two windows. The board serving as a shutter was up at both. Monsieur le Curé walked round and round, and called Prosper with a loud voice, but got no answer. All was still, and as Monsieur le Curé had had a good stout walk, and had left home before the hour at which he usually partook of his second breakfast, he felt hungry, and not undesirous of a little repose. He seated himself on the log of a felled tree, and took from his pocket a large slice of bread, a piece of cheese, and a book. When he had eaten the bread and cheese, he partook himself to the book, and read, and rested himself for half an hour. At last he rose, and looked again on all sides, and called, but still no one came; and so Monsieur le Curé got up to go home, saying to himself, "I can make out nothing that looks like a chapel." He proceeded home leisurely and musingly, and every now and then stopping to take off his hat, and rub his hand over his forehead.

He had got more than half way upon his journey back to D—, when he heard what he supposed to be the call of one woodman to another, or of a shepherd to his dog. He stopped and listened. It was very indistinct; but still he heard it again. It seemed to be a good way off, and to come from the part where the woods were thickest. At last he clearly made out that the direction he was taking led him nearer to the sound, and he pursued his path, listening, stopping, and then instinctively holding his breath, in order to listen better. The sound was an inexplicable one — something between a moan and a yell; and as the Curé got nearer, he perceived that it was, in fact, a succession of continuous sounds, and that when the louder cries ceased, they were exchanged for a rapid droning sort of utterance, which at first he could not rightly understand. The wood grew very thick as he advanced, and the path very narrow, winding through tangled brushwood and briars, and extremely damp under foot.

For a moment or two the sounds had ceased, but the Curé kept on his path cautiously, for fear of being heard. Through a break in the bushes he now saw a small open space where the grass grew high, and at one end of which had been raised a species of shed. It was a queer, rude kind of construc-

tion, thatched with straw, quite open as far as one half of it went, and the other half was rudely and imperfectly closed by very clumsily made hurdles. The Curé had hardly had time to render to himself an account of what he saw, when the chaunting recommenced.

It was the Litanies for the dead. The droned or muttered parts were the repeated appeals of the actual Litany, whilst the words "Libera me!" were shouted out with terror-stricken force, and with what was really sometimes a perfect yell.

At first the Curé could not see the man who chaunted the dismal invocation, for he was seemingly behind the shed, but a few seconds brought him to view. It was old Prosper Morel, who, with a crucifix in his hands, strode round and round the shed, at a solemn measured pace, and as though following the procession before Mass on All Souls' Day. The wood-cutter was so altered that he looked as though twenty years had passed over him. The flesh had apparently dried up, and only wrinkled skin covered the bony structure of the man. The joints seemed absolutely monstrous, and knees, ankles, shoulders, elbows, and wrists stood out in huge disproportion to the shrunk and dwindled portions of the frame they held together. The nose was a very vulture's beak, rising between the two sharp protruding cheek-bones that literally overhung the hollow cavities where the cheeks had sunk in. But what struck you more than all were the eyes. Naturally enlarged by the shrinking of the flesh from the other features, their balls seemed starting from their sockets. But it was less the glare of the eyes that arrested your attention than their fixity. They appeared invariably to stare at some one object, and the lids did not look as though they could ever close over the eyes themselves.

What with his emaciation, and the patched and tattered condition of his raiment, Prosper was a grim object as he went stalking round and round, staring through space, with his crucifix clutched with both hands, close to his breast, and chaunting the Litanies for the dead.

The Curé resolved to watch minutely the movements of the man, and his whereabouts, before coming forward to make himself known. Accordingly, therefore, as the Breton went to this side or that, he, too, shifted his hiding-place, going from behind one large tree to another. What he saw was this:—there, where the shed was open, there was visible inside it, and at the back, under the slope of the roof, a sort of chapel.

Several large logs of wood piled up together, and covered with a sheet, made a kind of altar, and on this were grouped specimens of most of the things used in connection with the ceremonies of the Church. There were images of every description, large and small, in wood and in wax; images of the Virgin and of our Saviour, and of various Saints. There were candlesticks of copper, brass, and tin, with tapers in them; and hung all round there were pictures of Holy Families or Martyrs, such as you buy from pedlars and hawkers for a few sous.

The back of the shed was formed by a flat blank wall of planks coarsely nailed together and painted black, on which were drawn in white chalk a most confusing mass of hieroglyphical signs and figures, disjointed words, huge capital letters, verses of Psalms, and uncouth portraiture of human beings.

While the Curé was busy trying to make out what these extraordinary drawings could mean, the chaunting ceased, and in a few minutes the bûcheron came round with heavy, drawling steps, without his crucifix, but with something in his hand which the Curé could not distinguish. His eyes were still fixed on vacancy, and he was muttering a prayer half aloud. He walked straight up to the blackened wall, rubbed out a string of words and figures with his sleeve, and with what he held in his right hand began to write down others in their place. The operation was a slow one, but by degrees, as the Curé watched, he saw grow under the old man's fingers the phrase—

"De profundis clamavi"

Just then rang out clearly in the distance the chimes of the church of D—, and the twelve strokes marking the hour of noon. This proved to Monsieur le Curé that he was nearer to the town than he had at first supposed.

He determined now to try the effect of personal communication, and stepping forward from behind the cover of his tree, he addressed the man. "Prosper Morel," said he, coming straight up to the bûcheron, "what is it you are doing here?" The old man sprang back with an agility you could not have imagined to belong to him, and then suddenly, as it were, collapsed altogether, and fell down at the root of a tall sycamore, huddled up, and with only his two arms stretched out to their utmost length, as though to ward off some attack. "Prosper," repeated the Curé, coming closer, but speaking very gently, "I have not come to harm you. Tell me why you are here?"

But, seemingly, speech was impossible, for the woodcutter only writhed and gibbered, and stretched out his hands against the intruder more and more. At last, by a violent effort, he raised himself against the trunk of the tree, and stood upright, glowering at the Curé, whose quiet persistence nevertheless appeared to be acting magnetically upon him.

After a few minutes' struggling, speech, though imperfect, came; and then, with a scream of terror, he spoke. "Master! master!" shrieked Prosper, "I won't go alone with you! Take him too;—take him!"

"Do you not know me, Prosper Morel?" asked the Curé, as he thought he perceived some sign of wavering in the man's eye.

"Yes! yes!" he gasped in agony, clasping his hands with convulsive energy. "Know you? yes. It is you who told him to come for me,—told me he would come,

and look at me face to face,—but I won't go;"—and he threw his arms behind him fiercely, round the trunk of the tree;—"I won't go alone with him. Tell him to take the other too,—the other,—the other! Tell him to take him!" And then his hold relaxed, his knees knocked together, his body bent forwards, and he dropped senseless to the ground.

When Monsieur le Curé reached his home that afternoon he was no wiser than he had been when he left it. He felt that there was "something wrong" somewhere; but what seemed to him the most evident result of the whole was that, with his sermon on All Souls' Day, he had completely deranged the old woodcutter's already weak intellect.

But was Prosper only mad? or . . . ?

It was a terrible question, and Monsieur le Curé was sorely perplexed.

UNTER DEN LINDEN.

I.

WIFE, at her piano.

In the early morning, when the gauzy mist
Skyward vanished in the lift, while the sun had
kissed
But a dewdrop here and there, leaving brighter
yet
All the wealth of gems wherewith earth's cor-
onet was set,—
Oh! but it was pleasant, in the olden times,
In the fresh May morning, underneath the
limes!

II.

In the winking noon-tide, when with drowsier
tune
Ev'n the bee went humming through the breath-
less June,
And the flecks of golden light fell few and far
between,
Little restless wanderers, lost in a maze of
green,—
Oh! but it was pleasant, in the olden times,
Youth's delicious daydream, underneath the
limes!

III.

In the closing twilight, when the first white
smile
Shimmered of the waking moon down the leafy
aisle,
And some one mocked the nightingale, swear-
ing every tone
Of one voice he knew was softer, sweeter, than
her own,—
Oh! but it was pleasant, in the olden times,
Pacing slowly, whispering lowly, underneath
the limes!

IV.

HUSBAND, in his easy chair.

Sunrise?—ah! the mushrooms then are
gathered best, they say!
Noon?—I love to perch, with the peach, on
the sunny side o' the way!
Moonlight?—Nonsense! poke the fire! What
keeps our Tom so late
Out, amid the gathering damps, with that bag-
gage, Kate?
Pleasant?—ah! what trash these Poets
babble in their rhymes!
Ugh!—the cold I caught last night—un-
derneath the limes!

— Once a Week.

CHAPTER XVI.

PHINEAS FINN RETURNS TO KILLALOE.

PHINEAS FINN's first session of Parliament was over, — his first session with all its adventures. When he got back to Mrs. Bunce's house, — for Mrs. Bunce received him for a night in spite of her husband's advice to the contrary, — I am afraid he almost felt that Mrs. Bunce and her rooms were beneath him. Of course he was very unhappy, — as wretched as a man can be; there were moments in which he thought that it would hardly become him to live unless he could do something to prevent the marriage of Lady Laura and Mr. Kennedy. But, nevertheless, he had his consolations. These were reflections which had in them much of melancholy satisfaction. He had not been despised by the woman to whom he had told his love. She had not shown him that she thought him to be unworthy of her. She had not regarded his love as an offence. Indeed, she had almost told him that prudence alone had forbidden her to return his passion. And he had kissed her, and had afterwards parted from her as a dear friend. I do not know why there should have been a flavour of exquisite joy in the midst of his agony as he thought of this; — but it was so. He would never kiss her again. All future delights of that kind would belong to Mr. Kennedy, and he had no real idea of interfering with that gentleman in the fruition of his privileges. But still there was the kiss, — an eternal fact. And then, in all respects except that of his love, his visit to Loughlinter had been pre-eminently successful. Mr. Monk had become his friend, and had encouraged him to speak during the next session, — setting before him various models, and prescribing for him a course of reading. Lord Brentford had become intimate with him. He was on pleasant terms with Mr. Palliser and Mr. Gresham. And as for Mr. Kennedy, — he and Mr. Kennedy were almost bosom friends. It seemed to him that he had quite surpassed the Ratlers, Fitzgibbons, and Bonteens in that politico-social success which goes so far towards downright political success, and which is in itself so pleasant. He had surpassed these men in spite of their offices and their acquired positions, and could not but think that even Mr. Low, if he knew it all, would confess that he had been right.

As to his bosom friendship with Mr. Kennedy, that of course troubled him. Ought he not to be driving a poniard into Mr.

Kennedy's heart? The conventions of life forbade that; and therefore the bosom friendship was to be excused. If not an enemy to the death, then there could be no reason why he should not be a bosom friend.

He went over to Ireland, staying but one night with Mrs. Bunce, and came down upon them at Killaloe like a god out of the heavens. Even his father was wellnigh overwhelmed by admiration, and his mother and sisters thought themselves only fit to minister to his pleasures. He had learned, if he had learned nothing else, to look as though he were master of the circumstances around him, and was entirely free from internal embarrassment. When his father spoke to him about his legal studies, he did not exactly laugh at his father's ignorance, but he recapitulated to his father so much of Mr. Monk's wisdom at second hand, — showing plainly that it was his business to study the arts of speech and the technicalities of the House, and not to study law, — that his father had nothing further to say. He had become a man of such dimensions that an ordinary father could hardly dare to inquire into his proceedings; and as for an ordinary mother, — such as Mrs. Finn certainly was, — she could do no more than look after her son's linen with awe.

Mary Flood Jones, — the reader I hope will not quite have forgotten Mary Flood Jones, — was in a great tremour when first she met the hero of Loughshane after returning from the honours of his first session. She had been somewhat disappointed because the newspapers had not been full of the speeches he had made in Parliament. And indeed the ladies of the Finn household had all been ill at ease on this head. They could not imagine why Phineas had restrained himself with so much philosophy. But Miss Flood Jones in discussing the matter with the Miss Finns had never expressed the slightest doubt of his capacity or of his judgment. And when tidings came, — the tidings came in a letter from Phineas to his father, — that he did not intend to speak that session, because speeches from a young member on his first session were thought to be inexpedient, Miss Flood Jones and the Miss Finns were quite willing to accept the wisdom of this decision, much as they might regret the effect of it. Mary, when she met her hero, hardly dared to look him in the face, but she remembered accurately all the circumstances of her last interview with him. Could it be that he wore that ringlet near his heart? Mary had received from Barbara Finn certain hairs supposed to have come from the

head of Phineas, and these she always wore near her own. And moreover, since she had seen Phineas she had refused an offer of marriage from Mr. Elias Booker, — had refused it almost ignominiously, — and when doing so had told herself that she would never be false to Phineas Finn.

"We think it so good of you to come to see us again," she said.

"Good to come home to my own people?"

"Of course you might be staying with plenty of grandees if you liked it."

"No, indeed, Mary. It did happen by accident that I had to go to the house of a man whom perhaps you would call a grandee, and to meet grandees there. But it was only for a few days, and I am very glad to be taken in again here. I can assure you."

"You know how very glad we all are to have you."

"Are you glad to see me, Mary?"

"Very glad. Why should I not be glad, and Barbara the dearest friend I have in the world? Of course she talks about you, — and that makes me think of you."

"If you knew, Mary, how often I think about you." Then Mary, who was very happy at hearing such words, and who was walking in to dinner with him at the moment, could not refrain herself from pressing his arm with her little fingers. She knew that Phineas in his position could not marry at once; but she would wait for him, — oh, for ever, if he would only ask her. He of course was a wicked traitor to tell her that he was wont to think of her. But Jove smiles at lovers' perjuries; — and it is well that he should do so, as such perjuries can hardly be avoided altogether in the difficult circumstances of a successful gentleman's life. Phineas was a traitor, of course, but he was almost forced to be a traitor by the simple fact that Lady Laura Standish was in London, and Mary Flood Jones in Killaloe.

He remained for nearly five months at Killaloe, and I doubt whether his time was altogether well spent. Some of the books recommended to him by Mr. Monk he probably did read, and was found often to be encompassed by blue books. I fear that there was a grain of pretence about his blue books and parliamentary papers, and that in these days he was, in a gentle way, something of an impostor. "You must not be angry with me for not going to you," he said once to Mary's mother when he had declined an invitation to drink tea; "but the fact is that my time is not my own."

"Pray don't make any apologies. We are

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quite aware that we have very little to offer," said Mrs. Flood Jones, who was not altogether happy about Mary, and who perhaps knew more about members of Parliament and blue books than Phineas Finn had supposed. "Mary, you are a fool to think of that man," the mother said to her daughter the next morning. "I don't think of him, mamma; not particularly." "He is no better than anybody else that I can see, and he is beginning to give himself airs," said Mrs. Flood Jones. Mary made no answer; but she went up into her room and swore before a figure of the Virgin that she would be true to Phineas for ever and ever, in spite of her mother, in spite of all the world, — in spite, should it be necessary, even of himself.

About Christmas time there came a discussion between Phineas and his father about money. "I hope you find you get on pretty well," said the doctor, who thought that he had been liberal.

"It's a tight fit," said Phineas, — who was less afraid of his father than he had been when he last discussed these things.

"I had hoped it would have been ample," said the doctor.

"Don't think for a moment, sir, that I am complaining," said Phineas. "I know it is much more than I have a right to expect."

The doctor began to make an inquiry within his own breast as to whether his son had a right to expect any thing; — whether the time had not come in which his son should be earning his own bread. "I suppose," he said, after a pause, "there is no chance of your doing any thing at the bar now?"

"Not immediately. It is almost impossible to combine the two studies together. Mr. Low himself was aware of that. But you are not to suppose that I have given the profession up."

"I hope not, — after all the money it has cost us."

"By no means, sir. And all that I am doing now will, I trust, be of assistance to me when I shall come to work at the law. Of course it is on the cards that I may go into office, — and if so, public business will become my profession."

"And be turned out with the Ministry!"

"Yes; that is true, sir. I must run my chance. If the worst comes to the worst, I hope I might be able to secure some permanent place. I should think that I can hardly fail to do so. But I trust I may never be driven to want it. I thought,

however, that we had settled all this before." Then Phineas assumed a look of injured innocence, as though his father was driving him too hard.

"And in the mean time your money has been enough?" said the doctor, after a pause.

"I had intended to ask you to advance me a hundred pounds," said Phineas. "There were expenses to which I was driven on first entering Parliament."

"A hundred pounds."

"If it be inconvenient, sir, I can do without it." He had not as yet paid for his gun, or for that velvet coat in which he had been shooting, or, most probably, for the knickerbockers. He knew he wanted the hundred pounds badly; but he felt ashamed of himself in asking for it. If he were once in office, — though the office were but a sorry junior lordship, — he would repay his father instantly.

"You shall have it, of course," said the doctor; "but do not let the necessity for asking for more hundreds come oftener than you can help." Phineas said that he would not, and then there was no further discourse about money. It need hardly be said that he told his father nothing of that bill which he had endorsed for Laurence Fitzgibbon.

At last came the time which called him again to London and the glories of London life, — to lobbies, and the clubs, and the gossip of men in office, and the chance of promotion for himself; to the glare of the gas-lamps, the mock anger of rival debaters, and the prospect of the Speaker's wig. During the idleness of the recess he had resolved at any rate upon this, — that a month of the session should not have passed by before he had been seen upon his legs in the House, — had been seen and heard. And many a time as he had wandered alone, with his gun, across the bogs which lie on the other side of the Shannon from Killaloe, he had practised the sort of address which he would make to the House. He would be short, — always short; and he would eschew all action and gesticulation; Mr. Monk had been very urgent in his instructions to him on that head; but he would be especially careful that no words should escape him which had not in them some purpose. He might be wrong in his purpose, but purpose there should be. He had been twitted more than once at Killaloe with his silence; — for it had been conceived by his fellow-townsmen that he had been sent to Parliament on the special ground of his eloquence. They should

twit him no more on his next return. He would speak, and would carry the House with him if a human effort might prevail.

So he packed up his things, and started again for London in the beginning of February. "Good-bye, Mary," he said, with his sweetest smile. But on this occasion there was no kiss, and no culling of locks. "I know he cannot help it," said Mary to herself. "It is his position. But whether it be for good or evil, I will be true to him."

"I am afraid you are unhappy," Barbara Finn said to her on the next morning.

"No; I am not unhappy, — not at all. I have a great deal to make me happy and proud. I don't mean to be a bit unhappy." Then she turned away and cried heartily, and Barbara Finn cried with her for company.

CHAPTER XVII.

PHINEAS FINN RETURNS TO LONDON.

PHINEAS had received two letters during his recess at Killaloe from two women who admired him much, which, as they were both short, shall be submitted to the reader. The first was as follows: —

"Saulsby, October 20, 186—.

"MY DEAR MR. FINN,

"I write a line to tell you that our marriage is to be hurried on as quickly as possible. Mr. Kennedy does not like to be absent from Parliament; nor will he be content to postpone the ceremony till the session be over. The day fixed is the 3rd of December, and we then go at once to Rome, and intend to be back in London by the opening of Parliament.

"Yours most sincerely,

"LAURA STANDISH.

"Our London address will be No. 52, Grosvenor Place."

To this he wrote an answer as short, expressing his ardent wishes that those winter hymeneals might produce nothing but happiness, and saying that he would not be in town many days before he knocked at the door of No. 52, Grosvenor Place.

And the second letter was as follows: —

"Great Marlborough Street, December, 186—.

"DEAR AND HONOURED SIR,

"Bunce is getting ever so anxious about the rooms, and says as how he has a

young Equity draftsman and wife and baby as would take the whole house, and all because Miss Pouncefoot said a word about her port wine, which any lady of her age might say in her tantrums, and mean nothing after all. Me and Miss Pouncefoot's knowed each other for seven years, and what's a word or two as isn't meant after that? But, honoured sir, it's not about that as I write to trouble you, but to ask if I may say for certain that you'll take the rooms again in February. It's easy to let them for the month after Christmas, because of the pantomimes. Only say at once, because Bunce is nagging me day after day. I don't want nobody's wife and baby to have to do for, and I'd sooner have a Parliament gent like yourself than any one else.

"Yours 'umblly and respectful,

"JANE BUNCE."

To this he replied that he would certainly come back to the rooms in Great Marlborough Street, should he be lucky enough to find them vacant, and he expressed his willingness to take them on and from the 1st of February. And on the 3rd of February he found himself in the old quarters, Mrs. Bunce having contrived, with much conjugal adroitness, both to keep Miss Pouncefoot and to stave off the Equity draftsman's wife and baby. Bunce, however, received Phineas very coldly, and told his wife the same evening that as far as he could see their lodger would never turn up to be a trump in the matter of the ballot. "If he means well, why did he go and stay with them lords down in Scotland. I knows all about it. I knows a man when I sees him. Mr. Low, who's looking out to be a Tory judge some of these days, is a deal better;—because he knows what he's after."

Immediately on his return to town, Phineas found himself summoned to a political meeting at Mr. Mildmay's house in St. James's Square. "We're going to begin in earnest this time," Barrington Erle said to him at the club.

"I am glad of that," said Phineas.

"I suppose you heard all about it down at Loughlinter?"

Now, in truth, Phineas had heard very little of any settled plan down at Loughlinter. He had played a game of chess with Mr. Gresham, and had shot a stag with Mr. Palliser, and had discussed sheep with Lord Brentford, but had hardly heard a word about politics from any one of those influential gentlemen. From Mr. Monk he had heard much of a coming Reform Bill;

but his communications with Mr. Monk had rather been private discussions,—in which he had learned Mr. Monk's own views on certain points,—than revelations on the intention of the party to which Mr. Monk belonged. "I heard of nothing settled," said Phineas; "but I suppose we are to have a Reform Bill."

"That is a matter of course."

"And I suppose we are not to touch the question of ballot?"

"That's the difficulty," said Barrington Erle. "But of course we shan't touch it as long as Mr. Mildmay is in the Cabinet. He will never consent to the ballot as First Minister of the Crown."

"Nor would Gresham, or Palliser," said Phineas, who did not choose to bring forward his greatest gun at first.

"I don't know about Gresham. It is impossible to say what Gresham might bring himself to do. Gresham is a man who may go any lengths before he has done. Planty Pall,"—for such was the name by which Mr. Plantagenet Palliser was ordinarily known among his friends,—“would of course go with Mr. Mildmay and the Duke."

"And Monk is opposed to the ballot," said Phineas.

"Ah, that's the question. No doubt he has assented to the proposition of a measure without the ballot; but if there should come a row, and men like Turnbull demand it, and the London mob kick up a shindy, I don't know how far Monk would be steady."

"Whatever he says, he'll stick to."

"He is your leader, then?" asked Barrington.

"I don't know that I have a leader. Mr. Mildmay leads our side; and if anybody leads me, he does. But I have great faith in Mr. Monk."

"There's one who would go for the ballot to-morrow, if it were brought forward stoutly," said Barrington Erle to Mr. Ratler a few minutes afterwards, pointing to Phineas as he spoke.

"I don't think much of that young man," said Ratler.

Mr. Bonteen and Mr. Ratler had put their heads together during that last evening at Loughlinter, and had agreed that they did not think much of Phineas Finn. Why did Mr. Kennedy go down off the mountain to get him a pony? And why did Mr. Gresham play chess with him? Mr. Ratler and Mr. Bonteen may have been right in making up their minds to think but little of Phineas Finn, but Barrington Erle had been quite wrong when he had said that Phineas would "go for the

ballot" to-morrow. Phineas had made up his mind very strongly that he would always oppose the ballot. That he would hold the same opinion throughout his life, no one should pretend to say; but in his present mood, and under the tuition which he had received from Mr. Monk, he was prepared to demonstrate, out of the House and in it, that the ballot was, as a political measure, unmanly, ineffective, and enervating. Enervating had been a great word with Mr. Monk, and Phineas had clung to it with admiration.

The meeting took place at Mr. Mildmay's on the third day of the session. Phineas had of course heard of such meetings before, but had never attended one. Indeed, there had been no such gathering when Mr. Mildmay's party came into power early in the last session. Mr. Mildmay and his men had then made their effort in turning out their opponents, and had been well pleased to rest awhile upon their oars. Now, however, they must go again to work, and therefore the liberal party was collected at Mr. Mildmay's house in order that the liberal party might be told what it was that Mr. Mildmay and his Cabinet intended to do.

Phineas Finn was quite in the dark as to what would be the nature of the performance on this occasion, and entertained some idea that every gentleman present would be called upon to express individually his assent or dissent in regard to the measure proposed. He walked to St. James's Square with Laurence Fitzgibbon; but even with Fitzgibbon was ashamed to show his ignorance by asking questions. "After all," said Fitzgibbon, "this kind of thing means nothing. I know as well as possible, and so do you, what Mr. Mildmay will say, — and then Gresham will say a few words; and then Turnbull will make a murmur, and then we shall all assent, — to anything or to nothing; — and then it will be over." Still Phineas did not understand whether the assent required would or would not be an individual personal assent. When the affair was over he found that he was disappointed, and that he might almost as well have stayed away from the meeting, — except that he had attended at Mr. Mildmay's bidding, and had given a silent adhesion to Mr. Mildmay's plan of reform for that session. Laurence Fitzgibbon had been very nearly correct in his description of what would occur. Mr. Mildmay made a long speech. Mr. Turnbull, the great Radical of the day, — the man who was supposed to represent what many called the Manchester school of politics, — asked half a dozen

questions. In answer to these Mr. Gresham made a short speech. Then Mr. Mildmay made another speech, and then all was over. The gist of the whole thing was, that there should be a Reform Bill, — very generous in its enlargement of the franchise, — but no ballot. Mr. Turnbull expressed his doubt whether this would be satisfactory to the country; but even Mr. Turnbull was soft in his tone and complaisant in his manner. As there was no reporter present, — that plan of turning private meetings at gentlemen's houses into public assemblies not having been as yet adopted, — there could be no need for energy or violence. They went to Mr. Mildmay's house to hear Mr. Mildmay's plan, — and they heard it.

Two days after this Phineas was to dine with Mr. Monk. Mr. Monk had asked him in the lobby of the House. "I don't give dinner parties," he said, "but I should like you to come and meet Mr. Turnbull." Phineas accepted the invitation as a matter of course. There were many who said that Mr. Turnbull was the greatest man in the nation, and that the nation could be saved only by a direct obedience to Mr. Turnbull's instructions. Others said that Mr. Turnbull was a demagogue, and at heart a rebel; that he was un-English, false, and very dangerous. Phineas was rather inclined to believe the latter statement; and as danger and dangerous men are always more attractive than safety and safe men, he was glad to have an opportunity of meeting Mr. Turnbull at dinner.

In the meantime he went to call on Lady Laura, whom he had not seen since the last evening which he spent in her company at Loughlinter, — whom, when he was last speaking to her, he had kissed close beneath the falls of the Linter. He found her at home, and with her was her husband. "Here is a Darby and Joan meeting, is it not," she said, getting up to welcome him. He had seen Mr. Kennedy before, and had been standing close to him during the meeting at Mr. Gresham's.

"I am very glad to find you both together."

"But Robert is going away this instant," said Lady Laura. "Has he told you of our adventures at Rome?"

"Not a word."

"Then I must tell you; — but not now. The dear old Pope was so civil to us. I came to think it quite a pity that he should be in trouble."

"I must be off," said the husband, getting up. "But I shall meet you at dinner, I believe."

"Do you dine at Mr. Monk's?"

"Yes, and am asked expressly to hear Turnbull make a convert of you. There are only to be us four. Au revoir." Then Mr. Kennedy went, and Phineas found himself alone with Lady Laura. He hardly knew how to address her, and remained silent. He had not prepared himself for the interview as he ought to have done, and felt himself to be awkward. She evidently expected him to speak, and for a few seconds sat waiting for what he might say.

At last she found it was incumbent on her to begin. "Were you surprised at our suddenness when you got my note?"

"A little. You had spoken of waiting."

"I had never imagined that he would have been impetuous. And he seems to think that even the business of getting himself married would not justify him in staying away from Parliament. He is a rigid martinet in all matters of duty."

"I did not wonder that he should be in a hurry, but that you should submit."

"I told you that I should do just what the wise people told me. I asked papa, and he said that it would be better. So the lawyers were driven out of their minds, and the milliners out of their bodies, and the thing was done."

"Who was there at the marriage?"

"Oswald was not there. That I know is what you mean to ask. Papa said that he might come if he pleased. Oswald stipulated that he should be received as a son. Then my father spoke the hardest word that ever fell from his mouth."

"What did he say?"

"I will not repeat it, — not altogether. But he said that Oswald was not entitled to a son's treatment. He was very sore about my money, because Robert was so generous as to his settlement. So the breach between them is as wide as ever."

"And where is Chiltern now?" said Phineas.

"Down in Northamptonshire, staying at some inn from whence he hunts. He tells me that he is quite alone, — that he never dines out, never has any one to dine with him, that he hunts five or six days a week, — and reads at night."

"That is not a bad sort of life."

"Not if the reading is any good. But I cannot bear that he should be so solitary. And if he breaks down in it, then his companions will not be fit for him. Do you ever hunt?"

"Oh yes, — at home in county Clare. All Irishmen hunt."

"I wish you would go down to him and

see him. He would be delighted to have you."

Phineas thought over the proposition before he answered it, and then made the reply that he had made once before. "I would do so, Lady Laura, — but that I have no money for hunting in England."

"Alas, alas!" said she, smiling. "How that hits one on every side!"

"I might manage it, — for a couple of days, — in March."

"Do not do what you think you ought not to do," said Lady Laura.

"No; — certainly. But I should like it, and if I can I will."

"He could mount you, I have no doubt. He has no other expense now, and keeps a stable full of horses. I think he has seven or eight. And now tell me, Mr. Finn; when are you going to charm the House? Or is it your first intention to strike terror?"

He blushed, — he knew that he blushed as he answered. "Oh, I suppose I shall make some sort of attempt before long. I can't bear the idea of being a bore."

"I think you ought to speak, Mr. Finn."

"I do not know about that, but I certainly mean to try. There will be lots of opportunities about the new Reform Bill. Of course you know that Mr. Mildmay is going to bring it in at once. You hear all that from Mr. Kennedy."

"And papa has told me. I still see papa almost every day. You must call upon him. Mind you do." Phineas said that he certainly would. "Papa is very lonely now, and I sometimes feel that I have been almost cruel in deserting him. And I think that he has a horror of the house, — especially later in the year, — always fancying that he will meet Oswald. I am so unhappy about it all, Mr. Finn."

"Why doesn't your brother marry?" said Phineas, knowing nothing as yet of Lord Chiltern and Violet Effingham. "If he were to marry well, that would bring your father round."

"Yes, — it would."

"And why should he not?"

Lady Laura paused before she answered; and then she told the whole story. "He is violently in love, and the girl he loves has refused him twice."

"Is it with Miss Effingham?" asked Phineas, guessing the truth at once, and remembering what Miss Effingham had said to him when riding in the wood.

"Yes; — with Violet Effingham; my father's pet, his favourite, whom he loves next to myself, — almost as well as myself;

whom he would really welcome as a daughter. He would gladly make her mistress of his house, and of Saulsby. Everything would then go smoothly."

"But she does not like Lord Chiltern?"

"I believe she loves him in her heart; but she is afraid of him. As she says herself, a girl is bound to be so careful of herself. With all her seeming frolic, Violet Effingham is very wise."

Phineas, though not conscious of any feeling akin to jealousy, was annoyed at the revelation made to him. Since he had heard that Lord Chiltern was in love with Miss Effingham, he did not like Lord Chiltern quite as well as he had done before. He himself had simply admired Miss Effingham, and had taken pleasure in her society; but, though this had been all, he did not like to hear of another man wanting to marry her, and he was almost angry with Lady Laura for saying that she believed Miss Effingham loved her brother. If Miss Effingham had twice refused Lord Chiltern, that ought to have been sufficient. It was not that Phineas was in love with Miss Effingham himself. As he was still violently in love with Lady Laura, any other love was of course impossible; but, nevertheless, there was something offensive to him in the story as it had been told. "If it be wisdom on her part," said he, answering Lady Laura's last words, "you cannot find fault with her for her decision."

"I find no fault; but I think my brother would make her happy."

Lady Laura, when she was left alone, at once reverted to the tone in which Phineas Finn had answered her remarks about Miss Effingham. Phineas was very ill able to conceal his thoughts, and wore his heart almost upon his sleeve. "Can it be possible that he cares for her himself?" That was the nature of Lady Laura's first question to herself upon the matter. And in asking herself that question, she thought nothing of the disparity in rank or fortune between Phineas Finn and Violet Effingham. Nor did it occur to her as at all improbable that Violet might accept the love of him who had so lately been her own lover. But the idea grated against her wishes on two sides. She was most anxious that Violet should ultimately become her brother's wife, — and she could not be pleased that Phineas should be able to love any woman.

I must beg my readers not to be carried away by those last words into any erroneous conclusion. They must not suppose that Lady Laura Kennedy, the lately mar-

ried bride, indulged a guilty passion for the young man who had loved her. Though she had probably thought often of Phineas Finn since her marriage, her thoughts had never been of a nature to disturb her rest. It had never occurred to her even to think that she regarded him with any feeling that was an offence to her husband. She would have hated herself had any such idea presented itself to her mind. She prided herself on being a pure high-principled woman, who had kept so strong a guard upon herself as to be nearly free from the dangers of those rocks upon which other women make shipwreck of their happiness. She took pride in this, and would then blame herself for her own pride. But though she so blamed herself, it never occurred to her to think that to her there might be danger of such shipwreck. She had put away from herself the idea of love when she had first perceived that Phineas had regarded her with more than friendship, and had accepted Mr. Kennedy's offer with an assured conviction that by doing so she was acting best for her own happiness and for that of all those concerned. She had felt the romance of the position to be sweet when Phineas had stood with her at the top of the falls of the Linter, and had told her of the hopes which he had dared to indulge. And when at the bottom of the falls he had presumed to take her in his arms, she had forgiven him without difficulty to herself, telling herself that that would be the alpha and the omega of the romance of her life. She had not felt herself bound to tell Mr. Kennedy of what had occurred, — but she had felt that he could hardly have been angry even had he been told. And she had often thought of her lover since, and of his love, — telling herself that she too had once had a lover, never regarding her husband in that light; but her thoughts had not frightened her as guilty thoughts will do. There had come a romance which had been pleasant, and it was gone. It had been soon banished, — but it had left to her a sweet flavour, of which she loved to taste the sweetness though she knew that it was gone. And the man should be her friend, but especially her husband's friend. It should be her care to see that his life was successful, — and especially her husband's care. It was a great delight to her to know that her husband liked the man. And the man would marry, and the man's wife should be her friend. All this had been very pure and very pleasant. Now an idea had flitted across her brain

that the man was in love with some one else, — and she did not like it!

But she did not therefore become afraid of herself, or in the least realise at once the danger of her own position. Her immediate glance at the matter did not go beyond the falseness of men. If it were so, as she suspected, — if Phineas Finn had in truth transferred his affections to Violet Effingham, of how little value was the love of such a man! It did not occur to her at this moment that she also had transferred hers to Robert Kennedy, or that, if not, she had done worse. But she did remember that in the autumn this young Phœbus among men had turned his back upon her out upon the mountain that he might hide from her the agony of his heart when he learned that she was to be the wife of another man; and that now, before the winter was over, he could not hide from her the fact that his heart was elsewhere! And then she speculated, and counted up facts, and satisfied herself that Phineas could not even have seen Violet Effingham since they two had stood together upon the mountain. How false are men! — how false and how weak of heart!

"Chiltern and Violet Effingham!" said Phineas to himself, as he walked away from Grosvenor Place. "Is it fair that she should be sacrificed because she is rich, and because she is so winning and so fascinating that Lord Brentford would receive even his son for the sake of receiving also such a daughter-in-law?" Phineas also liked Lord Chiltern; had seen or fancied that he had seen fine things in him; had looked forward to his regeneration, hoping, perhaps, that he might have some hand in the good work. But he did not recognise the propriety of sacrificing Violet Effingham even for work so good as this. If Miss Effingham had refused Lord Chiltern twice, surely that ought to be sufficient. It did not as yet occur to him that the love of such a girl as Violet would be a great treasure — to himself. As regarded himself, he was still in love, — hopelessly in love, with Lady Laura Kennedy!

CHAPTER XVIII.

MR. TURNBULL.

It was a Wednesday evening, and there was no House; — and at seven o'clock Phineas was at Mr. Monk's hall door. He was the first of the guests, and he found Mr. Monk alone in the dining-room. "I

am doing butler," said Mr. Monk, who had a brace of decanters in his hands, which he proceeded to put down in the neighborhood of the fire. "But I have finished, and now we will go up-stairs to receive the two great men properly."

"I beg your pardon for coming too early," said Finn.

"Not a minute too early. Seven is seven, and it is I who am too late. But, Lord bless you, you don't think I'm ashamed of being found in the act of decanting my own wine! I remember Lord Palmerston saying before some committee about salaries, five or six years ago now, I daresay, that it wouldn't do for an English Minister to have his hall door opened by a maid-servant. Now, I am an English Minister, and I've got nobody but a maid-servant to open my hall door, and I'm obliged to look after my own wine. I wonder whether it's improper? I shouldn't like to be the means of injuring the British Constitution."

"Perhaps if you resign soon, and if nobody follows your example, grave evil results may be avoided."

"I sincerely hope so, for I do love the British Constitution; and I love also the respect in which members of the English Cabinet are held. Now Turnbull, who will be here in a moment, hates it all; but he is a rich man, and has more powdered footmen hanging about his house than ever Lord Palmerston had himself."

"He is still in business."

"Oh yes; — and makes his thirty thousand a year. Here he is. How are you, Turnbull? We were talking about my maid-servant. I hope she opened the door for you properly."

"Certainly, — as far as I perceived," said Mr. Turnbull, who was better at a speech than a joke. "A very respectable young woman I should say."

"There is not one more so in all London," said Mr. Monk; but Finn seems to think that I ought to have a man in livery."

"It is a matter of perfect indifference to me," said Mr. Turnbull. "I am one of those who never think of such things."

"Nor I either," said Mr. Monk. Then the laird of Loughlinter was announced, and they all went down to dinner.

Mr. Turnbull was a good-looking robust man about sixty, with long grey hair and a red complexion, with hard eyes, a well-cut nose, and full lips. He was nearly six feet high, stood quite upright, and always wore a black swallow-tail coat, black trousers, and a black silk waistcoat. In the House, at least, he was always so dressed, and at din-

ner tables. What difference there might be in his costume when at home at Staley-bridge few of those who saw him in London had the means of knowing. There was nothing in his face to indicate special talent. No one looking at him would take him to be a fool; but there was none of the fire of genius in his eye, nor was there in the lines of his mouth any of that play of thought or fancy which is generally to be found in the faces of men and women who have made themselves great. Mr. Turnbull had certainly made himself great, and could hardly have done so without force of intellect. He was one of the most popular, if not the most popular, politician in the country. Poor men believed in him, thinking that he was their most honest public friend; and men who were not poor believed in his power, thinking that his counsels must surely prevail. He had obtained the ear of the House and the favor of the reporters, and opened his voice at no public dinner, on no platform, without a conviction that the words spoken by him would be read by thousands. The first necessity for good speaking is a large audience; and of this advantage Mr. Turnbull had made himself sure. And yet it could hardly be said that he was a great orator. He was gifted with a powerful voice, with strong, and I may, perhaps, call them broad convictions, with perfect self-reliance, with almost unlimited powers of endurance, with hot ambition, with no keen scruples, and with a moral skin of great thickness. Nothing said against him pained him, no attacks wounded him, no raillery touched him in the least. There was not a sore spot about him, and probably his first thoughts on waking every morning told him that he, at least, was totus teres atque rotundus. He was, of course, a thorough radical, — and so was Mr. Monk. But Mr. Monk's first waking thoughts were probably exactly the reverse of those of his friend. Mr. Monk was a much hotter man in debate than Mr. Turnbull; — but Mr. Monk was ever doubting of himself, and never doubted of himself so much as when he had been most violent, and also most effective, in debate. When Mr. Monk jeered at himself for being a Cabinet Minister and keeping no attendant grander than a parlour-maid, there was a substratum of self-doubt under the joke.

Mr. Turnbull was certainly a great Radical, and as such enjoyed a great reputation. I do not think that high office in the State had ever been offered to him; but things had been said which justified him, or seemed to himself to justify him, in declar-

ing that in no possible circumstances would he serve the Crown. "I serve the people," he had said, "and much as I respect the servants of the Crown, I think that my own office is the higher." He had been greatly called to task for this speech; and Mr. Mildmay, the present Premier, had asked him whether he did not recognise the so-called servants of the Crown as the most hard-worked and truest servants of the people. The House and the press had supported Mr. Mildmay, but to all that Mr. Turnbull was quite indifferent; and when an assertion made by him before three or four thousand persons at Manchester, to the effect that he, — he specially, — was the friend and servant of the people, was received with acclamation, he felt quite satisfied that he had gained his point. Progressive reform in the franchise, of which manhood suffrage should be the acknowledged and not far distant end, equal electoral districts, ballot, tenant right for England as well as Ireland, reduction of the standing army till there should be no standing army to reduce, utter disregard of all political movements in Europe, an almost idolatrous admiration for all political movements in America, free trade in everything except malt, and an absolute extinction of a State Church, — these were among the principal articles in Mr. Turnbull's political catalogue. And I think that when once he had learned the art of arranging his words as he stood upon his legs, and had so mastered his own voice as to have obtained the ear of the House, the work of his life was not difficult. Having nothing to construct, he could always deal with generalities. Being free from responsibility, he was not called upon either to study details or to master even great facts. It was his business to inveigh against existing evils, and perhaps there is no easier business when once the privilege of an audience has been attained. It was his work to cut down forest-trees, and he had nothing to do with the subsequent cultivation of the land. Mr. Monk had once told Phineas Finn how great were the charms of that inaccuracy which was permitted to the opposition. Mr. Turnbull no doubt enjoyed these charms to the full, though he would sooner have put a padlock on his mouth for a month than have owned as much. Upon the whole, Mr. Turnbull was no doubt right in resolving that he would not take office, though some reticence on that subject might have been more becoming to him.

The conversation at dinner, though it was altogether on political subjects, had in it

nothing of special interest as long as the girl was there to change the plates; but when she was gone, and the door was closed, it gradually opened out, and there came on to be a pleasant sparring match between the two great Radicals, — the Radical who had joined himself to the governing powers, and the Radical who stood aloof. Mr. Kennedy barely said a word now and then, and Phineas was almost as silent as Mr. Kennedy. He had come there to hear some such discussion, and was quite willing to listen while guns of such great calibre were being fired off for his amusement.

"I think Mr. Mildmay is making a great step forward," said Mr. Turnbull.

"I think he is," said Mr. Monk.

"I did not believe that he would ever live to go so far. It will hardly suffice even for this year; but still, coming from him, it is a great deal. It only shows how far a man may be made to go, if only the proper force be applied. After all, it matters very little who are the Ministers."

"That is what I have always declared," said Mr. Monk.

"Very little indeed. We don't mind whether it be Lord De Terrier, or Mr. Mildmay, or Mr. Gresham, or you yourself, if you choose to get yourself made First Lord of the Treasury."

"I have no such ambition, Turnbull."

"I should have thought you had. If I went in for that kind of thing myself, I should like to go to the top of the ladder. I should feel that if I could do any good at all by becoming a Minister, I could only do it by becoming first Minister."

"You wouldn't doubt your own fitness for such a position?"

"I doubt my fitness for the position of any Minister," said Mr. Turnbull.

"You mean that on other grounds," said Mr. Kennedy.

"I mean it on every ground," said Mr. Turnbull, rising on his legs and standing with his back to the fire. "Of course I am not fit to have diplomatic intercourse with men who would come to me simply with the desire of deceiving me. Of course I am unfit to deal with members of Parliament who would flock around me because they wanted places. Of course I am unfit to answer every man's question so as to give no information to any one."

"Could you not answer them so as to give information?" said Mr. Kennedy.

But Mr. Turnbull was so intent on his speech that it may be doubted whether he

heard this interruption. He took no notice of it as he went on. "Of course I am unfit to maintain the proprieties of a seeming confidence between a Crown all-powerless and a people all-powerful. No man recognises his own unfitness for such work more clearly than I do, Mr. Monk. But if I took in hand such work at all, I should like to be the leader, and not the led. Tell us fairly, now, what are your convictions worth in Mr. Mildmay's Cabinet?"

"That is a question which a man may hardly answer himself," said Mr. Monk.

"It is a question which a man should at least answer for himself before he consents to sit there," said Mr. Turnbull, in a tone of voice which was almost angry.

"And what reason have you for supposing that I have omitted that duty?" said Mr. Monk.

"Simply this, — that I can not reconcile your known opinions with the practices of your colleagues."

"I will not tell you what my convictions may be worth in Mr. Mildmay's Cabinet. I will not take upon myself to say that they are worth the chair on which I sit when I am there. But I will tell you what my aspirations were when I consented to fill that chair, and you shall judge of their worth. I thought that they might possibly leaven the batch of bread which we have to bake, — giving to the whole batch more of the flavour of reform than it would have possessed had I absented myself. I thought that when I was asked to join Mr. Mildmay and Mr. Gresham, the very fact of that request indicated liberal progress, and that if I refused the request I should be declining to assist in good work."

"You could have supported them, if any thing were proposed worthy of support," said Mr. Turnbull.

"Yes; but I could not have been so effective in taking care that some measure be proposed worthy of support as I may possibly be now. I thought a good deal about it, and I believe that my decision was right."

"I'm sure you were right," said Mr. Kennedy.

"There can be no juster object of ambition than a seat in the Cabinet," said Phineas.

"Sir, I much dispute that," said Mr. Turnbull, turning round upon our hero. "I regard the position of our high Ministers as most respectable."

"Thank you for so much," said Mr.

Monk. But the orator went on, again regardless of the interruption:—

"The position of gentlemen in inferior offices,—of gentlemen who attend rather to the nods and winks of their superiors in Downing Street than to the interests of their constituents,—I do not regard as being highly respectable."

"A man cannot begin at the top," said Phineas.

"Our friend Mr. Monk has begun at what you are pleased to call the top," said Mr. Turnbull. "But I will not profess to think that even he has raised himself by going into office. To be an independent representative of a really popular commercial constituency is, in my estimation, the highest object of an Englishman's ambition."

"But why commercial, Mr. Turnbull?" said Mr. Kennedy.

"Because the commercial constituencies really do elect their own members in accordance with their own judgments, whereas the counties and the small towns are coerced either by individuals or by a combination of aristocratic influences."

"And yet," said Mr. Kennedy, "there are not half a dozen Conservatives returned by all the counties in Scotland."

"Scotland is very much to be honoured," said Mr. Turnbull.

Mr. Kennedy was the first to take his departure, and Mr. Turnbull followed him very quickly. Phineas got up to go at the same time, but stayed at his host's request, and sat for a while smoking a cigar.

"Turnbull is a wonderful man," said Mr. Monk.

"Does he not domineer too much?"

"His fault is not arrogance, so much as ignorance that there is, or should be, a difference between public and private life. In the House of Commons a man in Mr. Turnbull's position must speak with dictatorial assurance. He is always addressing, not the House only, but the country at large, and the country will not believe in him unless he believe in himself. But he forgets that he is not always addressing the country at large. I wonder what sort of a time Mrs. Turnbull and the little Turnbells have of it?"

Phineas, as he went home, made up his mind that Mrs. Turnbull and the little Turnbells must probably have a bad time of it.

CHAPTER XIX.

LORD CHILTERN RIDES HIS HORSE BOMB-BREAKER.

It was known that whatever might be the details of Mr. Mildmay's bill, the ballot would not form a part of it; and as there was a strong party in the House of Commons, and a very numerous party out of it, who were desirous that voting by ballot should be made a part of the electoral law, it was decided that an independent motion should be brought on in anticipation of Mr. Mildmay's bill. The arrangement was probably one of Mr. Mildmay's own making; so that he might be hampered by no opposition on that subject by his own followers if,—as he did not doubt,—the motion should be lost. It was expected that the debate would not last over one night, and Phineas resolved that he would make his maiden speech on this occasion. He had very strong opinions as to the inefficacy of the ballot for any good purposes, and thought that he might be able to strike out from his convictions some sparks of that fire which used to be so plentiful with him at the old debating clubs. But even at breakfast that morning his heart began to beat quickly at the idea of having to stand on his legs before so critical an audience.

He knew that it would be well that he should if possible get the subject off his mind during the day, and therefore went out among people who certainly would not talk to him about the ballot. He sat for nearly an hour in the morning with Mr. Low, and did not even tell Mr. Low that it was his intention to speak on that day. Then he made one or two other calls, and at about three went up to Portman Square to look for Lord Chiltern. It was now nearly the end of February, and Phineas had often seen Lady Laura. He had not seen her brother, but had learned from his sister that he had been driven up to London by the frost. He was told by the porter at Lord Brentford's that Lord Chiltern was in the house, and as he was passing through the hall he met Lord Brentford himself. He was thus driven to speak, and felt himself called upon to explain why he was there. "I am come to see Lord Chiltern," he said.

"Is Lord Chiltern in the house?" said the Earl, turning to the servant.

"Yes, my lord; his lordship arrived last night."

"You will find him upstairs, I suppose," said the Earl. "For myself, I know nothing of him." He spoke in an angry tone, as though he resented the fact that any one should come to his house to call upon his son; and turned his back quickly upon Phineas. But he thought better of it before he reached the front door, and turned again. "By-the-bye," said he, "what majority shall we have to-night, Finn?"

"Pretty nearly as many as you please to name, my lord," said Phineas.

"Well;—yes; I suppose we are tolerably safe. You ought to speak upon it."

"Perhaps I may," said Phineas, feeling that he blushed as he spoke.

"Do," said the Earl. "Do. If you see Lord Chiltern will you tell him from me that I should be glad to see him before he leaves London. I shall be at home till noon to-morrow." Phineas, much astonished at the commission given to him, of course said that he would do as he was desired, and then passed on to Lord Chiltern's apartments.

He found his friend standing in the middle of the room, without coat and waistcoat, with a pair of dumb-bells in his hands. "When there's no hunting I'm driven to this kind of thing," said Lord Chiltern.

"I suppose it's good exercise," said Phineas.

"And it gives me something to do. When I'm in London I feel like a gipsy in church, till the time comes for prowling out at night. I've no occupation for my days whatever, and no place to which I can take myself. I can't stand in a club window as some men do, and I should disgrace any decent club if I did stand there. I belong to the Travellers, but I doubt whether the porter would let me go in."

"I think you pique yourself on being more of an outer Bohemian than you are," said Phineas.

"I pique myself on this, that whether Bohemian or not, I will go nowhere that I am not wanted. Though, — for the matter of that, I suppose I'm not wanted here." Then Phineas gave him the message from his father. "He wishes to see me to-morrow morning?" continued Lord Chiltern. "Let him send me word what it is he has to say to me. I do not choose to be insulted by him, though he is my father."

"I would certainly go, if I were you."

"I doubt it very much, if all the circumstances were the same. Let him tell me what he wants."

"Of course I cannot ask him, Chiltern."

"I know what he wants very well.

Laura has been interfering and doing no good. You know Violet Effingham?"

"Yes; I know her," said Phineas, much surprised.

"They want her to marry me."

"And you do not wish to marry her?"

"I did not say that. But do you think that such a girl as Miss Effingham would marry such a man as I am? She would be much more likely to take you. By George, she would! Do you know that she has three thousand a year of her own?"

"I know that she has money."

"That's about the tune of it. I would take her without a shilling to-morrow, if she would have me, — because I like her. She is the only girl I ever did like. But what is the use of my liking her? They have painted me so black among them, especially my father, that no decent girl would think of marrying me."

"Your father can't be angry with you if you do your best to comply with his wishes."

"I don't care a straw whether he be angry or not. He allows me eight hundred a year, and he knows that if he stopped it I should go to the Jews the next day. I could not help myself. He can't leave an acre away from me, and yet he won't join me in raising money for the sake of paying Laura her fortune."

"Lady Laura can hardly want money now."

"That detestable prig whom she has chosen to marry, and whom I hate with all my heart, is richer than ever Croesus was; but nevertheless Laura ought to have her own money. She shall have it some day."

"I would see Lord Brentford, if I were you."

"I will think about it. Now tell me about coming down to Willingford. Laura says you will come some day in March. I can mount you for a couple of days and should be delighted to have you. My horses all pull like the mischief, and rush like devils, and want a deal of riding; but an Irishman likes that."

"I do not dislike it particularly."

"I like it. I prefer to have something to do on horseback. When a man tells me that a horse is an armchair, I always tell him to put the brute into his bedroom. Mind you come. The house I stay at is called the Willingford Bull, and it's just four miles from Peterborough." Phineas swore that he would go down and ride the pulling horses, and then took his leave, earnestly advising Lord Chiltern, as he went, to keep the appointment proposed by his father.

When the morning came, at half-past eleven, the son, who had been standing for half an hour with his back to the fire in the large gloomy dining-room, suddenly rang the bell. "Tell the Earl," he said to the servant, "that I am here, and will go to him if he wishes it." The servant came back, and said that the Earl was waiting. Then Lord Chiltern strode after the man into his father's room.

"Oswald," said the father, "I have sent for you because I think it may be as well to speak to you on some business. Will you sit down?" Lord Chiltern sat down, but did not answer a word. "I feel very unhappy about your sister's fortune," said the Earl.

"So do I,—very unhappy. We can raise the money between us, and pay her to-morrow, if you please it."

"It was in opposition to my advice that she paid your debts."

"And in opposition to mine too."

"I told her that I would not pay them, and were I to give her back to-morrow, as you say, the money that she has so used, I should be stultifying myself. But I will do so on one condition. I will join with you in raising the money for your sister, on one condition."

"What is that?"

"Laura tells me,—indeed she has told me often,—that you are attached to Violet Effingham."

"But Violet Effingham, my lord, is unhappily not attached to me."

"I do not know how that may be. Of course I cannot say. I have never taken the liberty of interrogating her upon the subject."

"Even you, my lord, could hardly have done that."

"What do you mean by that? I say that I never have," said the Earl, angrily.

"I simply mean that even you could hardly have asked Miss Effingham such a question. I have asked her, and she has refused me."

"But girls often do that, and yet accept afterwards the men whom they have refused. Laura tells me that she believes that Violet would consent if you pressed your suit."

"Laura knows nothing about it, my lord."

"There you are probably wrong. Laura and Violet are very close friends, and have no doubt discussed this matter among them. At any rate, it may be as well that you should hear what I have to say. Of course I shall not interfere myself. There is no

ground on which I can do so with propriety."

"None whatever," said Lord Chiltern.

The Earl became very angry, and nearly broke down in his anger. He paused for a moment, feeling disposed to tell his son to go and never to see him again. But he gulped down his wrath, and went on with his speech. "My meaning, sir, is this;—that I have so great faith in Violet Effingham, that I would receive her acceptance of your hand as the only proof which would be convincing to me of amendment in your mode of life. If she were to do so, I would join with you in raising money to pay your sister, would make some further sacrifice with reference to an income for you and your wife, and——would make you both welcome to Saulsby,—if you chose to come." The Earl's voice hesitated much, and became almost tremulous as he made the last proposition. And his eyes had fallen away from his son's gaze, and he had bent a little over the table, and was moved. But he recovered himself at once, and added, with all proper dignity, "If you have any thing to say I shall be glad to hear it."

"All your offers would be nothing, my lord, if I did not like the girl."

"I should not ask you to marry a girl if you did not like her, as you call it."

"But as to Miss Effingham, it happens that our wishes jump together. I have asked her, and she has refused me. I don't even know where to find her to ask her again. If I went to Lady Baldock's house the servants would not let me in."

"And whose fault is that?"

"Yours partly, my lord. You have told everybody that I am the devil,—and now all the old women believe it."

"I never told anybody so."

"I'll tell you what I'll do. I will go down to Lady Baldock's to-day. I suppose she is at Baddingham. And if I can get speech of Miss Effingham"—

"Miss Effingham is not at Baddingham. Miss Effingham is staying with your sister in Grosvenor Place. I saw her yesterday."

"She is in London?"

"I tell you that I saw her yesterday."

"Very well, my lord. Then I will do the best I can. Laura will tell you of the result."

The father would have given the son some advice as to the mode in which he should put forward his claim upon Violet's hand, but the son would not wait to hear it. Choosing to presume that the conference

was over, he went back to the room in which he kept his dumb-bells, and for a minute or two went to work at his favourite exercise. But he soon put the dumb-bells down, and began to prepare himself for his work. If this thing was to be done, it might as well be done at once. He looked out of his window, and saw that the streets were in a mess of slush. White snow was becoming black mud, as it will do in London; and the violence of frost was giving way to the horrors of thaw. All would be soft and comparatively pleasant in Northamptonshire on the following morning, and if everything went right he would breakfast at the Willingford Bull. He would go down by the hunting train, and be at the inn by ten. The meet was only six miles distant, and all would be pleasant. He would do this whatever might be the result of his work to-day;—but in the meantime he would go and do his work. He had a cab called, and within half an hour of the time at which he had left his father, he was at the door of his sister's house in Grosvenor Place. The servants told him that the ladies were at lunch. "I can't eat lunch," he said. "Tell them that I am in the drawing-room."

"He has come to see you," said Lady Laura, as soon as the servant had left the room.

"I hope not," said Violet.

"Do not say that."

"But I do say it. I hope he has not come to see me;—that is, not to see me specially. Of course I cannot pretend not to know what you mean."

"He may think it civil to call if he has heard that you are in town," said Lady Laura, after a pause.

"If it be only that, I will be civil in return;—as sweet as May to him. If it be really only that, and if I were sure of it, I should be really glad to see him." Then they finished their lunch, and Lady Laura got up and led the way to the drawing-room.

"I hope you remember," said she, gravely, "that you might be a saviour to him."

"I do not believe in girls being saviours to men. It is the man who should be the saviour to the girl. If I marry at all, I have the right to expect that protection shall be given to me,—not that I shall have to give it."

"Violet, you are determined to misrepresent what I mean."

Lord Chiltern was walking about the room, and did not sit down when they en-

tered. The ordinary greetings took place, and Miss Effingham made some remark about the frost. "But it seems to be going," she said, "and I suppose that you will soon be at work again?"

"Yes;—I shall hunt to-morrow," said Lord Chiltern.

"And the next day, and the next, and the next," said Violet, "till about the middle of April;—and then your period of misery will begin!"

"Exactly," said Lord Chiltern. "I have nothing but hunting that I can call an occupation."

"Why don't you make one?" said his sister.

"I mean to do so, if it be possible. Laura, would you mind leaving me and Miss Effingham alone for a few minutes?"

Lady Laura got up, and so also did Miss Effingham. "For what purpose?" said the latter. "It cannot be for any good purpose."

"At any rate I wish it, and I will not harm you." Lady Laura was now going, but paused before she reached the door. "Laura, will you do as I ask you?" said the brother. Then Lady Laura went.

"It was not that I feared you would harm me, Lord Chiltern," said Violet.

"No;—I know it was not. But what I say is always said awkwardly. An hour ago I did not know that you were in town, but when I was told the news I came at once. My father told me."

"I am so glad that you see your father."

"I have not spoken to him for months before, and probably may not speak to him for months again. But there is one point, Violet, on which he and I agree."

"I hope there will soon be many."

"It is possible,—but I fear not probable. Look here, Violet,"—and he looked at her with all his eyes, till it seemed to her that he was all eyes, so great was the intensity of his gaze;—"I should scorn myself were I to permit myself to come before you with a plea for your favour founded on my father's whims. My father is unreasonable, and has been very unjust to me. He has ever believed evil of me, and has believed it often when all the world knew that he was wrong. I care little for being reconciled to a father who has been so cruel to me."

"He loves me dearly, and is my friend. I would rather that you should not speak against him to me."

"You will understand, at least, that I am asking nothing from you because he wishes

it. Laura probably has told you that you may make things straight by becoming my wife."

"She has, — certainly, Lord Chiltern."

"It is an argument that she should never have used. It is an argument to which you should not listen for a moment. Make things straight, indeed! Who can tell? There would be very little made straight by such a marriage, if it were not that I loved you. Violet, that is my plea, and my only one. I love you so well that I do believe that if you took me I should return to the old ways, and become as other men are, and be in time as respectable, as stupid, — and perhaps as ill-natured as old Lady Baldock herself."

"My poor aunt!"

"You know she says worse things of me than that. Now, dearest, you have heard all that I have to say to you." As he spoke he came close to her, and put out his hand, — but she did not touch it. "I have no other argument to use, — not a word more to say. As I came here in the cab I was turning it over in my mind that I might find what best I should say. But, after all, there is nothing more to be said than that."

"The words make no difference," she replied.

"Not unless they be so uttered as to force a belief. I do love you. I know no other reason but that why you should be my wife. I have no other excuse to offer for coming to you again. You are the one thing in the world that to me has any charm. Can you be surprised that I should be persistent in asking for it?" He was looking at her still with the same gaze, and there seemed to be a power in his eye from which she could not escape. He was still standing with his right hand out, as though expecting, or at least hoping, that her hand might be put into his.

"How am I to answer you?" she said.

"With your love, if you can give it to me. Do you remember how you swore once that you would love me for ever and always?"

"You should not remind me of that. I was a child then, — a naughty child," she added, smiling; "and was put to bed for what I did on that day."

"Be a child still."

"Ah, if we but could!"

"And have you no other answer to make me?"

"Of course I must answer you. You are entitled to an answer. Lord Chiltern, I am sorry that I cannot give you the love for which you ask."

"Never?"

"Never."

"Is it myself personally, or what you have heard of me, that is so hateful to you?"

"Nothing is hateful to me. I have never spoken of hate. I shall always feel the strongest regard for my old friend and play-fellow. But there are many things which a woman is bound to consider before she allows herself so to love a man that she can consent to become his wife."

"Allow herself! Then it is a matter entirely of calculation."

"I suppose there should be some thought in it, Lord Chiltern."

There was now a pause, and the man's hand was at last allowed to drop, as there came no response to the proffered grasp. He walked once or twice across the room before he spoke again, and then he stopped himself closely opposite to her.

"I shall never try again," he said.

"It will be better so," she replied.

"There is something to me unmanly in a man's persecuting a girl. Just tell Laura, will you, that it is all over; and she may as well tell my father. Good-bye."

She then tendered her hand to him, but he did not take it, — probably did not see it, and at once left the room and the house.

"And yet I believe you love him," Lady Laura said to her friend in her anger, when they discussed the matter immediately on Lord Chiltern's departure.

"You have no right to say that, Laura."

"I have a right to my belief, and I do believe it. I think you love him, and that you lack the courage to risk yourself in trying to save him."

"Is a woman bound to marry a man if she love him?"

"Yes, she is," replied Lady Laura impetuously, without thinking of what she was saying; "that is, if she be convinced that she also is loved."

"Whatever be the man's character; — whatever be the circumstances? Must she do so, whatever friends may say to the contrary? Is there to be no prudence in marriage?"

"There may be a great deal too much prudence," said Lady Laura.

"That is true. There is certainly too much prudence if a woman marries prudently, but without love." Violet intended by this no attack upon her friend, — had not present in her mind at the moment any idea of Lady Laura's special prudence in marrying Mr. Kennedy; but Lady Laura felt it keenly, and knew at once that an arrow had been shot which had wounded her.

"We shall get nothing," she said, "by descending to personalities with each other."

"I meant none, Laura."

"I suppose it is always hard," said Lady Laura, "for any one person to judge altogether of the mind of another. If I have said anything severe of your refusal of my brother, I retract it. I only wish that it could have been otherwise."

Lord Chiltern, when he left his sister's house, walked through the slush and dirt to a haunt of his in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden, and there he remained through the whole afternoon and evening. A certain Captain Clutterbuck joined him, and dined with him. He told nothing to Captain Clutterbuck of his sorrow, but Captain Clutterbuck could see that he was unhappy.

"Let's have another bottle of 'cham,'" said Captain Clutterbuck, when their dinner was nearly over. "'Cham' is the only thing to screw one up when one is down a peg."

"You can have what you like," said Lord

Chiltern; "but I shall have some brandy-and-water."

"The worst of brandy-and-water is, that one gets tired of it before the night is over," said Captain Clutterbuck.

Nevertheless, Lord Chiltern did go down to Peterborough the next day by the hunting train, and rode his horse Bonebreaker so well in that famous run from Sutton Springs to Gidding that after the run young Piles, — of the house of Piles, Sarsnet, and Gingham, — offered him three hundred pounds for the animal.

"He isn't worth above fifty," said Lord Chiltern.

"But I'll give you the three hundred," said Piles.

"You couldn't ride him if you'd got him," said Lord Chiltern.

"Oh, couldn't I!" said Piles. But Mr. Piles did not continue the conversation, contenting himself with telling his friend Groggram that that red devil Chiltern was as drunk as a lord.

THREE MEETINGS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

On the happy meeting from over the sea ;
When I love my friend and my friend loves me :
And we stand face to face, and for letters read
There are endless words to be heard and said,
With a glance between, shy, anxious, half-
strange,

As if asking, "Say now, is there aught of
change ?"

Till we both settle down as we used to be —
Since I love my friend and my friend loves me.

Oh the blissful meeting of lovers true,
Against whom fate has done all that fate could
do ;

And then dropped, conquered : — while over
those slain

Dead years of anguish, parting, and pain,
Hope lifts her banner, gay, gallant, and fair,
Untainted, untorn, in the balmy air :
And the heaven of the future, golden and
bright,
Arches above them — God guards the right !

But oh for the meeting to come one day,
When the spirit slips out of its house of clay ;
When the standers-by, with a pitying sign,
Shall softly cover this face of mine,
And I leap — whither, ah ! who can know ?
But outward, onward, as spirits must go : —
Until eye to eye, without fear, I see
God, and my lost, as they see me.

— Macmillan's Magazine.

From The Spectator, Mar. 7.

THE PEERS AND THEIR POSITION.

IF the Peers do not set their house in order, and that speedily, they will lose their special place in politics altogether. The events of the past year have been signally and exceptionally disastrous to them, both as regards their corporate power as a branch of the Legislature, and their individual authority as politicians with social prestige. Last Session was the most important in many respects of the sessions since 1832, and they did nothing except pass a Bill which they had not helped to frame, which they disliked, and which is in principle hostile to their very existence as an order within the State. If Mr. Disraeli's suffrage has any meaning at all — and it has very little — its meaning is that no such thing as an "order" ought to exist; that every man who contributes directly to the national revenue ought to have an equal control over the manner in which that revenue is expended. They succeeded, indeed, with the help of a small section of Liberal thinkers, in introducing the principle of representation by minorities; but they bought success on that point by enormous concessions on others much more serious. Then they were compelled to admit formally that their House was very thinly attended, so thinly as to be a coterie instead of a House, and at the same moment to confess that they could not remedy the evil they nevertheless perceived. They appointed a Committee to consider the effects of their indifference, and then allowed it to separate without remedying the grievance. They gave up the one power which distinguishes Peers from mere politicians, that of voting by proxies, as real powers in the land; but shrank from the correlative reform, the establishment of a quorum. If they are powers whose consent is as valuable to the Legislature as their personal aid, why surrender the right of consenting without attendance? if only political individuals, why not, like the Commons, compel themselves to attend Parliamentary deliberations? This year, again, they have lost Lord Derby, and with him the man whose presence gave most of its interest and all its political weight to their debates. It has been no slight advantage to the Peers that for twenty-two years, for more than half the time which has elapsed since the Reform Bill, the true and accepted chief of the Tory party, the man to whom the "land" looked as its representative, has been a fixture in their ranks.

No debate could be insignificant in which Lord Derby took a part, no division could be meaningless in which he might be defeated or victorious. He was more completely, perhaps, than any man who ever lived the representative of the class which till 1867 was so nearly sovereign that it could always veto any Bill, of the men who own and the men who till the limited but invaluable acreage of Great Britain. The presence of a personage so great and so able lent of itself a dignity to the Peers which could not be derived from their legal but decaying power, and it has ceased for ever; for Lord Derby, should he ever return to his seat, returns as an eloquent noble, and not as the chief to whom a great party feels that it must be, and wishes to be, loyal. The loss is immense, and just at the moment when it is perceived every great office in the State, save one, glides away from the grip of the Peers. The man who is to guide the general policy of the country expounds that policy to the Commons, and has been elevated in spite of the most determined and outspoken avowals that he does not belong to the aristocratic caste. The foreign policy of the State is directed by a Secretary who is, indeed, an aristocrat *pur sang*, but who looks forward to his ultimate elevation to the Peers with a distaste which almost amounts to loathing. The control of the most aristocratic and most expensive of the departments, War, rests with an untitled squire. The Navy obeys a man who is, indeed, an Earl's son, but whose whole history has been connected with the Commons, and who is responsible for his office to them alone. The great Mogul, the Home Secretary, the Minister of Finance, are all Commoners, with no rank above that of average country squires. Indeed, Mr. Hunt has scarcely that, for Wadenhoe is not a property of the kind which enables a man to return himself for his own division, or fix, as the Marquis of Lorne appears to have been doing, when he would and when he would not take his seat as a popular representative. Not one office of real power is left to the Peers except the Secretaryship of the Colonies, and of all the great offices of the State that is the one which is most decidedly losing its authority and its power. The whole revenue of the country is spent by men of whom not one is a Peer, and probably only one who would not make strenuous efforts to avoid a Peerage. So slight is the need felt for wisdom or force in the Upper House, that it is stated demi-officially the lead of that body will be confided, nominally at least, to Lord Malmesbury, a man

who as a debater may best be described as a minus quantity. We suppose there is power in him of some kind. It is nearly impossible to believe that Lord Derby should have repeatedly conferred high office on a man who is what Lord Malmesbury seems to the public to be, but certainly he is not a man who will reacquire for the Lords the respect Lord Derby's presence among them has for twenty-two years secured.

There is nothing in the House itself, in its composition, in its daily proceedings, to compensate for these enormous losses. The great Peers, no doubt, have still immense prestige, — alike from their historical associations, their property, and that inexplicable respect which in this country, and this country only, is felt for title, for the label on the drawer, — but the great Peers do not attend the deliberations of the House. Only two strictly belonging to that limited class, the Peers with great histories and immense estates, Lord Derby and the Duke of Argyll, have of late taken any prominent part in politics, and of the thirty-one "governing families" whilom described in our columns, not one chief takes any active part in the business of the House. Lord Granville is a Gower, but the Duke of Sutherland has scarcely ever, if ever, opened his lips in debate on home affairs. Dukes there are, no doubt, and to spare; but Dukes *quid* Dukes are not great Peers, and the man to whom the Premier looks first first of all for aid is only an ennobled barrister of brain. The Order as an order does little in politics, and that little becomes daily less, as it becomes evident that substantial power resides in the Commons alone. Time was when a Peerage was the highest of rewards for statesmen as well as soldiers, but now strong men dread, or, if they can, refuse hereditary honours. The five most powerful men in the Lower House at this moment are undoubtedly Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Disraeli, Mr. Bright, Lord Stanley, and Lord Cranborne. Of these, the last two would gladly sacrifice a third of their great inheritances, if by so doing they could avoid the Earldom and the Marquisate; and of the other three, it is impossible to conceive any one under any circumstances, save broken health, or extreme old age, or such a call of duty as makes a man risk death, accepting the decoration. This is the very worst sign for the Peers in the whole situation, for it shows not only that power has passed away from the Upper House, but that political life is passing away too; that a Peerage has not only ceased to be a gain to a statesman, but that it has become a bore.

LIVING AGE. VOL. IX. 324.

If this gradual decay of the Upper House were to end in its total extinction, there would not, it may be, be very much for any Liberal politician to concern himself about; but a decay which does not end in death is always to be regretted. We may not want a House of Lords at all, but we certainly do not want a powerless one, a "body hanging on the verge of Government," invested with innumerable rights, but adding no force and no wisdom, no substantial or indispensable aid to the business of the State. Yet it is to this position that the ancient House must fall, if its abler members are not wise enough to insist on a timely reform. They have not an hour to lose. Only one year will pass before they are face to face with a House of Commons chosen by every man with a roof over him, a House certain to be impatient of opposition, not unlikely to be penetrated by a distinct and operative dislike to privilege. It might concede much to a Senate, it certainly will not consent to see its will impeded by a group of irresponsible gentlemen who will not even take the trouble to ensure to their own orators a respectable audience, among whom no powerful minister has a place, and who do not include either the real or the nominal chief of any one great party, or interest, or faction, within the kingdom. What Peer is there left — unless, indeed, it be Lord Shaftesbury — to whom any power in the country looks for guidance, or before whom a Democratic House of Commons is likely to pause an hour? If the House is still to be strong, — and true Liberals hate before all things inefficiency, — it must reform itself, and the direction of reform has been perceived by some of the keenest men within the Order itself. Proxies are, we believe, abandoned, though the resolution abandoning them was, we believe, never formally voted; but the House absolutely requires more members, more capacities, and more business, — that is, requires a limited but sufficient infusion of life peers, the heads of professions, occupations, influences, and interests other than the Church and the Law. The addition of a single man like Mr. Maine — we name him because he is away, and it is not invidious — would instantly increase the power of any debate in the Lords upon his subject, jurisprudence; and the addition of, say, twenty-five strong men, familiar in the highest degree not only with the subjects of legislation, but the ideas which cause legislation, would restore to the House its true and very elevated function as the revising Senate of the Empire, the one House in which politicians can speak without the fear of man be-

fore their eyes. What portion of our policy, our legislation, or our administration is it which the House of Peers revises now?

From The Spectator, March 7th.

HINDOO CONSERVATISM.

THE Viceroy of India has been amusing himself of late by ordering the great Anglo-Indians to report whether, in their judgment, the soil likes the ploughshare. One would have thought it advisable to ask one or two of the clods, — but that was not Sir J. Lawrence's opinion. The great Anglo-Indians, in an elaborate Blue-Book, have replied that the soil ought to like the ploughshare, for there are the crops, pleasant to see and good to eat, but they have a suspicion that the soil, being naturally untractable, does not like it. We must say that, the patent facts being considered, this solemn inquiry into the comparative popularity of British and Native rule strikes us as just a little ridiculous. Everybody knows, who knows anything at all on the subject, that there is not a district of India, except, perhaps, the Sonthal Pergunnahs, where we dare take a plebiscitum; that if we withdraw the foreign garrison we must follow it to our ships; that when in 1857 it was accidentally reduced, North India sprang in one glad bound, as of a panther with its chain cut, at our throats; and in the presence of those three admitted facts, what is the use of chattering about popularity? If our rule in India has no better moral base than popularity, the sooner we are out of it the better; for that base will support nothing, not even a theory as fictitious as itself. The Viceroy's question and his agents' replies might have been useful had they enlightened us in any degree as to our duty, or even as to native opinion about our duty; but they have not, that we can see, done that; and as the replies were not entrusted to natives, and as we should have remained in India if they had all been hostile, there seems to us some trace of cynicism in the demand for them. The only result the Reports can produce is a slight addition to a self-complacency already quite sufficient, and a slight addition to the disaffection of the small class of intellectual natives. "No floggee and preachee too, massa," said the negro; and a native with the pedigree of a Seymour, the history of a Stanley, the

wealth of a Baring, and the position of a non-commissioned officer in an aristocratic regiment, is likely to be of nearly the same opinion. We question if the reports will even enlighten Parliament as to the main cause of our unpopularity, — though several of the writers see it clearly enough, — or as to the inutility of wasting in a hunt after a will-of-the-wisp called loyalty, power all of which we need to enable us to do our duty. That cause is the radical, and, as it seems to us, the hopeless incompatibility between the Western and the Hindoo conception of government, its objects and its duties, an incompatibility as great in degree and in kind as between a sincere Ultramontane and a sincere Red.

The Western man, Englishman or German, Frenchman or New Englander, Conservative or Liberal, governs or tries to govern under the dominion of one ineradicable idea, that there is an ideal towards which societies and individuals ought to press, which Governments ought as far as they can to secure, towards which, whether they like it or not, slowly or rapidly, the populations ought to advance. Every day ought to be a little better than the last, every new law a little wiser than the old, every fresh work a little more perfect than the one it supersedes. The ideal differs in different places, among different classes, between different men; but outside the Papal States, and on certain points even within those States, the cardinal idea of all legislation and all the higher political action is advance. The Hindoo, on the other hand, governs or tries to govern under the pressure of the belief that the Hindoo system of society is a divinely appointed organization, which it is his business to preserve intact, which is the worse for change, be the change never so apparently wise or feasible. The results of that organization, good or bad, oppressive or kindly, fatal to thought or vivifying to thought, matter nothing whatever to the question. That organization is, was, and ever ought to be. A native will abuse Brahminism as a Neapolitan will abuse the priesthood, but then he allows that God appointed Brahmins. It is all, to his mind, part of a whole. If a particular custom is unjust, what is its injustice, says the Hindoo, compared with the injustice of starving the good and fattening the bad? — and Heaven does that every day. If a particular custom is oppressive, the custom of dying when one expected to live is oppressive too, and God ordained that. All that is, provided it is Hindoo, is equally divine, — privilege and freedom, equality and serfage,

law and anarchy, kindness and oppression, the smallest detail of daily life, the highest work of rulers, everything is part of an order so great and so marvellous that comment on its results is either superfluous or impertinent. What does it all matter, says the Ultramontane, if Heaven opens to us after all? What does it all matter, says the Hindoo, when it is all illusion, and we, if we exist at all, are the breath of the Creator, who in the twinkling of an eye will inspire us again? What is the use of that ancient officer? says the Resident. What is the use of a comet? Why that grinding tax? Why the drought? Wherefore should the King punish the plundered and let the plunderer go free? Wherefore should the cholera strike the good magistrate and let the sons of Eli pass unscathed? The other day the Supreme Court of Bombay decreed, quite rightly, that a dumb man could not inherit his father's estate, — though perfectly sane and competent, — and the *Standard*, reporting the case, is, very naturally, quite hurt. Certainly, to rob a man because the Almighty has afflicted him seems slightly unjust to Englishmen, unless, indeed, the sufferer is a negro; but the Hindoo calmly remarks that God has already robbed him of something more valuable than cash — the faculty of speech. Is he to be better than his Maker? True Ultramontanes only smile when infidels prove that Rome is badly governed. Very likely; but so is the world, and God made that, and governs that; why should not anarchy reign in Rome if He wills it, as He wills other things much more painful? Or how is the superiority of order to anarchy an argument for disobeying Him? Every Hindoo in his natural state is an Ultramontane, desires, — as he thinks, out of obedience, but, at all events, desires, — a stationary society, in which change shall be imperceptible or impossible, in which every man shall be content to be as he was made, in which all men shall inherit the knowledge of all duties. Grant him this, and he will submit to oppressions much heavier than any the English inflict, or he suspects them of inflicting. This and that oppression may be bad, but it is trivial compared with what he has endured. Several of the Viceroy's correspondents talk of our taxation being felt by the peasant as a cause of unpopularity. His own Zemindar will take his skin, and yet not be hated hard. His own immobile society is what the Hindoo asks, and this, and this alone, the Western man cannot concede. He cannot help disintegrating it, and the better his innovation the

more he offends. He wants not to maintain a divine order, but to improve a human one — to make means fit ends, to act on principles which, be the results what they may, seem to him moral. The Hindoo thinks morality in this sense nonsense, as the Jews did when they murdered Canaanitish children, and as the *Record* does now. If God ordered Suttees, what is the use of talking trash about the inhumanity of roasting girls alive? They have to be roasted, as they would have if they tumbled into a fire, which blind faculty of torture nature or its Maker imparted to the flame. The Western man cannot move without interfering with all that. He *must* make all equal before the law, — which is absurd, Brahmins having come out of the Creator's mouth and Sudras from His toe; — he must stop infanticide, he must allow widows to marry, he must drive on physical improvements under which Hindoo society quivers like a Bengalee rice-field under a train. And he must do it all with a will, with a will so keen that the Hindoo, most critical of mortals, — a slave Hazlitt, with every faculty of observation sharpened by perennial fear, — sees at once that his ruler, so far from sympathizing with him, is at heart anxious to pull savagely the opposite way. We despair of explaining the intensity of his distrust to average Englishmen, because we despair of making them realize the intensity of any emotion in the brooding Oriental mind; but let them imagine a monastery with a Red Abbot, a group of Parisian journalists under a *régime* of priests, Englishmen under a Papist Premier, the *Record* discussing a Ritualist Bishop's sermons, and they may gain some faint idea of its power, of the "preternatural suspicion" with which the very air is electric. Stamps! Well, cheap postage is good, and these are cheap; but stamps! Are these dogs, perchance, destroying Hindooism at once, by making us put our tongues to their accursed gum? Railways! Well, we get to Benares easily, but is not the heavenly merit of our journey thereby barred? Telegraphs! Well, these barbarians are clever on points; but swift secret orders, are they not sure to be *against* us? Education! That is good, for we may get rupees; but is not the object to destroy our faith? Female education! Well, our women are silly, but the ruler is only wanting to destroy our life, to make our women willing to go abroad, and talk to men, and choose husbands, as the barbarians themselves do, to the destruction of all decency, order, and paternal au-

thority! The popularity of rulers so circumstanced and so regarded needs no analysis.

And it is all so true, and must remain so true. Every act of the governing class, good or bad, does, as the Hindoo suspects, disintegrate his stationary society, does prevent it from being stationary any more, does forbid him to feel quite certain that it ought to be stationary any more, does create in him the ferment Colenso's figures create in a country parson,—an angry worry, under which he would burn Dr. Colenso, but under which, nevertheless, he will never again have the power wholly to believe in the numeration of Leviticus. And it is because the Englishman in India, willing or unwilling, wise or foolish, moral or immoral, cannot help thus disintegrating a bad or rather undeveloped society, cannot help pulverizing the clods, cannot help breaking the soil in which, till it is broken, no seed can germinate, that he has a moral right to be there,—not because the wind which we call "opinion" as it passes by fans him approvingly. He must plough, or he could not eat, could not live; and he does, in his stolid way, plough on faster and straighter than any other living man would do, breaking, or, so to speak, vivifying the soil for the seed which is to come, sometimes, in a half-hearted, timorous way, dropping a little seed himself. Very often the work is very roughly, hastily, unfeelingly done, done too much as if our simile were not merely a simile, but a fact; and the sowing is almost invariably a muddle, a stupid effort to avoid the trouble of improving the native seed by scattering the English variety, which will not grow; but still the work is done, and its doing is the ploughman's justification. But to expect sentiment clods to like the process is either cynicism or hypocrisy. To take a single and well known instance. It suited Englishmen, in their half-conscious readiness to do any work visibly wanting to be done, to start female education in India. In a stately, unconscious way, Lord Dalhousie, the strongest man who ever guided the plough in India, turned the restless machine into that furrow, and on it went, and is going on now. Nothing so cruel was, we believe, ever done by philanthropic man. The storm of wrath and jealousy, of wounded pride, of outraged feeling, of half-maddened honour, which swept over India, would have frightened any human being who perceived it, and was one of the many main causes of the Mutiny. The Hindoos felt as so many Murphys or Whalleys

would have felt if all their daughters had been ordered to convents, as Englishmen felt when they believed their wives might be outraged by sepoy; but still the ploughshare,—totally, or almost totally, unconscious,—swept on, the soil was broken up, and in ten years a new idea was born in the Hindoo mind,—the idea that if men are to be educated their mothers must be cultivated before them, an idea which has already produced, and will produce, higher results than any one we have yet introduced. The new generation are educating their own women, and in places doing it very thoroughly, too. No instrument not irresistibly strong, yet unconscious, blind, could have turned up that particular furrow; but it is turned up, and what matters the unconscious cruelty of the vivifying process? It was right to drive on, and it is of right that in India we have to think, of our duty to God, and not of the praise of ignorant men. But to deny that female education will first disintegrate and then destroy Hindoo society, or to demand that those who hold that society divine shall think such a revolution, introduced by foreigners for no perceptible end, a praiseworthy reform, is an unworthy mockery; or is at best only that kind of cruel love which tells a child, as it flogs him, that he will one day see how richly he has profited by the smart of the birch buds. He may, we hope he will; but while under the discipline, he will hate the disciplinarian, who is not only so strong, but thinks himself,—and as the sufferer dimly and angrily perceives, truly thinks himself,—so infinitely the wiser of the two.

From The Saturday Review.

THE MURATORIAN CANON.*

THE importance of the curious document which goes by the name of the "Muratorian fragment," in connexion with the evidence of the Canon of the New Testament, is well known. It is referred to in all inquiries about the subject, and it has been frequently published. And, as was to be expected in the case of a text of such interest, these republications have not been mere reprints; they profess in several instances to have been checked by repeated inspection and comparison of the manu-

* *Canon Muratorianus*. Edited, with Notes and Facsimile, by S. P. Tregelles, LL.D. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1867.

script on the part of competent judges. The fragment is not a long one, nor in an inaccessible library; and since Muratori first published it in 1740, it has frequently come under the eyes of scholars. It was collated by Dr. Nott, whose work was used by Dr. Routh in the last edition of the *Reliquiæ sacre*: it was collated again by Professor F. Wieseler in 1847, and independently in the same year by M. Hertz, whose readings were published by Bunsen in his *Analecta Ante-nicæna*. Besides these collations, the text had been critically dealt with, and attempts at restoration made by various eminent scholars — Routh, Credner, Hilgenfeld, Bunsen, and Mr. Westcott — whose conjectures and emendations implied a thorough knowledge of what the manuscript did contain, or else suggested, if there could be any doubt, the propriety of the most accurate and minute investigation of it. Any one would have thought that with such a document, so short, so interesting, and so repeatedly canvassed, there could be nothing more to do as regards the absolute exactness of the critical reproduction of its contents. It might be difficult to ascertain its authorship or its date, or to interpret its meaning; but it might be supposed that every one would be agreed about its words, and the outward characteristics of its form and writing. It is almost one of the curiosities of literature that, so far from this being the case, matters open to the decision, not of criticism, but of the eye, have been differently stated by scholars who have had the manuscript before them. "The fragment begins in the middle of a page, after a considerable space," says Professor F. Wieseler, who made a collation of it: in fact, it begins without any space at the top of a page, as the continuation of a page that has been lost. "The text of our MS.," said Credner in 1847, "is corrupt beyond measure, owing to the boundless ignorance of the copyist." "The MS.," says Professor Volkmar, the editor of Credner's work, "is so little a corrupt one, that it rather belongs to the most correct." The whole piece, thought Thiersch in 1845, is of so strange a character that he threw out a suggestion whether it was not all a hoax, a "sportive mystification of the editor Muratori," to caricature, we suppose, the barbarous copyist of the ninth century. It is not surprising that, with discrepancies like these on matters which are obvious to the eye, there should be variation in the collations of the text. All this odd difference of apparent accuracy in a matter where verbal accuracy

was all that was needed, attracted the attention of Dr. Tregelles, and made him desirous to make out with his own eyes, and once for all, what were the rights of the matter; as it also led Mr. Westcott to make the minute examination of which the results are given in his second edition of his book on the Canon of the New Testament. But Dr. Tregelles was not satisfied with merely a revised list of readings. His mind was set on making such a copy of the manuscript as might stand in place of the original itself, both for the examination of scholars, and to preserve this unique record in all its peculiarities, in case of any accident befalling the original. He obtained permission to make a facsimile of the fragment, and this facsimile, with Dr. Tregelles's remarks, has been published by the Delegates of the Press at Oxford; with the significant motto, very appropriate to any report of evidence, and highly applicable to the case in question — *ὁ τε γὰρ γινώσκων καὶ μὴ σαφὲς δίδασκας ἐν ἴσῳ καὶ ἐλ μὴ ἐνεθυμῆθη*.

For all practical purposes this facsimile may, no doubt, be considered sufficient. But it is curious to observe the fatality which in some cases, where a thing might easily be done in the most complete manner, makes it to be done in a way which is short of the most complete. A facsimile traced by a man like Dr. Tregelles may be relied upon as little less than absolutely exact as a representation of the forms and position of every letter; but a photograph gives what is more than the best approximation to exactness; it gives absolute exactness. Again, the tracing, as published, has been revised and compared with the original, not by Dr. Tregelles himself, but by Dr. Ceriani at Milan. Doubtless, this gives the guarantee of a double supervision, and Dr. Tregelles attests the extreme care and attention which was paid to the revision of what may be called his "proofs." When he examined his tracing just after it was made in 1857, with Bunsen, every point of doubt which arose, however minute, was referred to Dr. Ceriani; and as the "corrections in the MS. are sometimes very faint," Dr. Ceriani had in one case to wait for a day sufficiently clear to enable him to be certain of what he saw. All this gives great security in accepting the facsimile. Only, after all that Dr. Tregelles has told us as to the extraordinary possibilities of mistakes, it would have been still more satisfactory if, in the final comparison of the proof with the manuscript, we had had Dr. Tregelles's eye to trust to as well as Dr. Ceriani's. How easily mistakes are made

by the most careful corrector may be seen in the omission of an important word, *profectionem*, in Dr. Tregelles's edition of the text (p. 39, line 7).

The "Muratorian Canon" is curious in several respects. It is a scrap of about eighty lines, without beginning or end, written, according to competent judges, in the eighth or ninth century. It was published by Muratori in the *Antiquitates Italice*, not so much for its own sake as for the purpose of exemplifying the incredible ignorance and blunders of the scribes of that dark age. He found in the Ambrosian Library at Milan a Latin manuscript on parchment, written in capitals, which had come from the famous monastery of Columbanus at Bobbio. It professed in its title to contain works of St. Chrysostom; but it contained nothing of the sort. It was a commonplace book, or more properly a scrap-book, full of miscellaneous theological extracts and pieces; allegorical explanations from Eucherius of Lyons, bits of homilies, memoranda about this or that apostle, and a number of creeds and expositions of faith. Among these extracts, which have no arrangement, was a fragment, of which the beginning appears to have been torn out of the volume, about the writings of the apostles. Muratori was unable to assign it to any known writer, though from internal evidence he guessed that it might be a fragment of the Roman Presbyter Caius. But, at any rate, it claimed to be very early; for the writer speaks of the "Shepherd" of Hermas having been written "nuperrime temporibus nostris" in the city of Rome, Pius, the brother of Hermas, being then Bishop of the Roman see—i.e. in the middle of the second century. Muratori saw that it was a new and curious piece; but his special reason for printing it was to show what work the barbarian transcribers made of Latin orthography and grammar. "Vidistin", quot vulnera frustulo huic antiquitatis inflixerit librariorum incuria et ignorantia"? And certainly the "sordes et errores" are of a remarkable kind. ConCORDS set at nought, letters interchanged, inflexions twisted into strange shapes, constructions hopelessly dislocated, astound a reader accustomed to the regularity of our printed books. It may be noticed that a number of these blunders anticipate some of the Italian forms which have now become fixed; such as the interchange of *u* and *o* (*decipolis*, *secundum*), and the dropping of the final *m*. "It is scarcely likely," says Mr. Westcott, "that *interpretatione* and *inter-*

petraone could have been copied severally from a legible original:" probably the transposition of the *r* was the familiar form to the scribe, as it is a common form in Italian books.

But the German soon found out that the Muratorian fragment had a much greater interest than that of being a signal example of incapacity in middle age scribes to write from dictation. It turned out to contain a list in order of the books of the New Testament; it very soon appeared that it was the first list of the kind known to exist, and that it was a list belonging to the middle of the second century. Hence the attention bestowed upon it—attention evidenced by the long list of works quoted by Dr. Tregelles, from 1740 to 1866, in which it has been subjected again and again to the criticism of keen and able writers; and hence the strangeness of the circumstances which have led to Dr. Tregelles's publication, that, with so many scholars interested in it and busying themselves about it, the text had never been thoroughly and satisfactorily scrutinized till he, and also Mr. Westcott, went to Milan to verify and correct the reports about it with their own eyes.

We may feel pretty safe that we have now all that an inspection of the pages themselves of the volume could tell us. But what the "Muratorian Canon" itself is, remains still open to a good deal of question. Its structure is of the strangest. It begins and ends abruptly; but this is probably because a leaf is lost, and the scribe had written as much as he wanted, or got puzzled among names of which he knew nothing. But whether it is to be taken as a statement complete in itself, or an extract, or a string of separate extracts, and whether these extracts are from a continuous paragraph, or imply the form of a dialogue; and, again, whether it was originally composed in Latin, or bears evidence of being a translation from the Greek—are still questions. One thing seems clear, that the copyist of the eighth century, however ignorant and careless he may have been himself, had a very puzzling original to transcribe. And there can scarcely be a doubt, we think, that much of the puzzling Latin arose from its being originally a translation from the Greek; as Dr. Tregelles says, a very "rough and rustic one," whatever the Greek may have been. It is too much to argue that it could not be Latin, "because it is not African, and there is no evidence of the existence of Christian Latin literature out of Africa till about the close of the second century"; for though Greek may

have been the prevailing language among the Roman Christians, it is a bold negative to assume that there were no Latin speaking Christians even in Rome, and that they never would write such a piece as this in their own language, even though nothing of this writing has come down to us. But the appearance of strange idioms, answering, if they are taken as dog-Latin interpretations, to many common Greek ones, suggests irresistibly the probability of translation. "*Nihil differt credentium fidei*," is explicable, and explicable only, if we suppose that it stands for οὐδὲν διαφέρει τῇ τῶν πιστευόντων πίστει.

Dr. Tregelles, besides giving a facsimile and careful transcript of the fragment, reviews all that has been said to throw light on its many obscurities, and further shows its place and bearing in reference to the rest of the early evidence upon the New Testament canon. He offers some ingenious explanations of the extraordinary Latin puzzles of the text, but he is unable to help us much as to the original purpose and the source of the extract; for extract there can be no doubt that it is. He is unable to connect it with any known writer; but he calls attention to the circumstance that in one point, and possibly in two, Jerome seems to have had before him either the book from which the extract is taken, or the source from which the author of the fragment drew his information. This is especially suggested by the curious likeness between the account in the fragment of the origin of St. John's Gospel, and that given of it in one place by Jerome — of the request made to St. John by the disciples and bishops, of the previous joint fast, and of the revelation following. Jerome's expression is, that "ecclesiastical history tells" this; but it is found in no extant work except this fragment. Dr. Tregelles hardly estimates too highly the importance of the fragment as a piece of evidence. It unites and co-ordinates the various threads of proofs dispersed in the writings of contemporary writers, who witness abundantly to single and separate books, but whose witness to a list or canon is first brought to a point in this strangely and fortuitously preserved scrap of antiquity. It is to be observed that it is not only a list; and also, that it bears indications of the tentative process by which the canon was formed. It contains various notices on the different books, such as that of the origin of St. John's Gospel. It recognizes thus early the distinctions of character between the Gos-

pels, while it lays stress on their fundamental agreement in facts: — "*licet varia singulis evangeliorum libris principia doceantur, nihil tamen differt credentium fidei, cum uno et principali spiritu declarata sint in omnibus omnia*," about the main points of our Lord's history. It contains, perhaps, as Dr. Tregelles remarks, the earliest historical notice of St. Peter's martyrdom. The fragment gives St. Paul's Epistles in an order peculiar to itself; and dwells on the analogy between the Seven Churches to which he writes and the Seven Churches of the Apocalypse. The enumeration, from whatever cause (for the fragment may have gaps), omits four of the books of the present canon — the Epistle to the Hebrews, those of St. Peter, and that of St. James; and it gives a warning, in the case of some instances of spurious books, against mixing up "gall with honey." It contains an interesting notice of the "Shepherd" of Hermas, then recently written, and publicly read, but not allowed to claim apostolic or prophetic authority. The "Shepherd" is, as Dr. Tregelles observes, an odd instance, not only of variety of judgment, but of variation within wide limits, on the part of the same judge. In a letter of 1851 Bunsen spoke of it as "that good but dull novel which Niebuhr used to say that he pitied the Athenian Christians for being obliged to hear in their meetings." In reprinting this letter in 1859, the phrase was changed into "that good, but not very attractive, novel." In a dissertation printed in the very same volume (*Hippolytus and his Age*) he talks of it as "one of those books which, like the *Divina Commedia* and Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, captivate the mind by the united power of thought and fiction, both drawn from the genuine depths of the human soul." It is not easy to imagine a more grotesque contrast of criticism in the same person.

It is possible, as Dr. Tregelles hopes, that the Greek original of the Muratorian fragment may yet turn up, as the Greek of Hermas has been recovered. As we have it, the fragment is one of the most signal instances of the truth that the value of things as evidence is often ludicrously in inverse proportion to the value of the things in themselves. It is a curious instance of the seeming accidents of literature and of the capricious fate attending the evidence of the greatest things, that one of the most important documents connected with the literary history of the New Testament should be an ill-written and bungling ex-

tract from a clumsy translation, turning up in the aimless collections of an ignorant commonplace-book-maker of the eighteenth century.

From The Spectator.

SIR WALTER SCOTT AND THE *DIES IRÆ*.

THE controversy which has appeared, partly in these columns, and partly in letters to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, on the subject of the originality which Mr. Gladstone lately attributed to Sir Walter Scott's "Hymn for the Dead" in the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, seems to us to derive its chief interest less from the question directly at issue, than from the remarkable contrast to which it introduces us between the *Dies Iræ* itself and the use which Sir Walter made of it. We cannot help holding so far with those who assailed Mr. Gladstone's criticism, that we think he greatly overrated Scott's general poetical genius, and yet we hold with him that this hymn is almost entirely original. The true test, we think, of so great a writer as Sir Walter Scott's acclimatization, if one may so speak, in any one department of literature, is the degree to which the special form to which he submits his genius seems to stimulate or to cramp its power. Compare Goethe's dramatic power when he writes in prose and when he writes in verse, and you will see at once the immense gain to him of the poetic form. It seems to us just the reverse with Sir Walter. No one, we think, will assert that, had Scott written only his poems, his name could possibly have attained anything like the eminence which it must still have had, had he never written a poem, but been known only by his prose fictions. The truth is that the poetical form in many directions simply cramped and paralyzed him. Verse stimulated what we may call the heroic side of his imagination; it added to the rapidity and the vigour of his narrative; it increased the rhetorical force of his declamation; it set a rude music to the rough gallop of his Border chiefs; it lent a strong effect of light and shadow to his free bold sketches of Highland or Lowland scenery; but it entirely eclipsed his great dramatic power, and his rich free humour; it turned him from one of the most real into one of the most vaguely ideal of romance-writers; it obliterated his wonderful power of giving at once splendour and minutely life-like finish to his

toric portraits; it banished all subtlety from his style. Think of Scott's empty romantic picture of James Fitz-James, and think of what the same writer would have made of him had he been the subject of a novel, — compare this empty picture, for example, with the lustrous splendour of his delusive but still magnificent portrait of Mary Queen of Scots in *The Abbot*. Compare Roderick Dhu in the *Lady of the Lake* with the picture of Rob Roy's fierce, shrewd, humorous cunning in the novel of that name. No one can avoid seeing for a moment that Sir Walter Scott's verse was a medium for only a very small part, and this, too, the least powerful part, of his creative genius. As he himself said in the fine verses to Erskine at the beginning of the third canto of *Marmion*: —

"For I was wayward, bold, and wild,
A self-willed imp, a grandame's child;
But, half a plague and half a jest,
Was still endured, beloved, caressed.
For me, thus nurtured, dost thou ask
The classic poet's well-conned task?
Nay, Erskine, nay — on the wild hill
Let the wild heath-bell flourish still;
Cherish the tulip, prune the vine,
But freely let the woodbine twine,
And leave untrimmed the eglantine. . . .
Though wild as cloud, as stream, as gale,
Flow forth, flow unrestrained, my tale."

Whatever Sir Walter Scott's rank as a poet, there can be little doubt that his verse was a far too inelastic medium for his great artistic powers. You might as well try to turn the Frith of Forth into the bed of a Highland torrent, as embody Scott's great creative art in the limits of that rugged, galloping verse which has little or no organic structure in it, no rest, no growth of separate detail, no capacity for interior delicacies of structure. The wash of the sea, the sleep of the sunshine, the sighing of the wind, the flowering of sweet blossoms, have no reflection in Sir Walter's hasty, roughshod verse. It is full of an eager human, or rather equestrian movement, but has little play, and no still depths.

But as regards Sir Walter Scott's special appropriation of the *Dies Iræ* to the hymn sung by the monks on occasion of the pilgrimage undertaken for the soul of the wizard Michael Scott, we must say that the completeness of the transformation can hardly be exaggerated. It is not so much that, of the twelve lines of this short hymn, we do not think more than four can in any sense have been borrowed from, or even suggested by, the *Dies Iræ*, but still more, that the whole movement and mood of the

hymn is completely metamorphosed. The Latin *Dies Iræ*, as we shall show presently, has a long, slow, meditative motion of its own, proper to the strictly individual mood of the spirit whose vision it is supposed to embody; it is strictly an act of private devotion, a soliloquy cast in the school of the Augustinian theology, and carefully adapted to reduce the individual soul to complete despair, and then cast it in passionate trust on the love and mercy of the Redeemer. Its movement is almost exactly that of Tennyson's *Two Voices*, — each stanza being a triplet, — a metre curiously effective for the purpose of religious meditation, as our own great poet perceived. But Sir Walter Scott's "Hymn for the Dead" has the fervent clang of a chorus of many voices in it, realizing, in common for all awestruck hearts, the awful catastrophe of the universal judgment, and pouring out one united cry for mercy. Nor is this all. It would be a great mistake to ignore the place of this hymn in the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*. It is sung by the monks, as we have said, on occasion of the pilgrimage to implore rest for the soul of the great wizard, who is supposed to be still haunting the earth. It immediately follows, and is evidently intended to stand in the relation of a sort of religious pendant, or rather superincumbent, to the preternatural event in Branksome Hall, when the elfish page is snatched away amidst the crash of the elements. The dirge of judgment is specially elaborated to recall the lightning flash and rolling thunder which had so lately struck with awe the characters of the tale, and to remind us how vastly the imaginary terrors of the imaginary magician fall short of the sublimer catastrophe, which he, like all men, is delineated in prophetic vision as certain one day to encounter. This was the scene in Branksome Hall: —

"Then sudden through the darkened air
A flash of lightning came;
So broad, so bright, so red the glare,
The castle seemed on flame.
Glanced every rafter of the hall,
Glanced every shield upon the wall,
Each trophied beam, each sculptured stone,
Were instant seen, and instant gone;
Fall through the guests' bedazzled band
Resistless flashed the levin-brand.
And filled the hall with smouldering smoke
As on the elfish page it broke.
It broke with thunder long and loud,
Dismayed the brave, appalled the proud;
From sea to sea the 'larm rung.
At Berwick wall and at Carlisle
To arms the startled warders sprung.

When ended was the dreadful roar,
The elfish dwarf was seen no more."

That is the scene which is the immediate cause of the pilgrimage for Michael's Scott's soul, of which the poet says, —

"After such dreadful scene 'twere vain
To wake the note of mirth again,"

— and, accordingly, instead of attempting this, he substitutes a brief description of the solemn pilgrimage, closing with this hymn of judgment, in which the merely preternatural gloom and terror produced by the wizard's power are completely merged and lost. No one can fail to see an intention of comparing the terrors of the legendary magician with the greater terrors beheld by prophets as likely to beset all men, — in the elaboration given to the middle verse of this great chant: —

"HYMN FOR THE DEAD.

"That day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?"

"When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead, —

"Yet, on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be thou the trembling sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away!"

In the controversy about the originality of this hymn, every one has noted that the lines commencing the second verse, and suggested by the second Epistle of St. Peter, are completely new; but so, in fact, are the last two lines of the same verse describing the thunder of the last trumpet, which are utterly different both in phrase and movement from those in the *Dies Iræ* of which it is supposed that they are paraphrases. In truth, the verse is clearly intended to cap the preternatural flash and crack which turned the guests in Branksome Hall so white with fear, by the grander terrors which all souls are one day to encounter, and to fix the imagination on the only refuge from such terrors, whether imaginary or real. In fact, we may say that the whole purpose of Scott in this fine hymn is to

adapt to this special purpose the prophetic vision of the last day, with its parting flame and rolling thunder, and the glimpses of the divine pity beyond.

Now turn to the *Dies Iræ* itself, of which we furnish as good a version as we are able, line for line, beside the original, — having departed from extreme literalness only when it seemed necessary to secure some approach to the spirit of the original.

[We do not copy the *Dies Iræ*, of which "The Living Age" has lately contained translations.]

Here there is absolutely no great scenic effect. The "shrivelling" heavens are not here; and there is nothing at all to correspond to the crash of doom in Scott's —

"When louder yet and yet more dread
Swell the high trump that wakes the dead."

"Spargens mirum sonum" is a phrase of infinite gentleness. The trumpet sheds (literally, "sprinkles") its music like a kind of vivifying light on the darkness of those far-distributed tombs. Sir Walter Scott's lines, if intended as a translation, could not have been a completer failure, but evidently they were not so meant. The "mirum sonum" was not "wonderful" for its shock, but for its suasive coercion. It was of a silver-toned trumpet that the writer was, we suspect, thinking, — of flute-like notes, not of what we call the "crack of doom." All the grand verses of this hymn are those which describe the love of the Saviour, and the agony of entreaty on the part of the sinner. There is no grand physical imagery about it. It begins with a meditative statement of the *fact* of a day of judgment, calling witnesses that the writer may the better realize it, — "so David (i.e., the Psalmists) and the Sybil agree in asserting. Nothing could be more characteristic than this sign of the mood of individual meditation in which the whole is cast. Scott *could* not have put this line into his psalm without spoiling *his* drift altogether. Then the writer realizes what dread will fall on him when the time comes, when the trumpet breaks the silence of the tomb, and by an invisible compulsion charms all before the judgment-seat. Then, for the first time, he gets sublime, *not* at the physical grandeur of the scene, but at the stupefaction of Nature and Death at a resurrection of the creature, — "Mors stupebit et Natura." It is

his first grand touch, — unless the very gentleness of the last trumpet, the "spargens mirum sonum," be itself a grand touch. Then the Bible is cited in a singularly prosaic verse as the record of revealed wisdom by which man shall be tried. The revelation of all secret sins follows, and as a consequence the helplessness of the sinner who should choose to be judged by his works. Then comes the grandest stanza of the whole, hinging entirely on the faith that God alone can justify, and even He perhaps only those who are predestined to salvation, —

"Rex tremendæ majestatis,
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salva me, fons pietatis!"

This terse and majestic and intense verse is the very key of the whole hymn. It is an individual appeal on the part of an individual soul which has been following up slowly the whole train of thought connected with the scene in which it will have to play a part. And thus realizing that Christ's will to save is his only hope, the writer goes on to draw out a personal appeal to Christ why He should not lose even this single grain of His possible harvest. Was it not Christ's love for each individual sinner that brought Him down from heaven to earth, that moved Him to wander over the earth where He had nowhere to lay His head, that inspired Him when he sat weary by the well of Samaria, that led Him to bear His cross and endure his passion? Should such acts as these fail of their effect, even in the case of the worst of sinners who desires to be saved? The writer hopes nothing from his own prayers, but much from the love shown in the pardon of such sinners as Mary Magdalene and the thief upon the cross. The whole tenor of the hymn is one of personal appeal, of loving devotion, of humble contrition. When it is grandest it is sweetest, and contains least of physical imagery. It winds its long path of meditative Augustinian piety from the beginning to the close without a single peal of thunder like that of Sir Walter Scott's second verse. As it seems to us, no poems — so equally fine of their kind — could be cast in more different styles, or express more different moods of poetry, than Sir Walter Scott's "Hymn for the Dead," intended evidently as a fitting close to the legendary terrors of Michael Scott's sorcery, and the *Dies Iræ*, by which it was avowedly suggested.

From The Saturday Review.

DAVID GARRICK.*

IN the familiar group of statesmen, wits, authors, and artists who represent the intellectual activity of England between 1740 and 1780 there is no more prominent or agreeable figure than that of David Garrick. It is continually passing before us in the correspondence of Walpole and Gray, in the memoirs of Cumberland, Madame D'Arblay, and Hannah More; and it is his name and doings which lend the chief interest to the biographies of Macklin, Mrs. Bellamy, Tate Wilkinson, and others of his stage contemporaries. In Boswell's "Johnson" he is a conspicuous figure. In Boswell's very first interview with his hero, his ignorance of Johnson's strangely inverted love for the actor, which was constantly venting itself in splenetic sallies against him, but would never listen with patience to a word said in disparagement of him by another, drew down upon the future biographer one of those surly rebuffs of which he was afterwards to have so many. "What do you think of Garrick?" said Johnson to Tom Davies, who was by. "He has refused me an order to the play for Miss Williams, because he knows the house will be full, and that an order would be worth three shillings." Garrick had given the lady a free benefit at his theatre a few years before, by which she had realized two hundred pounds. "Oh, Sir," broke in the fussy Scotchman, not dreaming how little Johnson meant by this sally, "I cannot think Mr. Garrick would grudge such a trifle to you." "Sir," said Johnson, turning upon him with a stern look, "I have known David Garrick longer than you have done; and I know no right you have to talk to me on the subject." The incident was typical. All through Boswell's book Garrick's name provokes Johnson's sarcasm, if other people praise; or kindles his praise, if other people censure. Which of the two was genuine we very soon discover. Johnson never quite forgave his old pupil and friend for a success so much more rapid and, in a worldly sense, more brilliant than his own. The latent grudge found its way to the surface every now and then, in such sneers as "What! respect a player!" "Feelings, pooh! Punch has no feelings." When he contrasted his own social position, and unattractive person and

manners, with those of the handsome and vivacious actor to whom not England only but Europe was continually offering up incense, whose society was courted by the ablest and best men and most gifted and beautiful women of the time, who had achieved wealth by his own unaided efforts, and graced it by the refinement of his tastes and the bounteousness of his hospitality, some soreness at the contrast was only human. But Johnson loved the man in his heart, and in his better moods did him full justice. The pity is that the instinct for detraction, which unluckily makes so many of us remember a man's virtues less vividly than his faults, or what are said to be his faults, has caused his sarcasm on Garrick to be more often quoted than his praise.

Of his powers as an actor, or indeed of what powers go to make a great actor, Johnson was clearly no judge. To him an actor was a mere declaimer of other people's words — "a fellow, sir, who claps a hump on his back and a lump on his leg, and cries 'I am Richard the Third.'" So little discrimination had he that he found "a fine airy vivacity" in the Sir Harry Wildairs of a country player whom Garrick pronounced "as insufferably vulgar a ruffian as ever trod the boards." The opinion of such a critic on Garrick's or any other person's acting is of course worthless. But when he comes to speak to us of the man and the writer, we listen with respect. "Garrick's prologues and epilogues," he tells us, "are incomparable." "Dryden has written prologues superior to any that David Garrick has written; but David Garrick has written more good prologues than Dryden has done." Again, what was the opinion of this great master of the art of talking of Garrick's gifts in the same way? "Garrick's gaiety of conversation has delicacy and elegance." "He is the first man in the world for sprightly conversation." And, in a conversation with Mrs. Siddons, reported by her brother John Kemble — where, for once, Johnson did justice to Garrick as an actor, saying that "a true conception of character, and natural expression of it, were his distinguished excellences" — he concluded with the remark, "But, after all, madam, I thought him less to be envied on the stage than when at the head of a table." And what the character of his conversation in mixed society was Johnson also tells us. "It was gay and grotesque. It was a dish of all sorts, but all good things." We may set these details against his occasional splenetic allusions to his lively friend's buffooning. When the "abridgment of all that

* *The Life of David Garrick: from Original Family Papers, and numerous Published and Unpublished Sources.* By Percy Fitzgerald, M.A., F.S.A., Author of "The Life of Sterne," "The Dear Girl," &c. 2 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers.

was pleasant in man" was sleeping in Westminster Abbey, Johnson said of him, "he was the cheerfullest man of his age"; and we know from other sources that his gaiety never went beyond "the limits of becoming mirth"—that it was not purchased, like Foote's, and that of so many wits, by the loss of his own self-respect, or at the cost of pain to other people.

So, too, when we hear of Garrick's being meanly parsimonious, and some loose words of Johnson are quoted to support the charge, let us set against them such passages as these—"Sir, I know that Garrick has given away more money than any man that I am acquainted with, and that not from ostentatious views." "Garrick was a very good man—a man who gave away freely money acquired by himself." More conclusive than all upon this and many other points, where Garrick's character was chiefly assailed by his detractors, are the words which Reynolds puts into Johnson's mouth in that admirable *Imaginary Conversation* between him and Gibbon, which Croker says Sir George Beaumont told him was not invention, but the substance of what Reynolds had heard Johnson say in many conversations. "That he loved money, nobody will dispute. Who does not? But if you mean, by *loving* money, that he was parsimonious to a fault, sir, you have been misinformed! To Foote, and such scoundrels, who circulated these reports, to such profligate spendthrifts, prudence is meanness, and economy is avarice." Precisely so. It was just by Foote and others of his class, who had made frequent appeals to him for money in large sums, and not made them in vain, that Garrick was slandered for meanness and avarice. None knew this better than Johnson and Reynolds; and with two such vouchers for his liberality, let Macklin, Foote, Murphy, and the like say their worst of him, the ultimate verdict is certain to be in his favour.

Johnson in many ways had reason to speak well of Garrick. In his prosperity, the successful actor and manager had a warm heart and hand for the poor scholar with whom he had come up to London to seek their fortunes; Johnson, to use his own mocking phrase, with twopence halfpenny in his pocket, and Garrick with three halfpence in his. Among his first acts as manager was to bring out his friend's *Irene*, that most perfect specimen of what Johnson meant when he spoke of plays in which

Declamation roared, while passion slept;

and not only did he bring it out, but he lent his own great name and genius to the second part in the piece. Nor did Garrick ever lose his early admiration for his old preceptor. Very pleasant is the picture Boswell gives of his bustling about him with a kind of filial fondness at the Literary Club, and flattering the old man's pride with a subtle deference of homage. In this there was no servility, for, well as he knew how free Johnson at times made with his name, he could bear such passing slights for the sake of the old times and the core of true regard for him which he well knew to be in the heart of a man whose genius and worth threw all his foibles into the shade. Nor could this deference be otherwise than most grateful to Johnson; for here was a man of unquestionable genius, with fame, fortune, influence, and troops of friends at his command, throwing off all airs of superiority, if he had any, and placing himself humbly among the foremost of his admirers. People accused Garrick of being prone to play off too much the airs of a prosperous man. Such accusations successful men, however humble, are sure to provoke from the unsuccessful. One who knew human nature so well as Johnson could not fail to take a juster view of Garrick's demeanour. "If all this good fortune," he said, "had happened to me, I should have had a couple of fellows with long poles walking before me, to knock down everybody that stood in my way. Consider, if all this had happened to Cibber or Quin, they'd have jumped over the moon. Yet Garrick speaks to us." Yes, dearly in his heart did that strange medley of nobleness and weakness love his Davie. When Davie died, a great piece of sunshine disappeared from Johnson's life. Better than the fine panegyric which he wrote of him a few months after that event, that it had "eclipsed the gaiety of nations, and impoverished the public stock of harmless pleasure"—more convincing to our hearts of the high qualities as a man which he knew to have distinguished him who had never been less to him than the admiring friend of the old Edial days—is the picture shown to us in these words of Cumberland:—"I saw old Samuel Johnson standing beside his grave at the foot of Shakespeare's monument, and bathed in tears." Burke was there too, and showed no less emotion.

The reputation of Garrick is in a measure unique. He sprang at once to the very summit of his profession, without previous training or experience. From his childhood he had been fond of the theatre, and, like most boys who are so, he had appeared in

private theatricals. But his instinct as an artist was too true to admit of his going deeply into such amateur trifling. He studied the living stage and its professors, and learned from their violation of truth and nature what at least it behoved him to avoid, before he could hope to realize the dream of histrionic greatness which haunted his youth. After a few trial performances at Ipswich, he appeared at Giffard's Theatre in Goodman's Fields as Richard the Third, and next morning awoke and found himself famous. The genius of the young actor took the town by storm. Dukes by the dozen, all the leaders of fashion, even Cabinet Ministers, drove down from the West-end to an obscure street in the City to see this great master of the passions. Pope himself came out to see him. "I saw," says Garrick, "our little poetical hero, dressed in black, seated in a side-box near the stage, and viewing me with a serious and earnest attention. His look shot and thrilled like lightning through my frame, and I had some hesitation in proceeding, from anxiety and from joy. As Richard gradually blazed forth, the house was in a roar of applause, and the conspiring hand of Pope showered me with laurels." Well might the young actor's heart leap when he saw the deep searching eyes of the poet riveted upon him! Garrick worshipped genius; and here to judge him had come the, to him, most notable man of his time, the man who had moreover been familiar with his great predecessors, Betterton and Booth. What that judgment was is happily upon record. "That young man never had his equal as an actor, and he will never have a rival." The old actors tried to sneer at the youth who was teaching the town that nature and the stage need not of necessity be divorced. "This," said Quin, "is the wonder of a day; Garrick is a new religion; the people follow him as another Whitefield, but they will soon return to church again." But they did not return; and Garrick, great in epigram as in acting, turned the tables upon Quin by some happy lines, of which these have become proverbial:—

When doctrines meet with general approbation,
It is not heresy, but reformation.

His success was something to which his rivals were not likely to be soon reconciled. But the great tragic actress, Mrs Porter, who had left both the stage and London, and could afford to be candid, may be believed when, having come up to town to see the new star, she said of him to a friend:—"He is born an actor, and does more at his first ap-

pearance than ever anybody did with twenty years' practice; and, good God, what will he be in time?"

Such success might well have turned any head. It did not turn Garrick's. He had both the modesty of true genius, which always sees before it a higher ideal than it reaches, and its patience, which spares no pains to rise nearer to its ideal. In this he stood alone among all the actors of his time, and by this he realized the anticipations both of Pope and Mrs. Porter. He knew well that no art demands a wider range of accomplishments, a more certain command of resources, than the actor's. The great player is called on to express

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Which stir this mortal frame.

Voice, feature, action, are all subject to the strictest scrutiny. There are no second thoughts, no retouches. The right key must be struck *at once*, or failure ensues. No amount of practice will effect this if the inner nature of the artist has not been brought by culture to the point at which grace becomes instinctive, and passion in its wildest moods subordinated to an intuitively controlling taste. As Garrick wrote in 1764 to the young actor Powell, who had led the business at Drury Lane with brilliant success during his absence on the Continent:—"The famous *Baron* of France used to say that 'an actor should be nursed in the lap of queens,' by which he meant that the best accomplishments were necessary to form a great actor." He had proved the truth of this in his own practice, and the same culture which secured his pre-eminence on the stage brought him wealth and influence, for it made him prudent in his habits, skilful in the management of his theatre, and a loved and welcome guest wherever he went.

Nothing, indeed, strikes us as more remarkable in Garrick than his industry. Placed at the age of twenty-four at the very top of his profession; courted and caressed by society, of which, like all men who shine in it, he was fond; constantly extending his range of parts; with the management of a great theatre on his shoulders, and all the toil, anxiety, and irritation which that entails—nor was ever manager so worried as he by the insolence of authors and the jealous susceptibilities of actors—Garrick found time to write farces, to recast plays, to compose innumerable prologues, epilogues, and *vers de société*, and to keep up an immense correspondence, while at the same time he seems to have been as well read in the literature of Eu-

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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HORNE'S INTRODUCTION TO THE BIBLE, UNABRIDGED.

We earnestly ask the attention of the readers of "The Living Age" to a prospectus of the New Edition of this work. If they will take an active interest in getting up the clubs proposed, they will do a good work in promoting the circulation of two good publications, and will greatly oblige the publishers.

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[This is *Eighteen Hundred and Seventy-Six*. Some very laughable matters have been extensively copied into the newspapers from this book].

THE MEXICAN; OR, LOVE AND LAND. A Poem founded on the Invasion of Maximilian. By John M. Dagnall. New York: American News Company.

BROWNLOWS, by Mrs. Oliphant, has been published at this office, price 37 cents. Sent by mail, prepaid, for that price.

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might be, one would think, that he was himself part of it, and that his reticence arose from a sort of misplaced modesty, but his vehement partiality for the Latitudinarians which comes out in every page forbids the assumption. This partiality has led him into some odd statements. It is surely an unworthy trick to claim Bishop Butler as in any sense a parent of the Broad Church school. If ever there was a divine who would have been horrified at the modern principles of that school, it would have been the great author of the "Analogy," whose destruction of Rationalism on its own premises is thus twisted to his discredit. Does the Professor really mean to let his friends "assume the fallibility of the Bible and of the Church"? Has he weighed the fact that the doctrine of the Atonement is held pretty much alike by High and Low Churchmen? Has he any logical theory of the Divine relation to man, except what is Rationalistic, which will entitle him to throw such bitter scorn on the Bampton Lectures of 1858? As a minor blunder, does he really consider Leighton and Baxter as the representatives of the "Puritan tradition"? They were of a much higher stamp; representatives of Presbyterianism, no doubt, but that was a very different thing. In short, we are sorry for Mr. Plumptre's reputation that he should have undertaken a task so much beyond his strength as an analysis of Church parties; and still more sorry to see how much he is identified with the worst of them. His complacency at the prospect of the whole education of the country getting into the hands of the Broad Churchmen is perhaps one of the most painful parts of his article. With him it is "matter for rejoicing"; but it is fair to say that his joy is founded on the mistake we have already exposed, that no other teachers are possible but those of the school of the *Record* or the *Church Times*. All who are not of these schools are with him comprehended in the "Broad Church" school, with those who from "Dr. Arnold downwards have been prominent in the work of educational progress." What can we say of such an analysis of the Church of England of to-day! — *London Churchman*.

TO MY NOSE.

Knows he, who never took a pinch,
Nosey, the pleasure thence which flows?
Knows he the titillating joy
That my nose knows?

O Nose! I am as proud of thee
As any mountain of its snows;
I gaze on thee and feel that pride
A Roman knows.

"HEAR! HEAR!"

"Dr. H. R. Smith, of Louisville, claims to have established the truth of the theory that animals found in the Mammoth Caves of Kentucky are not only without a trace of the optic nerve, but are also destitute of the sense of hearing." — *American Paper*.

In old Kentucky's Mammoth Caves,
All things that owe their birth and rearing
To those recesses, dark as graves,
Are born without the sense of hearing.
With such strange sounds one's ears are torn,
I sometimes think it had been lucky,
Had I within your shade been born,
Oh, Mammoth Caverns of Kentucky!

When men on politics declaim,
And yet know naught at all about 'em,
And prose for hours in language tame,
Or, having strong opinions, shout 'em.
When at all Governments on earth
They rush in manner run-a-mucky,
I wish that you had given me birth,
Oh, Mammoth Caverns of Kentucky!

At concerts where the public's pets
Sing CLARIBEL's unmeaning twaddle,
Or where shrill schoolgirls shriek duets
In tones that pierce the thickest noddle,
Or when a solo on the horn
Some youth attempts, less skilled than plucky,
I wish I had in you been born,
Oh, Mammoth Caverns of Kentucky!

And when my better-half begins
Her catalogue of wrongs domestic,
And makes the measure of my sins
Acatelectic anapestic; —
I love you well, my precious wife,
But sometimes I do wish, my ducky,
That I could say I first saw life
In Mammoth Caverns of Kentucky!

So many sounds one's hearing vex,
Loud, long, lugubrious, deep, or shrilly,
And with discordant noise perplex
One's brains, until they drive one silly;
That oft I cry, "How blest is he,
How far beyond his fellows lucky,
Who boasts his natal spot to be
The Mammoth Caverns of Kentucky!"

— *Flem.*

From The Evening Post.

[The following clever verses will be relished by none more, perhaps, than by those whom they concern. — EDITORS EVENING POST.]

Tyng-a-ling-ting.

I.

"Oh say! brother Stubbs, have you heard how they talk
Of this horrid Low Churchman who's coming from 'York,'
And who vows that, next Sunday, he'll preach without gown,
In the Methodist meeting-house here in our town?
Why, it's all in the papers, and men, as they run,
Can read of the deed that will shortly be done;
It will empty our churches, for most of our sheep
Will take the occasion to listen and peep;
And for many a day will our parishes ring
With the tiresome jingle of Tyng-a-ling-ting."

II.

"Oh what's to be done? can't this outrage be stopped?
Can't our tottering pulpits, in some way, be propped?
Let's run to our Bishop, and tell him the news:
His Reverence, doubtless, will shake in his shoes,
When he hears that without, nay against, our consent,
A son of the Church has declared his intent
To follow, so blindly, his Master's command,
And to sow his good seed on another man's land.
Come on, let us hurry to settle this thing,
By stifling the chorus of Tyng-a-ling-ting!"

III.

So, straight to their Bishop a journey they make,
And at first the sad news makes him quiver and quake;
But his courage revives as their tale they unfold;
And he says, with an accent decided and bold,
"Dear friends, there's a canon long buried in dust,
And terribly choked up with ashes and rust;
But we'll oil it, and give it some wipes and some rubs,
And we'll load it with charges of Boggs and of Stubbs,
And then, as a pæan of triumph we sing,
We'll fire it off with a Tyng-a-ling-ting."

IV.

So the Bishop he delves, and the Bishop he grubs,
And, by dint of assistance from Boggs and from Stubbs,

The canon is dug from the rubbish which chokes .

Its ugly old muzzle; and loud are the jokes
Which its obsolete pattern and straight narrow bore

Excite in the crowd who are waiting its roar;
And then they compel our good Bishop of "York"

To hear all the grievance, and stand all the talk;
And by night and by day dreary changes they ring,
As they chime their sad anthem of Tyng-a-ling-ting.

V.

And then to St. Peter's, to open the court,
The judges and jury and counsel resort;
And good Christian people, with wide-open ears,
Are waiting to hear a priest tried by his peers.
And they call up the case, and the lawyers begin
To indulge in their usual professional din,
And by bitter invective and quibble and sneer
To show what a mass of corruption is here;
And really 'tis shocking what charges they bring,
As they peal the loud slogan of Tyng-a-ling-ting.

VI.

Ah me! 'tis a sight at which angels might weep!
'Tis a harvest of tares for our churches to reap!
Sweet Charity's presence has fled from the scene,
And good men lose temper and revel in spleen;
And the Doubters and Scoffers, who relish such suits,
Cry "Lo, these are Christians! come, judge of their fruits!"
And the canon has burst, and with dissonance loud,
Has deafened the ears of the wondering crowd,
And the pall of its smoke like a garment doth cling
To the walls that still echo with Tyng-a-ling-ting.

VII.

Oh! servants of Him whose sole mission was Love,
Do ye still bear as emblems the Lamb and the Dove?
When ye read from your desks the sweet records that tell
How He preached in the Temple and taught at the well,
Do the sapient eyes of your wisdom detect
That He bounded your duties by parish or sect?
Oh! bid these small envies and jealousies cease!
Join *all* in one brotherly anthem of peace;
And when your glad voices in harmony ring,
They'll drown the harsh discord of Tyng-a-ling-ting.

— FLUSHING BAY, Feb. 21, 1868.

P. R. S.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

RICHARDSON'S NOVELS.

THE literary artifice, so often patronized by Lord Macaulay, of describing a character by a series of paradoxes, is of course, in one sense, a mere artifice. It is easy enough to make a dark grey black and a light grey white, and to bring the two into unnatural proximity. But it rests also upon the principle which is more of a platitude than a paradox, that our chief faults often lie close to our chief merits. The greatest man is perhaps one who is so equally developed that he has the strongest faculties in the most perfect equilibrium, and is apt to be somewhat uninteresting to the rest of mankind. The man of lower eminence has some one or more faculties developed out of all proportion to the rest, with the natural result of occasionally overbalancing him. A first-rate gymnast with enormous muscular power in his arms and chest, and comparatively feeble lower limbs, can sometimes perform the strangest feats in consequence of his conformation, but owes his awkwardness to the same singularity. He astonishes us for the time more than the well-proportioned man who can do fewer wonders and more useful work. In the intellectual world the contrasts in one man are often greater. Extraordinary memories with weak logical faculties, wonderful imaginative sensibility with a complete absence of self-control, and other defective conformations of mind, supply the raw materials for a luminary of the second order, and imply a predisposition to certain faults, which are natural complements to the conspicuous merits.

Such reflections naturally occur in speaking of one of our greatest literary reputations, whose popularity is almost in an inverse ratio to his celebrity. Every one knows the names of Sir Charles Grandison and Clarissa Harlowe. They are amongst the established types which serve to point a paragraph; but the volumes in which they are described remain for the most part in undisturbed repose, sleeping peacefully amongst Charles Lamb's *biblia a-biblia*, books which are no books, or, as he explains, those books "which no gentleman's library should be without." They never enjoy the honours of cheap reprints; the modern reader shudders at a novel in eight volumes, and declines to dig for amusement in so profound a mine; when some bold inquirer dips into their pages he generally fancies that the sleep of years has been somehow

absorbed into the paper; a certain soporific aroma exhales from the endless files of fictitious correspondence. This contrast, however, between popularity and celebrity is not so rare as to deserve special notice. Richardson is only one of many authors whose fame seldom rouses a very lively curiosity. We should like to see a return of the number of persons who have fairly read to the end of the *Faery Queen*, or of *Paradise Lost*, who could pass an examination off-hand even in books of greater claims to popularity — say, in *Robinson Crusoe*, or *Gulliver's Travels*. Richardson's slumber may be deeper than that of most men of equal fame, but it is not quite unprecedented. The string of paradoxes, which it would be easy to apply to Richardson, would turn upon a different point; that even a celebrated writer should sleep well a century after his death is intelligible; but there is something decidedly paradoxical in the nature of his reputation. Here is a man, we might say, whose special characteristic it was to be a milk-sop — who provoked Fielding to a coarse hearty burst of ridicule — who was steeped in the incense of useless adulation from a throng of middle-aged lady worshippers — who wrote his novels expressly to recommend little unimpeachable moral maxims, as that evil courses lead to unhappy deaths, that ladies ought to observe the laws of propriety, and generally that it is an excellent thing to be thoroughly respectable; who lived an obscure life in a petty coterie in fourth-rate London society, and was in no respect at a point of view more exalted than that of his companions. What greater contrast can be imagined in its way than that between Richardson, with his second-rate eighteenth-century priggishness and his twopenny-tract morality, and the modern school of French novels, who are certainly not prigs, and whose morality is by no means that of tracts? We might have expected *à priori* that they would have summarily put him down, by whatever epithet corresponds with them to the slang term of Philistine which is now so popular with us. Yet Richardson is a name of power with their best writers; Balzac for example, and George Sand, speak of him with reverence; and a writer who is, perhaps, as odd a contrast to Richardson as could well be imagined — Alfred de Musset — calls *Clarissa*, *le premier roman du monde*. What is the secret which enables the steady old printer, with his singular limitation to his own career of time and space, to impose upon the wild Byronic Parisian of the next century? Amongst his contemporaries

Diderot, the atheistic author of one of the filthiest novels extant, expresses an almost fanatical admiration of Richardson for his purity and power, and declares characteristically that he will place Richardson's works on the same shelf with those of Moses, Homer, Euripides, and other favourite writers; he even goes so far as to excuse Clarissa's belief in Christianity on the ground of her youthful innocence. To continue in the paradoxical vein, we might ask how the quiet tradesman could create the character which has stood ever since for a type of the fine gentleman of the period; or how from the most prosaic of centuries should spring one of the most poetical of feminine ideals? We can hardly fancy a genuine hero with a pigtail, or a heroine in a hoop and high-heeled shoes, nor believe that persons who wore those articles of costume could possess any very exalted virtues. Perhaps our grandchildren may have the same difficulty about the race which wears crinolines and chimney-pot hats.

It is a fact, however, that our grandfathers, in spite of their belief in pigtails and in Pope's poetry, and other matters that have gone out of fashion, had some very excellent qualities, and even some genuine sentiment, in their compositions. Indeed, now that their peculiarities have been finally packed away in various lumber-rooms, and the revolt against the old-fashioned school of thought and manners has become triumphant instead of militant, we are beginning to see the picturesque side of their character. They have gathered something of the halo that comes with the lapse of years; and social habits that looked prosaic enough to contemporaries, and to the generation which had to fight against them, have gained a touch of romance. Richardson's characters wear a costume and speak a language which are indeed queer and old-fashioned, but are now far enough removed from the present to have a certain piquancy; and it is becoming easier to recognize the real genius which created them, as the active aversion to the forms in which it was necessarily clothed tends to disappear. The wigs and the high-heeled shoes are not without a certain pleasing quaintness; and when we have surmounted this cause of disgust, we can see more plainly what was the real power which men of the most opposite schools in art have recognized. That Richardson was, as we have said, something of the milkop is obvious; but it is not so plain that that is a very serious objection to a novelist. Every man should have in him some considerable infusion of feminine

though not of effeminate character; especially a novelist should have the delicate perception, the sensibility to emotion, and the interest in small details, which only women exhibit in perfection. Indeed this is so true, that there seems to be at present some probability that the art of novel writing will pass altogether into feminine hands. It may be long before the advocates of woman's rights will conquer other provinces of labour; but they have already monopolized to a great extent the immense novel manufacturing industry of Great Britain. Now Richardson had certain other talents of a very high order to which we shall presently refer; but his most obvious merits and defects resulted from his feminine characteristics. His sympathy with women is as obvious in his literature as in his life. Richardson, as our readers know, was perpetual president of one of those institutions which have of late flourished and spread mightily — a mutual admiration society. Never was there a body in which the chief received a more perpetual tribute of flattery, and repaid it by more elaborate condescension. Colley Cibber occasionally appeared as a courtier, and surpassed the regular female attendants in the vigour of his phrases, though scarcely in fervour. We find him writing — "The delicious meal I made off Miss Byron — the heroine of *Sir Charles Grandison* — on Sunday last, has given me an appetite for another slice of her off the spit before she is served on the public table:" and he elegantly proposes to "come and piddle off a bit more of her." But he expresses himself more energetically, as reported by a lady correspondent. With a profane oath, he swears that he "would never believe that Providence or eternal wisdom or goodness governed the world, if merit, innocence, and beauty were to be so destroyed" — that is, if Richardson admitted a certain catastrophe to his novel. "These," as the lady reporter mildly adds, "were his strongly emphatic expressions." The ladies, however, do very well in their own way. An unknown lady writes to him under a feigned signature, and exclaims with more ingenious flattery, "I do assure you nothing can induce me to read your history through — it is too well executed for such tender and foolish hearts as mine!" However she manages to proceed, and entertains him to give a turn to the story, "which will make his despairing readers half mad with joy." She tells him that "all the good-natured and compassionate and distressed are on their knees at his feet, and hope they will not beg in vain."

"Pray, sir," she exclaims, "make him (Lovelace) happy — you can so easily do it — pray reform him — will you not save a soul, sir?" And Richardson takes in all this rant with perfect seriousness, replies in a voluminous letter of argument, in which the affectation of sublime wisdom does not conceal a kind of purring complacency, and evidently bolts the flattery whole.

The lady from whom we have quoted became a settled correspondent, and, when more familiar, ventured occasionally upon such a tender and humble expostulation as a country priest might offer to a pope. Nor was Richardson slow at returning compliments in kind. Writing to Miss Fielding, a sister of his great rival and contrast, he assures her that her late brother's knowledge of the human heart was not comparable to hers. He only saw the outside of the clockwork — she its finer springs and movements. Truly, in this commerce both parties could boast of their gains. Richardson became a kind of Protestant confessor; he gave ladies solemn advice on little discussions to which they invited him; told them whether they ought to learn Latin, and argued as to the probability of a reformed rake proving a good husband; as is not uncommon in such cases, the teacher seems to catch the tone of his penitents; his letters to young ladies are exactly like young ladies' letters, and full of the gossiping morality and sentimental platitudes in which women occasionally delight. They are worth a glance, because the style is identical with that of the novels, and explains to some extent the nature of his art. The sympathy with women is equally conspicuous in his works. Nothing is more rare than to find a great novelist who can satisfactorily describe the opposite sex. Women's heroes are women in disguise, or mere lay-figures, walking gentlemen who parade tolerably through their parts, but have no real vitality. Miss Brontë, for example, showed extraordinary power in *Jane Eyre*; but Jane Eyre's lovers, Rockingham and St. John, are painted from the outside; they are, perhaps, what some women think men ought to be, but not what any man of fame at all comparable to Miss Brontë's could ever have imagined. Her most successful men — such as M. Paul in *Villette* — are those who have the strongest feminine element in their composition. On the other hand, the heroines of male writers are for the most part unnaturally strained or quite colourless; male hands are too heavy for the delicate work required. Milton could draw a majestic Satan, but his Eve is

no better than a good-managing housekeeper who knows her place. It is, therefore, remarkable that Richardson's greatest triumph should be in describing a woman, and that most of his feminine characters are more life-like, and more delicately discriminated than his men. Unluckily his conspicuous faults result from the same cause. His moral prosings savour of the endless gossip over a dish of chocolate, in which his heroines delight; we can imagine the applause with which his admiring feminine circle would receive his demonstration of the fact, that adversity is harder to bear than prosperity, or the sentiment that "a man of principle, whose love is founded in reason, and whose object is mind rather than person, must make a worthy woman happy." These are admirable sentiments; but they savour of the serious tea-party. If *Tom Jones* has about it an occasional suspicion of beer and pipes at the bar, *Sir Charles Grandison* recalls an indefinite consumption of tea and small talk. In short, the feminine part of Richardson's character has a little too much affinity to Mrs. Gamp — not that he would ever be guilty of putting gin in his cup, but that he would have the same capacity for spinning out indefinite twaddle of a superior kind. And, of course, he fell into the faults which beset the members of mutual admiration societies in general; but especially those which consist chiefly of women. Men who meet for purposes of mutual flattery, become unnaturally solemn and priggish; they never free themselves from the suspicion that the older members of their coterie may be laughing at them behind their backs. But the flattery of women is so much more delicate, and so much more sincere, that it is far more dangerous. It is a poultice which in time softens the hardest outside. Richardson yielded as entirely as any curate exposed to a shower of slippers. He evidently wrote under the impression that he was not merely an imaginative writer of the highest order, but also a great moralist. "He taught the passions to move," says his admirer, Dr. Johnson, "at the command of virtue." Certainly that was Richardson's own view. He was reforming the world, putting down vice, sending duelling out of fashion and inculcating the lessons of the pulpit in a far more attractive form. A modern novelist is half ashamed of his art; he disclaims earnestly any serious purpose; his highest aim is to amuse his readers, and his greatest boast that he amuses them by honourable, or at least by harmless means. There are, indeed, novelists with a pur-

pose, who write to inculcate High-Church or Low-Church principles, or to prove that society at large is out of joint; but a direct intention to prove that men ought not to steal or get drunk, or commit any other atrocities, is generally considered to be beside the novelist's purpose, and its introduction to be a fault of art. Indeed there is much to be said against it. In our youth we used to read a poem about a cruel little boy who went out to fish and was punished by somehow becoming suspended by his chin from a hook in the larder. It never produced much effect upon us, because we felt that the accident was, to say the least, rather exceptional; at most, we fished on, and were careful about the larder. The same principle applies to the poetic justice dealt by most novelists. When Richardson kills off his villains by violent deaths, we know too well that many villains live to a good old age, leave handsome fortunes, and are buried under the handsomest of tombstones, with the most elegant of epitaphs. This very rough device for inculcating morality is of course ineffectual, and produces some artistic blemishes. The direct exhortations to his readers to be good are still more annoying; no human being can long endure a mixture of preaching and story-telling. For Heaven's sake, we exclaim, tell us what happens to *Clarissa*, and don't stop to prove that honesty is the best policy! In a wider sense, however, the seriousness of Richardson's purpose is of high value. He is so keenly in earnest; so profoundly interested about his characters; so determined to make us enter into their motives, that he cannot help being carried away; if he never spares an opportunity of giving us a lecture, at least his zeal in setting forth an example never flags for an instant. The effort to give us an ideally perfect character seems to stimulate his imagination, and leads to a certain intensity of realization which we are apt to miss in the novelists without a purpose. He is always, as it were, writing at high-pressure and under a sense of responsibility.

The method which he adopts lends itself very conveniently to heighten this effect. It may be reckoned as another feminine peculiarity in Richardson, that he had an inordinate propensity to letter-writing. As a boy he wrote love-letters for the young women of the neighbourhood. When he was grown up he was led to write novels by the admiration expressed for his strange fertility in this direction. Richardson's novels, indeed, are not so much novels put for con-

venience under the form of letters, as letters expanded till they become novels. A genuine novelist who should put his work into the unnatural shape of a correspondence would probably find it a very awkward expedient; but Richardson gradually worked up to the novel from the conception of a collection of letters; and his method, therefore, came spontaneously to him. He started from the plan of writing letters to illustrate a certain point of morality, and to make them more effective attributed them to a fictitious character. The result was the gigantic tract called *Pamela* — distinctly the worst of his works — of which it is enough to say at present that it succeeds neither in being moral nor in amusing. It shows, however, a truly amazing fertility in a specially feminine art. We have all suffered from the propensity of some female minds (the causes of which we will not attempt to analyze) for pouring forth indefinite floods of correspondence. We know the heartless fashion in which some ladies, even in these days of penny postage, will fill a sheet of note-paper and proceed to cross their writing till the page becomes a chequer-work of unintelligible hieroglyphics. But we may feel gratitude in looking back to the days when time hung heavier, and letter-writing was a more serious business. The letters of those times may recall the fearful and wonderful labours of tapestry in which ladies employed their needles by way of killing time. The monuments of both kinds are a fearful indication of the *ennui* from which the perpetrators must have suffered. We pity those who endured the toil as we pity the prisoners whose patient ingenuity has carved a passage through a stone wall with a rusty nail. Richardson's heroines, and his heroes too, for that matter, would have been portents at any time. We will take an example at hazard. Miss Byron, on the 22nd of March, writes a letter of fourteen pages. The same day she follows it up by two of six and of twelve pages respectively. On the 23rd she leads off with a letter of eighteen pages, and another of ten. On the 24th she gives us two, filling together thirty pages, at the end of which she remarks that she is *forced* to lay down her pen, and then adds a postscript of six; on the 25th she confines herself to two pages; but after a Sunday's rest she makes another start of equal vigour. In three days, therefore, she covers ninety-six pages. Two of the pages are about equal to one in this magazine. Consequently in three days' correspondence, referring to the events of the day, she would fill forty-eight pages of the *Cornhill Magazine*, — a task,

the magnitude of which may be appreciated by any one who will try the experiment. We should say that she must have written about ten hours a day, and are not surprised at her remark that she has on one occasion only managed two hours' sleep.

It would, of course, be the height of pedantry to dwell upon this, as though a fictitious personage were to be in all respects bounded by the narrow limits of human capacity. It is not the object of a really good novelist, nor does it come within the legitimate means of high art in any department, to produce an actual illusion. Showmen in some foreign palaces call upon us to admire paintings which we cannot distinguish from bas-reliefs; the deception is, of course, a mere trick, and the paintings are simply childish. On the stage we do not require to believe that the scenery is really what it imitates, and the attempt to introduce scraps of real life is a clear proof of a low artistic aim. Similarly a novelist is not only justified in writing so as to prove that his work is fictitious; but he almost necessarily hampers himself, to the prejudice of his work, if he imposes upon himself the condition that his book shall be capable of being mistaken for a genuine narrative. Every good novelist lets us into secrets about the private thoughts of his characters which it would be impossible to obtain in real life. When Mr. Pendennis relates the history of the Newcomes, he very properly gives us long conversations, and even soliloquies and meditations, of which a real Mr. Pendennis must have been necessarily ignorant. We do not, therefore, blame Richardson because his characters have a power of writing which no mortal could ever attain. His fault, indeed, is exactly the contrary. He very erroneously fancies that he is bound to convince us of the possibility of all his machinery, and often produces the very shock to our belief which he seeks to avoid. He is constantly trying to account by elaborate devices for the fertile correspondence of his characters, when it is perfectly plain that they are simply writing for purposes of the fiction. We should never have asked a question as to the authenticity of the letters, if he did not force the question upon us; and no art can induce us for a moment to accept the proffered illusion. For example, Miss Byron gives us a long account of conversations between persons whom she did not know, which took place ten years before. It is much better that the impossibility should be frankly accepted, on the clear ground that authors of novels, and consequently their creatures, have the prerogative of omniscience. At

least, the slightest account of the way in which she came by the knowledge would be enough to satisfy us for all purposes of fiction. Richardson is not content with this, and elaborately demonstrates that she might have known a number of minute details which it is perfectly plain that a real Miss Byron could never have known, and thus dashes into our faces an improbability which we should have been quite content to pass unnoticed.

The method, however, of telling the story by the correspondence of the actors produces more important effects. The ninety-six pages we have noticed are all devoted to the proceedings of three days. They are filled, for the most part, with interminable conversations. The story advances by a very few steps; but we know all that every one of the persons concerned has to say about the matter. We discover what was Sir Charles Grandison's relation at a particular time to a certain Italian lady, Clementina. We are told exactly what view he took of his own position, what view Clementina took of it; what Miss Byron had to say to Sir Charles on the subject, and what advice her relations bestowed upon Miss Byron. Then we have all the sentiments of Sir Charles Grandison's sisters, and of his brothers-in-law, and of his reverend old tutor; and the sentiments of all the Lady Clementina's family, and the incidental remarks of a number of subordinate actors. In short, we see the characters all round in all their relations to each other, in every possible variation and permutation; we are present at all the discussions which take place before every step, and watch the gradual variation of all the phases of the positions. We get the same sort of elaborate familiarity with every aspect of affairs that we should receive from reading a blue-book full of some prolix diplomatic correspondence; indeed, Sir Charles Grandison closely resembles such a blue-book, for the plot is carried on mainly by elaborate negotiations between three different families, with proposals, and counter proposals, and amended proposals, and a final settlement of the very complicated business by a deliberate signing of two different sets of articles. One of them, we need hardly say, is a marriage settlement; the other is a definite treaty between the lady who is not married and her family, the discussion of which occupies many pages. The extent to which we are drawn into the minutest details may be inferred from the fact that nearly a volume is given to marrying Sir Charles Grandison to Miss Byron, after all

difficulties have been surmounted. We have at full length all the discussions by which the day is fixed, and all the remarks of the unfortunate lovers of both parties, and all the criticisms of both families, and finally an elaborate account of the ceremony, with the names of the persons who went in the separate coaches, the dresses of the bride and bridesmaids, and the sums which Sir Charles gave away to the village girls who strewed flowers on the pathway. Surely the feminine element in Richardson's character was a little in excess.

The result of all this is a sort of Dutch painting of extraordinary minuteness. The art reminds us of the patient labour of a line engraver, who works for days at making out one little bit of minute stippling and cross-hatching. The characters are displayed to us step by step and line by line. We are gradually forced into familiarity with them by a process resembling that by which we learn to know people in real life. We are treated to few set analyses or summary descriptions, but by constantly reading their letters and listening to their talk we gradually form an opinion of the actors. We see them, too, all round; instead of, as is usual in modern novels, regarding them steadily from one point of view; we know what each person thinks of every one else, and what every one else thinks of him; they are brought into a stereoscopic distinctness by combining the different aspects of their character. Of course, a method of this kind involves much labour on the part both of writer and reader. It is evident that Richardson did not think of amusing a stray half-hour in a railway or in a club smoking-room; he counted upon readers who would apply themselves seriously to a task, in the hope of improving their morals as much as of gaining some harmless amusement. But it must also be said that, considering the cumbrous nature of the process, the spirit with which it is applied is wonderful. Richardson's own interest in his actors never flags. The distinct style of every correspondent is faithfully preserved with singular vivacity. When we have read a few letters we are never at a loss to tell, from the style alone of any short passage, who is the imaginary author. Consequently, readers who can bear to have their amusement diluted, who are content with an imperceptibly slow development of plot, and can watch without impatience the approach of a foreseen incident through a couple of volumes, may find the prolixity less intolerable than might be expected. If they will be content to skip two letters out of every

three, they may be entertained with a series of pictures of character and manners skilfully contrasted and brilliantly coloured, though with a limited allowance of incident. Within his own sphere, no writer exceeds him in clearness and delicacy of conception. We may doubt whether even Miss Austen's female characters are more skilfully developed.

In another way, the machinery of a fictitious correspondence is rather troublesome. As the author never appears in his own person, he is often obliged to trust his characters with trumpeting their own virtues. Sir Charles Grandison has to tell us himself of his own virtuous deeds: how he disarms ruffians who attack him in overwhelming numbers, and converts evil-doers by impressive advice; and, still more awkwardly, he has to repeat the amazing compliments which everybody is always paying him. Richardson does his best to evade the necessity; he couples all his virtuous heroes with friendly confidants, who relieve the virtuous heroes of the tiresome task of self-adulation; he supplies the heroes themselves with elaborate reasons for overcoming their modesty, and makes them apologise profusely for the unwelcome task. Still, ingenious as his expedients may be, and willing as we are to make allowance for the necessities of his task, we cannot quite free ourselves from an unpleasant suspicion as to the simplicity of his characters. *Clarissa* is comparatively free from this fault, though *Clarissa* takes a questionable pleasure in uttering the finest sentiments and posing herself as a model of virtue. But in *Sir Charles Grandison*, the fulsome interchange of flattery becomes offensive even in fiction. The virtuous characters give and receive an amount of eulogy enough to turn the strongest stomachs. How amiable is A. ! says B. ; how virtuous is C., and how marvellously witty is D. And then A., C., and D. go through the same performance, adding a proper compliment to B. in place of the exclamation appropriate to themselves. The only parallel in modern times is to be found at some of the public dinners, where every man proposes his neighbour's health with a tacit understanding that he is himself to furnish the text for a similar oration. But then at dinners people have the excuse of a state of modified sobriety.

This fault is, as we have said, aggravated by the epistolary method. That method makes it necessary that each person should display his or her own virtues, as in an exhibition of gymnastics the performers walk round and show their muscles. But the

fault lies a good deal deeper. Every writer, consciously or unconsciously, puts himself into his novels, and exhibits his own character even more distinctly than that of his heroes. Shakespeare must have had a strong dash of Hamlet in his composition, or he could not have drawn Hamlet's character. And Richardson, the head of a little circle of conscientious admirers of each other's virtues, could not but reproduce on a different scale the tone of his own society. The Grandisons, and the families of Miss Byron and Clementina merely repeat a practice with which he was tolerably familiar at home; whilst his characters represent to some extent the idealised Richardson himself;—and this leads us to the most essential characteristic of his novels. The greatest woman in France, according to Napoleon's brutal remark, was the woman who had the most children. In a different sense, the saying may pass for truth. The greatest writer is the one who has produced the largest family of immortal children. Those of whom it can be said that they have really added a new type to the fictitious world, are indeed few in number. Cervantes is in the front rank of all imaginative creators, because he has given birth to Don Quixote and Sancho Panza. Richardson's literary representatives are far indeed below these, but Richardson too may boast, that in his narrower sphere of thought he has invented two characters that have still a strong vitality. They show all the weaknesses inseparable from the age and country of their origin. They are far inferior to the highest ideals of the great poets of the world; they are cramped and deformed by the frigid conventionalities of their century and the narrow society in which they move and live. But for all that they stir the emotions of a distant generation with power enough to show that their author must have pierced below the surface into the deeper and more perennial springs of human passion. These two characters are of course Clarissa and Sir Charles Grandison; and we may endeavour shortly to analyze the sources of their enduring interest.

Sir Charles Grandison has passed into a proverb. When Carlyle calls Lafayette a Grandison-Cromwell, he hits off one of those admirable nicknames which paint a character for us at once. Sir Charles Grandison is the model fine gentleman of the eighteenth century,—the master of correct deportment, the unimpeachable representative of the old school. Richardson tells us with a certain *naïveté* that he has been accused of describing an impossible character; that

Sir Charles is a man absolutely without a fault, or at least with faults visible only on a most microscopic observation. In fact, the only fault to which Sir Charles himself pleads guilty, in seven volumes, is that he once rather loses his temper. Two ruffians try to bully him in his own house, and even draw their swords upon him. Sir Charles so far forgets himself as to draw his own sword, disarm both of his opponents, and turn them out of doors. He cannot forgive himself, he says, that he has been "provoked by two such men to violate the sanctity of his own house." His only excuse is, "that there were two of them; and that tho' I drew, yet I had the command of myself so far as only to defend myself, when I might have done with them what I pleased." According to Richardson, this venial offence is the worst blot on Sir Charles's character. We certainly do not blame him for the attempt to draw an ideally perfect hero. It is a perfectly legitimate aim in fiction, and the only question can be whether he has succeeded: for Richardson's own commendation cannot be taken as quite sufficient, neither can we quite accept the ingenious artifice by which all the secondary characters perform as decoy-birds to attract our admiration. They do their very best to induce us to join in their hymns of praise. "Grandison," says a Roman Catholic bishop, "were he one of us, might except canonization." "How," exclaims his uncle, after a conversation with his paragon of a nephew, "how shall I bear my own littleness?" A party of reprobates about town have a long dispute with him, endeavouring to force him into a duel. At the end of it one of them exclaims admiringly, "Curse me, if I believe there is such another man in the world!" "I never saw a hero till now," says another. "I had rather have Sir C. Grandison for my friend than the greatest prince on earth," says a third. "I had rather," replies his friend, "be Sir C. Grandison for this one past hour than the Great Mogul all my life." And the general conclusion is, "what poor toads are we!" "This man shows us," as a lady declares, "that goodness and greatness are synonymous words;" and when his sister marries, she complains that her brother "has long made all other men indifferent to her. Such an infinite difference!" In the evening, according to custom, she dances a minuet with her bridegroom, but whispers a friend that she would have performed better had she danced with her brother.

The structure, however, of the story itself is the best illustration of Sir Charles's

admirable qualities. The plot is very simple. He rescues Miss Byron from an attempt at a forcible abduction. Miss Byron, according to her friends, is the queen of her sex, and is amongst women what Sir Charles is amongst men. Of course, they straightway fall in love. Sir Charles, however, shows symptoms of a singular reserve, which is at last explained by the fact that he is already half engaged to a noble Italian lady, Clementina. He has promised in fact to marry her if certain objections on the score of his country and religion can be surmounted. The interest lies chiefly in the varying inclinations of the balance, at one moment favorable to Miss Byron, and at another to the "saint and angel" Clementina. When Miss Byron thinks that Sir Charles will be bound in honour to marry Clementina, she begins to pine; "she visibly falls away; and her fine complexion fades;" her friends "watch in silent love every turn of her mild and patient eye, every change of her charming countenance; for they know too well to what to impute the malady which has approached the best of hearts; they know that the cure cannot be within the art of the physician." When Clementina fears that the scruples of her relatives will separate her from Sir Charles, she takes the still more decided step of going mad, and some of her madness would be very touching if it were not a trifle too much after the conventional pattern of mad women in novels and on the stage. Whilst these two ladies are breaking their hearts about Sir Charles, they do justice to each other's merits; Harriet will never be happy unless she knows that the admirable Clementina has reconciled herself to the loss of her adored; when Clementina finds herself finally separated from her lover, she sincerely implores Sir Charles to marry her more fortunate rival. Never was there such a display of fine feeling and utter absence of jealousy. Meanwhile a lovely ward of Sir Charles finds it necessary to her peace of mind to be separated from her guardian; and another beautiful, but rather less admirable, Italian actually follows him to England to persuade him to accept her hand. Four ladies—all of them patterns of all physical, moral, and intellectual excellence, are breaking their hearts; and though they are so excellent, that they overcome their natural jealousy, they can scarcely look upon any other man after having known this model of all his sex. Indeed, every woman who approaches him falls desperately in love with him, unless she is his sister or old enough to be his

grandmother. The plot of the novel depends upon an attraction for the fair sex which is apparently irresistible; and the men, if they are virtuous, rejoice to sit admiringly at his feet, and if they are vicious retire abashed from his presence, to entreat his good advice when they are upon their deathbeds.

All this is easy enough. A novelist can make his women fall in love with his hero, as easily as, with a stroke of the pen, he can endow him with fifty thousand a year, or bestow upon him every virtue under heaven. Neither has he any difficulty in making him the finest dancer in England, or giving him such marvellous skill with the small-sword that he can avoid the sin of duelling by instantaneously disarming his most formidable opponents. The real question is, whether he can animate this conglomerate of all conceivable virtues with a real human soul, set him before us as a living and breathing reality, and make us feel that if we had known him, we too should have been ready to swell the full chorus of admiration. It is rather more difficult to convey the impression which a perusal of his correspondence and conversation leaves upon an unprejudiced mind. Does Sir Charles, when we come to know him intimately—for with the ample materials provided, we really seem to know him—fairly support the amazing burden thrown upon him? Do we feel a certain disappointment when we meet the man whom all ladies love, and in whom every gentleman confesses a superior nature?

There are two anecdotes about Sir Charles which seem to us to indicate his character better than any elaborate analysis. Voltaire, we know, ridiculed the proud English, who with the same scissors cut off the heads of their kings and the tails of their horses. To this last weakness Sir Charles was superior. His horses, says Miss Byron, "are not docked; their tails are only tied up when they are on the road." She would wish to find some fault with him, but as she forcibly says, "if he be of opinion that the tails of these noble animals are not only a natural ornament, but of real use to defend them from the vexatious insects that in summer are so apt to annoy them, how far from a dispraise is this humane consideration!" The other anecdote is of a different kind. When Sir Charles goes to church he does not, like some other gentlemen, bow low to the ladies of his acquaintance, and then to others of the gentry. No! "Sir Charles had first other devoirs to pay. He paid us his second compliments." From these two exemplary actions we must infer

his whole character. It should have been inscribed on his tombstone, "He would not dock his horses' tails." That is, the most trifling details of his conduct are regulated on the most serious considerations. He is one of those solemn beings who can't shave themselves without implicitly asserting a great moral principle. He finds sermons in his horses' tails; he could give an excellent reason for the quantity of lace on his coat, which was due, it seems, to a sentiment of filial reverence; and he could not fix his hour for dinner without an eye to the reformation of society. In short, he was a prig of the first water; self-conscious to the last degree; and so crammed with little moral aphorisms that they drop out of his mouth whenever he opens his lips. And then his religion is in admirable keeping. It is intimately connected with the excellence of his deportment; and is, in fact, merely the application of the laws of good society to the loftiest sphere of human duty. He pays his second compliments to his lady, and his first to the object of his adoration. He very properly gives the precedence to the being he professes to adore — but it is only a precedence. As he carries his solemnity into the pettiest trifles of life, so he considers religious duties to be simply the most important part of social etiquette. He would shrink from blasphemy even more than from keeping on his hat in the presence of ladies; but the respect which he owes in one case is of the same order with that due in the other; it is only a degree more important.

We feel, indeed, a certain affection for Sir Charles Grandison. He is pompous and ceremonious to an insufferable degree; but there is really some truth in his sister's assertion, that his is the most delicate of human minds; through the cumbrous formalities of his century, there shines a certain quickness and sensibility; he even condescends to be lively after a stately fashion, and to indulge in a little "raillery," only guarding himself rather too carefully against unbecoming levity. Indeed, though a man of the world at the present day would be as much astonished at his elaborate manners as at his laced coat and sword, he would admit that Sir Charles was by no means wanting in tact; his talk is weighted with more elaborate formulæ than we care to employ, but it is good vigorous conversation in the main, and, if rather overlaid with sermonizing, can at times be really amusing. His religion is not of a very exalted character; he rises to no sublime heights of emotion, and would simply be puzzled by the fervours or the doubts of a more modern

generation. In short, it seems to be compounded of common sense, and a regard for decorum — and those are not bad things in their way, though not the highest. He is not a very ardent reformer; he doubts whether the poor should be taught to read, and is very clear that every one should be made to know his station; but still he talks with sense and moderation, and even gets so far as to suggest the necessity of reformatories. He is not very romantic, and displays an amount of self-command in judicially settling the claims of the various ladies who are anxious to marry him, which is almost comic; he is perfectly ready to marry the Italian lady, if she can surmount her religious scruples, though he is in love with Miss Byron; and his mind is evidently in a pleasing state of equilibrium, so that he will be happy with either dear charmer. Indeed, for so chivalric a gentleman, his view of love and marriage is far less enthusiastic than we should now require. One of his benevolent actions, which throws all his admirers into fits of eulogy, is to provide one of his uncles with a wife. The gentleman is a peer, but has hitherto been of disreputable life. The lady, though of good family and education, is above thirty, and her family have lost their estate. The match of convenience which Sir Charles patches up between them, has obvious prudential recommendations; and of course it turns out admirably. But one is rather puzzled to know what special merit Sir Charles can claim for bringing it to pass.

Such a hero as this may be worthy and respectable, but is not a very exalted ideal. Neither do his circumstances increase our interest. It would be rather a curious subject of inquiry why it should be so impossible to make a virtuous hero interesting in fiction. In real life, the men who do heroic actions are certainly more attractive than the villains. Domestic affection, patriotism, piety, and other good qualities are pleasant to contemplate in the world; why should they be so often an unspeakable bore in novels? Principally, no doubt, because our conception of a perfect man is apt to bring the negative qualities into too great prominence; we are asked to admire men because they have not passions — not because they overcome them. But there are further difficulties; for example, in a novel it is generally so easy to see what is wrong and what is right, the right-hand path branches off so decidedly from the left, that we give a man little credit for making the proper choice. Still more it is difficult to let us sufficiently into a man's interior, to

let us see the struggle and the self-sacrifice which ought to stir our sympathies. We witness the victories, but it is hard to make us feel the cost at which they are won. Now Richardson has, as we shall directly remark, overcome this difficulty to a great extent in *Clarissa*; but in *Sir Charles Grandison* he has entirely shirked it; he has made everything too plain and easy for his hero. "I think I could be a good woman," says Becky Sharp, "if I had five thousand a year,"—and the history of *Sir Charles Grandison* might have suggested the remark. To be young, handsome, healthy, active, with a fine estate, and a grand old house; to be able, by your eloquence, to send a sinner into a fit (as *Sir Charles* does once); to be the object of a devoted passion from three or four amiable, accomplished, and beautiful women—each of whom has a fine fortune, and only begs you to throw your handkerchief towards her, whilst she promises to bear no grudge if you throw it to her neighbour—all these are favourable conditions for virtue—especially if you mean the virtues of being hospitable, generous, a good landlord and husband, and in every walk of life thoroughly gentlemanlike in your behaviour. But the whole design is rather too much in accordance with the device of enabling *Sir Charles* to avoid duels by having a marvellous trick of disarming his adversaries. "What on earth is the use of my fighting with you," says King Padella to Prince Giglio, "if you have got a fairy sword and a fairy horse?" And what merit is there in winning the battle of life, when you have every single circumstance in your favour? Poor old broken-down Colonel Newcome in the Greyfriars, appeals with infinitely more force to our sympathies, than this prosperous young *Sir Charles*, rich with every gift the gods can give him, and of whom the most we can say is, that the possession of all those gifts, if it has made him rather pompous and self-conscious, has not made him close-fisted or hard-hearted. *Sir Charles* then represents a rather carnal ideal; he suggests to us those well-fed, almost beefy, and corpulent angels, whom the cotemporary school of painters sometimes portray. No doubt they are angels, for they have wings and are seated in the clouds; but there is nothing ethereal in their whole nature. We have no love for asceticism; but a few hours on the column of *St. Simon Stylites*, or a temporary diet of locusts and wild honey, might have purified *Sir Charles's* exuberant self-satisfaction. For all this, he is not without a certain

solid merit, and the persons by whom he is surrounded—on whom we have not space to dwell—have a large share of the vivacity which amuses us in the real men and women of their time. Their talk may not be equal to that in *Boswell's Johnson*; but it is animated and amusing, and they compose a gallery of portraits, which would look well in a solid red-brick mansion of the Georgian era.

We must, however, leave *Sir Charles*, to say a few words upon that which is Richardson's real masterpiece, and which, in spite of a full share of the defects we have noticed in *Grandison*, will always command the admiration of persons who have courage enough to get through eight volumes of correspondence. The characters of the little world in which the reader will pass his time, are in some cases the same who reappear in *Grandison*. The lively lady *G.* in the last, is merely a new version of *Miss Howe* in the former. *Clarissa* herself is *Miss Byron* under altered circumstances, and receives from her friends the same shower of superlatives, whenever they have occasion to touch upon her merits. Richardson's ideal lady is not at first sight more prepossessing than his gentleman. After *Clarissa's* death, her friend *Miss Howe* writes a glowing panegyric on her character. It will be enough to give the distribution of her time. To rest it seems she allotted six hours only. Her first three morning hours were devoted to study and to writing those terribly voluminous letters which, as one would have thought, must have consumed a still longer period. Two hours more were given to domestic management, for, as *Miss Howe* explains, "she was a perfect mistress of the four principal rules of arithmetic." Five hours were spent in music, drawing, and needlework, this last especially, and in conversation with the venerable parson of the parish. Two hours she devoted to breakfast and dinner, and as it was hard to restrict herself to this allowance, she occasionally gave one hour more to dinner-time conversation. One hour more was spent in visiting the neighbouring poor, and the remaining four hours to supper and conversation. These periods, it seems, were not fixed for every day; for she kept a kind of running account, and permitted herself to have an occasional holiday by drawing upon the reserved fund of the four hours for supper.

Setting aside the fearfully systematic nature of this arrangement,—the stern determination to live by rule and system,—it must be admitted that *Miss Harlowe*

was what is called by ladies a very "superior" person. She would have made an excellent housekeeper, or even a respectable governess. We feel a certain gratitude to her for devoting four hours to supper; and, indeed, Richardson's characters are always well cared for in the victualling department. They always take their solid three meals, with a liberal intercalation of dishes of tea and chocolate. Miss Harlowe, we must add, knew Latin, although her quotations of classical authors are generally taken from translations. Her successor, Miss Byron, was not allowed this accomplishment, Richardson's doubts of its suitability to ladies having apparently gathered strength in the interval. Notwithstanding this one audacious excursion into the regions of manly knowledge, Miss Harlowe appears to us, as, in the main, a healthy, sensible country girl of the period, with sound sense, the highest respect for decorum, and an exaggerated regard for constituted, especially paternal, authority. We cannot expect, from her, any of the outbreaks against the laws of society customary with George Sand's heroines. If she had changed places with Maggie Tulliver, she would have accepted the society of the *Mill on the Floss* with perfect contentment, respected all the family of aunts and uncles, and never repined against the tyranny of her brother Tom. She would have been conscious of no vague imaginative yearnings, nor have beaten herself against the narrow bars of stolid custom. She would have laid up a vast store of linen, and walked thankfully in the path chalked out for her. Certainly she would never have run away with Mr. Stephen Guest without tyranny of a much more tangible kind than that which acts only through the finer spiritual tissues. When *Clarissa* went off with Lovelace it was not because she had unsatisfied aspirations after a higher order of life, but because she had been locked up in her room, as a solitary prisoner, and her family had tried to force her into marriage with a man whom she had excellent reasons for hating and despising.

Yet the long tragedy in which *Clarissa* is the victim is not the less affecting because the torments are of an intelligible kind, and require no highly-strung sensibility to give them keenness. The heroine is first bullied and then deserted by her family, cut off from the friends who have a desire to help her, and handed over to the power of an unscrupulous libertine. When she dies of a broken heart, the most callous and prosaic of readers must feel that it is the only release possible for her. And in the

gradual development of his plot, the slow accumulation of horrors upon the head of a virtuous victim, Richardson shows the power which places him in the front rank of novelists, and finds precisely the field in which his method is most effective and its drawbacks least annoying. In the first place, in spite of his enormous prolixity, the interest is throughout concentrated upon one figure. In *Sir Charles Grandison* there are episodes meant to illustrate the virtues of the "next-to-divine man" which have nothing to do with the main narrative. In *Clarissa* every subordinate plot, — and they abound, — bears immediately upon the central action of the story, and produces a constant alternation of hope and foreboding. The last volumes, indeed, are dragged out in a way which is injurious in several respects. *Clarissa*, to use Lord Chesterfield's expression about himself, takes an unconscionable time about dying. But until the climax is reached, we see the clouds steadily gathering, and yet with an increasing hope that they may be suddenly cleared up. The only English novel which produces a similar effect, and impresses us with a sense of an inexorable fate, slowly but steadily approaching, is the *Bride of Lammermoor* — in some respects the best and most artistic of Scott's novels. Superior as is Scott's art in certain directions, we scarcely feel the same interest in his chief characters, though there is the same unity of construction. We cannot feel for the Master of Ravenswood the sympathy which *Clarissa* extorts. For in *Clarissa*'s profound distress we lose sight of the narrow round of respectabilities in which her earlier life is passed; the petty pompousness, the intense propriety which annoy us in *Sir Charles Grandison* disappear or become pathetic. When people are dying of broken hearts, we forget their little absurdities of costume. A more powerful note is sounded, and the little superficial absurdities are forgotten.

We laugh at the first feminine description of her dress — a Brussels-lace cap, with sky-blue ribbon, pale crimson coloured paduasay, with cuffs embroidered in a running pattern of violets and their leaves; but we are more disposed to cry (if many novels have not exhausted all our powers of weeping) when we come to the final scene. "One faded cheek rested upon the good woman's bosom, the kindly warmth of which had overspread it with a faint but charming flush; the other paler and hollow, as if already iced over by death. Her hands, white as the lily, with her meandering veins more transparently blue than ever I had

seen even hers, hanging lifelessly, one before her, the other grasped by the right hand of the kindly widow, whose tears bedewed the sweet face which her motherly bosom supported, though unfelt by the fair sleeper; and either insensibly to the good woman, or what she would not disturb her to wipe off or to change her posture. Her aspect was sweetly calm and serene; and though she started now and then, yet her sleep seemed easy; her breath indeed short and quick, but tolerably free, and not like that of a dying person." Allowing for the queer grammar, this is surely a touching and simple picture, and suggests the existence of some true appreciation of nature even in that age of buckram and padding. The epistolary method, though it has its dangers, lends itself well to heighten our interest. Where the object is rather to appeal to our sympathies than to give elaborate analyses of character, or complicated narratives of incident, it is as well to let the persons speak for themselves. A hero cannot conveniently say, like Sir Charles Grandison, "See how virtuous and brave and modest I am;" nor is it easy to make a story clear when it has to be broken up and distributed amongst people speaking from different points of view; it is hard to make the testimonies of the different witnesses fit into each other neatly. But a cry of agony can come from no other quarter so effectively as from the sufferer's own mouth. *Clarissa Harlowe* is in fact one long lamentation, passing gradually from a tone of indignant complaint to one of despair, and rising at the end to Christian resignation. So prolonged a performance in every key of human misery is indeed painful from its monotony; and we may admit that a limited selection from the correspondence, passing through more rapid gradations, would be more effective. We might be spared some of the elaborate speculations upon various phases of the affair which pass away without any permanent effect. Richardson seems to be scarcely content even with drawing his characters as large as life; he wishes to apply a magnifying-glass. Yet, even in this incessant repetition there is a certain element of power. We are forced to drain every drop in the cup, and to appreciate every ingredient which adds bitterness to its flavour. We are annoyed and wearied at times; but as we read we not only wonder at the number of variations performed upon one tune, but feel that he has succeeded in thoroughly forcing upon our minds, by incessant hammering, the impression which he desires to produce. If the blows are not at all very

powerful, each blow tells. There is something impressive in the intensity of purpose which keeps one end in view through so elaborate a process, and the skill which forms such a multitudinous variety of parts into one artistic whole. The proportions of this gigantic growth are preserved with a skill which would be singular even in the normal scale; a respect in which most giants, whether human or literary, are apt to break down.

To make the story complete, the plot should have been as effectively conceived as *Clarissa* herself, and the other characters should be equally worthy of their position. Here there are certain drawbacks. The plot, it might easily be shown, is utterly incredible. Richardson has the greatest difficulty in preventing his heroine from escaping, and at times we must not look too closely for fear of detecting the flimsy nature of her imaginary chains. There is, indeed, no reason for looking closely; so long as the situations bring out the desired sentiment, we may accept them for the nonce, without asking whether they could possibly have occurred. It is of more importance to judge of the consistency of the chief agent of the persecution. *Lovelace* is by far the most ambitious character that Richardson has attempted. To heap together a mass of virtues, and christen the result *Clarissa Harlowe* or *Charles Grandison*, is comparatively easy; but it is a harder task to compose a villain, who shall be by nature a devil, and yet capable of imposing upon an angel. Some of Richardson's judicious critics declared that he must have been himself a man of vicious life or he could never have described a libertine so vividly. This is one of the smart sayings which are obviously the proper thing to say, but which, notwithstanding, are little better than silly. *Lovelace* is evidently a fancy character — if we may use the expression. He bears not a single mark of being painted from life, and is formed by the simple process of putting together the most brilliant qualities which his creator could devise to meet the occasion. We do not say that the result is psychologically impossible; for it would be very rash to dogmatize on any such question. No one can say what strange amalgams of virtue and vice may have sufficient stability to hold together during a journey through this world. But it is plain that *Lovelace* is not a result of observation, but an almost fantastic mixture of qualities intended to fit him for the difficult part he has to play. To exalt *Clarissa*, for example, *Lovelace's* family are represented as all along earnestly desirous of a

marriage between them; and Lovelace has every conceivable motive, including the desire to avoid hanging, for agreeing to the match. His refusal is unintelligible, and Richardson has to supply him with a reason so absurd and so diabolical that we cannot believe in it; it reminds us of Hamlet's objecting to killing his uncle whilst at prayers, on the ground that it would be sending him straight to heaven. But we may, if we please, consider Hamlet's conceit as a mere pretext invented to excuse his resolution to himself: whereas Lovelace speculates so long and so seriously upon the marriage, that we are bound to consider his farfetched arguments as sincere. And the supposition makes his wickedness gratuitous, if we believe in his sanity. Lovelace suffers, again, from the same necessity which injures Sir Charles Grandison; as the virtuous hero has to be always expatiating on his own virtues, the vicious hero has to boast of his own vices; it is true that this is, in an artistic sense, the least repulsive habit of the two; for it gives reason for hating not a hero but a villain; unluckily it is also a reason for refusing to believe in his existence. The improbability of a thoroughpaced scoundrel writing daily elaborate confessions of his criminality to a friend, even when the friend condemns him, and expatiating upon atrocities that deserved hanging, justifying his vices on principle, is rather too glaring to be admissible. And by another odd inconsistency, Lovelace is described as being all the time a steady believer in eternal punishment and a rebuker of sceptics — Richardson being apparently of opinion that infidelity would be too bad to be introduced upon the stage, though a vice might be described in detail. A man who has broken through all moral laws might be allowed a little freethinking. We might add that Lovelace, in spite of the cleverness attributed to him, is really a most imbecile schemer; the first principle of a villain should be to tell as few lies as will serve his purpose; but Lovelace invents such elaborate and complicated plots, presenting so many chances of detection and introducing so many persons into his secrets, that it is evident that in real life he would have broken down in a week.

Granting the high improbability of Lovelace as a real living human being, it must be admitted that he has every merit but that of existence. The letters which he writes are the most animated in the voluminous correspondence. The respectable domestic old printer, who boasted of the per-

fect purity of his own life, seems to have thrown himself with special gusto into the character of a heartless reprobate. He must have felt a certain piquancy in writing down the most atrocious sentiments in his own respectable parlour. He would show that the quiet humdrum old tradesman could be on paper as sprightly and audacious as the most profligate man about town. As quiet people are apt to do, he probably exaggerated the enormities which such men would openly avow; he fancied that the world beyond his little circle was a wilderness of wild beasts who could gnash their teeth and show their claws after a terribly ostentatious fashion in their own dens; they doubtless gloated upon all the innocent sheep whom they had devoured without any shadow of reticence. And he had a fancy that, in their way, they were amusing monsters too; Lovelace is a lady's villain as Grandison is a lady's hero; he is designed by a person inexperienced even in the observation of vice. Indeed, he would exaggerate the charm a good deal more than the atrocity. We must also admit that when the old printer was put upon his mettle he could be very lively indeed. Lovelace, like everybody else, is at times unmercifully prolix; he never leaves us to guess any detail for ourselves; but he is spirited, eloquent, and a thoroughly fine gentleman after the Chesterfield type. Richardson lectures us very seriously on the evil results which are sure to follow bad courses; but he evidently holds in his heart, that, till the Nemesis descends, the libertines are far the most amusing part of the world. In Sir Charles Grandison's company, we should be treated to an intolerable deal of sermonizing, with an occasional descent into the regions of humour — but the humour is always admitted under protest. With Lovelace we might hear some very questionable morality, but there would be a never-ceasing flow of sparkling witticisms. The devil's advocate has the laugh distinctly on his side, whatever may be said of the argument. Finally, we may say that Lovelace, if too obviously constructed to work the plot, certainly works it well. When we coolly dissect him and ask whether he could ever have existed, we may be forced to reply in the negative. But whilst we read we forget to criticize; he seems to possess more vitality than most living men; he is so full of eloquent brag, and audacious sophistry, and unblushing impudence, that he fascinates us as he is supposed to have bewildered Clarissa. The dragon who is to devour the maiden comes with all the flash and glitter and overpowering whirl

of wings that can be desired. He seems to be irresistible — we admire him and hate him, and some time elapses before we begin to suspect that he is merely a stage dragon, and not one of those who really walk this earth.

To sum up, then, the results of our analysis, it seems clear that Richardson was a man of true genius; and we can distinguish the points of analogy between him and the French school, at first sight so distinct in their method, and who yet express so warm an admiration for his talents. His defects are obvious, and in large degree due to his era. He knows, for example, nothing of the influence of Nature. There is scarcely throughout his books one description showing the power of appealing to emotions through scenery claimed by every modern scribbler. In passing the Alps, the only remark which one of his characters has to make, beyond describing the horrible dangers of the Mont Cenis, is that "every object which here presents itself is excessively miserable." His ideal scenery is a "large and convenient country-house, situated in a spacious park," with plenty of "fine prospects," which you are expected to view from a "neat but plain villa, built in the rustic taste." And his views of morality are as contracted as his taste in landscapes. The most distinctive article of his creed is that children should have a reverence for their parents, which would be exaggerated in the slave of an Eastern despot. We can pardon *Clarissa* for refusing to die happy until her stupid and ill-tempered old father has revoked a curse which he bestowed upon her. But we cannot quite excuse Sir Charles Grandison for writing in this fashion to his disreputable old parent, who has asked his consent to a certain family arrangement in which he had a legal right to be consulted.

"As for myself," he says, "I cannot have one objection; but what am I in this case? My sister is wholly my father's; I also am his. The consideration he gives me in this instance, confounds me. It binds me to him in double duty. It would look like taking advantage of it, were I so much as to offer my humble opinion, unless he were pleased to command it from me."

Even one of Richardson's abject lady-correspondents was revolted by this exaggerated servility. But narrow as his vision might be in some directions, his genius is not the less genuine. He is a curious exam-

ple of the power which a real artistic insight may exhibit under the most disadvantageous forms. To realise his characteristic power, we should take one of the great French novelists whom we admire for the exquisite proportions of his story, the unity of the interest and the skill — so unlike our common English clumsiness — with which all details are duly subordinated. He should have, too, the comparative weakness of French novelists, a defective perception of character, a certain unwillingness in art as in politics to allow individual peculiarities to interfere with the main flow of events; for, admitting the great excellence of his minor performers, Richardson's most elaborately designed characters are so artificial that they derive their interest from the events in which they play their parts, rather than give interest to them — little as he may have intended it. Then we must cause our imaginary Frenchman to transmigrate into the body of a small, plump, weakly printer of the eighteenth century. We may leave him a fair share of his vivacity, though considerably narrowing his views of life and morality; but we must surround him with a court of silly women whose incessant flatteries must generate in him an unnatural propensity to twaddle. All the gossiping propensities of his nature will grow to unhealthy luxuriance under this unnatural stimulant, and the fine edge of his wit will be somewhat dulled in the process. He will thus become capable of being a bore — a thing which is impossible to any unsophisticated Frenchman. In this way we might obtain a literary product so anomalous in appearance as *Clarissa* — a story in which a most affecting situation is drawn with extreme power, and yet so overlaid with twaddle, so unmercifully protracted and spun out as to be almost unreadable to the present generation. But to complete Richardson, we must inoculate him with the propensities of another school: we must give him a liberal share of the feminine sensitiveness and closeness of observation of which Miss Austen is the great example. And perhaps, to fill in the last details he ought, in addition, to have a dash of the more unctuous and offensive variety of the dissenting preacher — for we know not where else, to look for the astonishing and often ungrammatical fluency by which he is possessed, and which makes his best passages remind us of the marvellous malleability of some precious metals.

CHAPTER XX.

THE DEBATE ON THE BALLOT.

PHINEAS took his seat in the House with a consciousness of much inward trepidation of heart on that night of the ballot debate. After leaving Lord Chiltern he went down to his club and dined alone. Three or four men came and spoke to him; but he could not talk to them at his ease, nor did he quite know what they were saying to him. He was going to do something which he longed to achieve, but the very idea of which, now that it was so near to him, was a terror to him. To be in the House and not to speak would, to his thinking, be a disgraceful failure. Indeed, he could not continue to keep his seat unless he spoke. He had been put there that he might speak. He would speak. Of course he would speak. Had he not already been conspicuous almost as a boy orator? And yet, at this moment he did not know whether he was eating mutton or beef, or who was standing opposite to him and talking to him, so much was he in dread of the ordeal which he had prepared for himself. As he went down to the House after dinner, he almost made up his mind that it would be a good thing to leave London by one of the night mail trains. He felt himself to be stiff and stilted as he walked, and that his clothes were uneasy to him. When he turned into Westminster Hall he regretted more keenly than ever he had done that he had seceded from the keeping of Mr. Low. He could, he thought, have spoken very well in court, and would there have learned that self-confidence which now failed him so terribly. It was, however, too late to think of that. He could only go in and take his seat.

He went in and took his seat, and the chamber seemed to him to be mysteriously large, as though benches were crowded over benches, and galleries over galleries. He had been long enough in the House to have lost the original awe inspired by the Speaker and the clerks of the House, by the row of Ministers, and by the unequalled importance of the place. On ordinary occasions he could saunter in and out, and whisper at his ease to a neighbour. But on this occasion he went direct to the bench on which he ordinarily sat, and began at once to rehearse to himself his speech. He had in truth been doing this all day, in spite of the effort that he had made to rid himself of all memory of the occasion. He had been collecting the heads of his speech while Mr. Low had been talking to him, and refresh-

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ing his quotations in the presence of Lord Chiltern and the dumb-bells. He had taxed his memory and his intellect with various tasks, which, as he feared, would not adjust themselves one with another. He had learned the headings of his speech,—so that one heading might follow the other, and nothing be forgotten. And he had learned verbatim the words which he intended to utter under each heading,—with a hope that if any one compact part should be destroyed or injured in its compactness by treachery of memory, or by the course of the debate, each other compact part might be there in its entirety, ready for use;—or at least so many of the compact parts as treachery of memory and the accidents of the debate might leave to him; so that his speech might be like a vessel, watertight in its various compartments, that would float by the buoyancy of its stern and bow, even though the hold should be waterlogged. But this use of his composed words, even though he should be able to carry it through, would not complete his work;—for it would be his duty to answer in some sort those who had gone before him, and in order to do this he must be able to insert, without any pre-arrangement of words or ideas, little intercalatory parts between those compact masses of argument with which he had been occupying himself for many laborious hours. As he looked round upon the House and perceived that everything was dim before him, that all his original awe of the House had returned, and with it a present quaking fear that made him feel the pulsations of his own heart, he became painfully aware that the task he had prepared for himself was too great. He should, on this the occasion of his rising to his maiden legs, have either prepared for himself a short general speech, which could indeed have done little for his credit in the House, but which might have served to carry off the novelty of the thing, and have introduced him to the sound of his own voice within those walls,—or he should have trusted to what his wit and spirit would produce for him on the spur of the moment, and not have burdened himself with a huge exercise of memory. During the presentation of a few petitions he tried to repeat to himself the first of his compact parts,—a compact part on which, as it might certainly be brought into use let the debate have gone as it might, he had expended great care. He had flattered himself that there was something of real strength in his words as he repeated them to himself in the comfortable seclusion of his own room,

and he had made them so ready to his tongue that he thought it to be impossible that he should forget even an intonation. Now he found that he could not remember the first phrases without unloosing and looking at a small roll of paper which he held furtively in his hand. What was the good of looking at it? He would forget it again in the next moment. He had intended to satisfy the most eager of his friends, and to astound his opponents. As it was, no one would be satisfied, — and none astounded but they who had trusted in him.

The debate began, and if the leisure afforded by a long and tedious speech could have served him, he might have had leisure enough. He tried at first to follow all that this advocate for the ballot might say, hoping thence to acquire the impetus of strong interest; but he soon wearied of the work, and began to long that the speech might be ended, although the period of his own martyrdom would thereby be brought nearer to him. At half-past seven so many members had deserted their seats, that Phineas began to think that he might be saved all further pains by a "count out." He reckoned the members present and found that they were below the mystic forty, — first by two, then by four, by five, by seven, and at one time by eleven. It was not for him to ask the Speaker to count the House, but he wondered that no one else should do so. And yet, as the idea of this termination to the night's work came upon him, and as he thought of his lost labor, he almost took courage again, — almost dreaded rather than wished for the interference of some malicious member. But there was no malicious member then present, or else it was known that Lords of the Treasury and Lords of the Admiralty would flock in during the Speaker's ponderous counting, — and thus the slow length of the ballot-lover's verbosity was permitted to evolve itself without interruption. At eight o'clock he had completed his catalogue of illustrations, and immediately Mr. Monk rose from the Treasury bench to explain the grounds on which the Government must decline to support the motion before the House.

Phineas was aware that Mr. Monk intended to speak, and was aware also that his speech would be very short. "My idea is," he had said to Phineas, "that every man possessed of the franchise should dare to have and to express a political opinion of his own; — that otherwise the franchise is not worth having; and that men will learn that when all so dare, no evil can

come from such daring. As the ballot would make any courage of that kind unnecessary, I dislike the ballot. I shall confine myself to that, and leave the illustration to younger debaters." Phineas also had been informed that Mr. Turnbull would reply to Mr. Monk, with the purpose of crushing Mr. Monk into dust, and Phineas had prepared his speech with something of an intention of subsequently crushing Mr. Turnbull. He knew, however, that he could not command his opportunity. There was the chapter of accidents to which he must accommodate himself; but such had been his programme for the evening.

Mr. Monk made his speech, — and though he was short, he was very fiery and energetic. Quick as lightning words of wrath and scorn flew from him, in which he painted the cowardice, the meanness, the falsehood of the ballot. "The ballot-box," he said, "was the grave of all true political opinion." Though he spoke hardly for ten minutes, he seemed to say more than enough, ten times enough, to slaughter the argument of the former speaker. At every hot word as it fell, Phineas was driven to regret that a paragraph of his own was taken away from him, and that his choicest morsels of standing ground were being cut from under his feet. When Mr. Monk sat down, Phineas felt that Mr. Monk had said all that he, Phineas Finn, had intended to say.

Then Mr. Turnbull rose slowly from the bench below the gangway. With a speaker so frequent and so famous as Mr. Turnbull no hurry is necessary. He is sure to have his opportunity. The Speaker's eye is ever travelling to the accustomed spots. Mr. Turnbull rose slowly, and began his oration very mildly. "There was nothing," he said, "that he admired so much as the poetic imagery and the high-flown sentiment of his right honourable friend the member for West Bromwich," — Mr. Monk sat for West Bromwich, — "unless it were the stubborn facts and unanswered arguments of his honourable friend who had brought forward this motion." Then Mr. Turnbull proceeded after his fashion to crush Mr. Monk. He was very prosaic, very clear both in voice and language, very harsh, and very unscrupulous. He and Mr. Monk had been joined together in politics for over twenty years; — but one would have thought, from Mr. Turnbull's words, that they had been the bitterest of enemies. Mr. Monk was taunted with his office, taunted with his desertion of the liberal party, taunted with his ambition, — and taunted with his lack of ambition. "I

"once thought," said Mr. Turnbull, — "nay, not long ago I thought, that he and I would have fought this battle for the people, shoulder to shoulder, and knee to knee; — but he has preferred that the knee next to his own shall wear a garter, and that the shoulder which supports him shall be decked with a blue ribbon, — as shoulders, I presume, are decked in those closet conferences which are called Cabinets."

Just after this, while Mr. Turnbull was still going on with a variety of illustrations drawn from the United States, Barrington Erle stepped across the benches up to the place where Phineas was sitting, and whispered a few words into his ear. "Bonteen is prepared to answer Turnbull, and wishes to do it. I told him that I thought you should have the opportunity, if you wish it." Phineas was not ready with a reply to Erle at the spur of the moment. "Somebody told me," continued Erle, "that you had said that you would like to speak to-night."

"So I did," said Phineas.

"Shall I tell Bonteen that you will do it."

The chamber seemed to swim round before our hero's eyes. Mr. Turnbull was still going on with his clear, loud, unpleasant voice, but there was no knowing how long he might go on. Upon Phineas, if he should now consent, might devolve the duty, within ten minutes, within three minutes, of rising there before a full House to defend his great friend, Mr. Monk, from a gross personal attack. Was it fit that such a novice as he should undertake such a work as that? Were he to do so, all that speech which he had prepared, with its various self-floating parts, must go for nothing. The task was exactly that which, of all tasks, he would best like to have accomplished, and to have accomplished well. But if he should fail! And he felt that he would fail. For such work a man should have all his senses about him, — his full courage, perfect confidence, something almost approaching to contempt for listening opponents, and nothing of fear in regard to listening friends. He should be as a cock in his own farmyard, master of all the circumstances around him. But Phineas Finn had not even as yet heard the sound of his own voice in that room. At this moment, so confused was he, that he did not know where sat Mr. Mildmay, and where Mr. Daubeny. All was confused, and there arose as it were a sound of waters in his ears, and a feeling as of a

great hell around him. "I had rather wait," he said at last. "Bonteen had better reply." Barrington Erle looked into his face, and then, stepping back across the benches, told Mr. Bonteen that the opportunity was his.

Mr. Turnbull continued speaking quite long enough to give poor Phineas time for repentance; but repentance was of no use. He had decided against himself, and his decision could not be reversed. He would have left the House, only it seemed to him that had he done so every one would look at him. He drew his hat down over his eyes, and remained in his place, hating Mr. Bonteen, hating Barrington Erle, hating Mr. Turnbull, — but hating no one so much as he hated himself. He had disgraced himself for ever, and could never recover the occasion which he had lost.

Mr. Bonteen's speech was in no way remarkable. Mr. Monk, he said, had done the State good service by adding his wisdom and patriotism to the Cabinet. The sort of argument which Mr. Bonteen used to prove that a man who has gained credit as a legislator should in process of time become a member of the executive, is trite and common, and was not used by Mr. Bonteen with any special force. Mr. Bonteen was glib of tongue, and possessed that familiarity with the place which poor Phineas had lacked so sorely. There was one moment, however, which was terrible to Phineas. As soon as Mr. Bonteen had shown the purpose for which he was on his legs, Mr. Monk looked round at Phineas, as though in reproach. He had expected that this work should fall into the hands of one who would perform it with more warmth of heart than could be expected from Mr. Bonteen. When Mr. Bonteen ceased, two or three other short speeches were made, and members fired off their little guns. Phineas having lost so great an opportunity, would not now consent to accept one that should be comparatively valueless. Then there came a division. The motion was lost by a large majority, — by any number you might choose to name, as Phineas had said to Lord Brentford; but in that there was no triumph to the poor wretch who had failed though fear, and who was now a coward in his own esteem.

He left the House alone, carefully avoiding all speech with any one. As he came out he had seen Laurence Fitzgibbon in the lobby, but he had gone on without pausing a moment, so that he might avoid his friend. And when he was out in Palace Yard, where was he to go next? He looked at

his watch, and found that it was just ten. He did not dare to go to his club, and it was impossible for him to go home and to bed. He was very miserable, and nothing would comfort him but sympathy. Was there any one who would listen to his abuse of himself, and would then answer him with kindly apologies for his own weakness? Mrs. Bunce would do it if she knew how, but sympathy from Mrs. Bunce would hardly avail. There was but one person in the world to whom he could tell his own humiliation with any hope of comfort, and that person was Lady Laura Kennedy. Sympathy from any man would have been distasteful to him. He had thought for a moment of flinging himself at Mr. Monk's feet and telling all his weakness; — but he could not have endured pity even from Mr. Monk. It was not to be endured from any man.

He thought that Lady Laura Kennedy would be at home, and probably alone. He knew, at any rate, that he might be allowed to knock at her door, even at that hour. He had left Mr. Kennedy in the House, and there he would probably remain for the next hour. There was no man more constant than Mr. Kennedy in seeing the work of the day, — or of the night, — to its end. So Phineas walked up Victoria Street, and from thence into Grosvenor Place, and knocked at Lady Laura's door. "Yes; Lady Laura was at home; and alone." He was shown up into the drawing-room, and there he found Lady Laura waiting for her husband.

"So the great debate is over," she said, with as much of irony as she knew how to throw into the epithet.

"Yes; it is over."

"And what have they done, — those levithans of the people?"

Then Phineas told her what was the majority.

"Is there any thing the matter with you, Mr. Finn?" she said, looking at him suddenly. "Are you not well?"

"Yes; I am very well."

"Will you not sit down? There is something wrong, I know. What is it?"

"I have simply been the greatest idiot, the greatest coward, the most awkward ass that ever lived!"

"What do you mean?"

"I do not know why I should come to tell you of it at this hour at night, but I have come that I might tell you. Probably because there is no one else in the whole world who would not laugh at me."

"At any rate, I shall not laugh at you," said Lady Laura.

"But you will despise me."

"That I am sure I shall not do."

"You cannot help it. I despise myself. For years I have placed before myself the ambition of speaking in the House of Commons; — for years I have been thinking whether there would ever come to me an opportunity of making myself heard in that assembly, which I consider to be the first in the world. To-day the opportunity has been offered to me, — and, though the motion was nothing, the opportunity was great. The subject was one on which I was thoroughly prepared. The manner in which I was summoned was most flattering to me. I was especially called on to perform a task which was most congenial to my feelings; — and I declined because I was afraid."

"You had thought too much about it, my friend," said Lady Laura.

"Too much or too little, what does it matter?" replied Phineas, in despair. "There is the fact. I could not do it. Do you remember the story of Conachar in the 'Fair Maid of Perth'; — how his heart refused to give him blood enough to fight? He had been suckled by the milk of a timid creature, and, though he could die, there was none of the strength of manhood in him. It is about the same thing with me, I take it."

"I do not think you are at all like Conachar," said Lady Laura.

"I am equally disgraced, and I must perish after the same fashion. I shall apply for the Chiltern Hundreds in a day or two."

"You will do nothing of the kind," said Lady Laura, getting up from her chair and coming towards him. "You shall not leave this room till you have promised me that you will do nothing of the kind. I do not know as yet what has occurred to-night; but I do know that that modesty which has kept you silent is more often a grace than a disgrace."

This was the kind of sympathy which he wanted. She drew her chair nearer to him, and then he explained to her as accurately as he could what had taken place on the House this evening, — how he had prepared his speech, how he had felt that his preparation was vain, how he perceived from the course of the debate that if he spoke at all his speech must be very different from what he had at first intended; how he had declined to take upon himself a task which seemed to require so close a knowledge of the ways of the House and of the temper of the men as the defence of such a man as Mr. Monk. In accusing himself, he unconsciously, excused himself, and his ex-

cuse, in Lady Laura's ears, was more valid than his accusation.

"And you would give it all up for that?" she said.

"Yes; I think I ought."

"I have very little doubt but that you were right in allowing Mr. Bonteen to undertake such a task. I should simply explain to Mr. Monk that you felt too keen an interest in his welfare to stand up as an untried member in his defence. It is not, I think, the work for a man who is not at home in the House. I am sure Mr. Monk will feel this, and I am quite certain that Mr. Kennedy will think that you have been right."

"I do not care what Mr. Kennedy may think."

"Why do you say that, Mr. Finn? That is not courteous."

"Simply because I care so much what Mr. Kennedy's wife may think. Your opinion is all in all to me,—only that I know you are too kind to me."

"He would not be too kind to you. He is never too kind to any one. He is justice itself."

Phineas, as he heard the tones of her voice, could not but feel that there was in Lady Laura's words something of an accusation against her husband.

"I hate justice," said Phineas. "I know that justice would condemn me. But love and friendship know nothing of justice. The value of love is that it overlooks faults, and forgives even crimes."

"I, at any rate," said Lady Laura, "will forgive the crime of your silence in the House. My strong belief in your success will not be in the least affected by what you tell me of your failure to-night. You must await another opportunity; and, if possible, you should be less anxious as to your own performance. There is Violet." As Lady Laura spoke the last words, there was a sound of a carriage stopping in the street, and the front door was immediately opened. "She is staying here, but has been dining with her uncle, Admiral Effingham." Then Violet Effingham entered the room, rolled up in pretty white furs, and silk cloaks, and lace shawls. "Here is Mr. Finn, come to tell us of the debate about the ballot."

"I don't care twopence about the ballot," said Violet, as she put out her hand to Phineas. "Are we going to have a new iron fleet built? That's the question."

"Sir Simeon has come out strong to-night," said Lady Laura.

"There is no political question of any importance except the question of the iron

fleet," said Violet. "I am quite sure of that, and so, if Mr. Finn can tell me nothing about the iron fleet, I'll go to bed."

"Mr. Kennedy will tell you everything when he comes home," said Phineas.

"Oh, Mr. Kennedy! Mr. Kennedy never tells one anything. I doubt whether Mr. Kennedy thinks that any woman knows the meaning of the British Constitution."

"Do you know what it means, Violet," asked Lady Laura.

"To be sure I do. It is liberty, to growl about the iron fleet, or the ballot, or the taxes, or the peers, or the bishops,—or anything else, except the House of Commons. That's the British Constitution. Good-night, Mr. Finn."

"What a beautiful creature she is!" said Phineas.

"Yes, indeed," said Lady Laura.

"And full of wit and grace and pleasantness. I do not wonder at your brother's choice."

It will be remembered that this was said on the day before Lord Chiltern had made his offer for the third time.

"Poor Oswald! he does not know as yet that she is in town."

After that, Phineas went, not wishing to await the return of Mr. Kennedy. He had felt that Violet Effingham had come into the room just in time to remedy a great difficulty. He did not wish to speak of his love to a married woman,—to the wife of the man who called him friend,—to a woman who he felt sure would have rebuked him. But he could hardly have restrained himself had not Miss Effingham been there.

But as he went home he thought more of Miss Effingham than he did of Lady Laura; and I think that the voice of Miss Effingham had done almost as much towards comforting him as had the kindness of the other.

At any rate, he had been comforted.

CHAPTER XXI.

"DO BE PUNCTUAL."

ON the very morning after his failure in the House of Commons, when Phineas was reading in the Telegraph,—he took the Telegraph not from choice but for economy,—the words of that debate which he had heard and in which he should have taken a part, a most unwelcome visit was paid to him. It was near eleven, and the breakfast things were still on the table. He was at this time on a Committee of the House with reference to the use of potted peas in the

army and navy, at which he had sat once, — at a preliminary meeting, — and in reference to which he had already resolved that as he had failed so frightfully in debate, he would certainly do his duty to the utmost in the more easy but infinitely more tedious work of the Committee Room. The Committee met at twelve, and he intended to walk down to the Reform Club, and then to the House. He had just completed his reading of the debate and of the leaders in the Telegraph on the subject. He had told himself how little the writer of the article knew about Mr. Turnbull, how little about Mr. Monk, and how little about the people, — such being his own ideas as to the qualifications of the writer of that leading article, — and was about to start. But Mrs. Bunce arrested him by telling him that there was a man below who wanted to see him.

"What sort of a man, Mrs. Bunce?"

"He ain't a gentleman, sir."

"Did he give his name?"

"He did not, sir; but I know it's about money. I know the ways of them so well. I've seen this one's face before somewhere."

"You had better show him up," said Phineas. He knew well the business on which the man was come. The man wanted money for that bill which Laurence Fitzgibbon had sent afloat, and which Phineas had endorsed. Phineas had never as yet fallen so deeply into troubles of money as to make it necessary that he need refuse himself to any callers on that score, and he did not choose to do so now. Nevertheless he most heartily wished that he had left his lodgings for the club before the man had come. This was not the first he had heard of the bill being overdue and unpaid. The bill had been brought to him noted a month since, and then he had simply told the youth who brought it that he would see Mr. Fitzgibbon and have the matter settled. He had spoken to his friend Laurence, and Laurence had simply assured him that all should be made right in two days, — or, at furthest, by the end of a week. Since that time he had observed that his friend had been somewhat shy of speaking to him when no others were with them. Phineas would not have alluded to the bill had he and Laurence been alone together; but he had been quick enough to guess from his friend's manner that the matter was not settled. Now, no doubt, serious trouble was about to commence.

The visitor was a little man with grey hair and a white cravat, some sixty years of age, dressed in black, with a very decent

hat, — which, on entering the room, he at once put down on the nearest chair, — with reference to whom any judge on the subject would have concurred at first sight in the decision pronounced by Mrs. Bunce, though none but a judge very well used to sift the causes of his own conclusions could have given the reasons for that early decision. "He ain't a gentleman," Mrs. Bunce had said. And the man certainly was not a gentleman. The old man in the white cravat was very neatly dressed, and carried himself without any of that humility which betrays one class of uncertified aspirants to gentility, or of that assumed arrogance which is at once fatal to another class. But, nevertheless, Mrs. Bunce had seen at a glance that he was not a gentleman, — had seen, moreover, that such a man could have come only upon one mission. She was right there too. This visitor had come about money.

"About this bill, Mr. Finn," said the visitor, proceeding to take out of his breast coat-pocket a rather large leathern case, as he advanced up towards the fire. "My name is Clarkson, Mr. Finn. If I may venture so far, I'll take a chair."

"Certainly, Mr. Clarkson," said Phineas, getting up and pointing to a seat.

"Thankye, Mr. Finn, thankye. We shall be more comfortable doing business sitting, shan't we?" Whereupon the horrid little man drew himself close in to the fire, and spreading out his leathern case upon his knees, began to turn over one suspicious bit of paper after another, as though he were uncertain in what part of his portfolio lay this identical bit which he was seeking. He seemed to be quite at home, and to feel that there was no ground whatever for hurry in such comfortable quarters. Phineas hated him at once, — with a hatred altogether unconnected with the difficulty which his friend Fitzgibbon had brought upon him.

"Here it is," said Mr. Clarkson at last, "Oh, dear me, dear me! the third of November, and here we are in March! I didn't think it was so bad as this; — I didn't indeed. This is very bad, — very bad! And for Parliament gents, too, who should be more punctual than anybody, because of the privilege. Shouldn't they now, Mr. Finn?"

"All men should be punctual, I suppose," said Phineas.

"Of course they should; of course they should. I always say to my gents, 'Be punctual, and I'll do any thing for you.'

But perhaps, Mr. Finn, you can hand me a cheque for this amount, and then you and I will begin square."

"Indeed I cannot, Mr. Clarkson."

"Not hand me a cheque for it!"

"Upon my word, no."

"That's very bad;—very bad indeed."

Then I suppose I must take the half, and renew for the remainder, though I don't like it;—I don't indeed."

"I can pay no part of that bill, Mr. Clarkson."

"Pay no part of it!" and Mr. Clarkson, in order that he might the better express his surprise, arrested his hand in the very act of poking his host's fire.

"If you'll allow me, I'll manage the fire," said Phineas, putting out his hand for the poker.

But Mr. Clarkson was fond of poking fires, and would not surrender the poker.

"Pay no part of it!" he said again, holding the poker away from Phineas in his left hand. "Don't say that, Mr. Finn. Pray don't say that. Don't drive me to be severe. I don't like to be severe with my gents. I'll do any thing, Mr. Finn, if you'll only be punctual."

"The fact is, Mr. Clarkson, I have never had one penny of consideration for that bill, and"—

"Oh, Mr. Finn! oh, Mr. Finn!" and then Mr. Clarkson had his will of the fire.

"I never had one penny of consideration for that bill," continued Phineas. "Of course I don't deny my responsibility."

"No, Mr. Finn; you can't deny that. Here it is;—Phineas Finn;—and everybody knows you, because you're a Parliament gent."

"I don't deny it. But I had no reason to suppose that I should be called upon for the money when I accommodated my friend, Mr. Fitzgibbon, and I have not got it. This is the long and the short of it. I must see him, and take care that arrangements are made."

"Arrangements!"

"Yes, arrangements for settling the bill."

"He hasn't got the money, Mr. Finn. You know that as well as I do."

"I know nothing about it, Mr. Clarkson."

"Oh, yes, Mr. Finn; you know; you know."

"I tell you I know nothing about it," said Phineas, waxing angry.

"As to Mr. Fitzgibbon, he's the pleasantest gent that ever lived. Isn't he now? I've know'd him these ten years. I don't suppose that for ten years I've been without

his name in my pocket. But, bless you, Mr. Finn, there's an end to everything. I shouldn't have looked at this bit of paper if it hadn't been for your signature. Of course not. You're just beginning, and it's natural you should want a little help. You'll find me always ready, if you'll only be punctual."

"I tell you again, sir, that I never had a shilling out of that for myself, and do not want any such help." Here Mr. Clarkson smiled sweetly. "I gave my name to my friend simply to oblige him."

"I like you Irish gents because you do hang together so close," said Mr. Clarkson.

"Simply to oblige him," continued Phineas. "As I said before, I know that I am responsible; but, as I said before also, I have not the means of taking up that bill. I will see Mr. Fitzgibbon, and let you know what we propose to do." Then Phineas got up from his seat and took his hat. It was full time that he should go down to his Committee. But Mr. Clarkson did not get up from his seat. "I'm afraid I must ask you to leave me now, Mr. Clarkson, as I have business down at the House."

"Business at the House never presses, Mr. Finn," said Mr. Clarkson. "That's the best of Parliament. I've known Parliament gents this thirty years and more. Would you believe it,—I've had a Prime Minister's name in that portfolio; that I have; and a Lord Chancellor's; that I have;—and an Archbishop's too. I know what Parliament is, Mr. Finn. Come, come; don't put me off with Parliament."

There he sat before the fire with his pouch open before him, and Phineas had no power of moving him. Could Phineas have paid him the money which was manifestly due to him on the bill, the man would of course have gone; but failing in that, Phineas could not turn him out. There was a black cloud on the young member's brow, and great anger at his heart,—against Fitzgibbon rather than against the man who was sitting there before him. "Sir," he said, "it is really imperative that I should go. I am pledged to an appointment at the House at twelve, and it wants now only a quarter. I regret that your interview with me should be so unsatisfactory, but I can only promise you that I will see Mr. Fitzgibbon."

"And when shall I call again, Mr. Finn?"

"Perhaps I had better write to you," said Phineas.

"Oh dear, no," said Mr. Clarkson. "I should much prefer to look in. Looking in

is always best. We can get to understand one another in that way. Let me see. I daresay you're not particular. Suppose I say Sunday morning."

"Really, I could not see you on Sunday morning, Mr. Clarkson."

"Parliament gents ain't generally particular, — 'specially not among the Catholics," pleaded Mr. Clarkson.

"I am always engaged on Sundays," said Phineas.

"Suppose we say Monday, — or Tuesday. Tuesday morning at eleven. And do be punctual, Mr. Finn. At Tuesday morning I'll come, and then no doubt I shall find you ready." Whereupon Mr. Clarkson slowly put up his bills within his portfolio, and then, before Phineas knew where he was, had warmly shaken that poor dismayed member of Parliament by the hand. "Only do be punctual, Mr. Finn," he said, as he made his way down the stairs.

It was now twelve, and Phineas rushed off to a cab. He was in such a fervour of rage and misery that he could hardly think of his position, or what he had better do, till he got into the Committee room; and when there he could think of nothing else. He intended to go deeply into the question of potted peas, holding an equal balance between the assailed Government offices on the one hand, and the advocates of the potted peas on the other. The pot-terers of the peas, who wanted to sell their article to the Crown, declared that an extensive, — perhaps we may say, an unlimited, — use of the article would save the whole army and navy from the scourges of scurvy, dyspepsia, and rheumatism, would be the best safeguard against typhus and other fevers, and would be an invaluable aid in all other maladies to which soldiers and sailors are peculiarly subject. The peas in question were grown on a large scale in Holstein, and their growth had been fostered with the special object of doing good to the British army and navy. The peas were so cheap that there would be a great saving in money, — and it really had seemed to many that the officials of the Horse Guards and the Admiralty had been actuated by some fiendish desire to deprive their men of salutary fresh vegetables, simply because they were of foreign growth. But the officials of the War Office and the Admiralty declared that the potted peas in question were hardly fit for swine. The motion for the Committee had been made by a gentleman of the opposition, and Phineas had been put upon it as an independent member. He had resolved to give

to it all his mind, and, as far as he was concerned, to reach a just decision, in which there should be no favor shown to the Government side. New brooms are proverbial for thorough work, and in this Committee work Phineas was as yet a new broom. But, unfortunately, on this day his mind was so harassed that he could hardly understand what was going on. It did not, perhaps, much signify, as the witnesses examined were altogether agricultural. They only proved the production of peas in Holstein, — a fact as to which Phineas had no doubt. The proof was naturally slow, as the evidence was given in German, and had to be translated into English. And the work of the day was much impeded by a certain member who unfortunately spoke German, who seemed to be fond of speaking German before his brethren of the Committee, and who was curious as to agriculture in Holstein generally. The Chairman did not understand German, and there was a difficulty in checking this gentleman, and in making him understand that his questions were not relevant to the issue.

Phineas could not keep his mind during the whole afternoon from the subject of his misfortune. What should he do if this horrid man came to him once or twice a week? He certainly did owe the man the money. He must admit that to himself. The man no doubt was a dishonest knave who had discounted the bill probably at fifty per cent.; but, nevertheless, Phineas had made himself legally responsible for the amount. The privilege of the House prohibited him from arrest. He thought of that very often, but the thought only made him the more unhappy. Would it not be said, and might it not be said truly, that he had incurred this responsibility, — a responsibility which he was altogether unequal to answer, — because he was so protected? He did feel that a certain consciousness of his privilege had been present to him when he had put his name across the paper, and that there had been dishonesty in that very consciousness. And of what service would his privilege be to him, if this man could harass every hour of his life? The man was to be with him again in a day or two, and when the appointment had been proposed, he, Phineas, had not dared to negative it. And how was he to escape? As for paying the bill, that with him was altogether impossible. The man had told him, — and he had believed the man, — that payment by Fitzgibbon was out of the question. And yet Fitzgibbon was the son of a peer, whereas he was only the son of a country

doctor! Of course Fitzgibbon must make some effort, — some great effort, — and have the thing settled. Alas, alas! He knew enough of the world already to feel that the hope was vain.

He went down from the Committee room into the House, and he dined at the House, and remained there until eight or nine at night; but Fitzgibbon did not come. He then went to the Reform Club, but he was not there. Both at the club and in the House many men spoke to him about the debate of the previous night, expressing surprise that he had not spoken, — making him more and more wretched. He saw Mr. Monk, but Mr. Monk was walking arm in arm with his colleague, Mr. Palliser, and Phineas could do no more than just speak to them. He thought that Mr. Monk's nod of recognition was very cold. That might be fancy, but it certainly was a fact that Mr. Monk only nodded to him. He would tell Mr. Monk the truth, and then, if Mr. Monk chose to quarrel with him, he at any rate would take no step to renew their friendship.

From the Reform Club he went to the Shakspeare, a smaller club to which Fitzgibbon belonged, — and of which Phineas much wished to become a member, — and to which he knew that his friend resorted when he wished to enjoy himself thoroughly, and to be at ease in his inn. Men at the Shakspeare could do as they pleased. There were no politics there, no fashion, no stiffness, and no rules, — so men said; but that was hardly true. Everybody called everybody by his Christian name, and members smoked all over the house. They who did not belong to the Shakspeare thought it an Elysium upon earth; and they who did, believed it to be among Pandemoniums the most pleasant. Phineas called at the Shakspeare, and was told by the porter that Mr. Fitzgibbon was upstairs. He was shown into the strangers' room, and in five minutes his friend came down to him.

"I want you to come down to the Reform with me," said Phineas.

"By jingo, my dear fellow, I'm in the middle of a rubber of whist."

"There has been a man with me about that bill."

"What! — Clarkson?"

"Yes, Clarkson," said Phineas.

"Don't mind him," said Fitzgibbon.

"That's nonsense. How am I to help minding him. I must mind him. He is coming to me again on Tuesday morning."

"Don't see him."

"How can I help seeing him?"

"Make them say you're not at home."

"He has made an appointment. He has told me that he'll never leave me alone. He'll be the death of me if this is not settled."

"It shall be settled, my dear fellow. I'll see about it. I'll see about it and write you a line. You must excuse me now, because those fellows are waiting. I'll have it all arranged."

Again as Phineas went home he thoroughly wished that he had not seceded from Mr. Low.

CHAPTER XXII.

LADY BALDOCK AT HOME.

ABOUT the middle of March Lady Baldock came up from Baddingham to London, coerced into doing so, as Violet Effingham declared, in thorough opposition to all her own tastes, by the known wishes of her friends and relatives. Her friends and relatives, so Miss Effingham insinuated, were unanimous in wishing that Lady Baldock should remain at Baddington Park, and therefore, — that wish having been indiscreetly expressed, — she had put herself to great inconvenience, and had come to London in March. "Gustavus will go mad," said Violet to Lady Laura. The Gustavus in question was the Lord Baldock of the present generation, Miss Effingham's Lady Baldock being the peer's mother. "Why does not Lord Baldock take a house himself?" asked Lady Laura. "Don't you know, my dear," Violet answered, "how much we Baddingham people think of money? We don't like being vexed and driven mad, but even that is better than keeping up two households." As regarded Violet, the injury arising from Lady Baldock's early migration was very great, for she was thus compelled to move from Grosvenor Place to Lady Baldock's house in Berkeley Square. "As you are so fond of being in London, Augusta and I have made up our minds to come up before Easter," Lady Baldock had written to her.

"I shall go to her now," Violet had said to her friend, "because I have not quite made up my mind as to what I will do for the future."

"Marry Oswald, and be your own mistress."

"I mean to be my own mistress without marrying Oswald, though I don't see my way quite clearly as yet. I think I shall set up a little house of my own, and let the

world say what it pleases. I suppose they couldn't make me out to be a lunatic."

"I shouldn't wonder if they were to try," said Lady Laura.

"They could not prevent me in any other way. But I am in the dark as yet, and so I shall be obedient and go to my aunt."

Miss Effingham went to Berkeley Square, and Phineas Finn was introduced to Lady Baldock. He had been often in Grosvenor Place, and had seen Violet frequently. Mr. Kennedy gave periodical dinners, — once a week, — to which everybody went who could get an invitation; and Phineas had been a guest more than once. Indeed, in spite of his miseries he had taken to dining out a good deal, and was popular as an eater of dinners. He could talk when wanted, and did not talk too much, was pleasant in manners and appearance, and had already achieved a certain recognised position in London life. Of those who knew him intimately, not one in twenty was aware from whence he came, what were his parentage, or what his means of living. He was a member of Parliament, a friend of Mr. Kennedy's, was intimate with Mr. Monk, though an Irishman did not as a rule herd with other Irishmen, and was the right sort of person to have at your house. Some people said he was a cousin of Lord Brentford's, and others declared that he was Lord Chiltern's earliest friend. There he was, however, with a position gained, and even Lady Baldock asked him to her house.

Lady Baldock had evenings. People went to her house, and stood about the room and on the stairs, talked to each other for half an hour, and went away. In these March days there was no crowding, but still there were always enough of people there to show that Lady Baldock was successful. Why people should have gone to Lady Baldock's I cannot explain; — but there are houses to which people go without any reason. Phineas received a little card asking him to go, and he always went.

"I think you like my friend, Mr. Finn," Lady Laura said to Miss Effingham, after the first of these evenings.

"Yes, I do. I like him decidedly."

"So do I. I should hardly have thought that you would have taken a fancy to him."

"I hardly know what you call taking a fancy," said Violet. "I am not quite sure I like to be told that I have taken a fancy for a young man."

"I mean no offence, my dear."

"Of course you don't. But, to speak truth, I think I have rather taken a fancy

to him. There is just enough of him, but not too much. I don't mean materially, — in regard to his inches; but as to his mental belongings. I hate a stupid man who can't talk to me, and I hate a clever man who talks me down. I don't like a man who is too lazy to make any effort to shine; but I particularly dislike the man who is always striving for effect. I abominate a humble man, but yet I love to perceive that a man acknowledges the superiority of my sex, and youth, and all that kind of thing."

"You want to be flattered without plain flattery."

"Of course I do. A man who would tell me that I am pretty, unless he is over seventy, ought to be kicked out of the room. But a man who can't show me that he thinks me so, without saying a word about it, is a lout. Now in all those matters, your friend, Mr. Finn, seems to know what he is about. In other words, he makes himself pleasant, and, therefore, one is glad to see him."

"I suppose you do not mean to fall in love with him?"

"Not that I know of, my dear. But when I do, I'll be sure to give you notice."

I fear that there was more of earnestness in Lady Laura's last question than Miss Effingham had supposed. She had declared to herself over and over again that she had never been in love with Phineas Finn. She had acknowledged to herself, before Mr. Kennedy had asked her hand in marriage, that there had been danger, — that she could have learned to love the man if such love would not have been ruinous to her, — that the romance of such a passion would have been pleasant to her. She had gone farther than this, and had said to herself that she would have given way to that romance, and would have been ready to accept such love if offered to her, had she not put it out of her own power to marry a poor man by her generosity to her brother. Then she had thrust the thing aside, and had clearly understood, — she thought that she had clearly understood, — that life for her must be a matter of business. Was it not the case with nine out of every ten among mankind, with nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand, that life must be a matter of business and not of romance? Of course she could not marry Mr. Finn, knowing, as she did, that neither of them had a shilling. Of all men in the world she esteemed Mr. Kennedy the most, and when these thoughts were passing through her mind, she was well aware that he would ask her to be his wife. Had she not resolved that she would accept the offer,

she would not have gone to Loughlinter, Having put aside all romance as unfitted to her life, she could, she thought, do her duty as Mr. Kennedy's wife. She would teach herself to love him. Nay, — she had taught herself to love him. She was at any rate so sure of her own heart that she would never give her husband cause to rue the confidence he placed in her. And yet there was something sore within her when she thought that Phineas Finn was becoming fond of Violet Effingham.

It was Lady Baldock's second evening, and Phineas came to the house about eleven o'clock. At this time he had encountered a second and a third interview with Mr. Clarkson, and had already failed in obtaining any word of comfort from Laurence Fitzgibbon about the bill. It was clear enough now that Laurence felt that they were both made safe by their privilege, and that Mr. Clarkson should be treated as you treat the organ-grinders. They are a nuisance, and must be endured. But the nuisance is not so great but what you can live in comfort, — if only you are not too sore as to the annoyance. "My dear fellow," Laurence had said to him, "I have had Clarkson almost living in my rooms. He used to drink nearly a pint of sherry a day for me. All I looked too was that I didn't live there at the same time. If you wish it, I'll send in the sherry." This was very bad, and Phineas tried to quarrel with his friend; but he found that it was difficult to quarrel with Laurence Fitzgibbon.

But though on this side Phineas was very miserable, on another side he had obtained great comfort. Mr. Monk and he were better friends than ever. "As to what Turnbull says about me in the House," Mr. Monk had said, laughing, "he and I understand each other perfectly. I should like to see you on your legs, but it is just as well, perhaps, that you have deferred it. We shall have the real question on immediately after Easter, and then you'll have plenty of opportunities." Phineas had explained how he had attempted, how he had failed, and how he had suffered; — and Mr. Monk had been generous in his sympathy. "I know all about it," said he, "and have gone through it all myself. The more respect you feel for the House, the more satisfaction you will have in addressing it when you have mastered this difficulty."

The first person who spoke to Phineas at Lady Baldock's was Miss Fitzgibbon, Laurence's sister. Aspasia Fitzgibbon was a warm woman as regarded money, and as she was moreover a most discreet spinster, she

was made welcome by Lady Baldock, in spite of the well-known iniquities of her male relatives. "Mr. Finn," said she, "how d'ye do? I want to say a word to ye. Just come here into the corner." Phineas, not knowing how to escape, did retreat into the corner with Miss Fitzgibbon. "Tell me now, Mr. Finn; — have ye been lending money to Larrence?"

"No; I have lent him no money," said Phineas, much astonished by the question.

"Don't. That's my advice to ye. Don't. On any other matter Larrence is the best creature in the world, — but he's bad to lend money to. You ain't in any hobble with him, then?"

"Well; nothing to speak of. What makes you ask?"

"Then you are in a hobble? Dear, dear! I never saw such a man as Larrence; — never. Good-bye. I wouldn't do it again, if I were you; — that's all." Then Miss Fitzgibbon came out of the corner and made her way down stairs.

Phineas immediately afterwards came across Miss Effingham. "I did not know," said she, "that you and the divine Aspasia were such close allies."

"We are the dearest friends in the world, but she has taken my breath away now."

"May a body be told how she has done that?" Violet asked.

"Well, no; I'm afraid not, even though the body be Miss Effingham. It was a profound secret; — really a secret concerning a third person, and she began about it just as though she were speaking about the weather!"

"How charming! I do so like her! You haven't heard, have you, that Mr. Ratler proposed to her the other day?"

"No!"

"But he did; — at least, so she tells everybody. She said she'd take him if he would promise to get her brother's salary doubled."

"Did she tell you?"

"No; not me. And of course I don't believe a word of it. I suppose Barrington Erle made up the story. Are you going out of town next week, Mr. Finn?" The week next to this was Easter-week. "I heard you were going into Northamptonshire."

"From Lady Laura?"

"Yes; — from Lady Laura."

"I intend to spend three days with Lord Chiltern at Willingford. It is an old promise. I am going to ride his horses, — that is, if I am able to ride them."

"Take care what you are about, Mr.

Finn;—they say his horses are so dangerous!”

“I’m rather good at falling, I flatter myself.”

“I know that Lord Chiltern rides any thing he can sit, so long as it is some animal that nobody else will ride. It was always so with him. He is so odd; is he not?”

Phineas knew, of course, that Lord Chiltern had more than once asked Violet Effingham to be his wife,—and he believed that she, from her intimacy with Lady Laura, must know that he knew it. He had also heard Lady Laura express a very strong wish that, in spite of these refusals, Violet might even yet become her brother’s wife. And Phineas also knew that Violet Effingham was becoming, in his own estimation, the most charming woman of his acquaintance. How was he to talk to her about Lord Chiltern?

“He is odd,” said Phineas; “but he is an excellent fellow,—whom his father altogether misunderstands.”

“Exactly,—just so; I am so glad to hear you say that,—you who have never had the misfortune to have any thing to do with a bad set. Why don’t you tell Lord Brentford? Lord Brentford would listen to you.”

“To me?”

“Yes;—of course he would,—for you are just the link that is wanting. You are Chiltern’s intimate friend, and you are also the friend of big-wigs and Cabinet Ministers.”

“Lord Brentford would put me down at once if I spoke to him on such a subject.”

“I am sure he would not. You are too big to be put down, and no man can really dislike to hear his son well spoken of by those who are well spoken of themselves. Won’t you try, Mr. Finn?” Phineas said that he would think of it,—that he would try if any fit opportunity could be found. “Of course you know how intimate I have been with the Standishes,” said Violet; “that Laura is to me a sister, and that Oswald used to be almost a brother.”

“Why do not you speak to Lord Brentford;—you, who are his favourite?”

“There are reasons, Mr. Finn. Besides, how can any girl come forward and say that she knows the disposition of any man? You can live with Lord Chiltern, and see what he is made of, and know his thoughts, and learn what is good in him, and also what is bad. After all, how is any girl really to know any thing of a man’s life?”

“If I can do any thing, Miss Effingham, I will,” said Phineas.

“And then we shall all of us be so grateful to you,” said Violet, with her sweetest smile.

Phineas, retreating from this conversation, stood for a while alone, thinking of it. Had she spoken thus of Lord Chiltern because she did love him or because she did not? And the sweet commendations which had fallen from her lips upon him,—him, Phineas Finn,—were they compatible with any thing like a growing partiality for himself, or were they incompatible with any such feeling? Had he most reason to be comforted or to be discomfited by what had taken place? It seemed hardly possible to his imagination that Violet Effingham should love such a nobody as he. And yet he had had fair evidence that one standing as high in the world as Violet Effingham would fain have loved him could she have followed the dictates of her heart. He had trembled when he had first resolved to declare his passion to Lady Laura,—fearing that she would scorn him as being presumptuous. But there had been no cause for such fear as that. He had declared his love, and she had not thought him to be presumptuous. That now was ages ago,—eight months since; and Lady Laura had become a married woman. Since he had become so warmly alive to the charms of Violet Effingham he had determined, with stern propriety, that a passion for a married woman was disgraceful. Such love was in itself a sin, even though it was accompanied by the severest forbearance and the most rigid propriety of conduct. No;—Lady Laura had done wisely to check the growing feeling of partiality which she had admitted; and now that she was married, he would be as wise as she. It was clear to him that, as regarded his own heart, the way was open to him for a new enterprise. But what if he were to fail again, and be told by Violet, when he declared his love, that she had just engaged herself to Lord Chiltern!

“What were you and Violet talking about so eagerly?” said Lady Laura to him, with a smile that, in its approach to laughter, almost betrayed its mistress.

“We were talking about your brother.”

“You are going to him, are you not?”

“Yes; I leave London on Sunday night;—but only for a day or two.”

“Has he any chance there, do you think?”

“What, with Miss Effingham?”

“Yes;—with Violet. Sometimes I think she loves him.”

"How can I say? In such a matter you can judge better than I can do. One woman, with reference to another can draw the line between love and friendship. She certainly likes Lord Chiltern."

"Oh, I believe she loves him. I do indeed. But she fears him. She does not quite understand how much there is of tenderness with that assumed ferocity. And Oswald is so strange, so unwise, so impolitic, that though he loves her better than all the world beside, he will not sacrifice even a turn of a word to win her. When he asks her to marry him, he almost flies at her throat, as an angry debtor who applies for instant payment. Tell him, Mr. Finn, never to give it over; — and teach him that he should be soft with her. Tell him, also, that in her heart she likes him. One woman, as you say, knows another woman; and I am certain he would win her if he would only be gentle with her." Then again, before they parted, Lady Laura told him that this marriage was the dearest wish of her heart, and that there would be no end to her gratitude if Phineas could do any thing to promote it. All which again made our hero unhappy.

CHAPTER XXIII.

SUNDAY IN GROSVENOR PLACE.

MR. KENNEDY, though he was a most scrupulously attentive member of Parliament, was a man very punctual to hours and rules in his own house, — and liked that his wife should be as punctual as himself. Lady Laura, who in marrying him had firmly resolved that she would do her duty to him in all ways, even though the ways might sometimes be painful, — and had been perhaps more punctilious in this respect than she might have been had she loved him heartily, — was not perhaps quite so fond of accurate regularity as her husband; and thus, by this time, certain habits of his had become rather bonds than habits to her. He always had prayers at nine, and breakfasted at a quarter past nine, let the hours on the night before have been as late as they might before the time for rest had come. After breakfast he would open his letters in his study, but he liked her to be with him, and desired to discuss with her every application he got from a constituent. He had his private secretary in a room apart, but he thought that everything should be filtered to his private secretary through his wife. He was very anxious that she her-

self should superintend the accounts of their own private expenditure, and had taken some trouble to teach her an excellent mode of book-keeping. He had recommended to her a certain course of reading, — which was pleasant enough; ladies like to receive such recommendations; but Mr. Kennedy, having drawn out the course, seemed to expect that his wife should read the books he had named, and, worse still, that she should read them in the time he had allocated for the work. This, I think, was tyranny. Then the Sundays became very wearisome to Lady Laura. Going to church twice, she had learnt, would be a part of her duty; and though in her father's household attendance at church had never been very strict, she had made up her mind to this cheerfully. But Mr. Kennedy expected also that he and she should always dine together on Sundays, that there should be no guests, and that there should be no evening company. After all, the demand was not very severe, but yet she found that it operated injuriously upon her comfort. The Sundays were very wearisome to her, and made her feel that her lord and master was — her lord and master. She made an effort or two to escape, but the efforts were all in vain. He never spoke a cross word to her. He never gave a stern command. But yet he had his way. "I won't say that reading a novel on a Sunday is a sin," he said; "but we must at any rate admit that it is a matter on which men disagree, that many of the best of men are against such occupation on Sunday, and that to abstain is to be on the safe side." So the novels were put away, and Sunday afternoon with the long evening became rather a stumbling-block to Lady Laura.

Those two hours, moreover, with her husband in the morning became very wearisome to her. At first she had declared that it would be her greatest ambition to help her husband in his work, and she had read all the letters from the MacNabs and MacFies, asking to be made gaugers and landing-waiters, with an assumed interest. But the work palled upon her very quickly. Her quick intellect discovered soon that there was nothing in it which she really did. It was all form and verbiage, and pretence at business. Her husband went through it all with the utmost patience, reading every word, giving orders as to every detail, and conscientiously doing that which he conceived he had undertaken to do. But Lady Laura wanted to meddle with high politics, to discuss reform bills, to assist in putting up Mr. This and in putting down my Lord That. Why should she waste her time in

doing that which the lad in the next room, who was called a private secretary, could do as well?

Still she would obey. Let the task be as hard as it might, she would obey. If he counselled her to do this or that, she would follow his counsel, — because she owed him so much. If she had accepted the half of all his wealth without loving him, she owed him the more on that account. But she knew, — she could not but know, — that her intellect was brighter than his; and might it not be possible for her to lead him? Then she made efforts to lead her husband, and found that he was as stiff-necked as an ox. Mr. Kennedy was not, perhaps, a clever man; but he was a man who knew his own way, and who intended to keep it.

"I have got a headache, Robert," she said to him one Sunday after luncheon. "I think I will not go to church this afternoon."

"It is not serious, I hope."

"Oh dear no. Don't you know how one feels sometimes that one has got a head? and when that is the case one's armchair is the best place."

"I am not sure of that," said Mr. Kennedy.

"If I went to church I should not attend," said Lady Laura.

"The fresh air would do you more good than anything else, and we could walk across the park."

"Thank you; — I won't go out again to-day." This she said with something almost of crossness in her manner, and Mr. Kennedy went to the afternoon service by himself.

Lady Laura when she was left alone began to think of her position. She was not more than four or five months married, and she was becoming very tired of her life. Was it not also true that she was becoming tired of her husband? She had twice told Phineas Finn that of all men in the world she esteemed Mr. Kennedy the most. She did not esteem him less now. She knew no point or particle in which he did not do his duty with accuracy. But no person can live happily with another, — not even with a brother or a sister or a friend, — simply upon esteem. All the virtues in the calendar, though they exist on each side, will not make a man and woman happy together, unless there be sympathy. Lady Laura was beginning to find out that there was a lack of sympathy between herself and her husband.

She thought of this till she was tired of thinking of it, and then, wishing to divert

her mind, she took up the book that was lying nearest to her hand. It was a volume of a new novel which she had been reading on the previous day, and now, without much thought about it, she went on with her reading. There came to her, no doubt, some dim, half-formed idea that, as she was freed from going to church by the plea of a headache, she was also absolved by the same plea from other Sunday hindrances. A child, when it is ill, has buttered toast and a picture-book instead of bread-and-milk and lessons. In this way, Lady Laura conceived herself to be entitled to her novel.

While she was reading it, there came a knock at the door, and Barrington Erle was shown upstairs. Mr. Kennedy had given no orders against Sunday visitors, but had simply said that Sunday visiting was not to his taste. Barrington, however, was Lady Laura's cousin, and people must be very strict if they can't see their cousins on Sunday. Lady Laura soon lost her headache altogether in the animation of discussing the chances of the new Reform Bill with the Prime Minister's private secretary; and had left her chair, and was standing by the table with the novel in her hand, protesting this and denying that, expressing infinite confidence in Mr. Monk, and violently denouncing Mr. Turnbull, when her husband returned from church and came up into the drawing-room. Lady Laura had forgotten her headache altogether, and had in her composition none of that thoughtfulness of hypocrisy which would have taught her to moderate her political feeling at her husband's return.

"I do declare," she said, "that if Mr. Turnbull opposes the Government measure now, because he can't have his own way in everything, I will never again put my trust in any man who calls himself a popular leader."

"You never should," said Barrington Erle.

"That's all very well for you, Barrington, who are an aristocratic Whig of the old official school, and who call yourself a Liberal simply because Fox was a Liberal a hundred years ago. My heart's in it."

"Heart should never have anything to do with politics; should it?" said Erle, turning round to Mr. Kennedy.

Mr. Kennedy did not wish to discuss the matter on a Sunday, nor yet did he wish to say before Barrington Erle that he thought it wrong to do so. And he was desirous of treating his wife in some way as though she were an invalid, — that she thereby might

be, as it were, punished; but he did not wish to do this in such a way that Barrington should be aware of the punishment.

"Laura had better not disturb herself about it now," he said.

"How is a person to help being disturbed?" said Lady Laura, laughing.

"Well, well; we won't mind all that now," said Mr. Kennedy, turning away. Then he took up the novel which Lady Laura had just laid down from her hand, and, having looked at it, carried it aside, and placed it on a book-shelf which was remote from them. Lady Laura watched him as he did this, and the whole course of her husband's thoughts on the subject was open to her at once. She regretted the novel, and she regretted also the political discussion. Soon afterwards Barrington Erle went away, and the husband and wife were alone together.

"I am glad that your head is so much better," said he. He did not intend to be severe, but he spoke with a gravity of manner which almost amounted to severity.

"Yes; it is," she said. "Barrington's coming in cheered me up."

"I am sorry that you should have wanted cheering."

"Don't you know what I mean, Robert?"

"No; I do not think that I do, exactly."

"I suppose your head is stronger. You do not get that feeling of dazed, helpless imbecility of brain, which hardly amounts to headache, but which yet — is almost as bad."

"Imbecility of brain may be worse than

headache, but I don't think it can produce it."

"Well, well; — I don't know how to explain it."

"Headache comes, I think, always from the stomach, even when produced originally by nervous affections. But imbecility of the brain" —

"Oh, Robert, I am so sorry that I used the word!"

"I see that it did not prevent your reading," he said, after a pause.

"Not such reading as that. I was up to nothing better."

Then there was another pause.

"I won't deny that it may be a prejudice," he said, "but I confess that the use of novels in my own house on Sundays is a pain to me. My mother's ideas on the subject are very strict, and I cannot think that it is bad for a son to hang on to the teaching of his mother." This he said in the most serious tone which he could command.

"I don't know why I took it up," said Lady Laura. "Simply, I believe, because it was there. I will avoid doing so for the future."

"Do, my dear," said the husband. "I shall be obliged and grateful if you will remember what I have said." Then he left her, and she sat alone, first in the dusk and then in the dark, for two hours, doing nothing. Was this to be the life which she had procured for herself by marrying Mr. Kennedy of Loughlinter? If it was harsh and unendurable in London, what would it be in the country?

THE Mint appears to have discovered that there are deep-rooted sentiments in Englishmen about different coins. The guinea and half-crown have always been popular, say the authorities of the Mint, the five-shilling piece, and florin, and fourpenny-bit very unpopular. We can understand the unpopularity of the florin. First, it was brought in with a flourish of trumpets as a decimal coin, which prejudiced people very much against it. Common people looked at it defiantly when it first came out, apostrophized it, "So you're a decimal coin, are you? Well, then, I don't think any great things of decimal coins?" — and, in short, felt that the world was being undermined to make way for it. Then it is intrinsically unbeautiful. It has a shabby and streaky appearance, and looks like a cheating half-crown. But

why was the splendid five-shilling-piece unpopular, which looks like wealth in itself? Why is the fourpenny-piece unpopular, which might, one would think, have escaped unpopularity by mere insignificance? Why should the half-crown be popular and a coin twice as impressive unpopular? The half-sovereign is not so popular, we take it, as the sovereign. We wonder, if the Mint should strike a good £2. 10s. gold piece, whether that would be popular. It would look opulent, — but so, in its milder form, did the crown, — and that, it is said, is so unpopular that it is coined only to send to the Falkland Isles, and is not now issued in England at all. Evidently the Falkland Isles have a sound taste in coinage, by which the British people might profit. — *Spectator*, March 7.

CHAPTER XVII.

IS HE MAD?

YES, indeed, Monsieur le Curé was sorely perplexed. The more he thought of it the more he felt persuaded that there was something beyond mental derangement in old Prosper's behaviour. Of proof of this, when the Curé came to cross-examine himself as to what he had actually seen and heard, he could find none. Prosper had always been a strange, gloomy man, weak-witted and superstitious, and nothing was more likely than that what had happened since his master's death should have completely upset his reasoning faculties. Any doctor accustomed to treat lunatics would regard it as quite an ordinary case; and yet, in spite of this, the Curé felt that there was more and worse in it than this came to, and the thought pursued and haunted him day and night.

In order to recall more clearly to his mind all the minutest circumstances connected with the murder of Martin Prévost, the Curé contrived, very ingeniously as he thought, to provoke conversation upon that subject with all those who had at the time been called upon to investigate the case. From all that he could gather by talking to the Maire, and the Juge de Paix, and the Doctor, and the Brigadier de Gendarmerie, never was a fact more satisfactorily established than that the murder of Martin Prévost was committed by some one from without, — some one whose mere object was to rob the old man of his money, and who had successfully escaped all pursuit.

As to Prosper Morel, — beyond the fact that had led to his arrest, namely, the fact of his having a short time previously vowed vengeance upon his master for an offence which was shown to have been condoned and forgotten, — beyond that one fact, nothing in all the evidence collected pointed at him; and, on the contrary, the whole of that evidence had so thoroughly excluded any notion of his culpability, that his preventive imprisonment was a subject of regret to every one; for it was generally supposed that it had had a fatal effect upon the old Breton's mind and health.

The incident which had, at the time, struck every one as alone likely to afford a clue to the criminal, had remained wholly unfathomable. The footsteps, namely, which led from the house to the garden, and ceased on the edge of the little stream, or rather ditch, close to the Cholet

high road, had never been made to coincide with boot or shoe wearable by any individual connected far or near with old Prévost or his house.

"I know what I have thought sometimes since then," said one day the Brigadier de Gendarmerie, in a moment of supreme confidence; "but one never likes to cast a suspicion on any one; — above all, when one belongs to the Executive Authority!" And "Monsieur Frédéri" drew himself up majestically.

"Did you suspect any one in D—, then?" asked the Curé, with a shudder.

"At the time, no," was the reply; "but since, I have often thought that" — he paused. "Well, Monsieur le Curé, to you I don't mind confiding my secret thoughts. If I had been Monsieur le Juge d'Instruction, I would have had that sharper, Léon Duprez, arrested." And as he uttered these last words he lowered his voice.

"Léon Duprez?" echoed the Curé, with a start of surprise; "why, what could possibly make you suspect him?"

"Nothing, Monsieur le Curé; I repeat it, at the time, nothing; but have you never reflected that he left D— immediately after the crime, and we now know under what circumstances he left it, and what a pressing need he must have been under at that identical moment for a few thousand francs?"

The Curé stared at the gendarme in mute astonishment.

"Yes," continued the latter; "my suspicion is so strong, that if the scoundrel were not away in Australia, if he were anywhere within my reach, I would now do everything in my power to get him arrested, so persuaded do I feel that, in some way or other, he had to do with the murder of old Monsieur Prévost."

This was a totally new light to the Curé, and only contributed to perplex him more and more; and, strange to say, instead of delivering him from all preoccupation as far as the woodcutter was concerned, it only made those preoccupations more complicated and less avoidable. What did the Breton mean when he raved about "the other"? Who was that "other"?

Though on the day of his strange interview with Prosper Morel, up in the woods, the Curé had ended, — after the bûcheron had regained his senses, — by calming the old man's agitation, and inducing him to listen to him quietly enough, still he had not advanced one step in the direction of any practical discovery. He had talked to Prosper for nearly an hour, and could not avoid

thinking he had done him good; but the principal sign of improvement on the woodcutter's part was afforded by silence.

When once Prosper had been brought to look upon the Curé as a friend, and to acknowledge him in the flesh as his spiritual pastor, a certain load appeared to be taken off his mind, — a certain dread to be mitigated. By degrees, as the Curé spoke and advised, and tried to soothe and comfort him, Prosper seemed to undergo a species of physical relaxation; his nerves ceased their over-tension, he stretched his arms and legs as people do after long illness and fever, and closed his eyes frequently and as with a sensation of relief.

These signs induced the Curé, while Prosper was present, to incline towards the belief that the old man was merely a victim to temporary insanity, or simply hallucination brought on by the tragic events with which he had been indirectly connected, and kept up by the gloom of his solitary life. But when he reflected upon Prosper's conduct, and recurred to his manner, to his look, to the tone of his voice, an instinct awoke that would not be hushed — an instinct that for ever told him there was more in all this than madness.

All he had gained was, that the wretched old man had listened to him, and had seemingly comprehended what he had said. Naturally, after bringing the Breton to accept his interference, and to submit to his counsels, there was, according to the lights of a sincerely pious Catholic priest, but one course to which he could endeavour to lead him; — to confess. He could teach him no other lesson save that only one: "Repent, confess, and thy sins shall be forgiven thee." The Curé could teach him no other lesson, and that he taught him.

The woodcutter listened in silence, but he more than once muttered to himself, "Confess! confess!" and he shivered as with a fit of ague.

"And thy sins shall be forgiven thee," slowly and impressively added the priest.

But further than that he did not get.

Unfortunately, in small places like D——, nothing can be kept secret, and a distorted account of the Curé's visit to old Prosper's abode began to circulate amongst the gossips. Whence did it come? Who knows? Perhaps from the brigadier — perhaps from old Lise, "Monsieur le Curé's Lise," to whom, after fifteen years passed under the same roof, her master did now and then just hint that he was troubled or perplexed. However, circulate the story did, and with so many embellishments, that the old Breton

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was transformed into an object of popular curiosity, and, as the days were fine and beginning to lengthen, knots of mischievous boys would troop off into the woods and organise expeditions to "La Chapelle à Prosper," as they termed it; and the old man's extraordinary demeanour, his "mummeries and antics," as they called them, came to be a grand subject of diversion for the godless crew.

But the behaviour of the bûcheron was altered now. Instead of stalking about and chaunting Psalms and Litanies, as he had been used to do, he would sit for hours together, with closed eyes, his chin resting on his clasped hands, and his elbows on his knees. He appeared absorbed in meditation. He was perfectly harmless, and sought in no way to punish his youthful tormentors, but almost seemed to look upon them as a part of the penance he was doomed to undergo. When he believed himself most alone he would suddenly hear a mocking voice calling him by name, and as he turned round, a curly pate, or a smudgy visage, would show itself from behind the tree-stems or the bushes, and grin and make faces at him. They popped out upon him on all sides, dogged his steps, hopped across his path, and when they had found that he opposed no resistance to their tricks, they, with all the cowardice of "little-boy" nature, set to work to torment him systematically. Nor was it only the very small imps who indulged in this occupation. Their example was soon followed by the lads of fifteen or sixteen, and to these were also too often added the lazy loiterers who, in small provincial towns, have "nothing particular" to do except lounge away their afternoons at the "café," reading the "Siècle."

The great amusement was to call upon the woodcutter to confess. First one, and then another, would jump out of the brush-wood, and cry out:

"Why don't you go to confession, Prosper?"

"You had better confess!" would add a third.

"If you'll only confess to me, Prosper, I'll give you absolution at once," would observe a fourth.

And the effect was invariably the same. The man listened silently, cast a haggard look around, — very much the look of a frightened animal, — and then rose, and with shambling gait went up to his blackened board behind the shed, and began to write upon it broken and half-illegible sentences in white chalk. Once established at this work, nothing disturbed him more.

Hours would elapse, and he would go on alternately rubbing out words already written, and writing fresh ones in their place.

Day after day people talked of the butcher's madness; and at market, and at the café, it was a common subject of discourse; but the Curé was more than ever perplexed, and uneasy in his mind.

"It is a very extraordinary case this of Prosper Morel's," said he one day to young Morville, whom he met accidentally walking towards the High Street of D—; "very extraordinary and perplexing."

"I see nothing in it either very extraordinary or very perplexing," replied Raoul calmly. "The old man's head was always a weak one; what has passed has fairly turned it, — as it well might, — and your own sermon of the Fête des Morts has supplied the one particular image to which the diseased brain has clung ever since. Such cases are far more frequent than you fancy; above all, with such races as those Bas-Bretons, — gloomy, and easily led towards fixed ideas."

"Raoul," said the Curé, after a few steps taken side by side in silence; "old Prosper is no more mad than you or I are. That is my conviction."

Young Morville expressed his entire dissent from the Curé's opinion, and they again walked on together in silence till they reached the part of the street just opposite La Maison Prévost. "Good-bye, Raoul," said the Curé, with a slight touch of sadness. "I am going in there. Good-bye; I have seen but little of you since you came. I hardly think you have come once to the Presbytère."

"If you knew what a state my father was in, you would, perhaps, excuse me," rejoined the young man. "I really do not know even now what decision to take. He will probably never recover, and my month's congé is nearly up."

"And then you must go back to Paris?" remarked the Curé. "Or have you any chance of lengthening your leave?"

"I fear not. I have only a week left. I wish, instead of Paris, I were going to Australia." The last words were uttered in a tone of great dejection.

"To Australia?" echoed the Curé, with a start. "Why Australia?"

"Only because it is so much farther off," said young Morville. But there was a bitterness in the look with which he accompanied the words, and altogether an air about him that the Curé could not account for, and that he disliked.

They separated, and Monsieur le Curé,

crossing over to La Maison Prévost, told Madame Jean, when she opened the door, that it was absolutely necessary he should see Monsieur Richard. "Of course he won't object to receiving you, but he is very nervous and weak to-day," was Madame Jean's reply, as she ushered the Curé into her master's room. Weak enough and nervous enough he looked, to be sure, as he rose from his fireside to greet the parish priest, and offer him the seat in the opposite corner.

"No, thank you," said the Curé. "I should faint from the heat. Your room is an oven. You should open the window, Monsieur Richard; such a temperature is enough to take all the strength out of you."

"I have none left in me, alas!" rejoined Monsieur Richard in a whining voice. "I get worse and worse, and I believe I shall be forced to change the air, and try Cannes or Hyères for a few weeks. My cough is so troublesome, my breathing so bad, and I cannot sleep."

"Fine weather will do much, my good Monsieur Richard, and we shall soon be having that; but you must excuse me if I come to trouble you upon some very sad business, but where really you are the only person who can act. Touching old Prosper Morel" —

Monsieur Richard turned round towards the fire, and answered fractiously, "Mon Dieu! mon Dieu! how cruel everybody is! The poor old creature is mad, stark mad, and I will not have him molested with my consent. Do have him left alone. Do let him do what he likes; he can't live long, and he hurts nobody."

"Monsieur Richard," continued the Curé, gravely — "Prosper is not mad; that is my deliberate conviction, and he ought, at all events, to be examined by some medical man."

"Not mad, my dear Monsieur le Curé!" repeated Richard Prévost, peevishly. "Why, his madness is notorious, — is the talk of the town. What would be the use of a doctor?"

"The use of a doctor would be to define clearly what is the real mental condition of the man," retorted the Curé. "If he is insane, he ought to be shut up and attended to; if he is not" —

"Well, what then?" inquired Monsieur Richard, almost angrily. "What then?"

"Why, then," rejoined the Curé, slowly, "the case ought to be looked into in another way. Prosper is perfectly calm. All his vehemence has subsided, but he is under the impression of some horrible deed, and he

persistently, and day after day, proclaims himself a murderer." Monsieur Richard shrugged his shoulders, and threw two more logs on the fire. "Prosper's behaviour is now such as, in my mind, to call for some notice from you, Monsieur Richard, as the nearest relative of the murdered man. He passes his days and nights in writing upon the board behind his strange abode up yonder, the confession of his guilt. Fifty times over you will see the words, 'Prosper did it,' written in large characters; and 'God be merciful to Prosper, the murderer!'"

"And upon such evident marks of insanity as those, you would persecute a poor wretch of this kind?" retorted Richard Prévost.

"That is not all," urged the Curé. "He invariably alludes to some one else, — says he was not alone, — says there was another person mixed up with him in the crime."

"Monsieur le Curé," said Richard Prévost, drawing himself closer into the fire, "all the circumstances of my poor uncle's death were minutely investigated at the time, and if anything was proved, it was Prosper Morel's innocence; and I will not have the poor old fellow's last days tortured with my consent. That the murderer of my uncle escaped is clear. One day, perhaps, he may be discovered, — people say murderers always are, — but I should think it a positive crime to re-institute fresh proceedings now, upon no surer a basis than the ravings of a wretched idiot who has already lost his reason through our first ill-founded suspicions."

The Curé argued and argued, but could make no way whatever against Monsieur Richard.

"So you will not take any further proceedings in this matter?" said the priest, when he rose to go.

"None whatever," answered Richard Prévost. "There has been misery enough. Let poor old Prosper be left in peace. He won't live long, probably."

As the Curé was passing out of the room, he turned round, with his hand still upon the door; "Remember my words, Monsieur Richard," he added gravely, "Prosper Morel is not mad."

CHAPTER XVIII.

ST. MARK'S DAY.

ONE thing was clear to every one, and that was, the alteration that had taken place in young Morville. He had used to be so gay and joyous, so en train, as the French

say, so up to every thing! and now he was absorbed and absent, looked exceedingly ill, and moved about as though oppressed by some overwhelming care. Far from seeking the society of any of the people in D—, he apparently avoided all society; for, as the Curé had truly remarked, he did not go near him, who had been from early youth his best and surest friend, and he neglected the family at the Château, where he had hitherto had a second home.

Monsieur de Vêrancour did not spare his observations upon Raoul's conduct, and was for ever commenting upon it in a way that terribly alarmed and pained Vêvette. "It is the same with all those young fellows," the Vicomte would say; "the very moment they get up to Paris it's all over. They tumble into some mischief or other, — mostly some infamous woman at the bottom of it all, some Dame aux Camélias, or some drôlesse of the demi-monde, which is even worse; and then come the string of embarrassments and misfortunes, play, debts, and God knows what all. They borrow what they can't pay, and they know they can't; but that's no matter; they go on all the same, and hope some miracle will be performed in their favour; and the end of it all is, the ruin of papa and mamma and the whole family, who have to pay for the young gentleman's misdeeds. But when there is neither papa nor mamma nor family, the end is another one, — disgrace, or suicide, or both; mighty lucky when it isn't dishonour, or the Bagne for forgery: but it's always the same thing, and if ever I saw any one who bore all the marks of having got into a mess, it is Raoul."

And then the Vicomte usually wound up by some bitter remarks upon the people of the present day who go themselves, or send their sons, up to Paris to make money, and said how infinitely preferable was the quiet life and honest mediocrity of the province, where your ancestors had lived and died before you! "It might be dull," opined the Vicomte self-righteously; "it might be humdrum, but it was honourable, and according to the traditions of old French ways and customs!"

Monsieur de Vêrancour never seemed to think it otherwise than "highly honourable" to contemplate the sale of your child to a man she despised; and such bargains formed part of what he thought the superior morality of provincial life.

Now, poor Vêvette was breaking her heart all this while, and suffering martyrdom in silence. What she heard whispered about her, and what her father said aloud,

would have been nothing had her own heart not failed her. But her own heart had told her, long before others spoke, that something was wrong, very wrong, with Raoul. A girl, brought up as girls are in France, may sometimes love quickly, yet be very long before she knows that she loves. The everyday life of respectable families is singularly flat and monotonous, and helps to lead a girl on from the cradle to the grave in ignorance of what lies hidden in her soul. But if once the accident happen, if once the calm be broken,—beware!

And thus it had been with Vévette; she had been true to her teachers so long as she could be so, so long as she lived their life instead of her own; but as soon as the measure of her suffering taught her the measure of her love, as soon as she knew beyond all doubt that she loved Raoul better than every thing else upon earth, and that for his loss Paradise itself would not compensate, than the aspects and the aims and purports of her life changed, and she was another than the self she had hitherto been. Had any one about her really cared to discover what was passing in the poor child's physical and mental condition, the perturbation would have been easily seen. She had grown miserably thin from anxiety and sleeplessness, but her cheek had a flush and her eye had a brilliancy that misled those uninterested in her happiness. The excitement within threw its fever-mantle round her, and they took it for bloom.

"How wonderfully well your sister looks," said the Vicomte to Félicie; "she is growing extremely handsome. I never saw her look so well, and she is so lively." "Yes," would answer the latter, "she is even too lively; she is restless and brusque; she was not used to be so, but I suppose it is one of the changes girls sometimes go through. It is very lucky she is not called upon to make a great sacrifice for others,—to immolate herself; for I do not think she would be equal to it. Vévette is becoming self-willed; indeed, almost wilful." And so saying, Mademoiselle Félicie would sigh, and look full of compunction for her sister's sins.

On the 25th of April there was a kind of fête at D—. It was the Feast of St. Marc, which had been time out of mind kept as a holiday in that locality, and at which it was customary that every one in the neighbourhood should be present. The amusements of the fête were all grouped together in the fields that lay between D— and the village of St. Philbert; and upon a piece of land visible from the terrace of the

Château, and called the Pré St. Marc, were to be found all the usual attractions of such popular gatherings as these. There were the menageries, and the giants and dwarfs, and learned dogs, or pigs, or birds, and magicians, and Dutch toopies, and gingerbread-stalls; and there, also, was the space set aside for dancing, under the wide-spreading boughs of two enormous chestnut trees. When night came, all this was to be illuminated with coloured lamps, but the festivities of the night were left chiefly to the enjoyment of the lower orders, or to individuals of the masculine sex alone among their betters. The fashionable hour for attending the fête was late in the afternoon, from four to six or half-past,—what determined provincials still called before supper. At that hour all the notables were sure to be found congregating together round the roots of the chestnut trees, and either looking on at the dancers or taking part in the dance; for it was the custom that upon this occasion there should be a perfect confusion of ranks.

Monsieur le Maire and his spouse, and the Juge de Paix, and the notary, and all the other dignitaries of D—, had already appeared upon the Pré St. Marc, when the Vicomte was seen approaching with his two daughters and Monsieur le Curé, and followed by Richard Prévost, and the doctor, who had been expressing his satisfaction at the improvement in Monsieur Richard's health. Besides these, there were several visitors from châteaux in the environs; and one gossip,—but then that was that mischievous woman Madame Joséphine le Vaillant, the wife of the Juge de Paix,—declared she had seen Monsieur de Champmorin lounging about.

However that may be, Félicie did assuredly look pretty and graceful enough to have been worth any suitor's while to woo. As to Vévette, her beauty took people by surprise, for they were not used to "think anything" of her, as the common phrase runs, and it was strange to be positively dazzled by what you have never been taught to regard as a light.

The sisters were dressed nearly alike, excepting only that the elder wore blue, and the younger pink ribbons. Both had on white dresses and straw hats; and whilst the soft colours of her blue streamers harmonised so delightfully with Félicie's delicate even complexion, and light, wavy, chestnut hair, that you could not help seeing she had studied her effects, the rosy hue of Vévette's trimmings, that would have been so set off by her thick flaxen tresses,

paled under the damask flush of her burning cheek and the scarlet of her unquiet lip.

It was a general remark how much better poor Monsieur Richard looked, and everybody seemed glad thereof; for,—excepting the purchase of the little carriage from Tours,—Richard Prévost had given no sign of enjoying his wealth, and his weak health was such an obstacle to his ever thoroughly enjoying it, that his neighbours were pleased with him, and patronized him, and morally patted him on the back.

When the usual observations on the weather, and the fact of this being the very finest St. Marc ever remembered, were at an end, one of the first subjects of general conversation was the insanity of old Prosper.

"I really am tired to death of hearing that poor unfortunate old creature talked of incessantly," said Félicie. "It is precisely what is so odious in provincial life; one never hears the last of anything, however trivial or unimportant it may happen to be." This remark had been made to Monsieur le Curé and Richard Prévost, who were both standing beside Mademoiselle de Vérancour when she spoke. But it was also heard by Monsieur le Maire, who by no means agreed in this system of disparaging the province.

"It is possible, mademoiselle," said he, "that in a great centre like Paris crime itself may pass unnoticed, but I am old-fashioned enough to prefer provincial ways, and not to quarrel with what after all only proves an extreme susceptibility to the state of public morality;" and then he, too, launched out into a tirade about the old French ways and customs, and "tradition," and drew from it all the plain inference that crime was the daily bread of the Parisians.

"Crime! my dear sir," retorted Félicie, with that peculiar mixture of contempt and condescension she sometimes assumed, "but there is no question of crime in all this; it is a question only of insanity, and the poor old man up yonder will be probably worried to death by the gossips of D—."

"I assure you, mademoiselle," persisted the Maire, "it is a most extraordinary case, if all that is reported be true."

The Curé and Richard Prévost had left the little group to speak to some fresh arrivals from St. Philbert, and the Vicomte, who had rejoined his daughters, now took part in the conversation. "It really does seem to me," said he, "that what it is the fashion now to call the public, does, as usual,

meddle most impertinently in what does not concern it. Surely as long as the one person who is alone entitled to interfere remains silent, no one else has any right to raise his voice. If Monsieur Richard is convinced of that miserable old man's innocence, whose business can it possibly be to accuse or suspect him?" But the Maire was inclined to support the cause of what he called public justice, and he was beginning to argue the point with the Vicomte, when the band charged with the musical department of the fête plunged with such diabolical energy into a contre-danse, that no more talk was just then practicable.

Monsieur le Maire requested the honour of Mademoiselle Félicie's hand, whilst,—the Mairesse being infirm and unable to dance,—Monsieur de Vérancour performed vis-à-vis to them with a very portly and consequential personage, Madame Valentin, the grocer's wife, out and out the richest bourgeoisie in D—, and reputed to entertain the most advanced opinions both in religion and politics. It had even been whispered that Madame Valentin was encouraging her husband to lend money to a certain lawyer of Republican tendencies, who dreamed of setting up a liberal newspaper, to be called *le Drapeau du Département*, with a view to waging war upon the Préfet's pet organ. However, notwithstanding her political bias, the epicier's spouse seemed well pleased with her cavalier, for she laughed with all her teeth, which were fine, as she ducked down through the *chaîne Anglaise*, and came back with evident glee to her partner after an *en avant deux*.

Meanwhile our friend Madame Jean had been led forth among the side couples by the brigadier, who was observed invariably to encircle her waist with his arm and perform a *pirouette à la militaire* with her, each time that the figure of the quadrille placed him face to face with his partner. "She won't marry him any more for all that," whispered the lanky over-grown son of the *Juge de Paix* to *Mère Jubine's* Louison, with whom he was dancing.

But Louison was busy admiring Monsieur Richard.

Yes! there was some one for whom Richard Prévost was not "poor Monsieur Richard;" some one for whom he was a grand gentleman, and the type of all elegance and fashion!

As we have said, Richard Prévost was not ill-looking; he appeared to be weakly,—that was all,—and was pre-eminently what

the Provençal terms "not much of a man;" but for the old washerwoman's daughter, herself the very handsomest girl of her class in D——, this very delicacy was refinement; and Monsieur Richard, with his blond hair elaborately curled by the coiffeur, and his glossy whiskers, his blue cravat, and pale lilac kid gloves, his superb watch-chain, and with clouds of perfume over all, was the very finest gentleman she had ever seen, or would ever have a chance of seeing. And so Mère Jubine's Louison was all eyes for Monsieur Richard, and paid no attention to what the pale-faced lanky son of the Juge de Paix was saying to her about Madaine Jean and her military lover.

Just before the contre-danse had begun, Raoul de Morville had passed close to the group where the Vicomte and his daughters were standing. Greetings had been exchanged, and as Monsieur le Maire carried off Félicie as his partner, Vévette had turned round as if with a sudden impulse:—"Have you forsworn dancing, Raoul?" she asked, trying to smile very gaily. "We used always to dance together at the St. Marc when we were children."

"Shall we do so now?" was the answer; and Raoul went towards the dancers with Vévette on his arm.

While they danced together, they never spoke once, but once their hands met; hers lingered in his, and with that touch all words were made superfluous.

When the contre-danse was over, they were for a few minutes separated from the crowd. "Why have you never been near us?" inquired Vévette in a low tone. "Have you forgotten us?"

"Forgotten you, Vévette!" The way in which the words were uttered forced her to look at Raoul, and when their eyes had met she had no further need to be reassured.

"Then, Raoul," she added, taking courage, "what is the reason you keep away? What has happened?"

"Oh, Vévette," he rejoined, with an accent of what seemed almost like despair, "so much has happened. Little enough, perhaps, for others, but for me everything;" and then he paused, while she looked and listened in breathless anxiety. "Suppose," he continued, "that all my hopes were at an end; that I could never look forward to our marriage. What would remain to me if I consented to live on, but to go away as far as I possibly could;—to put the seas between us? If all possible idea of your one day being mine had to be given up, my duty, however hard, would be to avoid you,

and my last chance would be to fly to the end of the world—to New Zealand or Australia."

"No, Raoul, not that," was the rejoinder, but given in a voice he had never heard come from those lips before.

"Alas! and why not?" he asked mournfully.

"Because I should die if you did." They looked for a second steadfastly at each other; but the Vévette who stood before Raoul now he had never known. All colour had flown from her lips and cheek, and the flame in her eyes had darkened, as it were; the truth had compelled her; the shy convent-bred girl was gone; and in her place was the passionate woman, really loving unto death.

It was not in masculine nature not for one instant to be enraptured at the avowal thus desperately made, and for one instant Raoul's whole countenance glowed with the glory of being loved. "Then, my own," he resumed fondly, "you must know what has happened, you must know all; you alone must decide what shall be our future. Come what will, in three days I must be in Paris, but"—

"In Paris, in three days?" gasped Vévette.

"That must be, darling," he replied soothingly; "but that is a minor evil. I will tell you the cause of all my misery, and I swear to abide by your decision. Don't look so terrified, love; listen to me; I have"—But all further conversation was cut short by Monsieur le Maire, who strutted up to solicit the honour of Mademoiselle Vévette's hand.

When that quadrille was over, the eternal topic of old Prosper Morel was recurred to, for the benefit of a visitor at a neighbouring château to whom the entire story was new. "Do you know, Monsieur le Vicomte," urged Monsieur le Maire, harking back to his old argument of "public justice,"—"Do you know that what Joseph le Vaillant tells is passing strange all the same?"

"Oh! so you've been inspecting poor old Prosper, have you?" asked Monsieur de Vérancour, with a supercilious glance at the Juge de Paix's son.

"I went up there yesterday," replied the lanky youth.

"Well, and what did you see that was so wonderful?"

"Oh, only Prosper's drawings, and the same words over and over, 'Prosper did it,' and then the date, '14th of October.' His new mania is to draw a kind of figure of a guillotine with three great capital letters un-

der it, a P, an M, and an R. Always these three same; and sometimes they stand under a guillotine, sometimes flames are pictured under them: but always these three letters are repeated; and over the guillotine he mostly writes, 'Expiation!' And then he sits down before the drawing and looks at it till your flesh creeps as you look at him. Is not that a queer thing, Monsieur le Vicomte?"

"An M, that's Morel," said Monsieur de Vêrancour, "and P, that's Prosper — but what's R for?"

"Well, perhaps Retribution!" opined the Juge de Paix.

"I will go up in a day or two and see to all this myself," said Monsieur le Maire. "I can't go to-morrow, but I will positively go the day after."

The Vicomte shrugged his shoulders.

"Poor devil!" said he, "they'll torture him to death."

"I incline to think the Maire is quite right," observed the Curé gravely. "I can't help believing there is more in all this than you fancy."

CHAPTER XIX.

PROSPER'S ARREST.

UPON the face of it was there enough to account for Raoul de Morville's sore depression of spirits? That question touches the individual appreciation of suffering which is different in each human being. What to one is but a feather, may to the other be a weight beneath which he is crushed. If young Morville's past life, and the hopes upon which his whole heart had centred, be taken into consideration, it is certain that he had good cause to feel exceedingly unhappy.

If the circumstances wherewith love is surrounded in different countries be well examined, it will be seen that nothing can be more various than the aspects of the passion which many people falsely believe to be "the same everywhere."

If a man without fortune love a girl without a farthing, in England, need he despair? No! for he has resources open to him: he can work and win her, he can emigrate to one of those many lands where English is spoken, and by dint of toil, time, and endurance, it is more than probable he may end by gaining enough to enable him to unite himself to her without whom life seems to him worthless. At all events he

has society and public opinion on his side. For his energy and for her constancy everybody will think higher of the couple who wish to marry for love.

But not so in France. In the first place, the man who, without money, wishes to gain it in order to marry the woman he has chosen, has a marvellously small choice of means whereby to achieve his aim. If he has financial aptitudes, no scruples, and great luck, he may by some stroke on the Bourse, in which he has risked honour, — in case of failure, — achieve fortune; but the man capable of that is mostly a man incapable of the devotion we suppose him setting out to serve. For a chivalrous minded man, — and the man who resolves to win the girl he loves is that, — it is hard to see any resource in France. How he is to achieve independence in a country where every single field for activity, large or small, is railed in and set aside, and where nothing is open to individual energy, it is hard to see; but what is worse is, that he has society, and the opinion of all the men and women in it, against him. He must do whatever he does without ever allowing his motive to be guessed, or he is lost. His friends would set him down for a fool, and the rest of the world for something near akin to a perturbator of general morality.

All that esteem, all that sympathetic encouragement which are so necessary to the man who has to fight a hard fight, are denied in France to the man who dreams of marrying for love. He becomes a species of Pariah, whom it is unsafe to let inside your doors. If he, being without money, chose to love a girl who has plenty, that is quite another thing. If he wins her, he will be applauded because the love can be denied. If a very rich man, on the other hand, be resolved to marry a woman who is poor, that again will be tolerated; — though not viewed so favourably as the preceding case, because it gives doubly a bad example; first, to rich sons of families who, independently of their parents, may take to marrying penniless wives, and next to dowryless girls, who may nourish illusions and become dangerous to the peace of respectable families.

No! The fitness of things lies in the union of money with money. That is according to rule. What is so also, is the union of high birth with wealth. In this arrangement also there is a fitness pleasant to contemplate, for there is an exchange of valuables. Something is sold and some-

thing bought, and it is altogether a business transaction,—in which a Frenchman tells you you find “a guarantee!”

But in a marriage of poverty with poverty there is no “guarantee,” and the love which induces it is only an “aggravating circumstance.”

Now Raoul's position was in this respect the worst of all possible positions. He had conceived the mad idea of winning by his own exertions the hand of a girl who was as poor as himself. He had no excuse, for he had been brought up with Félicie and Vévette, and knew their pecuniary situation as well as he knew his own. Of course, if Mademoiselle Geneviève de Vérancour shared his absurd notions, it was wholly and entirely his fault; for, unless he had forced them upon her, how should a “well-born” girl, educated in a convent too! ever entertain any idea so utterly wrong as that of marrying for love? All the blame would be Raoul's; and had he any, the remotest chance, of earning for himself the even relative independence that would enable him to aspire to the hand of his beloved?

Perhaps there had been a time, not far off, when he had thought that his hopes might be realised; but what were his present prospects? He had twelve hundred francs a year for working hard in a public office for eight hours a day! Sixty pounds per annum would not go far to maintain a wife, let alone children. And what were his other chances? Perhaps promotion in six or eight years, and a salary of seventy-five, or it might be a hundred pounds yearly;—for he had no “protection.”

All this was disheartening enough, and Raoul was disheartened. He loved Vévette with his whole heart and soul, and could see nothing in life worth having if she failed him. But he sickened at the notion of waiting for long years. He wanted Vévette to be his now; now, while he and she were young, and that its first bloom was on their love. More even than the cheerlessness of his prospects he felt the hardness of being obliged to hide his one object in life as though it were a crime. As a man who lives for a passion unconnected with ambition or interest, Raoul was a man out of all communion with his fellow-countrymen; and, if you examine impartially his position, his nature, and his probable chances, you will perhaps see that he had some cause for apparent despair.

In three days he was to leave D—. When to return, and with what hopes? As he thought of this and this only, it is no wonder that he paid but little attention to

the events which in D— were marching on apace.

The day following the St. Marc, Monsieur le Maire could not, as he said, go and visit the old bûcheron, but the day after he did so, and his visit had a remarkable result! Monsieur le Maire was an early riser, and the clocks had not yet struck eight when he turned into the narrow path which, through the brushwood and brambles, led to the spot where Prosper Morel had erected his present abode. The dew was still heavy on the ground, and the damp under foot and over head made the place remarkably cheerless, let alone the gloom which was cast around it by its strange occupant.

When Monsieur le Maire reached the spot on which stood the shed called La Chapelle à Prosper, there was no sign of any inhabitant, no trace of the whereabouts of a living man. The Maire went straight up to the open side of the shed, and examined minutely all the ornaments and accessories of the chapel, and when he had done that, he, with the inquisitiveness of a civil functionary which the Curé had not, proceeded to an investigation of the other part of the rude dwelling. It had seemingly neither door nor window, but on raising the clumsy bit of hurdle-fence with which the opening was closed, you looked into a sort of den or hole in which it was clear that the woodcutter slept. In one corner was a heap of straw, hay, heather, and fern, all mixed up together, and covered over with a piece of coarse brown blanket, very much torn. It was more like the lair of a beast than the resting-place of a man, but it was evidently the old man's bed.

The Maire indulged in a protracted examination of the inside of the establishment, but found nothing to satisfy his curiosity. Of the occupant there was no sign. Leaving the apparent bed-chamber of the bûcheron, and closing it up again with the hurdle, the visitor passed to the outside of the shed and proceeded to study the hieroglyphics of the boarding at the back of it. Yes, truly enough, there they were;—the figures and images and signs of which so much had been told! There were the guillotines, and flames, and verses from the Psalms, and, over and over repeated, the words, “Prosper did it,” and “God be merciful to the murderer!” And there stood again and again the letters P and M under the guillotine, over the flames; but of no other letter was there any trace; whether the letter R meant Retribution, as the Juge de Paix suggested, or not, was all one; for there was no letter R to be seen anywhere.

To this Monsieur le Maire attached very little importance. It only made him form a rather low estimate of the accuracy of the Juge de Paix's lanky, overgrown boy, who in that respect simply shared in the mind of M. le Maire the disfavour attaching to boys in general, who were all in his opinion more or less stupid and inaccurate.

At last the Maire discovered Prosper Morel. But what was he doing?

Turning round the corner behind the part of the shed devoted to the chapel, the visitor came upon what looked at first like a heap of old clothes, but what turned out to be the Breton cowering down with hands and knees upon the ground, and apparently groping for something hidden upon or under the earth. At sight of the intruder Prosper looked up, and turning round seated himself deliberately with his back to the shed and his two hands clasped across his knees. He neither looked angry nor surprised, but gazed intently at the Maire.

"You lead a solitary life out here," began the dignitary.

"No!" answered the Breton, "my life is peopled. I am never alone."

"Who is with you?" asked the Maire, determined to humour the old man.

"Who is with me?" he echoed. "The past, the past! I'm full of the past."

"Prosper," continued his interlocutor, "I have not come here to do you any harm, but to judge for myself of the strange reports that you encourage by your own conduct. Look at me, Prosper Morel, and try to tell me the real truth. What reason have you for saying the wild things you say? What interest have you in leading the whole town down there to believe that you have committed an awful crime?" While the Maire was speaking, Prosper's countenance underwent no change. All its life was as usual concentrated in the eyes, and these were fixed upon the speaker as though they would absorb his every feature. Slowly he rose, and his huge uncouth figure leaning against the wall, he put forth his arm and fastened his bony fingers upon the Maire's wrist.

"What reason?" he exclaimed; "what interest? What; can't you understand it? My soul! my soul! I want to save that. But that is how you are, you bourgeois, all of you! You go to church, but you don't believe; and you don't care for truth, God's truth, the eternal truth, by which we are saved or damned. You will take the life of an innocent creature, because you think he seems guilty, and you take no trouble to see whether he is so or not, and when real guilt, —

the very truth of crime, — is brought before you, you won't recognise it, because it is not discovered by the agents of the law. Oh! Monsieur le Maire, Monsieur le Maire," went on the bûcheron with desperate earnestness, "we have souls; we really have souls, and we can save them."

"But, my good man," objected the other now seriously inclined to believe in Prosper's insanity, "do you mean then, seriously, to declare that you murdered Martin Pré-vost?"

"This hand did the deed," replied the woodcutter, holding up his right hand and spreading its five fingers out to their utmost directly in the face of the Maire, who stepped back a pace or two. "Yes!" resumed the Breton, "this hand; but only this hand; not mind or will; only the hand!"

"And you hope for forgiveness by accusing yourself?" suggested his visitor.

"Hope! I am sure of it. I have confessed. I confess every day. Come with me!" and before he could resist it, the Maire found himself dragged before the boarding, on which Prosper pointed out to him his gloomy writings. "There," he said, "and there, and there! I hide nothing, I give all I have to purchase back my soul, and when the Lord has forgiven me, expiation will come. I wait, I wait! *De profundis clamavi ad te, Domine!*" And he crossed his hands on his breast and looked upwards fervently.

The Maire was now all but fully convinced of Prosper's insanity; and the latter caught at his conviction by some intuitive sense. "Ah!" he exclaimed, with sudden animation; "that is so like you all. You don't believe what you don't know. Take care, Monsieur le Maire; take care! You don't believe a man has a soul; you don't believe he ought to give his life to save it. You wouldn't save yours with your life, Monsieur le Maire. Saint Thomas! Saint Thomas! they must touch, ere they believe. Well then, look here!"

Seizing hold of the Maire's arm he led him back to the spot where he had himself been discovered cowering down upon the ground. He went down upon both knees, displaced a few loose stones, took up with his nails a square sod of turf, cleared away some mould, and brought to view a small wooden box, the lid of which he opened without taking the box from its resting place. "There," he cried, "what do you see now? — golden Napoleons, and bank-notes, and papers, and a purse! There is all that was taken out of Monsieur's strong

box when he was dead. There it lies; — all that you never could find; all that for which you were so certain he was killed, there it lies! Now you believe because now you understand. Oh! you wise, wise men! And you take to yourselves the right to punish and absolve! Help me to save my soul, Monsieur le Maire, help me to save my soul! For now you know I am the murderer of my master."

The Maire was convinced.

* * * * *

That same day, the 27th of April, Prosper Morel was arrested by the Brigadier de Gendarmerie and his assistants in virtue of a proper warrant, and lodged provisionally in the jail at D—. He offered no resistance. On the contrary, a curious kind of elation seemed to inspire him, and he walked with a firm step between his captors, into the town of D—, a crucifix clasped with both hands upon his breast, and chanting as he went, in a loud voice, the Litanies for the Dead.

THE social commotions which have disturbed the quiet of nations, have been followed by commotions in the earth, very disastrous in some places. It seems as if all the volcanoes of the globe were seized with a fit of rage. Hecla led off; then Vesuvius followed with tremendous jets of fire and red-hot stones to a thousand feet in height or more, and poured out streams of lava which still continue. Thence the impulse travelled westwards, and eruptions and heavings terrified some of the West India Islands, altered their levels, broke up their surface, and made of St. Thomas a very bad bargain for the Americans, who had coaxed the Danes into selling them that pestiferous little island. Denmark must be heartily glad to get rid of it. Then the long extinct volcanoes in Central America recovered their eruptive activity; Nicaragua was severely shaken; and on the Pacific slope of its mountains, the volcanic glare illumined the country for leagues around. Other parts of the great continent were disturbed, and strong earthquake shocks were felt in New York and other states of the American Union. It may be that the impulse will travel still further to the west, and that we shall hear of outbreaks in the volcanoes of the Indian Archipelago and of Japan.

Messrs Leighton Brothers' new patent process for printing is very remarkable, being a sort of topsy-turvy process, soft type on hard surfaces, *not* hard type on soft surfaces. Moreover, it can be applied to inner as well as outer surfaces. For instance, the Leightons will print you an advertisement, or particulars of a chemical analysis, or a song, or anything else, on the inside of a bottle, a jar, a tea-cup, or a

lamp-shade. After this, it will be easy to understand that to print on plates, dishes, cups and saucers, basins, and so forth, is an easy matter. They can also print on marble, stone, iron, leather, sail-cloth; in short, what can they not print on, for the types are made of vulcanised india-rubber, and never wear out? With a roller properly contrived and fed with ink, it would be possible on a dry day to print all along the foot-pavement of a street. What a chance for enterprising advertisers! Messrs Leighton exhibited their process last year at one of the President of the Royal Society's soirées, and it is now, as we hear, being successfully worked by a Company in Paris.

A few American items are worth mention. Brigadier-General Roberts, who has been charged by the government at Washington with the repairs of the 'levees' (embankments) of the Mississippi, has proposed a plan for the reclamation of the vast extent of swampy lands along the lower course of the great river. It is to build dikes and barriers, and construct weirs, by which the flood-waters shall be allowed to overspread the swamps, and deposit thereon the mud they hold in suspension, until, in time, the swamps, and indeed all the low levels, shall be converted into dry land of the most fertile description. This process is well known along the Trent and Humber as warping the land; but the brigadier-general's is the greatest scheme of warping yet heard of. The Dutch may rival it by pumping dry their Zai-der Zee — a project they often talk about — and converting the great waveworn hollow into farms and pastures. — *Chambers's Journal*.

From The Contemporary Review.

THE TALMUD.

THE article on the Talmud in the *Quarterly Review** has made an unexampled stir. Whatever has been written about its marvellous subject before, in "libraries, ancient and modern," in "essays and treatises, monographs and sketches, in books and periodicals, without number" (p. 420), has somehow failed to bring it before the world as it has been brought before it now. A subject hitherto treated in a tone of bitter controversy or pedantic learning, — a subject we had been accustomed to dismiss with a mere contemptuous shrug, proves to be instinct with beauty, tenderness, and wisdom.

Within this small compass the Talmud is analysed and condensed, not only with encyclopædic erudition, but with intense human feeling. Theories are put aside, and facts are dealt with. The author takes his stand on a purely scientific platform. But while expressly mentioning the many "gurgoyles," the "abstruse propositions and syllogisms," the "fanatical outbursts," the "hieroglyphical fairy-lore," of which we have hitherto heard far too much, he "buries" "that which is dead," and "rejoices in that which lives." He brings before us nothing but the distinct, authoritative, clear statements of the Talmud, legal, ethical, metaphysical, and other, generally in the words of the work itself. And while his answer to the question, "What is the Talmud?" is mainly historical, it is not wholly so, for at every step, the religious and philosophic characteristics of the work are touched upon, and new and momentous problems are irresistibly suggested to the reader's mind.

I am almost ashamed to have at once to raise certain empty phantoms, which might perhaps in time begin to float in the hazy atmosphere of public opinion. The Old Testament is written in Semitic language, the New Testament is written in Semitic style; yet what do we in England understand by that term Semitic? — something vaguely oriental or eastern, as to which any one can speak, with the confidence of knowledge, who has once had a slight acquaintance with some Indian vernacular or Chinese dialect, having about the same relation to Semitic, or less, than our English has. No wonder that we usually misunderstand grievously the simplest facts of Semitic literature.

* Living Age, No. 1231.

There is the question of the age and composition of the Talmud. The facts stated by the *Quarterly* writer are simply these. The origin of the Talmud dates from the return from Babylon, but the writing of it was not begun until about eight hundred years later. The dates of the redaction of both the Talmuds are given by him with the greatest precision.

These facts to western minds are simply marvellous. Living in the midst of a civilization which is accustomed to books and neglects memory, they cannot understand the growth of Semitic literature. This is logically very strange, when not merely Semitic literature, but nearly all early literature, has the same history. The Vedas, the Zend-avesta, the Kur-án, the Sunneh, the Homeric poems, the Eddas, the Nibelungen, and the Kalewala, are acknowledged to have existed orally for periods of various length, in some cases of very great length, even ages, before they were committed to writing. Yet a western, swayed by custom, thinks naturally that the Talmud was suddenly written like a leading article in the *Times*, out of contemporary materials. The author observes that nothing was admitted into the Talmud that was not well authenticated, and that whenever feasible, the name of the traditionalist was added. Any one who will take the trouble to think, will see that this kind of work is not done in a day, or a year, or a generation, and if he goes deeper into the article in the *Quarterly* will perceive that if the Talmud was not the labour of centuries, it was a miracle.

But what was the literary history of the Jews during the period to which the composition of the Talmud is assigned? After their return from Babylon, they became an intensely literary people, and their literary energies were wholly devoted to the purpose of illustrating the Old Testament, and mainly the Law, strictly so called; and thus all that they produced during that period was rudimentary Talmud. It is simply incredible that there should be nothing extant in the Talmud of this its earlier condition.

And when we have once admitted the maximum interval of the composition of the Talmud, it is a natural fallacy to be always thinking of that interval as if the Talmud, with not only its traces of Babylon, but of the Syrian persecution and the Roman wars, had been wholly composed in the days of Cyrus and handed down complete to the fourth century. But it is obvious that it was composed during every generation to the intervening centuries, every

generation which has left its indelible historical traces in its pages.

The Talmud had also, be it remembered, a rare quality to ensure its preservation. It was developed out of commentary on the Old Testament, the oral exponent of written Scripture. Thus, if not a word had been written, and the writing of anything authoritative was strictly forbidden, there would still have been the Sacred Text, as an aid by which the scholar might remember the comments. But though these comments were not to be written as authoritative, yet affection and reverence remembered them as the comments, nay, the very dicta, of the doctors, the saints, and the martyrs.

Yet, all allowances made, we Westerners cannot fail to be amazed at the positive statement of such a stretch of memory as we are accustomed vaguely to admit in other cases. It will, therefore, be useful to compare the Shemite faculty of memory, or its cultivation, in our own times, with ours, and the matter will stand out in a different and far clearer light.

"Many of the Arabs," writes Lane, "have been remarkable for a tenacity of memory almost miraculous. At school they generally learn the whole of the *Kur-ân* by heart, aided to do so by its being composed in rhyming prose; and many students, among them, when unable to purchase works necessary to them, borrow such works, a portion at a time, from the libraries of the mosques, and commit their entire contents to memory. Hence, in numerous instances, the variations in copies of the same Arabic work, copies being often written from the dictation of persons who have learnt a work by heart."*

Among works so dictated are lexicons, not scanty vocabularies, or even dictionaries, but ample thesauri of one of the most copious languages in the world. I have in my own hands a curious instance in point, in a copy of the "*Romance of Edb-Dhâhir*" (commonly pronounced *Ez-Zâhir*), which has evidently been written out from memory, probably by a professional reciter for his own use. It is wholly in vulgar Arabic, as spoken, without those attempts to imitate the classical language which are characteristic of modern written Arabic.

Such facts may prepare us to understand those other facts which establish the antiquity of the Talmud.

The main object of the Talmud is the elucidation and development of the Law. A very important part of the Law is that

relating to crimes. Here the Talmud is as particular as elsewhere, not merely discussing the meaning of the Mosaic criminal jurisprudence, but laying down minutely how it should be carried out, and indicating how it actually was carried out. Yet the Romans had taken from the Jews, into their own hands, the administration of criminal law full three centuries before the date of the first redaction of the Talmud.

It will be well to bear in mind the object of the Talmud, for then we shall be less likely to fall into error as to its contents. As it is almost the entire Jewish literature of several centuries, we might expect abundant historical information; but we must recollect that its object was comment on the Law. Those who hope to find in it more than vague hints of the chief events in the early history of Christianity will be disappointed: narrative would have been beyond its province, which is strictly expository and mainly legal.

Our idea of the historical value of the Talmud, and it has a very distinct historical value, may be made clearer by the examination of a known historical character as represented in its pages. No more marked one could be chosen than Gamaliel, the Gamaliel the Elder of the Talmud.

From the New Testament we see that he was in the front of the politics and learning of the age. How great his learning must have been is sufficiently evident from St. Paul's knowledge of Greek literature. From this and from the only action told of him in Scripture, we may conclude that he was liberal and tolerant, perhaps even willing to make a compromise with Christian teachers rather than to persecute. The Talmud fills in the outline. What it tells us of Gamaliel in his own words or in biographical touches shows a singularly learned yet liberal-minded man, strong in his convictions yet against persecution, not a secret convert, but a Jew till his death. The two pictures are quite consistent, and the more detailed one of the Talmud is valuable as a commentary on the clear but scanty sketch of the New Testament.

Take, again, a little archaeological fact. Archæologists are very careful as to their facts, yet they have no scruple in citing the Talmud for the period to which the *Quarterly* writer assigns it. Mommson agrees with Boeckh, and no two names stand higher in criticism, in remarking that in the Talmud it is stated that the Jewish silver coins were struck on the standard of the Tyrian money. This they cite as historical. The statement is undoubtedly true

* "*Lexicon*," l. p. 13, note *.

of the first silver coinage, usually assigned to Simon the Maccabee, five centuries older than the redaction of the Talmud, and there is no other but that of Bar-cochba, three hundred years later; but the reference is evidently to the former, for the Tyrian silver coinage ceases with the Roman dominion, and Bar-cochba did but restrike Græco-Roman staters and Roman denarii, neither of which could be traced to the Tyrian standard, though both at that time had chanced to be accidentally in accordance with it.

There is, however, a much more serious difficulty than that of date. People have heard that the Talmud was "all nonsense," and it is, of course, in the interest of all who neglect Semitic studies to have the excellent excuse thus afforded for a capital instance of that neglect. But we can scarcely blame those who take this view of the Talmud, if we look at what has mostly been written upon it. It is very well to be grateful, with the *Quarterly* writer, to what learning and earnestness have been brought to bear upon it before now, but looking at the matter from outside, one can scarcely be patient with the learned trifling, the utter want of appreciation, of many of these former students, whose dry, practical, yet groping, style of work was specially unfit for a vast and varied structure that can only be fairly understood if it is regarded as a whole, and if the fervid enthusiasm of its many builders is taken into account. It has thus, not altogether unreasonably, been the fashion to abuse the Talmud, and rest satisfied with one's ignorance of what was not worth knowing. But supposing such a view to be conceded, there remains the fact that certain ethics have been given in this article which are not only not nonsense, but so high a kind of sense that any man with a heart to feel and a mind to understand would gladly wade through a very sea of nonsense to obtain them at last. And how much more is there that the writer has not quoted!

The case resembles that of the ancient Egyptians. The Book of the Dead, their sacred book, in any translation, even in the elegant French of M. de Rougé, is really repulsive: yet it is the oldest statement of man's knowledge of the future state, with its rewards and punishments in accordance with the life led on earth. A moral work of extreme antiquity proves that the Egyptians were capable of worthy ideas of man's chief duties and moral aspirations. And, therefore, as we study the dry and unrepaying pages of the Ritual, we remember that

the very religion of these old Egyptians had nobler products, and that the great doctrines were not utterly concealed by the luxuriant growth of fables. So, in judging the Talmud, people would do well to keep the Wisdom of Solomon and Ecclesiasticus before their minds, and to expect some expression of the noble ideas they preach. Had they done so already, they would have been prepared for the discovery of those ethical passages the *Quarterly* writer has here unburied, though they would scarcely have expected anything so beautiful and so touching.

There still remains a difficulty. The Talmud is "antichristian." If for some obscure and worthless passages, not contained at all in the common editions, we are to condemn the whole literature of a nation for eight hundred years, we shall show ourselves less liberal than the Tridentine bishops, with whose sanction the Basle edition was published.

What we have to do is to look for facts from whatever source they come. We can no longer afford to shut out whole races from access to us, because we had rather not hear what they have to say. We can no longer afford to keep our own people in a padded room lest they should hurt themselves against the hard and sharp points of the universe. Others, perhaps not our best friends, will have no difficulty in acting as interpreters to the proscribed races, or in releasing our sham lunatics to wander ill-prepared over a world they have never been allowed to understand.

II.

AND NOW, what is the relation of Judaism and Christianity, if we accept the data of the Talmud?

It would seem inevitable from the analogy of nature, and the statements of Scripture, that two revelations made to the same race should have been continuous in some sense, and that the Jews should have been ready for Christianity when it was preached to them. Yet, in recent times, theologians on the one hand, and philosophers on the other, have more and more left the old position, and come to regard the two religions as independent, different, even antagonistic and hostile, as if, indeed, true religions, like their partisans, could be endued with human frailty. Christian doctors have now, at last, almost changed place with Jewish leaders, if not with Jewish Rabbins. The Jew now generally concedes the sublimity of the Christian religion, the Christian almost de-

nies that of the Jewish. The one is liberal in spite of his logic, the other is illiberal in even more direct defiance of his.

But let us leave the babble of modern contention and appeal to Scripture. The Messiah of the Law is a prophet like unto Moses; the Messiah of the prophets is to bring more light to Israel, and to lighten the Gentiles. What said the Lord? "I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil." How did St. Paul, and, even more, St. James, live the life of the Law? With greater light came greater liberty. We know that it was lawful to be a Christian and not a Jew, but we will not see that it was lawful and possible to be a Christian and also a Jew.

There must have been somewhere a very clear continuity, a strong and positive point of contact between the two systems. It strangely happens that the strongest point of contact is what had been supposed to be the point of divergence.

These ethics of the Talmud are not matters of argument; they are matters of fact, and this is equally true of the social condition of the Jews in Talmudic and in modern times. The *Quarterly* writer extracts certain proverbial sayings and maxims from the Talmud, and there can be no doubt of the lofty morality that they teach. If they are in the Talmud, and this I do not suppose any one will contest, it is useless to pretend not to see them. The social condition of the Jews, for many centuries past, surprisingly tallies with the Talmudical teaching, and this is a very important point, to be later considered. We remember the terrible deed and its terrible consequences, but we do not remember that Christ and the Apostles came of the Jewish stock. We are too ready to forget the liberty to speak in so many synagogues conceded to the Apostles; too ready to forget how little the Jews retaliated the shameful persecutions of the middle ages; too ready to see the faults of an ambitious race shut out for centuries from politics, and driven to the degrading pursuit of commerce; too ready to ignore the docile citizenship, the open-handed liberality which subscribes not only to our hospitals, but also to our churches, the social virtues of the Jews in the East, mark this, as well as in the West.

When shall we be Christians enough to understand St. Paul's tender outburst, attested with even unusual earnestness, and concluding with a marked attestation of Christian faith? "I have great heaviness and continual sorrow in my heart. For I would wish that myself were accursed from Christ for my brethren, my kinsmen according to

the flesh: who are Israelites; to whom [pertaineth] the adoption, and the glory, and the covenants, and the giving of the law, and the service, and the promises; whose [are] the fathers, and of whom as concerning the flesh Christ [came], who is over all, God blessed forever." When shall we be Christians enough to weep with Christ over Jerusalem?

It is in the ethics of the Talmud that we find the key to the continuity of the two dispensations and to the social virtues of the Jews. It must not be forgotten that in the Talmud even monogamy, and yet more, the highest position ever given to the wife, is practically taught.

Is there any thing surprising in all this? Was not the Law an education for the Gospel? Did all the prophets and all their disciples preach in vain? Was good, after it had done so much, utterly deprived of growth when the last prophet ceased to speak? Later still, was the Law annihilated, instead of superseded, by the Gospel, which was more free, more capacious, but only another true religion, not contrary and hostile to that of which it was the fulfilment and the enlargement? People glory, and glory rightly, in the gradual humanization of the world by the silent, even more than by the open, action of Christianity. Was the Law without such a leavening power, or rather, did it suddenly and forever lose what no historical student will dare to deny to it? The difficulty lies only in our ignorance.

But precisely, what are these ethics of the Talmud, and what is their precise relation to those of Christianity?

In examining the ethics of any nation we should carefully abstain from *à priori* reasoning, and looking the facts in the face, ask them, with all the earnestness of which we are masters, — Whence and what?

But, before we do this, we should thank the God and Father of our race, who has left no nation without moral light, — to some has revealed the crystalline brightness that seems scarcely to have lost aught of its splendour since it shone from the very throne of the source of light and truth. So alone can we approach what is a sacred task, not to be done with profane haste, or with minute, carping, querulous trifling.

Whence, then, these Jewish ethics?

From the patriarchal religion, from the moral law, from the teaching of prophets and schools of prophets, from the great sorrows of Israel, all contemplated, and most of all the Scripture itself, in an age of intense devout study, after the nation had been influ-

enced by the culture of every other great nation of the old world. If truth, and most of all divine truth, is fruitful, it can never cease to grow and spread, developing out of itself not new truths, but new phases of truth, to the very end of time.

Prophets, saints, and witnesses did not teach and suffer in vain. Israel did not fear and hope, sin much and love more, in vain. Out of the mass of instruction came higher moral insight and clearer moral truth.

What, then, were these ethics?

True to their origin, their root always, their flower often, is in the Old Testament. When ceremonialism was too strong, or much of it was lost in the ruins of the first temple, ethics were the protest or the solace of the faithful. So when Roman imperialism was surrounding the Jewish state, and cutting off its free action, ethics reasserted their power. When the temple had fallen, and there was no present hope of its restoration, the nation had to choose between Christianity and its own ethics. It partly chose one, partly the other. It was not indeed without dogma, strong, clear, well-defined dogma. yet ethics met, as ceremonies had, a human want.

There is, as we might anticipate, something very special and peculiar in these ethics. They are rather similar than identical, rather parallel than historically related, if we compare them with those of the Gospel. The Talmudic adage says, "Above all things, study." Christianity teaches the simplicity, almost the ignorance, of childhood. Jewish ethics were, if not limited to the doctors and schools, yet their property; Christian ethics were preached to the common people, the ignorant and the vicious, publicans and harlots. Jewish ethics have a fragile and tender beauty that made them scarcely equal to pass from the ideal calm of learning into the great conflict of the world. Like certain touching modern systems, the systems of pure-minded idealists, they almost fail to realize the existence of evil. But, after all, there is evil, and any system that does not look it in the face and fight it to the last must go down in the wear and tear of life, if indeed it do not end in self-righteous separation. Christianity, while in no way inferior in its ethics, recognizes the existence of evil, combats it, releases its slaves, points sternly to the end of its servants. The Mishnah has no hell. It is curious to notice how mankind, when determined to reason out the problems of good and evil, fall either into ignoring or giving undue weight to evil, either into universalism or Manichæism. The Talmud almost shuts its eyes to evil, the

Zend-avesta sees it where it is not. But let me not be supposed to underrate the ethics of the Talmud. Very soon I shall be able to show by comparison with other systems their lofty height.

III.

HERE it becomes necessary to examine the theory which makes the ethics of Judaism and Christianity mere natural products of the Shemite mind, a theory that has been propounded with astonishing confidence by the very men who had ample means of knowing how fallacious it was. Those who may think that this question is beyond the province of the present article will have reason to change their opinion when they see how clearly a historical view of Shemite ethics affords materials for that comparison of which I have just spoken as enabling us rightly to estimate the ethics of the Talmud.

Much of the ethics of the New Testament, in particular of the self-denying precepts of the Sermon on the Mount, strike a Shemite and a European, I would almost write a "Frank," to exclude the Turks, very differently. Go to a Shemite and tell him to return good for evil, to love his enemies, to give his goods to the poor, and he, be he Christian, Jew, Muslim, or skeptic, will answer with a sigh, "This is all true, but I am a sinner, and I cannot perform it." Go to a European and he will hear you with incredulity, and then tell you that it is all eastern figurative language, and that society could not hold together if such precepts were practised.

It is remarkable that in one province of ethics, the Shemite and the European change places. All Shemites, without a revelation, all but Christians and Jews, would be incredulous as to the practice of those precepts which refer to the virtue that is the very crown of morality, and so significantly enough has among us taken its name, while Europeans would acknowledge that they ought to be practised, and lament their own human feebleness.

It ought never to be forgotten that the society of early Christians by which the golden rules of the Gospel were first practised, the true ideal life first lived, was a society of Shemites, a society composed, not of select scholars or unworldly ascetics, but of the whole body of believers in Christ, and therefore something wider than the largest hopes of Judaism. We have to realise what this society was and what it did, and then to remember that it was a society

of Shemites, a matter which deserves closer examination, for it is of momentous importance.

The history of the Shemite race in relation to religion and morals can be better understood if we look at the picture in the Bible of the kingdom of Israel at the time of Elijah. We see a nation of believers and of misbelievers, of the purest believers and of the grossest idolaters grouped round the central figure of Elijah, the ascetic man of God, and of Ahab, the sensual man of the world, a nation divided between belief that taught social morality and nurtured the germ of its full-grown plant, and idolatry, which was but the excuse for the lowest and coarsest vices: this is but a single view in the history of a race that has been at once the foremost in monotheism, and among the very lowest in polytheism, holding sternly by the very simplest form of belief and worship the world has ever seen, except the belief and worship of the Church of the Apostles, and yet given over to the basest and most debasing idolatry, to idolatry from which Greeks shrank as contemptible, and Romans as cruel, and, again, the race that has practised the most chivalrous monogamy, and yet is to this day the only one that has combined the degradation of polygamy with high intellectual culture. In different periods of its history the separate lines so strongly marked in that picture of the kingdom of Samaria strangely divide, but they never mix. If a pagan Shemite has a faint knowledge of monotheism, it is never fused into his paganism, but, like a line of precious ore, appears here and there in the midst of the dark mass of common earth; if he has glimpses of a pure morality, he sees them, not in the lurid mists of his own paganism, but in the far-off sky overhead, pure as that which shone on his parents in the Paradise of God.

A paradox, or rather a miracle, is this race, which was for at least two thousand years the exponent to mankind and in itself of true religion and high ethics, which now, in Mohammedanism, is the great opponent of the universal triumph of both. One thing we may safely conclude, that wherever we trace true religion and pure ethics, there we may infer Shemite influence, but we must beware of the fallacy involved in the converse. The Shemite was the missionary race of the ancient world, but the truth was a treasure in its charge, not an inheritance it had by nature.

I will take two examples which prove

what will be seen to be of no small importance, that the ethics of the Talmud are in their germ of extreme antiquity.

Scripture speaks not merely of the knowledge of right and wrong granted to the Gentiles, but of a primeval knowledge of the true God, given to the fathers of mankind.

The old Egyptians were partly Shemites. Their aspect, their language, and, most of all, their religion, contain the proof that the constant influx of Arab blood that is still changing the African populations is no new phenomenon, but that the same current has set in that direction since the very beginnings of the history of nations. The Book of the Dead, already mentioned, deals wholly with the welfare of the soul in the after state, and thus in the midst of the jargon of Nigritian incantations we find, like the Semitic grammar of the essentially barbaric language of Egypt, the inculcation of man's responsibility, and the moral conduct by which he should gain happiness in the future of his soul. But this is not all. Even amidst the multitudinous and incoherent vocabulary of gods and genii, where names are often as monstrous as their forms, we are startled to read of God in the singular, or, if you will, in the abstract. Thus the babble of polytheism could not drown the pristine knowledge of truth, as on some storm-beaten coast, above the discordant clamour of the many-voiced sea-fowl, rises and falls, yet never ceases to sound, the solemn roar of the vast ocean.

But even these remarkable facts are not enough to prepare us for the teaching of an old Egyptian book of moral precepts. Here we find the bondage of idolatry almost shaken off. Once embarked in his subject, the ancient sage dismisses the divinities of Egypt, and founds his teaching on man's responsibility to God.

The proverbs of Ptah-hotep form part of the oldest manuscript in the world; the original was still older, a work of probably not later than B.C. 2100.

The writer speaks to mankind as a father to a son. The object of man is the attainment of long and happy life. The way of attaining it is by virtue, which is life; while vice is death. Virtue is due to God, and springs from filial obedience. No part of duty is more strongly insisted on than the duty of husband to wife; the husband to the one wife. No evil is so great as that which springs from the harlot.

"The obedience of a docile son is a good deed: the obedient walks in his obedience and he who listens to him becomes obedient

it is good to listen to all that can produce love; it is the greatest of goods. The son who receives the words of his father will therefore become old. Obedience is loved of God; disobedience is hated of Him. The heart is master of the man in obedience, and in disobedience; but man vivifies his heart by his docility."

"The rebel who does not obey, does absolutely nothing; he sees knowledge in ignorance, virtues in vices; every day he commits with audacity all kinds of fraud, and so he lives as if he were dead. . . . What the wise know to be death is his life every day; he advances in his ways loaded with a mass of curses every day."

"If thou art wise, take care of thy house; love thy wife heartily, nourish her, clothe her; it is the adornment of her body; anoint her, rejoice her during the time of thy life."

"A rock of abominations whence it is impossible to remove oneself [is the bad woman]; she outrages fathers and husbands with the minions of the harlot; the woman who seeks man is an assemblage of every kind of horror, a bag of every kind of fraud."

With such teachings as this the history of the nation has much in common — most of all in the high dignity of the wife, who, in the tomb, is represented seated by her husband's side, hand-in-hand, as she sat by him in life at their feasts, the one wife, whose title is "lady of the house."

It is very curious to compare the teaching of a work so strikingly resembling the Book of Proverbs with the direct appeal of the Book of the Dead to the belief in future rewards and punishments, not indeed that the idea that the good man is really living, the wicked man really dead, already in this life, can exclude the notion of future life and future death, for it rather aids it. But, though we may remark in passing, that the Israelites in Egypt, and for the centuries before David, could scarcely have been ignorant of the ancient Egyptian knowledge that there was a future state, it is important to observe that the real point of contact between the remains of old Shemite religion in Egypt and the later moral teaching of the Old Testament is ethical. And it is still more curious to observe how completely the lofty ethical level of the Biblical work in reference to the marriage state connects it on the one hand with the Egyptian moral book before it, on the other with the Talmudical sayings after it. The Egyptian book is but a bud, but it is a bud of good

promise. That the Jews of the age of Moses were for the hardness of their hearts allowed a greater latitude than either the older Egyptian writer, or the later Hebrew of the Book of Proverbs concedes, is but a proof of their low state of civilization. But the germ was in the Jewish race, and it survived, and ultimately threw off polygamy, to which the noble Arab has fallen a victim.

I have spoken of documents far anterior to Moses; let me speak of the life of another Shemite native long after him.

People are becoming accustomed to think of Mohammad as a reformer, and no doubt he effected reforms of great value in the stern suppression of infanticide and the tightening of the marriage bond. He found his people mainly idolaters, and for the most part idolaters of the basest kind; he left them strict monotheists; yet he crushed out a tender feeling of chivalry that was true to the Shemite heart after God had once given it this precious jewel, and that was parallel to the same feeling in the Talmud, anticipating, but not so clearly, the heights reached by Dante and by Petrarch, and by our own Surrey and Spenser.

The romance of Antar (properly Antarah) is a modern composition of inferior interest, viewed either for plot or execution, and written in a miserable style. It has, however, this remarkable characteristic. The moral purity of Antar's love for 'Ibla is quite unexcelled in the romances and poems of modern chivalry. And the story has been heard and admired in the tents of thousands of desert Arabs, and though the Muslim doctors have placed it in their index, has been for long past recited at Cairo by men who take their name from its title; and yet in not one passage does it, as far as I have heard, or any orientalist is aware, contain an appeal to the baser feelings of the people. Antarah, though like the brilliant Esh-Shanfara, also a hero and a poet, a raven, or Arab with black blood in his veins, is emphatically the national hero.

'Antarah was a poet of the age before Mohammad, and in the Seven "Suspended" Poems which remain to us of those which were hung in the Ka'abeh at Mekkeh, one is by him. A pagan of those wicked poets whose works Mohammad proscribed in public, but recited in secret, Antarah's remains show the reason of the national choice.

Listen to the criticism of an Arab writer, unhappily anonymous.

"I would that we had with our Islâm the generosity of manners of our fathers in their paganism. Antarah of the horsemen

was a pagan, and Hasan, son of Haneé, a Muslim. Antarah was restrained within the bounds of duty by his honour, and El-Hasan, son of Haneé, was not at all restrained by his religion."

If we institute another comparison between the ethics of the Talmud and those of Mohammadanism we shall be struck by a similarity and a difference, that will help us to see how high the former stand in the moral scale.

The so-called proverbs or sayings of 'Alee afford the most favourable view of Mohammadan ethics. It is to be regretted that they have not been the subject of a critical analysis, for it is sufficiently evident that there has grown around the first nucleus a very literature of the moral sayings of the best and purest of those who have followed the teaching of the gentlest of the first Mohammadans. So various are these sayings, that they could not possibly have been the thoughts of one life, were there no other evidence of the later date of some of them.

Of religion in general we have such sayings as "No higher honour than to be God-fearing. Fear God, then thou hast nothing else to fear. Trust in God; He will suffice thee. Wisdom is the lost she-camel of the faithful;" this last a striking picture. The Arab awakes in the desert, and looking round the vast shield of waste, he sees no trace of his property and his support, and sets forth at once to exercise all his power of tracking until he discovers the treasure he has lost.

But besides these general precepts, there are two very distinct classes: those which teach the religion of the asceticism that has abandoned the world, and those which teach a religion which sets ethics at the very front and determines to better the world. "Well to him who has no family," an intensely non-Shemite outburst of asceticism. "Hopelessness is free: hope a slave." On the other hand, here are ethical sayings which make religion mainly morality. "A third part of belief is modesty, a third part understanding, a third beneficence." "The blow of a friend pains more than any other." "A man without humanity is also without religion." "By good deeds man makes free men slaves." "Do good to him who does ill to thee: thus wilt thou be his master." "Thy brother is the man who stands by thee in misfortune." "The guardian of an infant is himself sustained by God." "A generous unbeliever has more hope of Paradise than an avaricious Muslim." "No honour to the liar."

Two sayings may be quoted as protests against our current opinion of the whole Mohammadan world. "The man bowed with sorrow is highly esteemed of God." "Bliss in the next world is better than enjoyment in this."

But here I must not stop. Where are the virtues of married life? All I find is a stray saying, such as this,—"No truth in woman." Here, alas! is the blot and shame of Islám. You may look up and down Muslim literature in vain for one pearl of such a string as the author of the article in the *Quarterly* has strung together, the fruits of the trees of Paradise.

Let me not be supposed, in having collected some few Egyptian and Arab sayings, to have attempted anything to be compared with the life's labour of the essay I am endeavouring to illustrate. I am but indicating sources of knowledge and subjects to be compared, trying a little to break up the rough ground that lies about this city of marvels.

Very slightly, and with an anxious mind, I have endeavoured to show the capacity of Shemites to practise a high moral code, and that such a code, in a rudimentary form, was from a very early date known to them, and yet that it was not a natural outgrowth or acquisition of study, but the direct gift of God, found nowhere but among those who have other traces of revelation, if not a revelation itself.

IV.

THE point of contact of Judaism and Christianity has been examined at some length. The point of divergence is now to be noticed. There are people who are inclined to ask whether, if the ethics of the Talmud be such as the *Quarterly* writer has represented them, in the very words of the Talmud be it remembered, there is anything new in Christianity. These people are in fact uneasy at the discovery that they are after all only Jews, and unfortunately very indifferent Jews, Jews that Hillel would have sighed over and Shammai driven away from his door. They have nothing of Christianity but its ethics, and these seen through a very dense modern atmosphere. Christianity differs from Judaism somewhat in its ethics, but far more in carrying those ethics to all mankind, to the very outcasts, and, most of all, in its dogmatic system. Those who attack Judaism from a supposed Christian point of view, and have not ascertained whether

they can take that point of view, are necessarily very feeble critics. I do not wish to be thought to depreciate the splendid ethics of Judaism; I would not be so foolish, if I dared to be so wicked; but I must protest against the idea, that neither Jews nor Christians could admit, that either revelation is wholly ethical.

V.

THERE is a minor bearing of the *Quarterly* article which, minor though it be, may ultimately be of greater importance than any other. The time will come when the relation of Judaism and Christianity will be understood and acknowledged, but it will be long before the value of so difficult a book as the Talmud as a commentary is recognised. It is so much more convenient to have one's commentaries in Greek and Latin, not very difficult Greek or Latin either, than in Hebrew, and a Chaldee which has nothing more than tentative dictionaries and no grammars. The very dates of the redaction of the Talmud lead to the conclusion of its being necessarily a comment on the New Testament, and this essay brings out designed and undesigned evidence, of which I cannot refrain from here giving a few points.

The view of Phariseism in the *Quarterly* article at first sight seems irreconcilable with the statements of the New Testament. We had been accustomed to regard the Pharisees of the time in question as a sect, or party, comprising but a small portion of the Jewish nation, perhaps not more numerous than the Sadducees. We are now told that the Pharisees were the great body of the nation; the Sadducees a small aristocratic party.* The real state of things will be better understood if we consider a parallel case. In every Roman Catholic country there is a preponderance of Roman Catholics, and a small body of dissenters or skeptics, but within the body of Roman Catholics is a Catholic party, or *parti prêtre*. The Pharisees condemned in the New Testament are not the whole body, but the leading men, the Pharisees who gloried in being Pharisees, the very people whom the Talmud condemns almost without excep-

tion. We can now understand the seemingly unqualified condemnation of the Pharisees in the Gospels, and St. Paul's declaration that he was a Pharisee, a declaration no man of his unflinching courage would have made had he not known he could make it honestly and unreservedly. In the controversy as to the obligation of converts to keep the Law, the conservative view was urged by Pharisees who believed.

In the account in the *Quarterly* of the criminal law of the Mishnah there is a deeply touching comment on the most sacred part of Gospel history. The reviewer tells us that the ladies of Jerusalem formed a society which provided a soporific beverage of myrrh and vinegar to alleviate the sufferings of those that were executed.* We can now understand the rejection of the first draught, which was offered to Christ before his suffering, and also a special reason for the presence of the Jewish women, "daughters of Jerusalem," "who bewailed and lamented him."

A very curious inquiry is opened by the suggestion that moral sayings, hitherto considered to have originated in Christian teaching, were already current at an earlier time. Such an idea gives great umbrage to those who are unaccustomed to look at the whole of Revelation in one general view; who, having been delighted with the quotation by St. Paul of some heathen sage, are shocked at the notion that our Lord could have quoted a pious Rabbi. Why should not a pious Rabbi have been quoted when the saying of a narrow ascetic was condemned?

There can, however, be no doubt that certain popular teachers of the age of Christ and the Apostles stand at a great disadvantage by the side of the teachers of the final redaction of the Talmud. There is no doubt that some of the Jewish doctors of that age held aloof, and left instruction to religious impostors, men who then, as in all ages, thought that religion consisted of dresses, services, seasons; days, times of devotion, length of prayers, postures, and all that is excluded by the idea of "the faith of the heart," to which the Talmud reduces all the commandments of the Law (page 438). Had any belief not been able, through the kind force of calamity, to throw

* [Lightfoot, *Vestibulum Talmudis Hierosolymitani*, p. 28, had told us precisely this: "Pharisaismus . . . stata gentis erat religio." "De schismate Sadducæorum hic non curiose agemus." Indeed, Josephus had long ago said the same. See Antt. xiii. 10. 7: τῶν μὲν Σαδδουκαίων τοῦ εὐνόου μόνον πισθύντων . . . τῶν δὲ Φαρισαίων τὸ πλῆθος σύμμιχρον ἔχοντων. — Ed.]

* [Our knowledge of this fact does not date from the article in the *Quarterly*. Lightfoot, *Hor. Hebr.*, on Matt. xxvii. 34, gives from the *Babyl. Sanhedr.* fol. 43, 1: "Traditio est, feminas generosas Hierosolymitanas hoc è spontaneo sumptu suo exhibuisse." — Ed.]

off much of such withering delusion, and this the Jewish belief had undoubtedly done long ago, it would have perished altogether, eaten up by a miserable crust of formalism. But as the Jews have undoubtedly long thrown off very much of this coating, why should we not believe their books, when they show us how long ago this was done?

VI.

WHAT, then, is the result of this evidence brought to bear upon the history of religion?

1. The essential identity of Jewish and Christian morality.
2. The Jewish origin of modern social virtues.

3. The continuity of revelation.

But this is by no means all.

Ingenious critics, better versed in the literary history of the Greeks than of the Jews, have constructed a chain with Plato at one end, and St. Paul at the other, with the Alexandrian Jews and notably Philo between. This theory must now be abandoned. Thinkers of the same school have been at great pains to derive modern social virtues from a German or a Roman source. Their theories are equally disproved. Most of all has there been a tendency in almost all theologians and critics to draw a sharp line between the Law and the Gospel, if not to consider the Law as in no sense a revelation. This position is now reversed, and the two revelations, as heretofore, must be held to stand or fall together.

In the *Quarterly* article a key-note has been struck. The world has now a right to expect from the author a fuller description of the wondrous realms he has journeyed through in order to produce this heart-moving essay, in which justice is done to an illustrious race, and a grand book, both long oppressed under the weight of suspicion, hatred, and jealousy.

As I finish a not easy labour, for it is not easy to form even the slightest estimate of the great problems I have dared to face, I remember it is Christmas-Day, and there rings in my ears its divine message:

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men."

REGINALD STUART POOLE.

From The Spectator.

A SISTER'S STORY.*

It is not surprising that a work which, closely printed in two volumes, has in France gone through twelve editions, should be regarded as a fair subject for an English translation, and we are glad to find that great pains have been taken with it. Any reader, indeed, taking it up as a common three-volume novel, will be apt to think it somewhat of a delusion; and yet, divided as the British public is, and alive to the religious phenomena of the day, it will have attraction enough to draw people of various parties to its contents. In looking Miss Bowles' translation over and comparing it with the last French edition, we find new memoranda which we are glad to have, and it appears to us to be fairly, though certainly not closely, rendered. In more than one page sentences are transposed without any apparent reason. If the reader will take the trouble to compare p. 18 in the French with pages 15 and 16 in the English, our meaning will be plain.

It is perfectly clear that over and above strong family attachments, well founded and highly to be respected, there is throughout Mrs. Craven's book a deep desire to serve the cause of the Romish Church. This aspect will be far from recommendatory to any but Romanists. So distinctly, indeed, does the dogmatic object come out, that our first impulse on reading the *Récit* was to contrast it very unfavorably with the Guérin papers, remembering their sweet, unconscious beauty, never subjected to formal arrangement for a purpose, but given out for affection's sake, wholly unspoiled utterances of the present hour, whereas many of the Ferronnays diaries have been subjected to revision by the authors long after they were written, to say nothing of editorial arrangements. And yet there is a great deal in these Ferronnays papers as sincere, as simple even, and certainly far more full of the knowledge of actual life, more indicative of cultivation, than can be found in the letters and journals of Eugénie de Guérin. Therefore it is that English people generally will, we think, be more curious about the *Récit d'une Sœur*. You there get into a wider social circle. The writers write perfectly well, their thoughts (con-

* *A Sister's Story*. By Mrs. Augustus Craven. Translated from the French by Emily Bowles. 3 vols. Bentley.

Récit d'une Sœur. Souvenirs de famille, recueillis par Madame Augustus Craven, née La Ferronnays. Deux tomes. Douzième Edition. Paris.

tracted on the side of Catholicism) have at least luxuriated in the best writings of the highest-minded Catholics of the day. Also they travel much and describe beautifully; then their warmth of heart, their varied accomplishments, the liveliness of their natural disposition, which at times carries them willingly into scenes of worldly gaiety, — all these sources of variety are, no doubt, likely to be more attractive than the lonely effusions of Eugenie, not by any means such a person as English men or women are liable to come into contact with in these British Isles, and likely enough, when set before them in a book, to be spoken of in a tone of some pity and disdain.

So let it be. We remain loyal and true to the memory of the shepherdess of La Cayla, but not the less ought justice to be done to the many fine points of the Ferronnays book. One objection, indeed, we have heard pretty often stated.

The compiler, it is said, is but One, the survivor of many, and we cannot admit the justification of such a survivor in publishing these private letters and journals at all. But we submit that Mrs. Craven's case is an exceptional one. In by far the greater part of the work she had the direct permission of the writers to use their MSS. Some absolutely desired her to do so, and it is quite clear that none of the Ferronnays family shrank from any exposition of their personal doings and thoughts. They lived an open, fearless life, thinking little or not at all of laying bare their minds to others when they conceived that a religious object would be served thereby, and they had all (with perhaps one exception) a devoted, almost amusingly high, opinion of one another, — an opinion so *naïf*, so genuine, and, for that matter, so well founded on the whole, that there is no finding fault with it, while it seems to us quite to exonerate the editor from the charge of violating private sanctities. The exception would be, we think, in the case of the sweet young girl, Olga; also, we should add, the long and often depressing extracts from the private journal of the melancholy Eugenie, which are painfully retrospective, and surely a needless exhibition. Yet even in these instances we should rather have wished for abridgment than complete suppression.

One cannot say quite so much for the simplicity of Mrs. Craven as for that of most members of her family. She has evidently been used to feel herself an oracle among them. She has held her own through all changes, and without doubting the genuineness of her love and admiration for them, the

traces of self-will peep out. Her own interludes have something of a strained character, and the first part of the book, in which she appears as the chief arranger, introducer, and explainer, is the least agreeable. It has something of an elder sister's assumption, and if her advice is appealed to she takes care to let you know it, and its result. And this must be accepted as a condition of getting at the people themselves. On the other hand, one is amused and interested when she writes simply as a narrator, as in the accounts of her own voyage from and return to Lisbon. Nothing can be better told than this part of the history.

As to the family story, it may be briefly given here; but let it be remembered that the value of the book is in the scenes and characters it portrays, in the details of daily life, and the records of inward thoughts and feelings. We have, first, a very charming father and mother, and as they come out in their letters to their children, particularly in the second volume of the *Récit*, we prefer them to any of the group. They have conscientiousness, sincerity, a blameless anxiety to be true to others and to themselves, an affection, a gentleness, and goodness which are very fascinating. Of the head of the house, the Comte de la Ferronnays, we are told nothing till the period of his marriage in 1802, when he was, himself an émigré, stationed with the army of Condé at Klagenfurth, in Carinthia. His wife was sister to the Duchess de Blacas, whose husband, the Duke de Blacas, was Prime Minister at the Restoration in 1814. For some years the marriage was unfruitful, then one son was born, remaining for a considerable time the only child, but no less than ten followed, of whom four died young. Seven grew up around them, the writer of the *Récit* being after the first son the eldest survivor of these children. In 1819 the Count went with his family to St. Petersburg, where he had been appointed Ambassador, and here the youthful remembrances were very happy. We have, however, but a brief account of the life they led at this period, but M. de la Ferronnays either resigned or was recalled to France in 1828, and took part in the Ministry des Affaires Etrangères at Paris in 1829. A serious illness compelled him to abandon this position, and to set out for Italy with Pauline, afterwards Mrs. Craven, soon to be followed by his wife and other members of the family to Citadella, near Lucca. An appointment speedily followed; M. de la Ferronnays was credited Ambassador from the Court of France to Rome; but this and all that was public in his career was brought

to an abrupt close by the Revolution of 1830. A thorough Bourbonite, he sent in his resignation immediately, and thus closed the doors to preferment and a lucrative career for both himself and his sons. Among these sons was Albert, the hero of the book, and soon we find ourselves in the heart of a most romantic courtship, and must bring in the heroine without delay.

Alexandrine, the future wife of Albert, is the daughter of a Swedish nobleman, and his beautiful wife the Countess Alopeus. At the time the courtship began the Countess was living, a widow, very near the family of the Ferronnays. She held to the Lutheran faith with some tenacity for herself; yet her daughter, born at St. Petersburg, had been baptized in the Greek Church, and was god-daughter to the Emperor Alexander. By and by, the beautiful widow marries again, a wealthy proprietor of estates in the Crimea, Prince Lapoukhyn. Alexandrine and Albert meanwhile meet, and the attachment on both sides is of the deepest; but all this part affords us little that is interesting, and a great deal that is both tiresome and displeasing. We take leave to pronounce that in no possible way can any religious cause be served by a vacillating, semi-conscientious line of conduct such as is adopted by nearly all parties in this matter. On one side, we have the mother professing extreme distrust and dread of Catholicism, yet leaving a young daughter, uninstructed in any other faith, that daughter remaining, in fact, the easiest possible prey to other influences — her conscience consisting entirely in fear of making her mother unhappy, while all her esteem and admiration are given to the Ferronnays family. Then, as to the lover himself; he can make a pilgrimage with the object of obtaining Alexandrine's conversion; he has scarcely a hope of her salvation without it; he makes a solemn dedication of his life to God; yet to marry her he is resolved. So by them all. Even Pauline, the relator, marries Mr. Craven, then a Protestant, though afterwards converted. The only person we really sympathize with is, at this crisis, the heroine, Alexandrine herself. With her we feel there is nothing but respect, love, and manifest willingness to belong to the Romish Church. Not an obstacle do we hear of but *that* we have alluded to, — we mean pain at her mother's reluctance, and a shrinking from the supposed Catholic idea of the hopelessness of salvation for heretics.

However, after many conflicts, worldly and unworldly, all is brought into order, and the good M. de Ferronnays, whose objections are at least reasonable, consents

to his son's marriage. So also at length does the reluctant mother. They marry then, but it is the beginning of the end. After a few weeks, a pulmonary complaint, which had before seriously attacked Albert, sets in severely. They spend the winter at Pisa, where they are joined by Count Montalembert. The quiet happiness of the trio is most agreeably described in letters, and in the journals of both Alexandrine and her husband. We are disposed to think that one of the greatest charms in the young wife is the perfect manner in which she accepts the friends of her husband. Both in early and latter days this seems to us quite one of her most interesting characteristics. She is never unequal to the occasion. She admires and loves Monhal, her adopted brother, but she does not hesitate to make herself merry with an occasional foible. She must have been one of the most winning of mortals; tender, true, and full of joyous spirits, which nothing but the calamity of her life could have checked. Alas! that calamity is but deferred awhile, and the devoted pair carry the certainty of speedy separation with them everywhere. They travel, they make voyages; all in vain. The enemy still follows their steps. With hardly less of certainty comes the event which Mrs. Craven and all the rest of her *dramatis personæ* miscall Alexandrine's conversion. How, we might ask, by whatever name it is called, should it *not* come? Clearly it seems to us that the Catholic Church, and no other, realized her ideas of communion, both divine and human, and it must be confessed that so far, at least, her adoption of it was rational, that it really seems to have taken in all the best points of human character with which her own experience had made her acquainted. Not Albert only, but all the members of his family, unless there is intentional concealment, seem far higher in spirit and life than her Protestant friends, and though attached to her mother, it was impossible that she could be satisfied with her reasonings or her preparatory work in education. Looking at a page of her narrative of the preliminaries of her marriage, we find these words (well rendered by Miss Bowles): —

"Albert took me to his father's house, and there before Monsignor Porta I promised that all my children should be Catholics. I remember that when I had to answer 'yes,' Madame de la Ferronnays looked at me, as if she was afraid it would give me pain, and she said gently, 'You wish it to be so, do you not?' She little knew what pleasure it gave me to

make this promise, or with how great joy it filled me. *Strange to say, at no time of my life would I have wished to have had Protestant children.* Rather than that, I should have preferred their being Greeks, but always, and above all, I wished them to be Catholics." (Vol. i., p. 199.)

Thus it really seems to us that to parade Alexandrine's conversion as a marvel is ridiculous; nor can we say much less for any attempts to impugn her sincerity. This was thoroughly proved by the whole course of her after life, and there is nothing to do but to accept the fact. Her outward profession was coincident with her husband's death.

From this part, and from the remaining interesting and often affecting narratives, we draw conclusions of a very mingled kind. Life seems to us in great measure a wasted, misconceived thing. The dead are all in all—the living world nothing. The Norman residence at Boury, purchased as a family home by the Comte de la Ferronnays, is indeed beautified by domestic virtues, by charitable works, and by the services of its chapel—also it is consecrated by visits to the graves of beloved beings as they drop into them one by one—but in all these we cannot help thinking there is a continual deepening of the shadows,—a preparation for that renunciation of human ties and that disregard of the conditions of health which brings the heroine to a premature grave. One after another, members of the family are called away, but whether it be under the influence of extraordinary exaltation or depression, it seems to us all the fruit of the one morbid, mistaken spirit. The good M. de la Ferronnays himself clearly fell a sacrifice to his unseasonable pilgrimages to all the churches in Rome in the month of January, when snow was falling, and he himself suffering under fever.

Yet so meritorious is his conduct believed to be in the sight of Heaven, that a miracle of conversion was announced as wrought in the chapel where his last fervent prayers had been offered up. A rich Jew visiting the place declared that a luminous appearance of the Virgin beckoned him on,—he knelt down obediently, and became a Christian at once.

Some may say, "And is this the book you would recommend to enlightened Christians?" Yes. We sincerely think whoever has leisure and the wish to enter rather deeply into the good and bad of French Catholicism, cannot well obtain his information at a better source. Such a

person will presently see the weak points of the book, will feel a reasonable awe of its false views both of Deity and of human life; but he will gather up many consoling thoughts, pictures of family affection, of patient self-denial, of steadfast adherence to duty, however at times misconceived; and it will be to his honour if he learns more thoroughly from them the lesson, not of *abating*, but of *consecrating*, the interests and affections of life by the influence of a purer and sounder estimate of its objects.

From Die Presse, Vienna, March 6.

THE PRESERVATION OF EUROPEAN PEACE.

THE approaching spring will not only not bring us war, but even, on the contrary, a plan of general disarmament. A short time ago the *Genève*, a paper generally well informed on French affairs, made a statement which it is asserted was drawn from a reliable source, that Napoleon only awaited the moment of the complete application of the Army-Organization Law to then come forward as the Prince of Peace with proposals of disarmament. Lately we heard from Paris that Bismarck interested himself very much with this idea. The end of the play, of all the previous anxiety, suspense, and over-estimating the personal wish for war on the part of certain rulers, may be a general reconciliation, heightened by the electric light of general well-being, and the still increasing prosperity of trade and industry.

Indeed, the fact of the maintenance of peace naturally leads to the indispensable-ness of a general disarmament. Shall all the powers of labour, lamed by armed peace, be always withdrawn from the economic activity of peoples, even when it is no longer to be feared that peace will be disturbed? Does not the shattered condition of the finances of most States call loudly and urgently for a change? Are peoples only made to labour to keep up great armies without any object? Who is not disgusted with a diplomacy ever vacillating between arbitrary and violent decisions? Where is the benefit of a statecraft which sows wind in order to reap storms?

It is true that if this pacific feeling prevails, we are indebted for this event not to the good will of Governments, but to the

re-awakened perception of peoples, who condemn all capricious wars and the strife for the extension of material power. Let us rejoice at this ever-increasing tendency: it belongs to the precious fruits of modern civilization; and the more it is confirmed, the more surely will educated Europe advance towards firm liberty. For it has been the continual bloodshed, and the weakening of peoples thereby brought about, which have stopped the progress of pure healthy development. Unfortunately, it has been the fate of the century in which we live to have witnessed the greatest Continental wars that have ever been conducted with levies of immense masses of men. The evil seems now to have attained its highest point, and those in power even seem to feel that a change is necessary.

But apart from the question viewed from the point of view of ethics and liberty, and even of the point of view of the so-called European balance of power, we see in the present organization of the pentarchy, that is to say of the relations of the five great Powers, a solid guarantee of peace. When Prussia was still small and little considered, there was only a Government of four in Europe. When, in the year 1856, the peace of Paris was concluded, Prussia was taken into the Conference supplementarily; it was called a great Power, but in fact was only half a one. Now no one will dispute it this rank, as no one can imagine that Italy has become a great Power because she counts 26,000,000 inhabitants. Austria, however, requires only a few years to make conquests at home, which will richly compensate her for what she lost abroad. That the unwieldy creation called the *Bund* was not a living and imposing one, was shown by its sad end. We have, therefore, now, for the first time, a real pentarchy before us, the superiority of five real great Powers, a group of four of which can make the outbreak of war absolutely impossible, and a group of three of which forms a superiority of power which makes a general war unlikely. This balance, it is true, could be disturbed by the intervention of America in the affairs of Europe; but so long as America is not hindered in her striving after the acquisition of strong positions on the ocean and the extension of her commercial circle, Russia cannot hope that the great free State will sacrifice her most sacred principles to please her, and help in confiscating the East.

The self-consciousness of the French people must have indeed sunken, if it cannot succeed in overcoming the feeling of envy

at the military successes of Prussia. With the exception of some accusations in the speeches of Thiers, who still lives in the traditions of the old French policy, we have heard no great, no genuine democratic voice raised to preach war against Germany. The stoppage of military Caesarism is not lamented by this people. For this people feels itself equal in power to the German, and wishes to compete with it on the ground of progress and freedom.

From The Imperial Review.

DR. PUSEY ON MODERN SOCIETY.

At last an Anglican divine of the nineteenth century has preached a sermon—not of a polemical character—which has created a sensation. It really was high time that some clergyman or other of the Church of England should pronounce words in the pulpit which his hearers would not, as a matter of course, entirely forget the moment they sallied into the street; and it as is well that the example should have been set by a man of such rare attainments, unblemished life, and invulnerable purpose, as Dr. Pusey. . . .

Plain speaking was well enough for Spurgeon, and such like Dissenting vulgarians. A university man could not degrade himself so far as to call a spade anything but an agricultural implement, or to deal out any save emasculated rebukes to people with whom he was on visiting terms. Alienation between pastors and their flocks was, of all things in the world, the most to be dreaded and avoided; and though the latter might endure being assured, in a promiscuous sort of way, that they were miserable sinners, it was not to be expected that they would put up with being rudely told what particular sins they were addicted to, especially by a man whom they were at college with only a few years ago, and whom they were going to meet at dinner the following evening. Dr. Pusey seems to have been oppressed by no such social fears, and hampered by no such elegant scruples, in the sermon which he preached at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, on Ash Wednesday. There was really nothing in it that would be considered very startling by a person acquainted with the occasionally outspoken expositions of the condition of modern society by Pere Felix or Pere Hyacinthe. . . .

Dr. Pusey cannot be said to have emulated their excessive bluntness, but he has laid the rod about the shoulders of modern society in a style that the fashionable portion of it has not experienced from its pastors for many a long year. Commencing with the assertion that there is not a character in the Bible more generally detested than the Pharisee, he went on to show that the Pharisee was so vastly superior to the average citizen of our own times, that it was devoutly to be wished he was a more frequent type amongst us. The Pharisee was no adulterer, was ostentatiously charitable, and in every outward respect set an excellent example. He might fairly be considered an absolutely model Christian of the nineteenth century; indeed, something rather higher, since he gave a tenth of his substance to God; a proportionate return to the Giver of all things which would nowadays be considered very inconvenient. The most detestable character in Scripture, according to Dr. Pusey, is a trifle better than our loftiest type of virtue. When we fall below this, we retain all the self-satisfaction of the former, without any of his merits. In fact, it is the peculiarity of our age to unite the wickedness of the Publican to the self-complacency of the Pharisee. We violate all the Commandments unblushingly, yet it never enters our heads to kneel afar off. We thank God that we are not as other men, than whom we are, in many respects, a great deal worse. We pride ourselves upon the virtues to which we have not the slightest just pretension, and we call ourselves a moral people, and a domestic nation, when vice stalks unblushingly abroad, and the reciprocal pledges of conjugal life are frequently as lightly broken as they are frequently lightly assumed.

Is the charge true? In all honest seriousness, we much fear that it is. Still more shameless periods than ours can be pointed to in the history of the world, and epochs can be recalled when the public self-complacency was greater. We were better pleased with ourselves fifteen or sixteen years ago — say about the time of the Great Exhibition — than we are now, 1851 being the date at which this country's high opinion of itself may be said to have reached its acme. Again, vice was more shameless in the times of Juvenal and De Grammont even than it is in the latter half of the nineteenth century. But we are quite sure that there never was a time in which absence of virtue and absence of self-reproach were so completely and amazingly combined as they are now. The whole world sins

overtly, and nobody is angry; or, if some individual raises his voice by way of protest, he is considered a very ill-bred fellow. We refuse virtue even the homage of hypocrisy, and yet stoutly deny that we are vicious. As Dr. Pusey says, we have all the shamelessness, without the simplicity, of savage life. Our ladies dress indecently, and they know that they do, but they go to church with religious regularity. Fathers and mothers sell their daughters in drawing-rooms for a coronet, or to a millionaire, yet they persist in deploring the family matrimonial arrangements of the Continent as a monstrous and unnatural something, from which our English blood and hatred of Popery have happily conspired to save us. We delight in practical falsehoods, and are never so much pleased with our own ingenuity as when we have invented a transparent cloak for wickedness. Like ballet-dancers, modern society wears just enough gauze to pass the censorship without being balked of its purpose — coy effrontery being the height of its ambition. The most interesting objects in Hyde Park and the most favourite topics of Belgravian conversation are the ephemeral Anonyms of disreputable life; and young ladies would be esteemed exceedingly ill-informed, and on a mere par in education with country cousins, if they did not know each one of them by name and sight, their carriages, their horses, and — proh! pudor! their lovers, these last being the gentlemen of the period and the desirable husbands of the future. Well might Dr. Pusey say that he remembered the time when a sinful woman saw reflected in those around her the consciousness of her guilt, leaving it to be understood by his hearers that those good old times had gone by.

From The Leader.

EMOTIONAL SCEPTICISM.

THERE will be found this difference between the scepticism of the past and the scepticism of the present; between the scepticism of Adam Smith, of Voltaire, of Hume, and the scepticism of Renan, of Mill, of George Eliot, of Lewes, and the thinkers in the literature of the modern press. The expression of the former is the protest of reason against religion; the expression of the latter is the protest of the emotions against religion. In Hume, and

more particularly in Voltaire, you will find an undertone of derision pervading each expression of unbelief. To confirm, for instance, a faith in miracles, precedents or analogies are sought for with the quiet malice of the seeker who knows that what he looks for is not to be found. Then there is a great reiteration of the very platitudes of scepticism. It is impossible that the sun could have stood still at Joshua's command, because . . . and a page of natural history is given to prove its impossibility. The miracles of Moses, of the Apostles, of our Saviour himself, are all contradicted by the same means. All is reasoning doubt; doubt that has its foundation in what is known as "common-sense." The emotions play no part in this scepticism. The sympathies have not been cultivated in the direction of irreligion. On the contrary, there is still a sense of faith underlying each sceptical protest, so that there is always the hope left that when the great spiritual yearning after the something which such kind of scepticism cannot subdue, shall come upon the heart, faith purified by the doubts and shocks through which it has passed shall rise again with roots more embedded and of a growth infinitely more luxuriant. This is the prospect held forth by the scepticism of reason. But no such prospect will be found offered by the scepticism of the emotions.

It is just because the irreligious tendencies of the age are chiefly emotional, that the effects of modern scepticism have to be greatly feared. The examples set by the mode of thought of the great sceptical thinkers of the age will be found fruitfully imitated by gradations of writers, even down to a school in which abstract reasoning would not have been thought possible. Not the least lively expression of this emotional scepticism finds an emphatic medium for its exposition in the Press; it is in the newspapers that you will read the essentially modern and latest tone of emotional scepticism expressed; and exercising, as the Press does, an enormous influence over the public mind, wholly apart from the influence of its opinion on matters of State or of society, so is it kindly inoculating the age with those sentiments of our leading talkers on religion, which, if left to diffuse themselves, would not be a quarter so pernicious, because they would not be a quarter so intelligible.

The scepticism of the emotions means that educated disbelief which, having exhausted reason, turns and fastens itself upon sentiment. Those objections opposed

by reason to faith are never advanced by emotional scepticism. The cultured intellect has penetrated much further than mere rationalistic misgivings. It rebels against the emotional faith which lies deep in the heart, and which has been ever assumed by the saint as his watchword of hope whilst endeavouring the conversion of infidelity. This condition of thought is singularly manifested by much of the literature of the weekly press. Call it if you will the Grecian spirit retransfused into modern thought. Here is the cynical protest against emotion, be it clothed in whatever garb it may. All the virtues of life — those items which go to make up the grand embodied creed of the human heart — are fastened upon with the malevolence of the harshest doubt. The most degrading construction that ingenuity can devise is put upon them. All action is attributed to unworthy motives. There is no belief in the pure, or the honest, or the true. If beauty is adored, it is for its sensualism, not for its spirituality. Logic dogs the steps of sentiment, and silent derision greets every impulse of the emotions.

Here is a danger more to be guarded against than hundreds of thousands of pamphlets written with the old reasoning scepticism. Here is an element in modern thought that threatens to sap the very foundations of society itself. It is a scepticism that not only endeavours to demoralise faith by robbing it of its emotional eloquence, but would extend itself into the very heart of society, and confirm the doubt in human goodness that is always prevalent as it is.

That the emotions triumph in the end — that faith is always found lovely and excellent, affection beautiful and necessary, love holy and natural — are truths which the history of mankind is perpetually enforcing. But hitherto the chroniclers of thought in England — nay, in Europe — have had no occasion to indicate the baleful influence of what we have ventured to call emotional scepticism. Hitherto the virtues have never been doubted. Hitherto the sentiment underlying the irreligion of the reason has never been touched or subdued. Hitherto there has been a unanimous and recognised upholding of those redeeming elements in the composition of human nature which express the divinity of mortality with a more glorious eloquence than can ever be heard in the trumpeted creeds since the beginning of years. But the observer now is called upon to contemplate the existence of a tone of thought slowly yet

surely diffusing itself, and finding no contemptible exposition in the literature of weekly thinkers, with which is not to be assimilated even the sensual protest of the Grecian spirit in art as well as in manners against the faith, latent or developed, of the human heart. The end of it all can only be conjectured. It seems given to none to be able to indicate the remedy for a condition of thought more appalling than the great public, the happiness of whose posterity is menaced, can possibly be aware of. Nothing remains but to calmly repose our hopes in the Divine assurance that God works not but for the happiness of His people, and to peacefully believe that out of the corruption and irreligion of one generation shall arise the glory and the devotion of another.

From The Leader.

WEEKLY CYNICISM.

It seems hard that we are now-a-days never allowed to take a sentimental view of anything. There is such a scepticism abroad as to the existence of real sentiment underlying any action in life, that to consider society from an emotional point of view is to indulge in a contemplation that is almost certain to provoke the ridicule of what is called "hard thinkers." We have got more or less in the habit of thinking in our weekly newspapers that this world is an exceedingly bad world; that all our virtues are nothing more than disguised vices; that love is a mask for design, whether for a sensual or a commercial purpose; that, in short, there is nothing true, gracious, or honorable but that which owes nothing to man. Whether this cynicism be sincere or not it is hard to say. For our part, we suspect it to be nothing more than a habit acquired from that ostensible imitation which is perhaps less a fault than a misfortune in our weekly press.

The *Saturday Review* did not need to be more than successful to excite a spirit of rivalry on all sides. The high intellectual tone of this periodical, coupled with its pungency, its satire, and its frequent hitting of truth upon the head — for truth, unfortunately, is not easily missed by the misanthropist — invited a host of imitators, who conceived that the only way to make a fortune was to copy the *Saturday Review*. Like most imitators, however, they will generally be found to have neglected to lay sufficient emphasis

upon the distinct success of priority. The result of all this imitation is seen in the hard tone that will be found to pervade a large part of the weekly press. There is always visible a perpetual effort to sustain a contemptuous view of most things, the existence of which the world has generally been unanimous in regarding as essential to its own well-being. There is a labour going on week by week to excite scepticism in the minds of readers by showing how baseless is all hope where virtue is concerned, by pointing out the fallacy of received opinions upon matters of all social or private happiness. Nor does this kind of weekly cynicism stop here; it will frequently go out of the way to say hard things about religion, though be it confessed the proprietary does not care for this kind of thing half so much as the editors — shall we say, *perhaps* because it is known that cynical irreligion in a newspaper does not pay?

Weekly cynicism has become a habit inaugurated by the *Saturday Review*. Unlike most things, however, of which the goodness or the badness is in gradation, cynicism, if it is not good, is almost sure to be found very bad. To be truly cynical argues a profound acquaintance with the world. It implies a capacity for accurate discrimination such as cannot be conjectured unless we turn to the works of our true cynics or satirists. Its smart sayings are wrought not from badness only, nor from goodness only, but from an appreciative commingling of the two, coupled always with the strong sense of life being rather good than bad, and human nature in the gross more virtuous than vicious. How many weekly cynics fulfil these and many other conditions which are known to be too obvious to be worth naming? Here and there you may come across an essay which contains a thought brilliant or witty enough to redeem the whole paper. But we would like to inquire how often this happens? And, presuming it to happen as often as once a month, we should still like to ask, what is the use of the mass of intervening stuff which worries the better qualities of the human heart without teeth enough to bite them?

We shall be glad to see the weekly cynic become an obsolete institution. We shall be glad to see a capacity evinced by him of recognising the necessity of a great deal of what he now ridicules. In discussing marriage we should rejoice to find that, in his opinion, love yet exerts a great influence over people, and that it is not wholly impossible to find two persons willing to be united before God from no other reason at

all than from love of one another. In discussing religion, it would afford us infinite satisfaction to hear him confess that there really is such a thing as unaffected piety in the world, and that the sublime religion of Christ is not a gigantic hoax, which it is only given to him (the weekly cynic) to discover and ridicule. In discussing friendship, honour, candour, nobility of mind, it would be a source of great delight to us to hear him declare that all these things are not to be purchased by money. Like most habits, however, we have no doubt that weekly cynicism will expire of itself, sooner or later. As one by one the journals through which the weekly cynic grins his contempt at life, drops, and "with a flash expires," so gradually may it dawn upon the minds of these individuals that the world will, in spite of them, cling to its own nobility; and that however much it may laugh with them for a time over the virtues they degrade and the faith they despise, it will suddenly one day desert them as bad companions, and return to the old noble instincts which make the world a bright world after all, in spite of the weekly cynic.

From the Saturday Review.

THE GIRL OF THE PERIOD.

TIME was when the stereotyped phrase, "a fair young English girl," meant the ideal of womanhood; to us, at least, of home birth and breeding. It meant a creature generous, capable, and modest; something franker than a Frenchwoman, more to be trusted than an Italian, as brave as an American but more refined, as domestic as a German and more graceful. It meant a girl who could be trusted alone if need be, because of the innate purity and dignity of her nature, but who was neither bold in bearing nor masculine in mind; a girl who, when she married, would be her husband's friend and companion, but never his rival; one who would consider their interests identical, and not hold him as just so much fair game for spoil; who would make his house his true home and place of rest, not a mere passage-place for vanity and ostentation to go through; a tender mother, an industrious housekeeper, a judicious mistress. We prided ourselves as a nation on our women. We thought we had the pick of creation in this fair young English girl of ours, and en-

vied no other men their own. We admired the languid grace and subtle fire of the South; the docility and childlike affectionateness of the East seemed to us sweet and simple and restful; the vivacious sparkle of the trim and sprightly Parisienne was a pleasant little excitement when we met with it in its own domain; but our allegiance never wandered from our brown-haired girls at home, and our hearts were less vagrant than our fancies. This was in the old time, and when English girls were content to be what God and nature had made them. Of late years we have changed the pattern, and have given to the world a race of women as utterly unlike the old insular ideal as if we had created another nation altogether. The girl of the period, and the fair young English girl of the past, have nothing in common save ancestry and their mother-tongue; and even of this last the modern version makes almost a new language, through the copious additions it has received from the current slang of the day.

The girl of the period is a creature who dyes her hair and paints her face, as the first articles of her personal religion; whose sole idea of life is plenty of fun and luxury; and whose dress is the object of such thought and intellect as she possesses. Her main endeavour in this is to outvie her neighbours in the extravagance of fashion. No matter whether, as in the time of crinolines, she sacrificed decency, or, as now, in the time of trains, she sacrifices cleanliness; no matter, either, whether she makes herself a nuisance and an inconvenience to every one she meets. The girl of the period has done away with such moral muffishness as consideration for others, or regard for counsel and rebuke. It was all very well in old-fashioned times, when fathers and mothers had some authority and were treated with respect, to be tutored and made to obey, but she is far too fast and flourishing to be stopped in mid-career by these slow old morals; and as she dresses to please herself, she does not care if she displeases every one else. Nothing is too extraordinary and nothing too exaggerated for her vitiated taste; and things which in themselves would be useful reforms if let alone become monstrosities worse than those which they have displaced so soon as she begins to manipulate and improve. If a sensible fashion lifts the gown out of the mud, she raises hers midway to her knee. If the absurd structure of wire and buckram, once called a bonnet, is modified to something that shall protect the wearer's face without putting out the eyes of her companion, she cuts hers down to four

straws and a rosebud, or a tag of lace and a bunch of glass beads. If there is a reaction against an excess of Rowland's Macassar, and hair shiny and sticky with grease is thought less nice than if left clean and healthily crisp, she dries and frizzes and sticks hers out on end like certain savages in Africa, or lets it wander down her back like Madge Wildfire's, and thinks herself all the more beautiful the nearer she approaches in look to a maniac or a negress. With purity of taste she has lost also that far more precious purity and delicacy of perception which sometimes mean more than appears on the surface. What the *demi-monde* does in its frantic efforts to excite attention, she also does in imitation. If some fashionable *dévergondée en evidence* is reported to have come out with her dress below her shoulder-blades, and a gold strap for all the sleeve thought necessary, the girl of the period follows suit next day; and then wonders that men sometimes mistake her for her prototype, or that mothers of girls not quite so far gone as herself refuse her as a companion for their daughters. She has blunted the fine edges of feeling so much that she cannot understand why she should be condemned for an imitation of form which does not include imitation of fact; she cannot be made to see that modesty of appearance and virtue ought to be inseparable, and that no good girl can afford to appear bad, under penalty of receiving the contempt awarded to the bad.

This imitation of the *demi-monde* in dress leads to something in manner and feeling, not quite so pronounced perhaps, but far too like to be honourable to herself or satisfactory to her friends. It leads to slang, bold talk, and fastness; to the love of pleasure and indifference to duty; to the desire of money before either love or happiness; to uselessness at home, dissatisfaction with the monotony of ordinary life, and horror of all useful work; in a word, to the worst forms of luxury and selfishness, to the most fatal effects arising from want of high principle and absence of tender feeling. The girl of the period envies the queens of the *demi-monde* far more than she abhors them. She sees them gorgeously attired and sumptuously appointed, and she knows them to be flattered, fêted, and courted with a certain disdainful admiration of which she catches only the admiration while she ignores the disdain. They have all for which her soul is hungering, and she never stops to reflect at what a price they have bought their gains, and what fearful moral penalties they pay for their sensuous pleasures. She sees only the

coarse gilding on the base token, and shuts her eyes to the hideous figure in the midst, and the foul legend written round the edge. It is this envy of the pleasures, and indifference to the sins, of these women of the *demi-monde* which is doing such infinite mischief to the modern girl. They brush too closely by each other, if not in actual deeds, yet in aims and feelings; for the luxury which is bought by vice with the one is the thing of all in life most passionately desired by the other, though she is not yet prepared to pay quite the same price. Unfortunately, she has already paid too much — all that once gave her distinctive national character. No one can say of the modern English girl that she is tender, loving, retiring, or domestic. The old fault so often found by keen-sighted Frenchwomen, that she was so fatally *romanesque*, so prone to sacrifice appearances and social advantages for love, will never be set down to the girl of the period. Love indeed is the last thing she thinks of, and the least of the dangers besetting her. Love in a cottage, that seductive dream which used to vex the heart and disturb the calculations of prudent mothers, is now a myth of past ages. The legal barter of herself for so much money, representing so much dash, so much luxury and pleasure — that is her idea of marriage; the only idea worth entertaining. For all seriousness of thought respecting the duties or the consequences of marriage, she has not a trace. If children come, they find but a stepmother's cold welcome from her; and if her husband thinks that he has married anything that is to belong to him — a *tacens et placens uxor* pledged to make him happy — the sooner he wakes from his hallucination and understands that he has simply married some one who will condescend to spend his money on herself, and who will shelter her indiscretions behind the shield of his name, the less severe will be his disappointment. She has married his house, his carriage, his balance at the banker's, his title; and he himself is just the inevitable condition clogging the wheel of her fortune; at best an adjunct, to be tolerated with more or less patience as may chance. For it is only the old-fashioned sort, not girls of the period *pur sang*, that marry for love, or put the husband before the banker. But she does not marry easily. Men are afraid of her; and with reason. They may amuse themselves with her for an evening, but they do not take her readily for life. Besides, after all her efforts, she is only a poor copy of the real thing; and the real thing is far more amusing than the copy, because it is real. Men can get that whenever they like;

and when they go into their mothers' drawing-rooms, to see their sisters and their sisters' friends, they want something of quite different flavour. *Toujours perdrix* is bad providing all the world over; but a continual weak imitation of *toujours perdrix* is worse. If we must have only one kind of thing, let us have it genuine; and the queens of St. John's Wood in their unblushing honesty, rather than their imitators and make-believes in Bayswater and Belgravia. For, at whatever cost of shocked self-love or pained modesty it may be, it cannot be too plainly told to the modern English girl that the net result of her present manner of life is to assimilate her as nearly as possible to a class of women whom we must not call by their proper — or improper — name. And we are willing to believe that she has still some modesty of soul left hidden under all this effrontery of fashion, and that, if she could be made to see herself as she appears to the eyes of men, she would mend her ways before too late.

It is terribly significant of the present state of things when men are free to write as they do of the women of their own nation. Every word of censure flung against them is two-edged, and wounds those who condemn as much as those who are condemned; for surely it need hardly be said that men hold nothing so dear as the honour of their women, and that no one living would willingly lower the repute of his mother or his sisters. It is only when these have placed themselves beyond the pale of masculine respect that such things could be written as are written now; when they become again what they were once they will gather round them the love and homage and chivalrous devotion which were then an Englishwoman's natural inheritance. The marvel, in the present fashion of life among women, is how it holds its ground in spite of the disapprobation of men. It used to be an old-time notion that the sexes were made for each other, and that it was only natural for them to please each other, and to set themselves out for that end. But the girl of the period does not please men. She pleases them as little as she elevates them; and how little she does that, the class of women she has taken as her models of itself testifies. All men whose opinion is worth having prefer the simple and genuine girl of the past, with her tender little ways and pretty bashful modesties, to this loud and rampant modernization, with her false red hair and painted skin, talking slang as glibly as a man, and by preference leading the con-

versation to doubtful subjects. She thinks she is piquante and exciting when she thus makes herself the bad copy of a worse original; and she will not see that though men laugh with her they do not respect her, though they flirt with her they do not marry her; she will not believe that she is not the kind of thing they want, and that she is acting against nature and her own interests when she disregards their advice and offends their taste. We do not see how she makes out her account, viewing her life from any side; but all we can do is to wait patiently until the national madness has passed, and our women have come back again to the old English ideal, once the most beautiful, the most modest, the most essentially womanly in the world.

MY PHOTOGRAPH BOOK IN THIRTY YEARS TO COME.

My book is out of date now;
You'll find it very slow;
For the people in it lived, sir,
Thirty years ago!

Thirty long long years, and now
Their faces all are strange;
For faces change like hearts, you know,
And time works many a change.

That one? Well that's myself — yes;
You'd never think it, now;
But then, you know, 'twas taken, sir,
Thirty years ago!

I hadn't any wrinkles then,
My hair was brown, not gray,
My cheeks were soft, they're parchment now,
And I'm growing bald they say.

And this? Ah dear, how pretty, too,
That little tinted face!
It's faded like the rest, though,
And sadly out of place.

Dear! what a girl that was, sir!
Such eyes and such a nose;
Married, and went to India, then
She's dead now, I suppose.

This fellow, such a noodle too —
A hopeless kind of spooney;
He emigrated on a chance,
And made a mint of money!

And this one, on the other page,
Oh such a handsome fellow!
He took a fever at the Cape,
And died, they say, quite yellow!

My! what a handsome man he was!
Such eyes, with such long lashes,
Such glorious, glossy whiskers, too,
Such hair, and such moustaches!

The woman in the velvet gown —
An authoress, you know;
She wrote "The Bloody Secret!" and,
"The Murderer's last Blow!"

Striking! Do you think so!
I never cared about her;
I met her but the other day,
Grown gray, and so much stouter.

These two, a happy couple then,
A bridegroom and a bride.
It was the fashion then, you see,
To be taken side by side.

They had a little quarrel, sir,
Thirty years ago; —
She was a little fast, they say,
And he a little slow.

Some say he was the cause of it —
That fellow all in gray;
It never was cleared up, you know,
But I heard she ran away.

And this, sir, is my "beauty page":
There are a set of graces!
I never see such women now,
Such beautiful young faces.

That one, sir, with the curly hair,
She was a charming creature;
Such splendid eyes you never saw,
No fault in any feature.

And this one, on the other side —
Dear! how the colours fade! —
She, too, was then a beauty, sir,
She's living — an old maid.

And that one with the laughing eyes,
And tresses black as jet —
How well I can remember her —
She was a sad coquette!

How has the cold world dealt with her,
Where has her life been set;
And have those laughing eyes of hers
With many tears been wet?

Who knows? I never saw her since,
And life is always so;
But the photograph was like her then,
Thirty years ago!

And this one, with the sunny hair,
And eyes divinely blue;
It is the dearest in the book,
The sweetest, and most true.

It isn't a face to draw, you see,
Or to carve in marble cold;
But a living face to blush beneath
A halo of warm gold.

It isn't a face to rave about,
To cut one's throat, and yet
It's the kind of face that having seen
It's hard, sir, to forget.

She's vanished, like the others, now,
The way that all things go;
But I would have given my life for hers
Thirty years ago!

It's only a shadowed picture, too,
Of an innocent young face,
With nothing to commend it
But its gentle girlish grace.

But oh! the passionate longing,
As I see her smiling so,
Still swells within me, as of old,
Thirty years ago!

My book is out of date now,
You'll find it dull and strange;
For fashions fade like faces, sir,
And time works many a change!

L. G.

— *Dublin University Magazine.*

MISS CARNIVAL.

PRETTY young mummings, sincerely we pity
you,
Fashioned to seasons, and funny to time,
Rome! or Vienna! no matter what city you
Live in, you give in to revel and rhyme.
Once in a year in the loitering latitudes,
Ringing with music and smelling of spring,
Silken attire and fantastical attitudes
Tell us that Carnival time is in swing!

Once in a year, ere the season canonical
Warns us that wickedness lurks in our meat,
Carnival comes to our palates a tonic all
Merry with music and ripple of feet!
Once in a year for the briefest of holidays,
Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes,
Naughty Miss Carnival whispers of jolly days,
Sings to us, brings us where nobody knows.

Then is the time with our spirits and hearts in
it,
Masks on our faces and domino-clad,
Off we all rush to play pranks and our parts in
it —
March has a hare which is said to be mad!
Whack go the bladders, and fizz goes the revel-
ry,
Clang go the trumpets, and crack fires the
chaff,
Din and delights and endearments and devilry,
Who would have pleasures worth doing by
half!

Wait though a moment — my roystering rev-
ellers,
Continent's capitals laugh and are bold,
Fashion and season are marvellous levellers,
Pretty Miss Carnival faints — so we're told!
I know a fellow, my friends hypercritical —
Never as yet was he known to be done —
Would you have proof of vitality witty? call
Every Wednesday on Carnival Fun!

— Fun.

TWO WAYS.

THERE are some souls who ever purely live;
Rise like the sun in all his golden strength,
And spend their days, like him, in nothing else
Than shedding light and heat, and killing down
The noxious vapours of the unwholesome
world.

These swerve not to the right, nor to the left:
Sin seems to have no charms for them; yet no,
That were untrue to say: with them 'tis not
Earth tempts the less, but heaven attracts them
more.

And having learned the way, they battle on,
And will that heaven shall be their better aim.
So in the furnace of their own proud blood
They walk unharmed and cool, their only care
(Like the three holy children of old time)
To get from out things living or inert
All, all the glory that they can for God.

Friends may forsake them; but they care no
more

Than do the trees in Autumn 'rest of leaves;
And outward things may vex them: but they
have

No time indeed to waste in mourning o'er
Such gnat-stings in the years that are not life
But only prelude to it. So in the strength
Of heavenly food, they tread their upward path,
Blessing and blest, right to the mount of God.

And some there are who never truly live
Until their hearts are dead — dead at the least.
To all they once thought worth the while of
life.

Their earlier selves are but the budding grain —
Young, green, and useless: let them reach full
age,

And if Heaven deem them worthy of the war,
Let all its dread battalions press upon them:
Let the keen scythe of trouble lay them low,
And rend in shreds their very core of pride;
Let the pure wrath of noon scorch up their
bloom,

And let the evening dew weep sad upon them,
(Sad, yet so sweet it keeps their life alive;)
Then come the world and ceaseless vex them
with

The threshing-flails of scornful human hearts;
So to the mill, last trial of their all;
Alone, alone with God — and powerless!
The rebel heart is brought to bay at last.
But what is this? O here is not the end;
The waters saw Thee, God, and gushed amain
To stay thy justice, and true contrite tears
Have moulded these crushed hearts to other
use:

And lo! the listless grain no longer bends
Wanton to every blast, but hath become
The staff of life to all a thankful world.

— The Month.

THE ORGAN.

It is no harmony of human making.

Though men have built those pipes of burn-
ished gold;

Their music, out of Nature's heart awaking,
Forever new, forever is of old.

Man makes not — only finds — all earthly
beauty,

Catching a thread of sunshine here and there,
Some shining pebble in the path of duty,
Some echo of the songs that flood the air.

That prelude is a wind among the willows,

Rising until it meets the torrent's roar;
Now a wild ocean, beating his great billows
Among the hollow caverns of the shore.

It is the voice of some vast people, pleading
For justice from an ancient shame and
wrong, —

The tramp of God's avenging armies, treading
With shouted thunders of triumphant song.

O soul, that sittest chanting dreary dirges,
Couldst thou but rise on some divine desire,
As those deep chords upon their swelling surges
Bear up the wavering voices of the choir!

But ever lurking in the heart, there lingers

The trouble of a false and jarring tone,
As some great Organ, which unskillful fingers
Vex into discords when the Master's gone.

— The Southern Review.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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From The Leader, March 21.

GOVERNMENT TELEGRAPHY.

WE are learning the lesson of Rowland Hill's post-office. What was that lesson? It may be divided into several heads. First, the Penny Post has taught us that services such as those which the post renders may be rendered at very cheap uniform rates with greater efficiency and larger profits than on a scale of varying high charges. Secondly, we have learnt that Government service has attractions even when the rate of pay is reduced to an ultra-economical level. Thirdly, we are becoming convinced by the great success of Rowland Hill's plans that there are some other things which, done on the principle of low charges and economical management, may be more efficiently performed for the public by Government agency than by private enterprise. In all probability we shall arrive in time at the conviction that one of these departments is that of railway communication. Ireland will probably be made the scene of an experiment which is likely to lead to great results, and probably, in the end, to the adoption on equitable terms, and the management with increased safety and economy, of the railway lines in England. But these events are as yet only dimly foreseen. A more immediate result of Rowland Hill's teachings will be the establishment of a Government system of electric telegraphy for the public service. Of course the existing systems will be utilised; but we venture to prophesy an improvement in management and increased facility of use, such as it has hardly entered into the minds of electric directors to conceive, and such as most certainly none of them would have dared to concert.

Mr. Gladstone is the originator of the scheme, but it may be hoped that even before his anticipated return to power Parliament may initiate its adoption. A Bill is already drafted for the purpose, and it is founded upon the inquiries of one of the most efficient of our public officers, Mr. Scudamore. This gentleman was author of the details of the Post Office Savings Bank, and he has now once more undertaken some pioneering which is likely to precede a great advance in civilisation. The telegraph system of this country is a disgrace to joint-stock enterprise. It is dear, it is irregular, it is incomplete. Those who use it find it full of vexations and in-

cumbered with extra expenses. Moreover, throughout a vast extent of country it is practically useless. Only where there are great centres of population does it even pretend to be effective. Cases of local grievance under it are exceedingly common. It was said some time ago that Caithness lost thousands a-year in the value of its herring-take for want of a telegraph, which has been sought in vain. Wales suffers greatly from similar causes. Then there are to be considered the expenses of portage, which in some places have amounted to nearly a pound on a shilling message. In fact, the dependence of the telegraph on private enterprise renders it weak, inefficient, and untrustworthy. The companies have not the courage or the capital to try small prices and perfect completeness. Consequently they cannot fathom the resources which, on a cheap system, would be immediately open to them. Make the thing work well for a uniform rate of a shilling and no portage for twenty words, and the telegrams will be many times multiplied. Make the charge sixpence, and the letter-post itself will hardly be a greater establishment than the "lightning-post"—as it has been aptly called—which is to be established on the principles of which the Post-office is so striking an exemplar. Any one who has been in Belgium knows how simple is the arrangement of the lightning-post of that country, and how widely the facilities it affords are used by the people. Stamps are sold just as for letters, and messages are posted by lightning as freely as by mail. The price for twenty words is but half a franc. The result is that both in Belgium and in Switzerland, where the organisation and the prices are similar, the use of telegraphy is common to an extent which positively shames our more wealthy and more busy land.

We can find it in our hearts to hope that not even the great political interests which just now press for adjustment will be suffered to interfere with the early passing of this eagerly-expected measure. It is not a matter calling for political confidence, but for administrative energy, and this will be forthcoming whenever the enterprise is sanctioned by Government. As the proposed acquisition of the lines is not to be compulsory, there can hardly be even a discussion upon any point of principle; and we would fain believe that when Mr. Hunt and Mr. Selater-Booth are ready, Parliament will be found perfectly willing.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

DE FOE'S NOVELS.

ACCORDING to the high authority of Charles Lamb, it has sometimes happened "that from no inferior merit in the rest, but from some superior good fortune in the choice of a subject, some single work" (of a particular author's) "shall have been suffered to eclipse, and cast into the shade, the deserts of its less fortunate brethren." And after quoting the case of Bunyan's *Holy War* as compared with the *Pilgrim's Progress*, he adds that "in no instance has this excluding partiality been exerted with more unfairness than against what may be termed the secondary novels or romances of De Foe." He proceeds to declare that there are at least four other fictitious narratives by the same writer, — *Roxana*, *Singleton*, *Moll Flanders*, and *Colonel Jack*, — which possess an interest not inferior to *Robinson Crusoe*, — "except what results from a less felicitous choice of situation." Granting most unreservedly that the same hand is perceptible in the minor novels as in *Robinson Crusoe*, and that they bear at every page the most unequivocal symptoms of De Foe's workmanship, we venture to doubt the "partiality" and the "unfairness" of preferring to them their more popular rival. The instinctive judgment of the world is not really biased by anything except the intrinsic power exerted by a book over its sympathies; and as in the long run it has honoured *Robinson Crusoe*, in spite of the critics, and has comparatively neglected *Roxana* and the companion stories, there is probably some good cause for the distinction. The apparent injustice to books resembles what we often see in the case of men. A. B. becomes Lord Chancellor, whilst C. D. remains for years a briefless barrister; and yet for the life of us we cannot tell but that C. D. is the abler man of the two. Perhaps he was wanting in some one of the less conspicuous elements that are essential to a successful career; — he said, "Open, wheat?" instead of "Open, sesame!" and the barriers remained unaffected by his magic. The ordinary metaphor about the round pegs and the square holes requires to be supplemented. For a second-rate success it is enough to fix a round peg, with more or less accuracy, into a round hole of about the right size; but for one of those successes which make a man famous at a blow, you have to find a queer-shaped peg to match some strangely polygonal hole to a nicety. If the least corner runs out at a wrong angle the peg refuses to

enter the hole, or as we might rather say, the key refuses to enter the lock, and the gates of glory remain obstinately closed. Now it may be that the felicitous choice of situation to which Lamb refers gave just the turn which fitted the key to the lock; and it is little use to plead that *Roxana*, *Colonel Jack*, and others might have done the same trick if only they had received a little filing, or some slight change in shape: a shoemaker might as well argue that if you had only one toe less his shoes wouldn't pinch you.

To leave the unsatisfactory ground of metaphor, we may find out, on examination, that De Foe had discovered in *Robinson Crusoe* precisely the field in which his talents could be most effectually applied; and that a very slight alteration in the subject-matter might change the merit of his work to a disproportionate extent. The more special the idiosyncrasy upon which a man's literary success is founded, the greater, of course, the probability that a small change will disconcert him. A man who can only perform upon the drum will have to wait for certain combinations of other instruments before his special talent can be turned to account. Now, the talent in which De Foe surpasses all other writers is just one of those peculiar gifts which must wait for a favourable chance. When a gentleman, in a fairy story, has a power of seeing a hundred miles, or covering seven leagues at a stride, we know that an opportunity will speedily occur for putting his faculties to use. But the gentleman with the seven-leagued boots is useless when the occasion offers itself for telescopic vision, and the eyes are good for nothing without the power of locomotion. To De Foe, if we may imitate the language of the *Arabian Nights*, was given a tongue to which no one could listen without believing every word that he uttered — a qualification, by the way, which would serve its owner far more effectually in this commonplace world than swords of sharpness or cloaks of darkness, or other fairy paraphernalia. In other words, he had the most marvellous power ever known of giving verisimilitude to his fictions; or, in other words again, he had the most amazing talent on record for telling lies. We have all read how the *History of the Plague*, the *Memoirs of a Cavalier*, and even, it is said, *Robinson Crusoe*, have succeeded in passing themselves off for veritable narratives. A more curious case is that of the *Memoirs of Captain Carleton*, which Dr. Johnson accepted as genuine, but which has always passed for De Foe's. Lord Stanhope, however, in a

note to his *War of the Succession in Spain*, declares his belief in its authenticity, principally, it seems, on the ground of a discovery that a Captain Carleton was really taken prisoner, as is related in the memoirs, at the siege of Denia, in Spain. It is still, however, possible, as the internal evidence would seem to suggest, that De Foe made use of the real Captain Carleton's papers as a foundation, or even as the substance of his narrative. In any case, it is as characteristic that a genuine narrative should be attributed to De Foe, as that De Foe's narrative should be taken as genuine. We may add an odd testimony to De Foe's powers as a liar (a word for which there is, unfortunately, no equivalent that does not imply some blame) of later occurrence. Mr. McQueen, quoted in Captain Burton's *Nile Basin*, names *Captain Singleton* as a genuine account of travels in Central Africa, and seriously mentions De Foe's imaginary pirate as "a claimant for the honour of the discovery of the sources of the White Nile."

Some of the literary artifices to which De Foe owed his power of producing this illusion are sufficiently plain. Of all the fictions which he succeeded in palming off for truths, none is more instructive than that admirable ghost, Mrs. Veal. It is, as it were, a hand-specimen, in which we may study his *modus operandi* on a convenient scale. Like the sonnets of some great poets, it contains in a few lines all the essential peculiarities of his art, and an admirable commentary has been appended to it by Sir Walter Scott. The first device which strikes us is his ingenious plan for manufacturing corroborative evidence. The ghost appears to Mrs. Bargrave. The story of the apparition is told by a "very sober and understanding gentlewoman, who lives within a few doors of Mrs. Bargrave;" and the character of this sober gentlewoman is supported by the testimony of a justice of peace at Maidstone, "a very intelligent person." This elaborate chain of evidence is intended to divert our attention from the obvious circumstance that the whole story rests upon the authority of the anonymous person who tells us of the sober gentlewoman, who supports Mrs. Bargrave, and is confirmed by the intelligent justice. Simple as the artifice appears, it is one which is constantly used in supernatural stories of the present day. One of the commonest of those improving legends tells how a ghost appeared to two officers in Canada, and how, subsequently, one of the officers met the ghost's twin brother in London, and straightway exclaimed, "You are the per-

son who appeared to me in Canada!" Many people are diverted from the weak part of the story by this ingenious confirmation, and, in their surprise at the coherence of the narrative, forget that the narrative itself rests upon entirely anonymous evidence. A chain is no stronger than its weakest link; but if you show how admirably the last few are united together, half the world will forget to test the security of the equally essential parts which are kept out of sight. De Foe generally repeats a similar trick in the prefaces of his fictions. "Tis certain," he says, in the *Memoirs of a Cavalier*, "no man could have given a description of his retreat from Marston Moor to Rochdale, and thence over the moors to the North, in so apt and proper terms, unless he had really travelled over the ground he describes," which, indeed, is quite true, but by no means proves that the journey was made by a fugitive from that particular battle. He separates himself more ostentatiously from the supposititious author by praising his admirable manner of relating the memoirs, and the "wonderful variety of incidents with which they are beautified;" and, with admirable impudence, assures us that they are written in so soldierly a style, that it "seems impossible any but the very person who was present in every action here related was the relater of them." In the preface to *Roxana*, he acts, with equal spirit, the character of an impartial person, giving us the evidence on which he is himself convinced of the truth of the story, as though he would, of all things, refrain from pushing us unfairly for our belief. The writer, he says, took the story from the lady's own mouth; he was, of course, obliged to disguise names and places; but was himself "particularly acquainted with this lady's first husband, the brewer, and with his father, and also with his bad circumstances, and knows that first part of the story." The rest we must, of course, take upon the lady's own evidence, but less unwillingly as the first is thus corroborated. We cannot venture to suggest to so calm a witness that he has invented both the lady and the writer of her history; and, in short, that when he says that A. says that B. says something, it is, after all, merely the anonymous "he" who is speaking. In giving us his authority for *Moll Flanders*, he ventures upon the more refined art of throwing a little discredit upon the narrator's veracity. She professes to have abandoned her evil ways, but, as he tells us with a kind of aside, and as it were cautioning us against over-incredulity, "it seems" (a phrase itself suggest-

ing the impartial looker-on) that in her old age "she was not so extraordinary a penitent as she was at first; it seems only" (for, after all, you mustn't make *too* much of my insinuations) "that indeed she always spoke with abhorrence of her former life." So we are left in a qualified state of confidence, as if we had been talking about one of his patients with the wary director of a reformatory.

This last touch, which is one of De Foe's favourite expedients, is most fully exemplified in the story of *Mrs. Veal*. The author affects to take us into his confidence, to make us privy to the pros and cons in regard to the veracity of his own characters, till we are quite disarmed. The sober gentle woman vouches for Mrs. Bargrave; but Mrs. Bargrave is by no means allowed to have it all her own way. One of the ghost's communications related to the disposal of a certain sum of 10*l.* a year, of which Mrs. Bargrave, according to her own account, could have known nothing, except by this supernatural intervention. Mrs. Veal's friends, however, tried to throw doubt upon the story of her appearance, considering that it was in some way disreputable for a decent woman to go abroad after her death. One of them, therefore, declared that Mrs. Bargrave was a liar, and that she had, in fact, known of the 10*l.* beforehand. On the other hand, the person who thus attacked Mrs. Bargrave had himself the "reputation of a notorious liar." Mr. Veal, the ghost's brother, was too much of a gentleman to make such gross imputations. He confined himself to the more moderate assertion that Mrs. Bargrave had been crazed by a bad husband. He maintained that the story must be a mistake, because, just before her death, his sister had declared that she had nothing to dispose of. This statement, however, may be reconciled with the ghost's remarks about the 10*l.*, because she obviously mentioned such a trifle merely by way of a token of the reality of her appearance. Mr. Veal, indeed, makes rather a better point by stating that a certain purse of gold mentioned by the ghost was found, not in the cabinet where she told Mrs. Bargrave that she had placed it, but in a combobox. Yet, again, Mr. Veal's statement is here rather suspicious, for it is known that Mrs. Veal was very particular about her cabinet, and would not have let her gold out of it. We are left in some doubts by this conflict of evidence, although the obvious desire of Mr. Veal to throw discredit on the story of his sister's appearance rather inclines us to believe in Mrs. Bargrave's

story, who could have had no conceivable motive for inventing such a fiction. The argument is finally clenched by a decisive coincidence. The ghost wears a silk dress. In the course of a long conversation, she incidentally mentioned to Mrs. Bargrave that this was a scoured silk, newly made up. When Mrs. Bargrave reported this remarkable circumstance to a certain Mrs. Wilson, "You have certainly seen her," exclaimed that lady, "for none knew but Mrs. Veal and myself that the gown had been scoured." To this crushing piece of evidence, it seems that neither Mr. Veal nor the notorious liar could invent any sufficient reply.

One can almost fancy De Foe chuckling as he concocted the refinements of this most marvellous narrative. The whole artifice, so far as we have traced it hitherto, is, indeed, of a simple kind. Lord Sunderland, according to Macaulay, once ingeniously defended himself against a charge of treachery, by asking whether it was possible that any man should be so base as to do that which he was, in fact, in the constant habit of doing. De Foe asks us in substance, Is it conceivable that any man should tell stories so elaborate, so complex, with so many unnecessary details, with so many inclinations of evidence this way and that, unless the stories are true? We instinctively answer, that it is, in fact, inconceivable; and, even apart from any such refinements as we have noticed, the circumstantiality of the stories is quite sufficient to catch an unwary critic. It is, indeed, perfectly easy to tell a story which shall be mistaken for a *bonâ fide* narrative, if only we are indifferent to such considerations as making it interesting or artistically satisfactory. We may pledge our words that the following narrative is false from beginning to end; and yet, if any of our readers read it in a newspaper, or heard it told *vivâ voce*, they would probably receive it without hesitation: "On the 8th of January last we were walking down the Strand. Just before us was an old woman, in a red shawl, and with a large umbrella. We had not time to remark the other details of her dress. Just as she stepped upon the crossing where Craven Street joins the Strand, a hansom cab, driven by a man with large black whiskers, whose number began with the figures 118, came up Craven Street at a rate of eight miles an hour, and not observing the old woman" — but it is unnecessary to continue the narrative. It is a curious and interesting experiment, from which, on moral grounds, we must, of

course, dissuade our readers, to try what may be called the force of conviction which belongs to bare assertion. Tell a large company that the Emperor Napoleon has landed with 100,000 men at Dover; or that a heavy dining-room table has risen into the air without being touched, and rapped out a lively tune against the chandelier, and the odds are that half of them will believe you. Indeed, so simple are mankind, in spite of many newspapers, that most people will take a thing as gospel truth, simply on the score of having read it in print. We cannot, then, take the mere fact of producing a truthful narrative as, of itself, very remarkable; if the story is not too obviously moulded so as to produce a given result, or is enforced with a sufficient number of irrelevant details, the feat, such as it is, may be pretty certainly performed. Sometimes, indeed, De Foe seems to overreach himself. Colonel Jack, at the end of a long career, tells us how one of his boyish companions stole certain articles at a fair, and gives us the list, of which this is a part:—"5thly, a silver box, with 7s. in small silver; 6, a pocket-handkerchief; 7, another; 8, a jointed baby, and a little looking-glass." The affectation of extreme precision, especially in the charming item "another," destroys the perspective of the story. We are listening to a contemporary, not to an old man giving us his fading recollections of a disreputable childhood.

The peculiar merit, then, of De Foe must be sought in something more than the circumstantial nature of his lying, or even the ingenious artifices by which he contrives to corroborate his own narrative. These, indeed, show the pleasure which he took in simulating truth; and he may very probably have attached undue importance to this talent in the infancy of novel-writing, as in the infancy of painting it was held for the greatest of triumphs when birds came and pecked at the grapes in a picture. That this power rested upon something more than a bit of literary trickery, may be inferred from De Foe's fate in another department of authorship. Of his remarkable political writings, this is not the place to speak, although it might be interesting to trace in them some of the same qualities, especially the strong vernacular style, running at times into diffuseness and over-asseveration, which is so conspicuous in his novels. It seems, however, to be a more special indication of his peculiar cast of talent, that he twice got into trouble for a device exactly analogous to

that which he afterwards practised in fiction. On both occasions he was punished for assuming a character for purposes of mystification. In the latest instance, it is seen, the pamphlet called *What if the Pretender Comes?* was written in such obvious irony, that the mistake of his intentions must have been wilful. The other, and better known performance, *The Shortest Way with the Dissenters*, seems really to have imposed upon his readers. The case is much as if Mr. Bright should have been prosecuted, first, for having assumed the character of a follower of Dr. Pusey, and secondly, for having assumed that of a supporter of Lord Derby; and we must suppose that he had, in the first case at least, put on the mask so successfully that the genuine High Churchmen were fairly taken in, and were only roused from their delusion by discovering the fearful scrape into which their false guide had led them. It is difficult in these days of toleration to imagine that any one can have taken the violent suggestions of the *Shortest Way* as put forward seriously. To those who might say that persecuting the Dissenters was cruel, says De Foe, "I answer, 'tis cruelty to kill a snake or a toad in cold blood, but the poison of their nature makes it a charity to our neighbours to destroy those creatures, not for any personal injury received, but for prevention. . . . Serpents, toads, and vipers, &c., are noxious to the body, and poison the sensitive life: these poison the soul, corrupt our posterity, ensnare our children, destroy the vital of our happiness, our future felicity, and contaminate the whole mass." And he concludes, "Alas, the Church of England! What with popery on the one hand, and schismatics on the other, how has she been crucified between two thieves! Now let us crucify the thieves! Let her foundations be established upon the destruction of her enemies: the doors of mercy being always open to the returning part of the deluded people; let the obstinate be ruled with a rod of iron!" It gives a pleasant impression of the spirit of the times, to remember that this could be taken for a genuine utterance of orthodoxy: that De Foe was imprisoned and pilloried, and had to write a serious protestation that it was only a joke, and that he meant to expose the nonjuring party by putting their secret wishes into plain English. "'Tis hard," he says, "that this should not be perceived by all the town; that not one man can see it, either Churchman or Dissenter." It certainly was very hard; but a perusal of the

whole pamphlet may make it a degree more intelligible. De Foe's irony is not so keen or vivacious as the irony of Swift: *The Shortest Way with the Dissenters* does not sparkle with such brilliant hits as, for example, the argument against abolishing Christianity; as indeed the irony is altogether less delicate and ingenious; nor does it run into such extravagance of bitter humour as the proposal for converting Irish babies into food. Compared with such masterpieces of art, there is a certain coarseness of texture about De Foe's work; he wields a heavier and clumsier weapon, approaching more nearly to the bludgeon than the rapier. But, on the other hand, the ironical intention is better concealed. *The Shortest Way* begins with a comparative gravity to throw us off our guard; the author is not afraid of imitating a little of the dulness of his supposed antagonists, and repeats with all imaginable seriousness the very taunts which a High Church bigot would in fact have used; it was not a sound defence of persecution to say that the Dissenters had been cruel when they had the upper hand, and that penalties imposed upon them were merely retaliation for injuries suffered under Cromwell and from Scotch Presbyterians; but it was one of those topics upon which a hot-headed persecutor would naturally dwell, though De Foe gives him rather more forcible language than he would be likely to possess. It is only towards the end that the ironical purpose crops out in, as we should have thought, an unmistakeable manner. The difficulty in using your opponents' argument so as to exhibit their absurdity is, that most people are too impatient to bring out the ludicrous side. The caricature is too palpable, and invites ridicule too ostentatiously. An impatient man soon frets under the mask, and betrays his real strangeness in the hostile camp.

Here, then, we find a certain quality of De Foe's intellect which we hope it is not too fanciful to trace in his fictions. He was one of those men in whom the emotions, so to speak, lie rather far from the understanding. Amongst the political writers of that age he was, on the whole, distinguished for good temper and an absence of violence. He reminds us in this, as in certain other aspects, of Mr. Cobden: for example, in his free-trade tendencies, his dislike to unnecessary war, and to the cant of unreasoning patriotism. Although a party man, he was by no means a man to swallow the whole party platform. He walked on his own legs, and was not afraid

to be called a deserter by more thorough-going partisans. The principles which he most ardently supported were those of religious toleration and hatred to every form of arbitrary power. Now the intellectual groundwork upon which such a character is formed has certain conspicuous merits, along with certain undeniable weaknesses. Amongst the first may be reckoned that strong grasp of facts, — which was developed to an almost disproportionate degree in De Foe, — a resolution to see things as they are, without the gloss which is contracted from strong party sentiment. He was one of those men of vigorous common-sense who like to have everything down plainly and distinctly in good unmistakeable black and white, and enjoy a voracious appetite for facts and figures. He was, therefore, able — within the limits of his vision — to see things from both sides, and to take his adversaries' opinions as calmly as his own, so long, at least, as they dealt with the class of considerations with which he was accustomed to deal; for, indeed, there are certain regions of discussion to which we cannot be borne on the wings of statistics, or even of common sense. And this, the weak side of his intellect, is equally unmistakeable. The matter-of-fact man may be compared to one who suffers from colour-blindness. Perhaps he may have a power of penetrating, and even microscopic vision; but he sees everything in his favourite black and white or gray, and loses all the delights of gorgeous, though it may be deceptive, colouring. The poet wishes for the power of seeing ourselves as others see us. We would rather wish for the occasional power of seeing the world as others see it — for the liberty to take a glance through the mental camera of some of our great writers. One man sees everything in the forcible light and shade of Rembrandt: a few heroes stand out conspicuously as a focus of brilliancy, from a background of imperfectly defined shadows, clustering round the centres in strange but picturesque confusion. To another, every figure is full of interest, with singular contrasts and sharply defined features; the whole effect is somewhat spoilt by the want of perspective and the perpetual sparkle and glitter; yet when we fix our attention upon any special part, it attracts us by its undeniable vivacity and vitality. To a third, again, the individual figures become dimmer, but he sees a slow and majestic procession of shapes imperceptibly developing into some harmonious whole. Men profess to reach their philosophical conclusions by some process of log-

ic; but the imagination is the faculty which furnishes the raw material upon which the logic is employed, and, unconsciously to its owners, determines, for the most part, the shape into which their theories will be moulded. Now De Foe was above the ordinary standard, in so far as he did not, like most of us, see things merely as a blurred and inextricable chaos; but he was below the great writers to whom we have alluded in the comparative coldness and dry precision of his mental vision. To him the world was a vast picture, from which all confusion was banished; everything was definite, clear, and precise as in a photograph; as in a photograph, too, everything could be accurately measured, and the result stated in figures; by the same parallel, there was a want of perspective, so far as the most distant objects were as precisely given as the nearest; and yet, further, there was the same absence of the colouring which is caused in natural objects by light and heat, and in mental pictures by the fire of imaginative passion. The result is a product which is to Fielding or Scott what a portrait by a first-rate photographer is to one by Vandyke or Reynolds, though, perhaps, the peculiar qualifications which go to make a De Foe are as rare as those which form the more elevated artist.

To illustrate this a little more in detail, one curious proof of the want of the passionate element in De Foe's novels is the singular calmness with which he describes his villains. He always looks at the matter in a purely business-like point of view. It is very wrong to steal, or break any of the commandments: partly because the chances are that it won't pay, and partly also because the devil—of whose position in De Foe's imagination we shall presently have to speak—will doubtless get hold of you in time. But a villain in De Foe is extremely like a virtuous person, only that, so to speak, he has unluckily backed the losing side. Thus, for example, Colonel Jack is a thief from his youth up; Moll Flanders is a thief, and worse; Roxana is a highly immoral lady, and is under some suspicion of a most detestable murder; and Captain Singleton is a pirate of the genuine buccaneering school. Yet we should really doubt, but for their own confessions, whether they have villainy enough among them to furnish an average pickpocket. Roxana occasionally talks about a hell within, and even has unpleasant dreams concerning "apparitions of devils and monsters, of falling into gulphs, and from off high and steep precipices." She has, we may add, excellent reasons for

her discomfort. Still, in spite of a very erroneous course of practice, her moral tone is all that can be desired. She discourses about the importance of keeping to the paths of virtue with the most exemplary punctuality, though she does not find them convenient for her own personal use. Colonel Jack is a young Arab of the streets—as it is fashionable to call them now-a-days—sleeping in the ashes of a glasshouse by night, and consorting with thieves by day. Still the exemplary nature of his sentiments would go far to establish Lord Palmerston's rather heterodox theory of the innate goodness of man. He talks like a book from his earliest infancy. He once forgets himself so far as to rob a couple of poor women on the highway instead of picking rich men's pockets; but his conscience pricks him so much that he cannot rest till he has restored the money. Captain Singleton is a still more striking case: he is a pirate by trade, but with a strong resemblance to the ordinary British merchant in his habits of thought. He ultimately retires from a business in which the risks are too great for his taste, marries, and settles down quietly on his savings. There is a certain Quaker who joins his ship, really as a volunteer, but under a show of compulsion, in order to avoid the possible inconveniences of a capture. The Quaker always advises him in his difficulties in such a way as to avoid responsibility. When they are in action with a Portuguese man-of-war, for example, the Quaker sees a chance of boarding, and coming up to Singleton, says very calmly, "Friend, what dost thou mean? why dost thou not visit thy neighbour in the ship, the door being open for thee?" This ingenious gentleman always preserves as much humanity as is compatible with his peculiar position, and even prevents certain negroes being tortured into confession, on the unanswerable ground, that as neither party understands a word of the other's language, the confession will not be to much purpose. "It is no compliment to my moderation," says Singleton, "to say, I was convinced by those reasons; and yet we had all much ado to keep our second lieutenant from murdering some of them to make them tell."

Now this humane pirate takes up pretty much the position which De Foe's villains generally occupy in good earnest. They do very objectionable things; but they always speak like steady, respectable Englishmen, with an eye to the main chance. It is true that there is nothing more difficult than to make a villain tell his own story naturally; in a way, that is, so as to show at

the badness of the motive and the execution, by which the actor reconciles it to his mind. By far the finest example we recollect is in that wonderful novel, *Lyndon*, which, in extraordinary directness and power of realization, very much reminds us of De Foe's writing. In dramatic force, however, it is infinitely superior. Thackeray enables us to realize the vulgar moral confusion of his odious hero. Foe is entirely deficient in this capacity of appreciating a character different from his own. His actors are merely so many repetitions of himself placed under different circumstances, and committing crimes in the name of business as De Foe might himself have carried out a commercial transaction. From the outside they are perfect; they are evidently copied from the life; and Captain Gleton is himself a repetition of the celebrated Captain Kidd, who indeed is mentioned in the novel. But of the state of mind which leads a man to be a pirate, and the effects which it produces upon his mind, De Foe has either no notion, or, at least, totally incapable of giving us a representation. All which goes by the name of psychological analysis in modern fiction is utterly alien to his art. He could, as we have said, show such dramatic power as may be implied in transporting himself to a different position, and looking at matters even from his adversary's point of view; but of the further power of appreciating his adversary's character, he shows not the slightest trace.

In short, to use another of the technical terms of modern criticism, his stories are entirely objective. He looks at his actors from the outside, and gives us with wonderment all the details of their lives; he never seems to remember that within the mechanism whose working he describes there is a soul very different from that of the ideal De Foe. Rather, he seems to see in mankind nothing but so many million Daniel Foes, in all sorts of postures, and thrown into every variety of difficulty, but the stuff of which they are composed is identical with that which he buttons into his own coat; there is variety of form, but no colouring, no pictures of life.

We may ask again, therefore, what is the real source of De Foe's power? He has little or no dramatic power, in the highest sense of the word, which implies sympathy with many characters and varying states of mind. If he had written *Henry VIII.*, *Falstaff*, and *Hotspur*, and *Prince Hal*, all had been as like each other as *Robinson Crusoe* is to the first and second murderer.

Nor is the mere fact that he tells a story with a strange appearance of veracity sufficient; for, as we flatter ourselves that we have sufficiently shown in the little anecdote which we ventured to extemporise, a story may be truth-like and yet deadly dull. Indeed, no candid critic can deny that this is the case with some of De Foe's narratives; as, for example, the latter part of *Colonel Jack*, where the details of management of a plantation in Virginia are sufficiently uninteresting, in spite of minute financial details about figures. One device, which he occasionally employs with great force, suggests an occasional source of interest. It is generally reckoned as one of his most skillful tricks that in telling a story he cunningly leaves a few stray ends, which are never taken up. Such is the well-known incident of Xury, in *Robinson Crusoe*: This contrivance undoubtedly gives an appearance of authenticity, by increasing the resemblance to real narratives; it is like the trick of artificially roughening a stone after it has been fixed into a building to give it the appearance of being fresh from the quarry. De Foe, however, frequently extracts a more valuable piece of service from these loose ends; they enable him to employ the element of mystery, in which he is otherwise too deficient. Perhaps the most forcible situation in De Foe is that which occurs at the original conclusion of *Roxana*, and which was subsequently damaged by an inferior addition, apparently by another hand. *Roxana*, after a life of wickedness, is at last married to a substantial merchant. She has saved, from the wages of sin, the convenient sum of 2,056*l.* a year, secured upon excellent mortgages. Her husband has 17,000*l.* in cash, after deducting a "black article of 8,000 pistoles," due on account of a certain lawsuit in Paris, and 1,320*l.* a year in rent. There is a satisfaction about these definite sums which we seldom receive from the vague assertions of modern novelists. Unluckily, a girl turns up at this moment who shows great curiosity about *Roxana's* history. It soon becomes evident that she is, in fact, *Roxana's* daughter by a former and long since deserted husband; but she cannot be acknowledged without a revelation of her mother's subsequently most disreputable conduct. Now *Roxana* has a devoted maid, who threatens to get rid, by fair means, or foul, of this importunate daughter. Once she fails in her design, but confesses to her mistress that, if necessary, she will commit the murder. *Roxana* professes to be terribly shocked, but yet has

a desire to be relieved at almost any price from her tormentor. The maid thereupon disappears again; soon afterwards the daughter disappears too; and Roxana is left in terrible doubt, tormented by the opposing anxieties that her maid may have murdered her daughter, or that her daughter may have escaped and revealed the mother's true character. Here is a telling situation for a sensation novelist; and the minuteness with which the story is worked out, whilst we are kept in suspense, deserves far more praise than most sensation novelists can claim; to say nothing of the increased effect due to apparent veracity, in which certainly few sensation novelists can even venture a distant competition. The end of the story differs still more widely from modern art. Roxana has to go abroad with her husband, still in a state of doubt. Her maid after a time joins her, but gives no intimation as to the fate of the daughter; and the story concludes by a simple statement that Roxana afterwards fell into well-deserved misery. There is something more impressive, as well as more natural, about the mystery in which the crime is left, than in the most effective solution that could have been contrived; and we devoutly hold that the addition, in which the story is feebly cleared up, is a miserable forgery.

Another instance on a smaller scale of the effective employment of judicious silence, is an incident in *Captain Singleton*. The Quaker of our acquaintance meets with a Japanese priest who speaks a few words of English, and explains that he has learnt it from thirteen Englishmen, the only remnant of thirty-two who had been wrecked on the coast of Japan. To confirm his story, he produces a bit of paper on which is written, in plain English words,—“We came from Greenland and from the North Pole.” Here are claimants for the discovery of a North-West Passage, and anticipators of Captain Sherard Osborn, of whom we would gladly hear more. Unluckily, when Captain Singleton comes to the place where his Quaker had met the priest, the ship in which he was sailing had departed; and this put an end to an inquiry, and perhaps “may have disappointed mankind of one of the most noble discoveries that ever was made or will again be made, in the world, for the good of mankind in general; but so much for that.”

In these two fragments, which illustrate a very common device of De Foe's, we come across two elements of positive power over our imaginations. First, we have the

obvious power excited by an apparent truthfulness, when the story is intrinsically a good one. Of this we shall speak presently. Secondly, we have a specimen of De Foe's peculiar use of the mysterious. And this deserves a somewhat fuller examination. We might, in one sense, count it as a fault in De Foe's method that he is generally too anxious to set everything before us in broad daylight; there is too little of the thoughts and emotions which inhabit the twilight of the mind; of those dim half-seen forms which exercise the strongest influence upon the imagination, and are the most tempting subjects for the poet's art. De Foe, in truth, was little enough of a poet. Sometimes by mere force of terse idiomatic language he rises into real poetry, as it was understood in the days when Pope and Dryden were our lawgivers. It is often really vigorous. The well-known verses,—

Wherever God erects a house of prayer,
The devil always builds a chapel there,—

which begin the *True-born Englishman*, or the really fine lines which occur in the *Hymn to the Pillory*, that “Hieroglyphic State machine, contrived to punish fancy in,” and ending,—

Tell them that placed him here,
They're scandals to the times,
Are at a loss to find his guilt,
And can't commit his crimes,—

may stand for specimens of his best manner. Frequently he degenerates into the merest doggerel, e.g.,—

No man was ever yet so void of sense,
As to debate the right of self-defence,
A principle so grafted in the mind,
With nature born, and does like nature bind;
Twisted with reason, and with nature too,
As neither one nor t'other can undo,—

which is scarcely a happy specimen of the difficult art of reasoning in verse. His verse is at best vigorous epigrammatic writing, such as would now be converted into leading articles, twisted with more or less violence into rhyme. And yet there is a poetical side to his mind, or at least a susceptibility to poetical impressions of a certain order. And as a novelist is on the border-line between poetry and prose, and novels should be as it were prose saturated with poetry, we may expect to come in this direction upon the secret of De Foe's power. Although, as we have said, De Foe for the most part deals with good tangible subjects

which he can weigh and measure and reduce to moidores and pistoles, the mysterious has a very strong though peculiar attraction for him. It seems indeed, to speak paradoxically, that the two qualities are connected. He was urged by a restless curiosity to get away from this commonplace world, and reduce the unknown regions beyond to scale and measure. The centre of Africa, the wilds of Siberia, and even more distinctly the world of spirits, had wonderful charms for him. Nothing would have given him greater pleasure than to determine the exact number of the fallen angels and the date of their calamity. In the *History of the Devil* he touches, with a singular kind of humorous gravity, upon several of these questions, and seems to apologize for his limited information. "Several things," he says, "have been suggested to set us a-calculating the number of this frightful throng of devils who, with Satan the master-devil, was thus cast out of heaven." He declines the task, though he quotes with a certain pleasure the result obtained by a grave calculator, who found that in the first line of Satan's army there were a thousand times a hundred thousand million devils, and more in the other two. He gives a kind of arithmetical measure of the decline of the devil's power by pointing out that "he who was once equal to the angel who killed eighty thousand men in one night, is not able now, without a new commission, to take away the life of one Job." He is filled with curiosity as to the proceedings of the first parliament (p——t as he delicately puts it) of devils; he regrets that as he was not personally present in that "black divan" — at least, not that he can remember, for who can account for his pre-existent state? — he cannot say what happened; but he adds, "If I had as much personal acquaintance with the devil as would admit it, and could depend upon the truth of what answer he would give me, the first question would be, what measures they (the devils) resolved on at their first assembly?" and the second, how they employed the time between their fall and the creation of the man? Here we see the instinct of the politician; and we may add that De Foe is thoroughly dissatisfied with Milton's statements upon this point, though admiring his genius; and goes so far as to write certain verses intended as a correction of, or interpolation into, *Paradise Lost*.

Mr. Ruskin, in comparing Milton's Satan with Dante's, somewhere remarks that the vagueness of Milton, as compared with the accurate measurements given by Dante, is so far a proof of less activity of the imagina-

tive faculty. It is easier to leave the devil's stature uncertain, than to say that he was eighteen feet high. Without disputing the proposition as Mr. Ruskin puts it, we fancy that he would scarcely take De Foe's poetry as an improvement in dignity upon Milton's. We may, perhaps, guess at its merits from this fragment of a speech in prose, addressed to Adam by Eve. "What ails the sot?" says the new termagant. "What are you afraid of? . . . Take it, you fool, and eat. . . . Take it, I say, or I will go and cut down the tree, and you shall never eat any of it at all; and you shall still be a fool, and be governed by your wife for ever." This, and much more gross buffoonery of the same kind, is apparently intended to recommend certain sound moral aphorisms to the vulgar; but the cool arithmetical method by which De Foe investigates the history of the devil, his anxiety to pick up gossip about him, and the view which he takes of him as a very acute and unscrupulous politician — though impartially vindicating him from some of Mr. Milton's aspersions — is extremely characteristic.

If we may measure the imaginative power of great poets by the relative merits of their conceptions of Satan, we might find a humbler gauge for inferior capacities in the power of summoning awe-inspiring ghosts. The difficulty of the feat is extreme. Your ghost, as Bottom would have said, is a very fearful wild-fowl to bring upon the stage. He must be handled delicately, or he is spoilt. Amongst living novelists of eminence, Lord Lytton is, so far as we remember, the only one who has boldly dealt with the supernatural. Scott performs the feat with admirable delicacy. The apparition of the old woman in the *Bride of Lammermoor*, and the terrible spectre of the "Bo-dach Glas," which appears to Fergus McIvor in *Waverley*, are most effective ghosts. They are so skilfully introduced as not to shock our belief, and yet they are more awful beings than the most terrible creations of the raw head and bloody bones school of fiction.

Amongst this school we fear that De Foe must, on the whole, be reckoned. We have already made acquaintance with Mrs. Veal, who, in her ghostly condition, talks for an hour and three-quarters with a gossip over a cup of tea; who, indeed, so far forgets her ghostly condition as to ask for a cup of the said tea, and only evades the consequences of her blunder by one of those rather awkward excuses which we all sometimes practise in society; and who, in short, is the least ethereal spirit that was ever met with

outside a table. De Foe's extraordinary love for supernatural stories of the gossiping variety found vent in *A History of Apparitions*, and his *System of Magic*. The position which he takes up is a kind of modified rationalism. He believes that there are genuine apparitions which personate our dead friends, and give us excellent pieces of advice on occasion; but he refuses to believe that the spirits can appear themselves, on account "of the many strange inconveniences and ill consequences which would happen if the souls of men and women, unembodied and departed, were at liberty to visit the earth." De Foe is evidently as familiar with the habits of spirits generally as of the devil. In that case, for example, the feuds of families would never die, for the injured person would be always coming back to right himself. He proceeds upon this principle to account for many apparitions, as, for example, one which appeared in the likeness of a certain J. O. of the period, and strongly recommended his widow to reduce her expenses. He won't believe that the Virgin appeared to St. Francis, because all stories of that kind are mere impostures of the priests; but he thinks it very likely that he was haunted by the devil, who may have sometimes taken the Virgin's shape. In the *History of Witchcraft*, De Foe tells us how, as he was once riding in the country, he met a man on the way to inquire of a certain wizard. De Foe, according to his account, which may or may not be intended as authentic, waited the whole of the next day at a public-house in a country-town, in order to hear the result of the inquiry; and had long conversations, reported in his usual style, with infinite "says he's" and "says I's," in which he tried to prove that the wizard was an impostor. This lets us into the secret of many of De Foe's apparitions. They are the ghosts that frighten villagers as they cross commons late at night, or that rattle chains and display lights in haunted houses. Sometimes they have vexed knavish attorneys by discovering long-hidden deeds. Sometimes they have enticed highwaymen into dark corners of woods, and there the wretched highwayman finds in their bags (for ghosts of this breed have good substantial luggage) nothing but a halter and a bit of silver (value exactly 13½d.) to pay the hangman. When they turn to the owner, he has vanished. Occasionally, they are the legends told by some passing traveller from distant lands—probably, genuine superstitions in their origin, but amplified by tradition into marvellous exactitude of detail, and garnished with long gossiping conversations.

Such a ghost, which, on the whole, is our favourite, is the mysterious Owke Mouraski. This being, whether devil or good spirit no man knows, accompanied a traveller for four years through the steppes of Russia, and across Norway, Turkey, and various other countries. On the march, he was always seen a mile to the left of the party, keeping parallel with them, in glorious indifference to roads. He crossed rivers without bridges, and the sea without ships. Everywhere, in the wild countries, he was known by name and dreaded; for, if he entered a house, some one would die there within the year. Yet he was good to the traveller, going so far, indeed, on one occasion, as to lend him a horse, and frequently treating him to good advice. Towards the end of the journey, Owke Mouraski informed his companion that he was "the inhabitant of an invisible region," and afterwards became very familiar with him—the traveller, indeed, would never believe that his friend was a devil, a scepticism of which De Foe doubtfully approves. The story, however, must be true, because, as De Foe says, he saw it in manuscript many years ago; and certainly Owke is of a superior order to most of the pot-house ghosts.

De Foe, doubtless, had an insatiable appetite for legends of this kind, talked about them with infinite zest in innumerable gossips, and probably smoked pipes and consumed ale in abundance during the process. The ghosts are the substantial creations of the popular fancy, which no longer nourished itself upon a genuine faith in a more lofty order of spiritual beings. It is superstition become gross and vulgar before it disappears for ever. Romance and poetry have pretty well departed from them as from the witches of the period, who are little better than those who still linger in our country villages and fill corners of newspapers headed, "Superstition in the nineteenth century." In his novels, De Foe's instinct for probability generally enables him to employ the marvellous moderately, and, therefore, effectively; he is specially given to dreams; they are generally verified just enough to leave us the choice of credulity or scepticism, and are in excellent keeping with the supposed narrator. Roxana tells us how one morning she suddenly sees her lover's face as though it were a death's-head, and his clothes covered with blood. In the evening the lover is murdered. One of Moll Flanders' husbands hears her call him at a distance of many miles—a superstition, by the way, in which Boswell, if not Johnson, fully believed. De Foe shows his usual skill in sometimes

making the visions or omens fail of a too close fulfilment, as in the excellent dream where Robinson Crusoe hears Friday's father tell him of the sailors' attempt to murder the Spaniards: no part of the dream, as he says, is specifically true, though it has a general truth; and hence we may, at our choice, suppose it to have been supernatural, or to be merely a natural result of Crusoe's anxiety. This region of the marvellous, however, only affects De Foe's novels in a subordinate degree. The Owke Mouraski suggests another field in which a lover of the mysterious could then find room for his imagination. The world still presented a boundless wilderness of untravelled land. Mapped and explored territory was still a bright spot surrounded by chaotic darkness, instead of the two being in the reverse proportions. Geographers might fill up huge tracts by writing "here is much gold," or putting "elephants instead of towns." De Foe's gossiping acquaintance, when they were tired of ghosts, could tell of strange adventures in wild seas, where merchantmen followed a narrow track, exposed to the assaults of pirates; or of long journeys over endless steppes in the days when travelling was travelling indeed; when distances were reckoned by months, and men might expect to meet undiscovered tribes and monsters unimagined by natural historians. Doubtless he had listened greedily to the stories of seafaring men and merchants from the Gold Coast or the East. *Captain Singleton*, to omit *Robinson Crusoe* for the present, shows the form into which these stories moulded themselves in his mind. Singleton, besides his other exploits, anticipated Livingstone in crossing Africa from sea to sea.

One of De Foe's biographers rather unnecessarily admires the marvellous way in which his imaginary descriptions have been confirmed by later travellers. And it is true that Singleton found two great lakes, which may, if we please, be identified with those of recent discoverers. His other guesses are not surprising. As a specimen of the mode in which he filled up the unknown space we may mention that he covers the desert "with a kind of thick moss of a blackish dead colour," which is not a very impressive phenomenon. It is in the matter of wild beasts, however, that he comes out strongest. Their camp is in one place surrounded by "innumerable numbers of devilish creatures." These creatures were as "thick as a drove of bullocks coming to a fair," so that they could not fire without hitting some; in fact, a volley brought down three tigers and two wolves, besides one

creature "of an ill-gendered kind, between a tiger and a leopard." Before long they meet an "ugly, venomous, deformed kind of a snake or serpent," which had "a hellish, ugly, deformed look and voice;" indeed, they would have recognised in it the being who most haunted De Foe's imaginary world — the devil — except that they could not think what business the devil could have where there were no people. The fauna of this country, besides innumerable lions, tigers, leopards, and elephants, comprised "living creatures as big as calves, but not of that kind," and creatures between a buffalo and a deer, which resembled neither they had no horns, but legs like a cow, with a fine head and neck, like a deer. The "ill-gendered" beast is an admirable specimen of De Foe's workmanship. It shows his moderation under most tempting circumstances. No dog-headed men, no men with eyes in their breasts, or feet that serve as umbrellas, will suit him. He must have something new, and yet probable; and he hits upon a very serviceable animal in this mixture between a tiger and a leopard. Surely no one could refuse to honour such a moderate draft upon his imagination. In short, De Foe, even in the wildest of regions, where his pencil might have full play, sticks closely to the common-place, and will not venture beyond the regions of the easily conceivable.

The final element in which De Foe's curiosity might find a congenial food consisted of the stories floating about contemporary affairs. He had talked with men who had fought in the Great Rebellion, or even in the old German wars. He had himself been out with Monmouth, and taken part in the fight at Sedgemoor. Doubtless that small experience of actual warfare gave additional vivacity to his descriptions of battles, and was useful to him, as Gibbon declares that his service with the militia was of some assistance in describing armies of a very different kind. There is a period in history which has a peculiar interest for all of us. It is that which lies upon the border-land between the past and present; which has gathered some romance from the lapse of time, and yet is not so far off but that we may have seen some of the actors, and can distinctly realize the scenes in which they took part. Such to the present generation is the era of the Revolutionary Wars. "Old men still creep among us" who lived through that period of peril and excitement, and yet we are far enough removed from them to fancy that there were giants in those days. It is of this source of interest

that Scott availed himself in *Waverley*; or, *'Tis Sixty Years Since*. That date just fixes the time after which the epoch must be handed over to the historical novelist; when few even of the greatest novelists have sufficient imaginative fire to burn up the antiquarian dust that has accumulated. When De Foe wrote his novels the battles of the great Civil War and the calamities of the Plague were passing through this phase; and to them we owe two of his most interesting books, the *Memoirs of a Cavalier* and the *History of the Plague*.

To resume then: we have now arrived at some estimate of De Foe's peculiar power. He was a shrewd and most energetic politician, of very high rank amongst the second order, though never distinctly passing into the first rank. His writings have not the exalted merit which belongs to the few men who, from the passing incidents of their time, have struck out truths of everlasting value. They have, however, the very rare merit of originality, and distinct grasp of principles, which enable a man on the whole to be clearly ahead of his generation, and to see through the fallacies raised by party-passion. If he was not above the heads of his ablest contemporaries, he held a straight course in spite of them, and followed his own path without flinching or fear. He showed the distinctive merits of a sturdy, middle-class Englishman, with a keen perception of a certain order — not perhaps the highest order — of truths, but without any high intellectual polish: in these days some people would have called him a Philistine. When he began to write his novels he had fought a long and most honorable political warfare; he had known persons in every rank of life from the prison upwards, and his mind was full of long and varied experience of men and things. He had, as we fancy, an insatiable curiosity for facts of all kinds, especially for anything that bordered upon the odd and the marvellous. In telling stories, or rather in spinning yarns — for that is the most appropriate term for his style of narration — he uses just the homely, racy language of his class. He revels in elaborate ramblings and roundabout conversations, with the indiscriminating delight in all sorts of irrelevant details which a country gossip might display by an ale-house fire, or a sailor in a dull watch. His style, in short, was just a suspicion of that which Shakespeare has immortalized in Mrs. Quickly, or Fielding in Partridge, or innumerable other writers in describing the same class of life. He was evidently a very keen and penetrating observer of men and

things; but was totally devoid of that delicate sensibility and quickness of sympathy by which we are enabled to see through other men's eyes, and to catch shades of emotion which are different from our own. One man to him was very much like another, except that they were placed in an infinite variety of differing situations; or, perhaps, it would be fairer to say that he was content with looking from the external point of view in his stories, and thought that the purpose of a story-teller was to amuse us, like Punch, with the antics of a series of puppets, not to dissect them, and analyze their motive. At any rate, he shows extraordinary knowledge of human life, without much pretence to knowledge of the human heart. We must add a strong dash of dry humor. One of the most characteristic stories which he tells of himself, shows how, as a boy, he entered a public-house where certain wise politicians were discussing a report — scarcely credible — that the Papists had tried, in the night, to carry off the Monument. De Foe assured them that it was true, and that if they went there, they would see men engaged in fastening it down again in its place. The picturesque touch convinced them.

When such a man spins us a yarn, the conditions of its being interesting are tolerably simple. The first condition obviously is, that the plot must be a good one, and good in the sense that a representation in dumb-show must be sufficiently exciting, without the necessity of any explanation of motives. The novel of sentiment or passion or character would be altogether beyond his scope. He will accumulate any number of facts and details; but they must be such as will speak for themselves, without the need of an interpreter. For this reason, we do not imagine that *Roxana*, *Moll Flanders*, *Colonel Jack*, or *Captain Singleton*, can ever be very interesting. In each of them there are one or two forcible situations. *Roxana* pursued by her daughter, *Moll Flanders* in prison, and *Colonel Jack* as a young boy of the streets, are all powerful fragments, and well adapted for his peculiar method. He goes on heaping up little significant facts, till we are able to realize the situation powerfully, and we may then supply the sentiment for ourselves. But he never seems to know his own strength. He gives us at equal length, and with the utmost plain-speaking, the details of a number of other positions, which are neither interesting nor edifying. He is decent or coarse, just as he is dull or amusing, without knowing the difference. He is

certainly not immoral in the sense in which modern French novels are immoral; but he is coarse, as it were by accident, when his characters happen to fall into awkward positions. The details about the different connections formed by Roxana and Moll Flanders have no atom of sentiment, and are about as wearisome as the journal of a specially heartless lady of the same character would be at the present day. He has been praised for never gilding objectionable objects, or making vice attractive. To all appearance, he would have been totally unable to set about it. He has only one mode of telling a story, and he follows the thread of his narrative into the back-slums of London, or lodging-houses of doubtful character, or respectable places of trade, with the same equanimity, at a good steady jog-trot of narrative. His absence of any passion or sentiment deprives such places of the one possible source of interest; and we must confess that two-thirds of each of these novels are deadly dull; the remainder, though exhibiting specimens of his genuine power, is not far enough from the commonplace to be specially attractive. In short, the merit of De Foe's narrative bears a direct proportion to the intrinsic merit of a plain statement of the facts; and, in the novels already mentioned, as there is nothing very surprising, certainly nothing unique, about the story, his treatment cannot raise it above a very moderate level.

Above these stories, in our opinion, come two of De Foe's fragments of fictitious history. *Captain Carleton*, although we freely confess that but for Lord Stanhope's authority we should have taken it for a genuine piece of De Foe, seems to be inferior in vivacity. If De Foe was making use of authentic papers, he was, perhaps, under some sense of restraint. There are, however, some forcible passages, especially at the beginning — one, for example, where the author goes into a cottage, near the scene of war, and finds the body of a marauder, who has been burnt by the country-people, in revenge for maltreatment, is an effective touch in the true De Foe manner. The *Memoir of a Cavalier* is a very amusing book, though it is less fiction than history, interspersed with a few personal anecdotes. In it there are again some exquisite little bits of genuine De Foe. The Cavalier tells us, with such admirable frankness, that he once left the army a day or two before a battle, in order to visit some relatives at Bath, and excuses himself so modestly for his apparent neglect of military duty, that we cannot refuse to believe in him. A

novelist, we say, would have certainly taken us to the battle, or would, at least, have given his hero a more heroic excuse. The character, too, of the old soldier, who has served under Gustavus Adolphus, who is disgusted with the raw English levies, still more disgusted with the interference of parsons, and who has a respect for his opponents — especially Sir Thomas Fairfax — which is compounded partly of English love of fair play, and partly of the indifference of a professional officer — is better supported than most of De Foe's personages. An excellent Dugald Dalgetty touch is his constant anxiety to impress upon the royalist commanders the importance of a particular trick which he has learnt of mixing foot soldiers with the cavalry. We must leave him, however, to say a few words upon the *History of the Plague*, which seems to us to come next in merit to *Robinson Crusoe*. Here De Foe has to deal with a story of such intrinsically tragic interest that all his details become affecting. It needs no commentary to interpret the meaning of the terrible anecdotes, many of which are doubtless founded on fact. There is the strange superstitious element brought out by the horror of the sudden visitation. The supposed writer hesitates as to leaving the doomed city. He is decided to stay at last by opening the Bible at random and coming upon the text, — "He shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence." He watches the comets; the one which appeared before the plague was "of a dull, languid colour, and its motion heavy, solemn, and slow;" the other, which preceded the Great Fire, was "bright and sparkling, and its motion swift and furious." Old women, he says, believed in them, especially "the hypochondriac part of the other sex," who might, he thinks, be called old women too. Still he half believes himself, especially when the second appears. He does not believe that the breath of the plague-stricken upon a glass would leave shapes of "dragons, snakes, and devils, horrible to behold;" but he does believe that if they breathed on a bird they would kill it, or "at least make its eggs rotten." However, he admits that no experiments were tried. Then we have the hideous, and sometimes horribly grotesque incidents. There is the poor naked creature, who runs up and down, exclaiming continually, "Oh, the great and the dreadful God!" but would say nothing else, and speak to no one. There is the woman who suddenly opens a window, and "calls out, 'Death, death, death!'" in a most inimitable

tone, which struck me with horror and chillness in the very blood." There is the man who, with death in his face, opens the door to a young apprentice sent to ask him for money: "Very well, child," says the living ghost; "go to Cripplegate Church, and bid them ring the bell for me;" and with those words, shuts the door, goes up stairs and dies. Then we have the horrors of the dead-cart, and the unlucky piper who was carried off by mistake. De Foe, with his usual ingenuity, corrects the inaccurate versions of the story, and says that the piper was not blind, but only old and silly; and that he does not believe that, as "the story goes," he set up his pipes while in the cart. After this, we cannot refuse to admit that he was really carried off and all but buried. Another device for cheating us with acceptance of his story, is the ingenious way in which he imitates the occasional lapses of memory of a genuine narrator, and admits that he does not precisely recollect certain details; and still better is the conscientious eagerness with which he distinguishes between the occurrences to which he was an eye-witness and those which he only knew by hearsay.

This book, more than any of the others, shows a skill in selecting telling incidents. We are sometimes in doubt whether the particular details which occur in other stories are not put in rather by good luck than from a due perception of their value. He thus resembles a savage, who is as much pleased with a glass bead as with a piece of gold; but in the *History of the Plague* every detail goes straight to the mark. At one point he cannot help diverging into the story of three poor men who escape into the fields, and giving us, with his usual relish, all their rambling conversations by the way. For the most part, however, he is less diffusive and more pointed than usual; the greatness of the calamity seems to have given more intensity to his style; and it leaves all the impression of a genuine narrative, told by one who has, as it were, just escaped from the valley of the shadow of death, with the awe still upon him, and every terrible sight and sound fresh in his memory. The amazing truthfulness of the style is here in its proper place; we wish to be brought as near as may be to the facts; we want good realistic painting more than fine sentiment. The story reminds us of certain ghastly photographs published during the American war, which had been taken on the field of battle. They gave a more forcible taste of the horrors of war than the most thrilling pictures drawn from the fancy. In such

cases, we only wish the narrator to stand as much as possible on one side, and just draw up a bit of the curtain which conceals his gallery of horrors.

It is time, however, to say enough of *Robinson Crusoe* to justify its traditional superiority to De Foe's other writings. The charm, as some critics say, is difficult to analyze; and we do not profess to demonstrate mathematically that it must necessarily be, what it is, the most delightful boy's book ever written, and one which older critics may study with delight. The most obvious advantage over the secondary novels lies in the unique situation. Lamb, in the passage from which we have quoted, gracefully evades this point. "Are there no solitudes," he says, "out of the cave and the desert? or cannot the heart, in the midst of crowds, feel frightfully alone?" Singleton, he suggests, is alone with pirates less merciful than the howling monsters, the devilish serpents, and ill-gendered creatures of De Foe's deserts. Colonel Jack is alone amidst the London thieves, when he goes to bury his treasures in the hollow tree. This is prettily said; but it suggests rather what another writer might have made of De Foe's heroes, than what De Foe made of them himself. Singleton, it is true, is alone amongst the pirates, but he takes to them as naturally as a fish takes to the water, and, indeed, finds them good, honest, respectable, stupid sort of people. They stick by him and he by them, and we are never made to feel the real horrors of his position. Colonel Jack might, in other hands, have become an *Oliver Twist*, less real perhaps than De Foe has made him, but infinitely more pathetic. De Foe tells us of his unpleasant sleeping-places, and his occasional fears of the gallows; but of the supposed mental struggles, of the awful solitude of soul, we hear nothing. How can we sympathise very deeply with a young gentleman whose recollections run chiefly upon the exact numbers of shillings and pence captured by himself and his pocket-picking "pals?" Similarly *Robinson Crusoe* dwells but little upon the horrors of his position, and when he does is apt to get extremely prosy. We fancy that he could never have been in want of a solid sermon on Sunday, however much he may have missed the church-going bell. But in *Robinson Crusoe*, as in the *History of the Plague*, the story speaks for itself. To explain the horrors of living among thieves we must have some picture of internal struggles, of a sense of honour opposed to temptation, and a pure mind in danger of contamination. De Foe's extremely straightforward

and prosaic view of life prevents him from setting any such sentimental trials before us; the lad avoids the gallows, and in time becomes the honest master of a good plantation; and there's enough. But the horrors of abandonment on a desert island can be appreciated by the simplest sailor or school-boy. The main thing is to bring out the situation plainly and forcibly, to tell us of the difficulties of making pots and pans, of catching goats, and sowing corn, and of avoiding audacious cannibals. This task De Foe performs with unequalled spirit and vivacity. In his first discovery of a new art he shows the freshness so often conspicuous in first novels. The scenery was just that which had peculiar charms for his fancy; it was one of those half-true legends of which he had heard strange stories from seafaring men, and possibly from the acquaintances of his hero himself. He brings out the shrewd vigorous character of the Englishman thrown upon his own resources with evident enjoyment of his task. Indeed, De Foe tells us himself that in *Robinson Crusoe* he saw a kind of allegory of his own fate. He had suffered from solitude of soul. Confinement in his prison is represented in the book by confinement in an island; and even particular incidents, such as the fright he receives one night from something in his bed, "was word for word a history of what happened." In other words, this novel too, like many of the best ever written, has in it something of the autobiographical element which makes a man speak from greater depths of feeling than in a purely imaginary story.

It would indeed be easy to show that the story, though in one sense marvellously like truth, is singularly wanting as a psychological study. Friday is no real savage, but a good English servant without plush. He says "muchee" and "speakee," but he becomes at once a civilized being, and in his first conversation puzzles Crusoe terribly by that awkward theological question, why God did not kill the devil — for characteristically enough Crusoe's first lesson includes a little instruction upon the enemy of mankind. He found, however, that it was "not so easy to imprint right notions in Friday's mind about the devil, as it was about the being of a God." This is comparatively a trifle; but Crusoe himself is all but impossible. Steele, indeed, gives an account of Selkirk from which he infers that, "this plain man's story is a memorable example that he is happiest who confines his wants to natural necessities;" but the facts do not warrant this pet doctrine of an old-fashioned school. Selkirk's state of mind may be inferred

from two or three facts. He had almost forgotten to talk; he had learnt to catch goats by running on foot; and he had acquired the exceedingly difficult art of making fire by rubbing two sticks. In other words, his whole mind was absorbed in providing a few physical necessities, and he was rapidly becoming a savage — for a man who can't speak and can make fire, is very near the Australian. We may infer, what is probable from other cases, that a man living fifteen years by himself, like Crusoe, would either go mad, or sink into that semi-savage state. De Foe really describes a man in prison, not in solitary confinement. We should not be so pedantic as to call for accuracy in such matters; but the difference between the fiction and what we believe would have been the reality is significant. De Foe, even in *Robinson Crusoe*, gives a very inadequate picture of the mental torments to which his hero is exposed. He is frightened by a parrot calling him by name, and by the strangely picturesque incident of the footmark on the sand; but, on the whole, he takes his imprisonment with preternatural stolidity. His stay on the island produces the same state of mind as might be due to a dull Sunday in Scotland. For this reason, the want of power in describing emotion as compared with the amazing power of describing facts, *Robinson Crusoe* is a book for boys rather than men, and, as Lamb says, for the kitchen rather than for higher circles. It falls short of any high intellectual interest. When we leave the striking situation and get to the second part, with the Spaniards and Will Atkins talking natural theology to his wife, it sinks to the level of the secondary stories. But for people who are not too proud to take a rather low order of amusement, *Robinson Crusoe* will always be one of the most charming of books. We have the romantic and adventurous incidents upon which the most unflinching realism can be set to work without danger of vulgarity. Here is precisely the story suited to De Foe's strength and weakness. He is forced to be artistic in spite of himself. He cannot lose the thread of the narrative and break it into disjointed fragments, for the limits of the island confine him as well as his hero. He cannot tire us with details, for all the details of such a story are interesting; it is made up of petty incidents, as much as the life of a prisoner reduced to taming flies, or making saws out of penknives. The island does as well as the Bastille for making trifles valuable to the sufferer and to us. The facts tell the story of themselves, without any demand for

romantic power to press them home to us; and the efforts to give an air of authenticity to the story, which sometimes make us smile, and sometimes rather bore us, in other novels, are all to the purpose; for there is a real point in putting such a story in the mouth of the sufferer, and in giving us for the time an illusory belief in his reality. It is one of the exceptional cases in which the poetical aspect of a position is brought out best by the most prosaic accuracy of detail; and we imagine that Robinson Crusoe's island, with all his small household torments, will always be more impressive than the more gorgeously coloured island of Enoch Arden. When we add that the whole book shows the freshness of a writer employed on his first novel — though at the mature age of fifty-eight; seeing in it an allegory of his own experience embodied in the scenes which most interested his imagination, we see some reasons why *Robinson Crusoe* should hold a distinct rank by itself amongst his works. As De Foe was a man of very powerful, but very limited, imagination — able to see certain aspects of things with extraordinary distinctness, but little able to rise above them — even his greatest book shows his weakness, and scarcely satisfies a grown-up man with a taste for high art. In revenge, it ought, according to Rousseau, to be for a time the whole library of a boy, chiefly, it seems, to teach him that the stock of an ironmonger is better than that of an iron shop. We may agree in the conclusion without caring about the reason; and to have pleased all the boys in Europe for near a hundred and fifty years is, after all, a remarkable feat.

CICINDELÆ.* — As I was seated in front of a friend's villa close to the ruins of Velia, famed in Roman times for the mildness of its climate (Hor. *Epist.* I. xv. 1; Plutarch, *Æmil.* 39), I was surprised in the gloaming to see the whole landscape become suddenly lighted up with star-like points. On asking my friend how it was caused, he said, "These are little insects which we call 'luciole.' " They appear in the month of May, when I saw them, and again in August. I have no doubt that they are the "cicindelæ" of Pliny (xviii. 66, 4, ed.

* This seems to be our American fire fly or lightning-bug.

Lemaire) who thus speaks of them: "Atque etiam in eodem arvo est signum illius maturitatis, et horum sationi commune, lucentes vespere per arva cicindelæ. Ita appellant rustici stellantes volatus, Græci vero lampyridas, incredibili benignitate naturæ." No better expression than "stellantes volatus" could be selected to give the precise appearance, as they floated before the eye; and the benignity of nature was equally great as in the time of Pliny A.D. 23-79, for the whole air seemed to be replete with them. I tried to catch them, but their brightness at once disappeared, and I could make nothing of them. My friend, who was an entomologist, said that the bright light was given out from the abdomen, which was visible as the wings moved, disappearing when they closed. It is curious, though I was afterwards in every part of Italy, that I never witnessed the same scene. Have any of your correspondents ever seen them in other parts of Italy? My friend said that they were also called "baticesola." What can this mean? "Luciole" is plain enough. Can any one give the etymology of "baticesola"? I have heard "cesandolo" applied to an oil lamp. This seems to have some connection with the other word.

CRAUFURD TAIT RAMAGE. N. & Q.

DURING the late war in the United States, a number of manufactories of small-arms started into existence; and when the fighting came to an end, they found their occupation gone. But your Yankee is quick of resource, and soon the owners set themselves to manufacture in quantities certain kinds of small tools, which artisans had formerly made for themselves. Their attempt proved successful; and now many most useful tools are better formed and finished, and cheaper than they ever were before. Among the latest novelties is a tool holder — that is, a handle into which many tools may be fitted one after another at pleasure. An elastic thimble in the handle affords the requisite gripe. — Another is an improved punch or drifting-tool, such as is used by boiler-makers, which, instead of the usual oblique cutting edges, has a very steep thread cut in reverse directions, whereby a series of diamond-shaped projections is formed, and these make a perfectly smooth cut in the work when the tool is used, and without the 'chatter' so often noticed with drifting-tools. — A novelty of a different kind is a 'steam-buggy,' which has been running in experimental trips on the roads about Boston, and is described as successful, for it has considerable speed, and is well under control.

CHAPTER XVII.

AT CASTELLO.

A PRIVATE letter from a friend had told Jack Bramleigh that his father's opposition to the Government had considerably damaged his chance of being employed, but that he possibly might get a small command on the African station. With what joy then did he receive "the official," marked on H.M.'s service, informing him that he was appointed to the *Sneezer* despatch gunboat, to serve in the Mediterranean, and enjoining him to repair to town without unnecessary delay, to receive further orders.

He had forborne, as we have seen, to tell Julia his former tidings. They were not indeed of a nature to rejoice over, but here was great news. He only wanted two more years to be qualified for his "Post," and once a captain, he would have a position which might warrant his asking Julia to be his wife, and thus was it that the great dream of his whole existence was interwoven into his career, and his advancement as a sailor linked with his hopes as a lover; and surely it is well for us that ambitions in life appeal to us in other and humbler ways than by the sense of triumph, and that there are better rewards for success than either the favour of princes or the insignia of rank.

To poor Jack, looking beyond that two years, it was not a three-decker, nor even frigate, it was the paradise of a cottage overgrown with sweetbriar and honeysuckle, that presented itself, — and a certain graceful figure, gauzy and floating, sitting in the porch, while he lay at her feet, lulled by the drowsy ripple of the little trout-stream, that ran close by. So possessed was he by this vision, so entirely and wholly did it engross him, that it was with difficulty he gave coherent replies to the questions poured in upon him at the breakfast-table, as to the sort of service he was about to be engaged in, and whether it was as good or a better thing than he had been expecting.

"I wish you joy, Jack," said Augustus. "You're a lucky dog to get afloat again so soon. You haven't been full six months on half-pay."

"I wish you joy too," said Temple, "and am thankful to Fate it is you, and not I, have to take the command of H.M.'s gunboat *Sneezer*."

"Perhaps, all things considered, it is as well as it is," said Jack dryly.

"It is a position of some importance. I mean it is not the mere command of a small

vessel," said Marion haughtily; for she was always eager that every incident that befell the family should redound to their distinction, and subserve their onward march to greatness.

"Oh, Jack," whispered Nelly, "let us walk over to the cottage, and tell them the news;" and Jack blushed as he squeezed her hand in gratitude for the speech.

"I almost wonder they gave you this, Jack," said his father, "seeing how active a part I took against them; but I suppose there is some truth in the saying that Ministers would rather soothe enemies than succour friends."

"Don't you suspect, papa, that Lord Culduff may have had some share in this event? His influence, I know, is very great with his party," said Marion.

"I hope and trust not," burst out Jack; "rather than owe my promotion to that bewigged old dandy, I'd go and keep a lighthouse."

"A most illiberal speech," said Temple. "I was about to employ a stronger word, but still not stronger than my sense of its necessity."

"Remember, Temple," replied Jack, "I have no possible objection to his being *your* patron. I only protest that he shan't be *mine*. He may make you something ordinary or extraordinary to-morrow, and I'll never quarrel about it."

"I am grateful for the concession," said the other, bowing.

"If it was Lord Culduff that got you this step," said Colonel Bramleigh, "I must say nothing could be more delicate than his conduct; he never so much as hinted to me that he had taken trouble in the matter."

"He is *such* a gentleman!" said Marion, with a very enthusiastic emphasis on the word.

"Well, perhaps it's a very ignoble confession," said Nelly, "but I frankly own I'd rather Jack owed his good fortune to his good fame than to all the peers in the calendar."

"What pains Ellen takes," said Marion, "to show that her ideas of life and the world are not those of the rest of us."

"She has me with her whenever she goes into the lobby," said Jack, "or I'll pair with Temple, who is sure to be on the stronger side."

"Your censure I accept as a compliment," said Temple.

"And is this all our good news has done for us, — to set us exchanging tart speeches and sharp repartees with each other?" said Colonel Bramleigh; "I declare it is a

very ungracious way to treat pleasant tidings. Go out, boys, and see if you couldn't find some one to dine with us, and wet Jack's commission, as they used to call it, long ago."

"We can have the L'Estranges and our amiable neighbour Captain Craufurd," said Marion, "but I believe our resources end with these."

"Why not look up the Frenchman you smashed some weeks ago, Jack?" said Augustus; "he ought to be about by this time, and it would only be common decency to show him some attention."

"With all my heart. I'll do any thing you like but talk French with him. But where is he to be found?"

"He stops with Longworth," said Augustus, "which makes the matter awkward. Can we invite one without the other, and can we open our acquaintance with Longworth by an invitation to dinner?"

"Certainly not," chimed in Temple. "First acquaintance admits of no breaches of etiquette. Intimacies may, and rarely too, forgive such."

"What luck to have such a pilot to steer us through the narrow channel of proprieties," cried Jack, laughing.

"I think, too, it would be as well to remember," resumed Temple, "that Lord Culduff is our guest, and to whatever accidents of acquaintanceship we may be ready to expose ourselves, we have no right to extend these casualties to him."

"I suspect we are not likely to see his lordship to-day, at least; he has sent down his man to beg he may be excused from making his appearance at dinner: a slight attack of gout confines him to his room," said Marion.

"That's not the worst bit of news I've heard to-day," broke in Jack. "Dining in that old cove's company is the next thing to being tried by court-martial. I fervently hope he'll be on the sick list till I take my departure."

"As to getting these people together to-day, it's out of the question," said Augustus. "Let us say Saturday next, and try what we can do."

This was agreed upon, Temple being deputed to ride over to Longworth's, leaving to his diplomacy to make what further advances events seemed to warrant, — a trustful confidence in his tact to conduct a nice negotiation being a flattery more than sufficient to recompense his trouble. Jack and Nelly would repair to the cottage to secure the L'Estranges. Craufurd could be apprised by a note.

"Has Catbill got the gout, too?" asked Jack. "I have not seen him this morning."

"No; that very cool gentleman took out my cob pony, Fritz, this morning at day-break," said Augustus, "saying he was off to the mines at Lismaconnor, and wouldn't be back till evening."

"And do you mean to let such a liberty pass unnoticed?" asked Temple.

"A good deal will depend upon how Fritz looks after his journey. If I see that the beast has not suffered, it is just possible I may content myself with a mere intimation that I trust the freedom may not be repeated."

"You told me Anderson offered you two hundred for that cob," broke in Temple.

"Yes, and asked how much more would tempt me to sell him."

"If he were a peer of the realm, and took such a liberty with me, I'd not forgive him," said Temple, as he arose and left the room in a burst of indignation.

"I may say we are a very high-spirited family," said Jack gravely, "and I'll warn the world not to try any familiarities with us."

"Come away, naughty boy," whispered Eleanor; "you are always trailing your coat for some one to stand upon."

"Tell me, Nelly," said he, as they took their way through the pinewood that led to the cottage, "tell me, Nelly, am I right or wrong in my appreciation — for I really want to be just and fair in the matter — are we Bramleighs confounded snobs?"

The downright honest earnestness with which he put the question made her laugh heartily, and for some seconds left her unable to answer him.

"I half suspect that we may be, Jack," said she, still smiling.

"I'm certain of one thing," continued he in the same earnest tone, "our distinguished guest deems us such. There is a sort of simpering enjoyment of all that goes on around him, and a condescending approval of us that seems to say, 'Go on, you'll catch the tone yet. You're not doing badly by any means.' He pushed me to the very limit of my patience the other day with this, and I had to get up from luncheon and leave the house to avoid being openly rude to him. Do you mind my lighting a cigar, Nelly, for I have got myself so angry that I want a weed to calm me down again?"

"Let us talk of something else; for on this theme I'm not much better tempered than yourself."

"There's a dear good girl," said he, drawing her towards him, and kissing her cheek. "I'd have sworn you felt as I did about this old fop; and we must be arrant snobs, Nelly, or else his coming down amongst us here would not have broken us all up, setting us exchanging sneers and scoffs, and criticizing each other's knowledge of life. Confound the old humbug; let us forget him."

They walked along without exchanging a word for full ten minutes or more, till they reached the brow of the cliff, from which the pathway led down to the cottage. "I wonder when I shall stand here again?" said he, pausing. "Not that I'm going on any hazardous service, or to meet a more formidable enemy than a tart flag-captain; but the world has such strange turns and changes, that a couple of years may do any thing with a man's destiny."

"A couple of years may make you a post-captain, Jack; and that will be quite enough to change your destiny."

He looked affectionately towards her for a moment, and then turned away to hide the emotion he could not master.

"And then, Jack," said she caressingly, "it will be a very happy day that shall bring us to this spot again."

"Who knows, Nelly?" said he, with a degree of agitation that surprised her. "I haven't told you that Julia and I had a quarrel the last time we met."

"A quarrel!"

"Well, it was something very like one. I told her there were things about her manner, — certain ways she had, — that I didn't like; and I spoke very seriously to her on the subject. I didn't go beating about, but said she was too much of a coquette."

"Oh, Jack!"

"It's all very well to be shocked, and cry out, 'Oh, Jack!' but isn't it true? haven't you seen it yourself? hasn't Marion said some very strange things about it?"

"My dear Jack, I needn't tell you that we girls are not always fair in our estimates of each other, even when we think we are, — and it is not always that we want to think so. Julia is not a coquette in any sense that the word carries censure, and you were exceedingly wrong to tell her she was."

"That's how it is!" cried he, pitching his cigar away in impatience. "There's a free-masonry amongst you that calls you all to arms the moment one is attacked. Isn't it open to a man to tell the girl he hopes to make his wife that there are things in her manner he doesn't approve of and would like changed?"

"Certainly not; at least it would require some nicer tact than yours to approach such a theme with safety."

"Temple, perhaps, could do it," said he, sneeringly.

"Temple certainly would not attempt it."

Jack made a gesture of impatience, and, as if desirous to change the subject, said, "What's the matter with our distinguished guest? Is he ill, that he won't dine below-stairs to-day?"

"He calls it a slight return of his Greek fever, and begs to be excused from presenting himself at dinner."

"He and Temple have been writing little three-cornered notes to each other all the morning. I suppose it is diplomatic usage."

The tone of irritation he spoke in seemed to show that he was actually seeking for something to vent his anger upon, and trying to provoke some word of contradiction or dissent; but she was silent, and for some seconds they walked on without speaking.

"Look!" cried he, suddenly; "there goes Julia. Do you see her yonder on the path up the cliff? and who is that clambering after her? I'll be shot if it's not Lord Culduff."

"Julia has got her drawing-book, I see. They're on some sketching excursion."

"He wasn't long in throwing off his Greek fever, eh?" cried Jack, indignantly. "It's cool, isn't it, to tell the people in whose house he is stopping that he's too ill to dine with them, and then set out gallivanting in this fashion?"

"Poor old man!" said she, in a tone of half scornful pity.

"Was I right about Julia now?" cried he angrily. "I told you for whose captivation all her little gracefulnesses were intended. I saw it the first night he stood beside her at the piano. As Marion said, she is determined to bring him down. She saw it as well as I did."

"What nonsense you are talking, Jack; as if Julia would condescend!" —

"There's no condescension, Nelly," he broke in. "The man is a lord, and the woman he marries will be a peeress, and there's not another country in Europe in which that word means as much. I take it we needn't go on to the cottage now?"

"I suppose we could scarcely overtake them?"

"Overtake them! Why should we try? Even my tact, Nelly, that you sneered at so contemptuously a while ago, would save me from such a blunder. Come, let's go home and forget, if we can, all that we came about. I at least will try and do so."

"My dear dear Jack, this is very foolish jealousy."

"I am not jealous, Nelly. I'm angry; but it is with myself. I ought to have known what humble pretensions mine were, and I ought to have known how certainly a young lady, bred as young ladies are now-a-days, would regard them — as less than humble; but it all comes of this idle shore-going good-for-nothing life. They'll not catch me at it again, that's all."

"Just listen to me patiently, Jack. Listen to me for one moment."

"Not for half a moment. I can guess everything you want to say to me, and I tell you frankly, I don't care to hear it. Tell me whatever you like to-morrow" — He tried to finish his speech, but his voice grew thick and faltering, and he turned away and was silent.

They spoke little to each other as they walked homewards. A chance remark on the weather, or the scenery, was all that passed till they reached the little lawn before the door.

"You'll not forget your pledge, Jack, for to-morrow?" said Ellen, as he turned towards her before ascending the steps.

"I'll not forget it," said he coldly, and he moved off as he spoke, and entered an alley of the shrubbery.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A DULL DINNER.

THE family dinner on that day at Castello was somewhat dull. The various attempts to secure a party for the ensuing Saturday, which had been fixed on to celebrate Jack's promotion, had proved failures. When Temple arrived at Longworth, he learned that the host and his guest were from home and not to return for some days — we have seen how it fared as to the L'Estranges — so that the solitary success was Captain Craufurd, a gentleman who certainly had not won the suffrages of the great house.

There were two vacant places besides at the table; for butlers are fond of recording, by napkins and covers, how certain of our friends assume to treat us, and thus as it were contrast their own formal observances of duty with the laxer notions of their betters.

"Lord Culduff is not able to dine with us," said Colonel Bramleigh, making the apology as well to himself as to the company.

"No, papa," said Marion; "he hopes to appear in the drawing-room in the evening."

"If not too much tired by his long walk," broke in Jack.

"What walk are you dreaming of?" asked Marion.

"An excursion he made this morning down the coast, sketching or pretending to sketch. Nelly and I saw him clambering up the side of a cliff" —

"Oh, quite impossible; you must be mistaken."

"No," said Nelly, "there was no mistake. I saw him as plainly as I see you now; besides, it is not in these wild regions so distinguished a figure is like to find its counterpart."

"But why should he not take his walk? why not sketch, or amuse himself in any way he pleased?" asked Temple.

"Of course it was open for him to do so," said the colonel; "only that to excuse his absence he ought not to have made a pretext of being ill."

"I think men are 'ill' just as they are 'out,'" said Temple. "I am ill if I am asked to do what is disagreeable to me, as I am out to the visit of a bore."

"So that to dine with us was disagreeable to Lord Culduff?" asked Jack.

"It was evidently either an effort to task his strength, or an occasion which called for more exertion than he felt equal to," said Temple, pompously.

"By Jove!" cried Jack, "I hope I'll never be a great man! I trust sincerely I may never arrive at that eminence in which it will task my energies to eat my dinner and chat with the people on either side of me."

"Lord Culduff converses: he does not chat; please to note the distinction, Jack."

"That's like telling me he doesn't walk but he swaggers."

It was fortunate at this moment, critical enough as regarded the temper of all parties, that Mr. Cutbill entered, full of apologies for being late, and bursting to recount the accidents that befell him and all the incidents of his day. A quick glance around the table assured him of Lord Culduff's absence, and it was evident from the sparkle of his eye that the event was not disagreeable to him.

"Is my noble friend on the sick list?" asked he with a smile.

"Indisposed," said Temple, with the air of one who knew the value of a word that was double-shotted.

"I've got news that will soon rally him,"

continued Cutbill. "They've struck a magnificent vein this morning, and within eighty yards of the surface. Plmuns, the Welsh inspector, pronounced it good Cardiff, and says, from the depth of 'the load' that it must go a long way."

"Harding did not give me as encouraging news yesterday," said Colonel Bramleigh with a dubious smile.

"My tidings date from this morning, — yesterday was the day before the battle; besides, what does Harding know about coal?"

"He knows a little about everything," said Augustus.

"That makes all the difference. What people want is not the men who know things currently, but know them well and thoroughly. Eh, captain," said he to Jack, "what would you say to popular notions about the navy?"

"Cutty's right," said Jack. "Amateurship is all humbug."

"Who is Longworth?" asked Cutbill. "Philip Longworth?"

"A neighbour of ours; we are not acquainted, but we know that there is such a person," said Colonel Bramleigh.

"He opines," continued Cutbill, "that this vein of ours runs direct from his land, and I suspect he's not wrong; and he wants to know what we mean to do — he'll either sell or buy. He came over this morning to Kilmannock with a French friend, and we took our breakfast together. Nice fellows both of them, and wide awake, too, especially the Frenchman. He was with Lesseps in Egypt, in what capacity I couldn't find out; but I see he's a shrewd fellow."

"With Lesseps," said Colonel Bramleigh, showing a quicker and more eager interest than before, for his lawyer had told him that the French claimant to his property had been engaged on the works of the Suez Canal.

"Yes; he spoke as if he knew Lesseps well, and talked of the whole undertaking like one who understood it."

"And what is he doing here?"

"Writing a book, I fancy; an Irish tour — one of those mock-sentimentalities, with bad politics and false morality, Frenchmen ventilate about England. He goes poking into the cabins and asking the people about their grievances; and now he says he wants to hear the other side, and learn what the gentlemen say."

"We'll have to ask him over here," said Colonel Bramleigh coolly, as if the thought had occurred to him then for the first time.

"He'll amuse you, I promise you," said Cutbill.

"I'd like to meet him," said Jack. "I had the ill-luck to bowl him over in the hunting-field, and cost him a broken leg. I'd like to make all the excuses in my power to him."

"He bears no malice about it; he said it was all his own fault, and that you did your best to pick him up, but your horse bolted with you."

"Let's have him to dinner by all means," said Augustus; "and now that Temple has made a formal visit, I take it we might invite him by a polite note."

"You must wait till he returns the call," said Marion stiffly.

"Not if we want to show a courteous desire to make his acquaintance," said Temple. "Attentions can be measured as nicely and as minutely as mendicaments."

"All I say," said Jack, "is, have him soon, or I may chance to miss him; and I'm rather curious to have a look at him."

Colonel Bramleigh turned a full look at Jack, as though his words had some hidden meaning in them, but the frank and easy expression of the sailor's face reassured him at once.

"I hope the fellow won't put us in his book," said Temple. "You are never quite safe with these sort of people."

"Are we worth recording?" asked Jack with a laugh.

Temple was too indignant to make any answer, and Cutbill went on. "The authorship is only a suspicion of mine, remember. It was from seeing him constantly jotting down little odds and ends in his note-book that I came to that conclusion; and Frenchmen are not much given to minute inquiries if they have not some definite object in view."

Again was Bramleigh's attention arrested, but, as before, he saw that the speaker meant no more than the words in their simplest acceptance conveyed.

A violent ringing of the door-bell startled the company, and after a moment's pause of expectancy, a servant entered to say, that a Government messenger had arrived with some important despatches for Lord Cuduff, which required personal delivery and acceptance.

"Will you step up, Mr. Cutbill, and see if his lordship is in his room?"

"I'll answer for it he's not," said Jack to his father.

Cutbill rose, however, and went on his mission, but instead of returning to the din-

ing-room it was perceived that he proceeded to find the messenger, and conduct him upstairs.

"Well, Nelly," said Marion, in a whisper, "what do you say now, is it so certain that it was Lord Culduff you saw this morning?"

"I don't know what to make of it. I was fully as sure as Jack was."

"I'll wager he's been offered Paris," said Temple, gravely.

"Offered Paris?" cried Jack; "what do you mean?"

"I mean the embassy, of course," replied he contemptuously. "Without," added he, "they want him in the Cabinet."

"And is it really by men like this, the country is governed?" said Nelly, with a boldness that seemed the impulse of indignation.

"I'm afraid so," said Marion scornfully. "Mr. Canning and Lord Palmerston were men very like this, — were they not, Temple?"

"Precisely; Lord Culduff is exactly of the same order, however humble the estimate Ellen may form of such people."

"I'm all impatience for the news," said Augustus. "I wish Cutbill would come down at once."

"I'll take the odds that he goes to F. O.," said Temple.

"What the deuce could he do in China?" cried Jack, whose ear had led him into a cruel blunder.

Temple scarcely smiled at what savoured of actual irreverence, and added, "If so, I'll ask to be made private secretary."

"Mr. Temple, sir, his lordship would be glad to see you upstairs for a moment," said a footman, entering. And Temple arose and left the room, with a pride that might have accompanied him if summoned to a cabinet council.

"More mysteries of State," cried Jack. "I declare, girls, the atmosphere of political greatness is almost suffocating me. I wonder how Cutty stands it!"

A general move into the drawing-room followed this speech, and as Jack sauntered in he slipped his arm within Nelly's and led her towards a window. "I can't bear this any longer, Nelly, — I must trip my anchor and move away. I'd as soon be lieutenant to a port admiral as live here. You're all grown too fine for me."

"That's not it at all, Jack," said she, smiling. "I see how you've been trying to bully yourself by bullying us this hour back; but it will be all right to-morrow. We'll go over to the cottage after breakfast."

"You may; I'll not, I promise you," said he, blushing deeply.

"Yes, you will, my dear Jack," said she, coaxingly; "and you'll be the first to laugh at your own foolish jealousy besides, — if Julia is not too angry with you to make laughing possible."

"She may be angry or pleased, it's all one to me now," said he passionately. "When I told her she was a coquette, I didn't believe it; but, by Jove, she has converted me to the opinion pretty quickly."

"You're a naughty boy, and you're in a bad humour, and I'll say no more to you now."

"Say it now, I advise you, if you mean to say it," said he shortly; but she laughed at his serious face, and turned away without speaking.

"Isn't the cabinet council sitting late?" asked Augustus of Marion. "They have been nigh two hours in conference."

"I take it it must be something of importance," replied she.

"Isn't Cutbill in it?" asked Augustus, mockingly.

"I saw Mr. Cutbill go down the avenue, with his cigar in his mouth, just after we came into the drawing-room."

"I'll go and try to pump him," said Jack.

"One might do a grand thing on the Stock Exchange if he could get at State secrets like these." And as Jack went out a silence fell over the party, only broken by the heavy breathing of Colonel Bramleigh as he slept behind his newspaper. At last the door opened gently, and Temple moved quietly across the room, and tapping his father on the shoulder, whispered something in his ear. "What — eh?" cried Colonel Bramleigh, waking up. "Did you say 'out'?" Another whisper ensued, and the colonel arose and left the room, followed by Temple.

"Isn't Temple supremely diplomatic to-night?" said Nelly.

"I'm certain he is behaving with every becoming reserve and decorum," said Marion, in a tone of severe rebuke.

When Colonel Bramleigh entered the library, Temple closed and locked the door, and in a voice of some emotion said, "Poor Lord Culduff; it's a dreadful blow. I don't know how he'll bear up against it."

"I don't understand it," said Bramleigh, peevishly. "What's this about a change of Ministry and a dissolution? Did you tell me the Parliament was dissolved?"

"No, sir. I said that a dissolution was probable. The Ministry have been sorely pressed in the Lords about Culduff's ap-

pointment, and a motion to address the Crown to cancel it has only been met by a majority of three. So small a victory amounts to a defeat, and the Premier writes to beg Lord Culduff will at once send in his resignation, as the only means to save the party."

"Well, if it's the only thing to do, why not do it?"

"Culduff takes a quite different view of it. He says that to retire is to abdicate his position in public life; that it was Lord Rigglesworth's duty to stand by a colleague to the last; that every Minister makes it a point of honour to defend a subordinate; and that" —

"I only half follow you. What was the ground of the attack? Had he fallen into any blunder — made any serious mistake?"

"Nothing of the kind, sir; they actually complimented his abilities, and spoke of his rare capacity. It was one of those bursts of hypocrisy we have every now and then in public life, to show the world how virtuous we are. They raked up an old story of thirty years ago of some elopement or other, and affected to see in this escapade a reason against his being employed to represent the Crown."

"I'm not surprised — not at all surprised. There is a strong moral feeling in the heart of the nation, that no man, however great his abilities, can outrage with impunity."

"If they dealt with him thus hardly in the Lords, we can fancy how he will be treated in the Lower House, where Rigby Norton has given notice of a motion respecting his appointment. As Lord Rigglesworth writes, 'R. N. has got up your whole biography, and is fully bent on making you the theme of one of his amusing scurrilities. Is it wise, is it safe to risk this? He'll not persevere, — he could not persevere, — in his motion, if you send in your resignation. We could not — at least so Gore, our whip, says — be sure of a majority were we to divide; and even a majority of, say thirty, to proclaim you moral, would only draw the whole press to open your entire life, and make the world ring with your, I suppose, very common and every-day iniquities.'"

"I declare I do not see what can be alleged against this advice. It seems to me most forcible and irrefragable."

"Very forcible, as regards the position of the Cabinet; but, as Lord Culduff says, ruin, positive ruin to him."

"Ruin of his own causing."

Temple shrugged his shoulders in a sort of contemptuous impatience; the sentiment was one not worth a reply.

"At all events, has he any other course open to him?"

"He thinks he has; at least, he thinks that, with your help and co-operation, there may be another course. The attack is to come from below the gangway on the Opposition side. It was to sit with these men you contested a county, and spent nigh twenty thousand pounds. You have great claims on the party. You know them all personally, and have much influence with them. Why, then, not employ it in his behalf?"

"To suppress the motion, you mean?"

Temple nodded.

"They'd not listen to it, not endure it for a moment. Norton wouldn't give up an attack for which he had prepared himself, if he were to find out in the interval that the object of it was an angel. As I heard him say one day at 'the Reform,' 'Other men have their specialities. One fellow takes sugar, one the malt-duties, one Servia, or may be, Ireland; my line is a good smashing personality. Show me a fellow — of course I mean a political opponent — who has been giving himself airs as a colonial governor, or "swelling" it as a special envoy at a foreign court, and if I don't find something in his despatches to exhibit him as a false prophet, a dupe, or a blunderer, and if I can't make the House laugh at him, don't call me Rigby Norton.' He knows he does these things better than any man in England, and he does them in a spirit that never makes him an enemy."

"Culduff says that N. is terribly hard up. He was hit heavily at Goodwood, and asked for time to pay."

"Just what he has been doing for the last twenty years. There are scores of ships that no underwriters would accept making safe voyages half across the globe. No, no, he'll rub on for many a day in the same fashion. Besides, if he shouldn't, what then?"

Temple made a significant gesture with his thumb in the palm of his hand.

"That's all your noble friend knows about England, then. See what comes of a man passing his life among foreigners. I suppose a Spanish or an Italian deputy mightn't give much trouble, nor oppose any strenuous resistance to such a dealing; but it won't do here — it will not."

"Lord Culduff knows the world as well as most men, sir."

"Yes, one world, I'm sure he does! A

world of essenced old dandies and painted dowagers, surrounded by thieving lacqueys and cringing followers; where everything can be done by bribery, and nothing without it. But that's not England, I'm proud to say; nor will it be, I hope, for many a day to come."

"I wish, sir, you could be induced to give your aid to Cuduff in this matter. I need not say what an influence it would exert over my own fortunes."

"You must win your way, Temple, by your own merits," said he haughtily. "I'd be ashamed to think that a son of mine owed any share of his success in life to ignoble acts or backstairs influence. Go back and tell Lord Cuduff from me, that so far as I know it, Lord Rigglesworth's advice is my own. No wise man ever courts a public scandal; and he would be less than wise to confront one, with the certainty of being overwhelmed by it."

"Will you see him, sir? Will you speak to him yourself?"

"I'd rather not. It would be a needless pain to each of us."

"I suspect he means to leave this to-night."

"Not the worst thing he could do."

"But you'll see him, to say good-by?"

"Certainly; and all the more easily if we have no conversation in the meanwhile. Who's that knocking? Is the door locked?"

Temple hastened to open the door, and found Mr. Cutbill begging to have five minutes' conversation with Colonel Bramleigh.

"Leave us together, Temple, and tell Marion to send me in some tea. You'll have tea, too, won't you, Mr. Cutbill?"

"No, thank you; I'll ask for wine and water later. At present I want a little talk with you. Our noble friend has got it hot and heavy," said he, as Temple withdrew, leaving Bramleigh and himself together; "but it's nothing to what will come out when Norton brings it before the House. I suppose there hasn't been such a scandal for years as he'll make of it."

"I declare, Mr. Cutbill, as long as the gentleman continues my guest, I'd rather avoid than invite any discussion of his antecedents," said Bramleigh pompously.

"All very fine, if you could stop the world from talking of them."

"My son has just been with me, and I have said to him, sir, as I have now repeated to you, that it is a theme I will not enter upon."

"You won't, won't you?"

"No, sir, I will not."

"The more fool you, then, that's all."

"What, sir, am I to be told this to my face, under my own roof? Can you presume to address these words to me?"

"I meant nothing offensive. You needn't look like a turkey-cock. All the gobble-gobble in the world wouldn't frighten me. I came in here in a friendly spirit. I was handsomely treated in this house, and I'd like to make a return for it; that's why I'm here, Bramleigh."

"You will pardon me if I do not detect the friendliness you speak of in the words you have just uttered."

"Perhaps I was a little too blunt—a little too—what shall I call it?—abrupt; but what I wanted to say was this: here's the nicest opportunity in the world, not only to help a lame dog over the stile, but to make a good hound of him afterwards."

"I protest, sir, I cannot follow you. Your bluntness, as you call it, was at least intelligible."

"Don't be in a passion. Keep cool, and listen to me. If this motion is made about Cuduff, and comes to a debate, there will be such stories told as would smash forty reputations. I'd like to see which of us would come well out of a biography, treated as a party attack in the House of Commons. At all events he couldn't face it. Stand by him, then, and get him through it. Have patience; just hear what I have to say. The thing can be done; there's eight days to come before it can be brought on. I know the money-lender has three of Norton's acceptances—for heavy sums, two of them. Do you see now what I'm driving at?"

"I may possibly see so much, sir, but I am unable to see why I should move in the matter."

"I'll show you, then. The noble viscount is much smitten by a certain young lady upstairs, and intends to propose for her. Yes, I know it, and I'll vouch for it. Your eldest daughter may be a peeress, and though the husband isn't very young, neither is the title. I think he said he was the eighth lord—seventh or eighth, I'm not sure which—and taking the rank and the coal-mine together, don't you think she might do worse?"

"I will say, sir, that frankness like yours I've never met before."

"That's the very thing I'd like to hear you say of me. There's no quality I pride myself on so much as my candour."

"You have ample reason, sir."

"I feel it. I know it. Direct lines and a wide gauge—I mean in the way of liber-

ality—that's my motto. I go straight to my terminus, wherever it is."

"It is not every man can make his profession the efficient ally of his morality."

"An engineer can, and there's nothing so like life as a new line of railroad. But to come back. You see now how the matter stands. If the arrangement suits you, the thing can be done."

"You have a very business-like way of treating these themes."

"If I hadn't, I couldn't treat them at all. What I say to myself is, Will it pay? first of all, and secondly, How much will it pay? And that's the one test for everything. Have the divines a more telling argument against a life of worldliness and self-indulgence than when they ask, Will it pay? We contract for everything, even for going to heaven."

"If I could hope to rival your eminently practical spirit, Mr. Cutbill, I'd ask how far—to what extent—has Lord Cuduff made you the confidant of his intentions?"

"You mean, has he sent me here this evening to make a proposal to you?"

"No, not exactly that; but has he intimated, has he declared—for intimation wouldn't suffice—has he declared his wish to be allied to my family?"

"He didn't say, 'Cutbill, go down and make a tender in my name for her,' if you mean that."

"I opine not, sir," said Bramleigh haughtily.

"But when I tell you it's all right," said Cutbill, with one of his most knowing looks, "I think that ought to do."

"I take it, sir, that you mean courteously and fairly by me. I feel certain that you have neither the wish nor the intention to pain me, but I am forced to own that you import into questions of a delicate nature a spirit of commercial profit and loss, which makes all discussion of them harsh and disagreeable. This is not, let me observe to you, a matter of coal or a new cutting on a railroad."

"And are you going to tell Tom Cutbill that out of his own line of business—when he isn't up to his knees in earthworks, and boring a tunnel—that he's a fool and a nincompoop?"

"I should be sorry to express such a sentiment."

"Ay, or feel it; why don't you say that?"

"I will go even so far, sir, and say I should be sorry to feel it."

"That's enough. No offence meant, none is taken. Here's how it is now. Authorize me to see Joel about those bills of Norton's. Give me what the French call a *carte*

blanche to negotiate, and I'll promise you I'll not throw your ten-pound notes away. Not that it need ever come to ten-pound notes, for Rigby does these things for the pure fun of them, and if any good fellow drops in on him of a morning, and says, 'Don't raise a hue and cry about that poor beggar,' or 'Don't push that fellow over the cliff,' he's just the man to say, 'Well, I'll not go on, I'll let it stand over,' or he'll even get up and say, 'When I asked leave to put this question to the right honourable gentleman, I fully believed in the authentic character of the information in my possession. I have, however, since then discovered'—this, that, and the other. Don't you know how these things always finish? There's a great row, a great hubbub, and the man that retracts is cheered by both sides of the House."

"Suppose, then, he withdraws his motion,—what then? The discussion in the Lords remains on record, and the mischief, so far as Lord Cuduff is concerned, is done."

"I know that. He'll not have his appointment; he'll take his pension and wait. What he says is this, 'There are only three diplomatists in all England, and short of a capital felony, any of the three may do anything. I have only to stand out and sulk,' says he, 'and they'll be on their knees to me yet.'"

"He yields, then, to a passing hurricane," said Bramleigh, pompously.

"Just so. He's taking shelter under an archway till he can call a Hansom. Now you have the whole case; and as talking is dry work, might I ring for a glass of sherry and seltzer?"

"By all means. I am ashamed not to have thought of it before. This is a matter for much thought and deliberation," said Bramleigh, as the servant withdrew after bringing the wine. "It is too eventful a step to be taken suddenly."

"If not done promptly it can't be done at all. A week isn't a long time to go up to town and get through a very knotty negotiation. Joel isn't a common money-lender, like Drake or Downie. You can't go to his office except on formal business. If you want to do a thing in the way of accommodation with him, you'll have to take him down to the 'Ship,' and give him a nice little fish dinner, with the very best Sauterne you can find; and when you're sitting out on the balcony over the black mud,—the favourite spot men smoke their cheroots in,—then open your business; and though he knows well it was all a plant, he'll not resent it, but take it kindly and well."

"I am certain that so nice a negotiation could not be in better hands than yours, Mr. Cutbill."

"Well, perhaps I might say without vanity, it might be in worse. So much for that part of the matter; now, as to the noble viscount himself. I am speaking as a man of the world to another man of the world, and speaking in confidence too. You don't join in that hypocritical cant against Cuduff, because he had once in his life been what they call a man of gallantry? I mean, Bramleigh, that you don't go in for that outrageous humbug of spotless virtue, and the rest of it?"

Bramleigh smiled, and as he passed his hand over his mouth to hide a laugh, the twinkle of his eyes betrayed him.

"I believe I am old enough to know that one must take the world as it is pleased to present itself," said he cautiously.

"And not want to think it better or worse than it really is?"

Bramleigh nodded assent.

"Now we understand each other, as I told you the other evening we were sure to do when we had seen more of each other. Cuduff isn't a saint, but he's a Peer of Parliament; he isn't young, but he has an old title, and if I'm not much mistaken, he'll make a pot of money out of this mine. Such a man has only to go down into the Black Country or amongst the mills, to have his choice of some of the best-looking girls in England, with a quarter of a million of money; isn't that fact?"

"It is pretty like it."

"So that, on the whole, I'll say this is a good thing, Bramleigh, — a right good thing. As Wishart said the other night in the House, 'a new country,' — speaking of the States, — 'a new country wants alliances with old States;' so a new family wants connection with the old historic houses."

Colonel Bramleigh's face grew crimson, but he coughed to keep down his rising indignation, and slightly bowed his head.

"You know as well as I do, that the world has only two sorts of people, nobles and snobs; one has no choice, — if you're not one, you must be the other."

"And yet, sir, men of mind and intellect have written about the untitled nobility of England."

"Silver without the hall-mark, Bramleigh, won't bring six shillings an ounce, just because nobody can say how far it's adulterated; it's the same with people."

"Your tact, sir, is on a par with your wisdom."

"And perhaps you haven't a high opin-

ion of either," said Cutbill, with a laugh that showed he felt no irritation whatever. "But look here, Bramleigh, this will never do. If there's nothing but blarney or banter between us we'll never come to business. If you agree to what I've been proposing, — you have only *me* to deal with, the noble lord isn't in the game at all, — he'll leave this to-night, — it's right and proper he should; he'll go up to the mines for a few days, and amuse himself with quartz and red sandstone; and when I write or telegraph, — most likely telegraph, 'the thing is safe;' he'll come back here and make his proposal in all form."

"I am most willing to give my assistance to any project that may rescue Lord Cuduff from this unpleasant predicament. Indeed, having myself experienced some of the persecution which political hatred can carry into private life, I feel a sort of common cause with him; but I protest at the same time — distinctly protest — against anything like a pledge as regards his lordship's views towards one of my family. I mean I give no promise."

"I see," said Cutbill, with a look of intense cunning. "You'll do the money part. Providence will take charge of the rest. Isn't that it?"

"Mr. Cutbill, you occasionally push my patience pretty hard. What I said, I said seriously and advisedly."

"Of course. Now then, give me a line to your banker to acknowledge my draft up to a certain limit, say five hundred. I think five ought to do it."

"It's a smart sum, Mr. Cutbill."

"The article's cheap at the money. Well, well, I'll not anger you. Write me the order, and let me be off."

Bramleigh sat down at his table, and wrote off a short note to his junior partner in the bank, which he sealed and addressed, and handing it to Cutbill said, "This will credit you to the amount you spoke of. It will be advanced to you as a loan without interest, to be repaid within two years."

"All right; the thought of repayment will never spoil my night's rest. I only wish all my debts would give me as little trouble."

"You ought to have none, Mr. Cutbill; a man of your abilities, at the top of a great profession, and with a reputation second to none, should, if he were commonly prudent, have ample means at his disposal."

"But that's the thing I am not, Bramleigh. I'm not one of your safe fellows. I drive my engine at speed, even where the line is shaky and the rails ill laid. Good-

by; my respects to the ladies; tell Jack, if he's in town within the week to look me up at Limmers." He emptied the sherry into a tumbler as he spoke, drank it off, and left the room.

CHAPTER XIX.

A DEPARTURE.

SOME days had gone over since the scene just recorded in our last chapter, and the house at Castello presented a very different aspect from its late show of movement and pleasure.

Lord Cuduff, on the pretence of his presence being required at the mines, had left on the same night that Cutbill took his departure for England. On the morning after Jack also went away. He had passed the night writing and burning letters to Julia; for no sooner had he finished an epistle, than he found it too cruel, too unforgiving, too unfeeling by half; and when he endeavoured to moderate his just anger, he discovered signs of tenderness in his reproaches that savoured of submission. It would not be quite fair to be severe on Jack's failures, trying as he was to do what has puzzled much wiser and craftier heads than his. To convey all the misery he felt at parting from her with a just measure of reproach for her levity towards him, to mete out his love and his anger in due doses, to say enough, but never too much, and finally to let her know that, though he went off in a huff, it was to carry her image in his heart through all his wanderings, never forgetting her for a moment, whether he was carrying despatches to Cadiz or coaling at Malta — to do all these, I say, becomingly and well, was not an easy task, and especially for one who would rather have been sent to cut out a frigate under the guns of a fortress than indite a despatch to "my Lords of the Admiralty."

From the short sleep which followed all his abortive attempts at a letter he was awakened by his servant telling him it was time to dress and be off. Drearier moments there are not in life than those which herald in a departure of a dark morning in winter, with the rain swooping in vast sheets against the window-panes, and the cold blast whistling through the leafless trees. Never do the candles seem to throw so little light as these do now through the dreary room, all littered and disordered by the preparations for the road. What fears and misgivings beset one at such

a moment! What reluctance to go, and what a positive sense of fear one feels, as though the journey were a veritable leap in the dark, and that the whole fortunes of a life were dependent on that instant of resolution.

Poor Jack tried to battle with such thoughts as these by reminding himself of his duty and the calls of the service; he asked himself again and again, if it were out of such vacillating, wavering materials, a sailor's heart should be fashioned? was this the stuff that made Nelsons or Collingwoods? And though there was but little immediate prospect of a career of distinction, his sense of duty taught him to feel that the routine life of peace was a greater trial to a man's patience than all the turmoil and bustle of active service.

"The more I cling to remain here," muttered he, as he descended the stairs, "the more certain am I that it's pure weakness and folly."

"What's that you are muttering about weakness and folly, Jack?" said Nelly, who had got up to see him off, and give him the last kiss before he departed.

"How comes it you are here, Nelly? Get back to your bed, girl, or you'll catch a terrible cold."

"No, no, Jack; I'm well shawled and muffled. I wanted to say good-by once more. Tell me what it was you were saying about weakness and folly."

"I was assuring myself that my reluctance to go away was nothing less than folly. I was trying to persuade myself that the best thing I could do was to be off; but I won't say I succeeded."

"But it is, Jack; rely on it, it is. You are doing the right thing; and if I say so, it is with a heavy heart, for I shall be very lonely after you."

Passing his arm around her waist, he walked with her up and down the great spacious hall, their slow footsteps echoing in the silent house.

"If my last meeting with her had not been such as it was, Nelly," said he, falteringly; "if we had not parted in anger, I think I could go with a lighter heart."

"But don't you know Julia well enough to know that these little storms of temper pass away so rapidly that they never leave a trace behind them? She was angry, not because you found fault with her, but because she thought you had suffered yourself to be persuaded she was in the wrong."

"What do I care for these subtleties? She ought to have known that when a man loves a girl as I love her, he has a right to

tell her frankly if there's anything in her manner he is dissatisfied with."

"He has no such right; and if he had, he ought to be very careful how he exercised it."

"And why so?"

"Just because fault-finding is not love-making."

"So that, no matter what he saw that he disliked or disapproved of, he ought to bear it all rather than risk the chance of his remonstrance being ill-taken?"

"Not that, Jack; but he ought to take time and opportunity to make the same remonstrance. You don't go down to the girl you are in love with, and call her to account as you would summon a dockyard man or a rigger for something that was wrong with your frigate."

"Take an illustration from something you know better, Nelly, for I'd do nothing of the kind; but if I saw what, in the conduct or even in the manner of the girl I was in love with, I wouldn't stand if she were my wife, it will be hard to convince me that I oughtn't to tell her of it."

"As I said before, Jack, the telling is a matter of time and opportunity. Of all the jealousies in the world there is none as inconsiderate as that of lovers towards the outer world. Whatever change either may wish for in the other must never come suggested from without."

"And didn't I tell her she was wrong in supposing that it was Marion made me see her coquetry?"

"That you thought Marion had no influence over your judgment she might believe readily enough, but girls have a keener insight into each other than you are aware of, and she was annoyed — and she was right to be annoyed — that in your estimate of her there should enter anything, the very smallest, that could bespeak the sort of impression a woman might have conveyed."

"Nelly, all this is too deep for me. If Julia cared for me as I believed she had, she'd have taken what I said in good part. Didn't I give up smoking of a morning, except one solitary cheroot after breakfast, when she asked me? Who ever saw me take a nip of brandy of a forenoon since that day she cried out, 'Shame, Jack, don't do that?' And do you think I wasn't as fond of my weed and my glass of schnaps as ever she was of all those little airs and graces she puts on to make fools of men?"

"Carriage waiting, sir," said a servant, entering with a mass of cloaks and rugs on his arm.

"Confound the carriage and the journey

too," muttered he below his breath. "Look here, Nelly, if you are right, and I hope with all my heart you are, I'll not go."

"That would be ruin, Jack; you must go."

"What do I care for the service? A good seaman — a fellow that knows how to handle a ship — need never want for employment. I'd just as soon be a skipper as wear a pair of swabs on my shoulders and be sworn at by some crusty old rear-admiral for a stain on my quarter-deck. I'll not go, Nelly; tell Ned to take off the trunks; I'll stay where I am."

"Oh, Jack, I implore you not to wreck your whole fortune in life. It is just because Julia loves you that you are bound to show yourself worthy of her. You know how lucky you were to get this chance. You said only yesterday it was the finest station in the whole world. Don't lose it, like a dead fellow, — don't do what will be the embitterment of your entire life, the loss of your rank, and — the" — She stopped as she was about to add something still stronger.

"I'll go then, Nelly; don't cry about it if you sob that way I'll make a fool of myself. Pretty sight for the flunkies, to see a sailor crying, wouldn't it? all because he had to join his ship. I'll go then at once I suppose you'll see her to-day, or to-morrow at farthest?"

"I'm not sure, Jack. Marion said something about hunting parsons, I believe which gave George such deep pain that he wouldn't come here on Wednesday. Julia appears to be more annoyed than George and in fact for the moment we have quarantined each other."

"Isn't this too bad?" cried he passionately.

"Of course it is too bad; but it's only a passing cloud; and by the time I shall write to you it will have passed away."

Jack clasped her affectionately in his arms, kissed her twice, and sprang into the carriage, and drove away with a full heart indeed; but also with the fast assurance that his dear sister would watch over his interests, and not forget him.

That dark drive went over like a hideous dream. He heard the wind and the rain, the tramp of the horses' feet and the splash of the wheels along the miry road, but he never fully realized where he was or how he came there. The first bell was ringing as he drove into the station, and there was but little time to get down his luggage and secure his ticket. He asked for a coupé that he might be alone; and being known as one of the great family at Castello, the

obsequious station-master hastened to instal him at once. On opening the door, however, it was discovered that another traveller had already deposited a great coat and a rug in one corner.

"Give yourself no trouble, Captain Bramleigh," said the official in a low voice. "I'll just say the coupé is reserved, and we'll put him into another compartment. Take these traps, Bob," cried he to a porter, "and put them into a first-class."

Scarcely was the order given when two figures, moving out of the dark, approached, and one, with a slightly foreign accent, but in admirable English, said, "What are you doing there? I have taken that place."

"Yes," cried his friend, "this gentleman secured the coupé on the moment of his arrival."

"Very sorry, sir — extremely sorry; but the coupé was reserved — specially reserved."

"My friend has paid for that place," said the last speaker; "and I can only say, if I were he, I'd not relinquish it."

"Don't bother yourself about it," whispered Jack. "Let him have his place. I'll take the other corner; and there's an end of it."

"If you'll allow me, Captain Bramleigh," said the official, who was now touched to the quick on that sore point, a question of his department; "if you'll allow me, I think I can soon settle this matter."

"But I will not allow you, sir," said Jack, his sense of fairness already outraged by the whole procedure. "He has as good a right to his place as I have to mine. Many thanks for your trouble. Good-by." And so saying he stepped in.

The foreigner still lingered in earnest converse with his friend, and only mounted the steps as the train began to move. "A bientôt, cher Philippe," he cried, as the door was slammed, and the next instant they were gone.

The little incident which had preceded their departure had certainly not conduced to any amicable disposition between them, and each, after a sidelong glance at the other, ensconced himself more completely within his wrappings, and gave himself up to either silence or sleep.

Some thirty miles of the journey had rolled over, and it was now day, — dark and dreary indeed, — when Jack awoke and found the carriage pretty thick with smoke. There is a sort of freemasonry in the men of tobacco, which never fails them, and they have a kind of instinctive guess of a stranger from the mere character of his

weed. On the present occasion Jack recognized a most exquisite Havana odour, and turned furtively to see the smoker.

"I ought to have asked," said the stranger, "if this was disagreeable to you, but you were asleep, and I did not like to disturb you."

"Not in the least, I am a smoker too," said Jack, as he drew forth his case and proceeded to strike a light.

"Might I offer you one of mine? — they are not bad," said the other, proffering his case.

"Thanks," said Jack; "my tastes are too vulgar for Cubans. Birds-eye, dashed with strong Cavendish, is what I like."

"I have tried that too, as I have tried everything English, but the same sort of half success follows me through all."

"If your knowledge of the language be the measure, I'd say you've not much to complain of. I almost doubt whether you are a foreigner."

"I was born in Italy," said the other cautiously, "and never in England till a few weeks ago."

"I'm afraid," said Jack, with a smile, "I did not impress you very favourably as regards British politeness, when we met this morning; but I was a little out of spirits. I was leaving home, not very likely to see it again for some time, and I wanted to be alone."

"I am greatly grieved not to have known this. I should never have thought of intruding."

"But there was no question of intruding. It was your right that you asserted, and no more."

"Half the harsh things that we see in life are done merely by asserting a right," said the other in a deep and serious voice.

Jack had little taste for what took the form of a reflection: to his apprehension, it was own brother of a sermon; and warned by this sample of his companion's humour, he muttered a broken sort of assent and was silent. Little passed between them till they met at the dinner-table, and then they only interchanged a few commonplace remarks. On their reaching their destination, they took leave of each other courteously, but half formally, and drove off their several ways.

Almost the first man, however, that Jack met, as he stepped on board the mail-packet for Holyhead, was his fellow-traveller of the rail. This time they met cordially, and after a few words of greeting they proceeded to walk the deck together like old acquaintances.

Though the night was fresh and sharp there was a bright moon, and they both felt reluctant to go below, where a vast crowd of passengers was assembled. The brisk exercise, the invigorating air, and a certain congeniality that each discovered in the other, soon established between them one of those confidences which are only possible in early life. Nor do I know any thing better in youth than the frank readiness with which such friendships are made. It is with no spirit of calculation, — it is with no counting of the cost, that we sign these contracts. We feel drawn into companionship, half by some void within ourselves, half by some quality that seems to supply that void. The tones of our own voice in our own ears assure us that we have found sympathy; for we feel that we are speaking in a way we could not speak to cold or uncongenial listeners.

When Jack Bramleigh had told that he was going to take command of a small gunboat in the Mediterranean, he could not help going further, and telling with what a heavy heart he was going to assume his command. "We sailors have a hard lot of it," said he; "we come home after a cruise, — all is new, brilliant, and attractive to us. Our hearts are not steeled, as are landsmen's, by daily habit. We are intoxicated by what calmer heads scarcely feel excited. We fall in love; and then, some fine day, comes an Admiralty despatch ordering us to hunt slavers off Lagos, or fish for a lost cable in Behring's Straits."

"Never mind," said the other, "so long as there's a goal to reach, so long as there's a prize to win, all can be borne. It's only when life is a shoreless ocean, — when, seek where you will, no land will come in sight, — when, in fact, existence offers nothing to speculate on, — then, indeed, the world is a dreary blank."

"I don't suppose any fellow's lot is as bad as that."

"Not perhaps completely, thoroughly so; but that a man's fate can approach such a condition, — that a man can cling to so small a hope that he is obliged to own to himself that it is next to no hope at all; — that there could be, and is, such a lot in existence, I who speak to you now am able unfortunately to vouch for."

"I am sorry to hear it," said Jack, feelingly; "and I am sorry, besides, to have obtruded my own small griefs before one who has such a heavy affliction."

"Remember," said the Frenchman, "I

never said that it was all up with me. I have a plank still to cling to, though it only a plank. My case is simply this: I have come over to this country to prefer a claim to a large property, and I have nothing to sustain it but my right. I know you Englishmen have a theory that your laws are so admirably and so purely administered that if a man asks for justice, — he poor, or unknown, or a foreigner, it matters not, — he is sure to obtain it. I believe the theory, and I respect the man who believes in it, but I don't trust it myself. I remember reading in your debates how the House of Lords sat for days over a claim of a French nobleman who had been ruined by the great Revolution in France, and whose aid, with others, a large sum had been voted, of which, through a series of misadventures, not a shilling had reached him. That man's claim, upheld and maintained by one of the first men in England and with an eloquence that thrilled through every heart around, was rejected, ay, rejected, and he was sent out of court a beggar. They couldn't call him impostor, but they left him to starve!" He paused for a second, and in a slower voice continued, "Now it may be that my case shall one of these days be heard before that tribunal, and I know you does it not call for great courage and great trustfulness to have a hope on this issue?"

"I'll stake my head on it, they'll do fairly by you," said Jack, stoutly.

"The poor baron I spoke of had powerful friends. Men who liked him well, and fairly believed in his claim. Now I am utterly unknown, and as devoid of friends as of money. I think nineteen out of twenty Englishmen would call me an adventurer tomorrow; and there are few titles that convey less respect in this grand country than yours."

"There you are right; every one here must have a place in society, and be in it."

"My landlady where I lodged thought me an adventurer; the tailor who measured me whispered adventurer as he went down stairs, and when a cabman, in gratitude for an extra sixpence, called me 'count,' was to proclaim me an adventurer to all who heard him."

"You are scarcely fair to us," said Jack, laughing. "You have been singularly lucky in your English acquaintance."

"No. I have met a great deal of kindness, but always after a certain interval of doubt — almost of mistrust. I tell you frankly, you are the very first Englishman who

om I have ventured to talk freely on so
 ft an acquaintance, and it has been to
 an unspeakable relief to do it."

"I am proud to think you had that confi-
 dence in me."

"You yourself suggested it. You began
 tell me of your plans and hopes, and I
 did not resist the temptation to follow
 it. A French hussar is about as outspoken
 animal as an English sailor, so that we
 are well met."

"Are you still in the service?"

"No; I am in what we call disponibilité.
 I am free till called on, — and free then if
 I feel unwilling to go back."

The Frenchman now passed on to speak
 of his life as a soldier, — a career so full of
 strange adventures and curious incidents
 that Jack was actually grieved when they
 glided into the harbour of Holyhead, and
 the steamer's bell broke up the narrative.

MILTON'S MULBERRY-TREE. — Can any of
 our readers give me any information relating
 to the mulberry-tree in the gardens of Christ's
 College, Cambridge? Was it planted by Milton
 himself, or is the story merely a tradition, and
 here any further history attached to the tree?
 W. D.

The following account of this notable tree
 given by the late Mr. C. H. Cooper in his
Memorial of Cambridge, ed. 1860, ii. 53: "The
 principal object of attraction in the garden of
 Christ's College is a mulberry-tree, which, ac-
 cording to tradition, was planted by John
 Milton during his residence at this college.
 A fact that it was planted by the great poet
 has been religiously handed down from his own
 time, in one unvarying tradition amongst the
 fellows of the college. This memorable and
 ancient tree, which stands on a small grass-plot
 at the extremity of the garden, has been pre-
 served with the greatest care, the stem, portions
 of which are encrusted with a covering of sheet
 iron, is banked up with a mound of earth
 covered with grass, and the branches are sup-
 ported by strong props. It has weathered
 every storm. Every spring it puts forth its
 leaves in all the vigour of youth, and in au-
 tumn nothing of the kind can be more delicious
 than its fruit. It is a living proof of that para-
 dox of the botanists, that plants never die of
 age." In the same volume (p. 1) is an en-
 graving of this tree. A paper on Milton's
 mulberry-tree, by the Rev. Charles Lesingham
 Smith, M. A., is in the *Cambridge Portfolio*,
 vol. 1. There is also a tradition at Stowmarket
 that Milton in one of his visits to his old tutor,

Thomas Young, planted a mulberry-tree near
 the vicarage-house. Masson's *Life of Milton*,
 i. 173.

Since writing the foregoing we have received
 the following communication from a lady at
 Cambridge: — "I have just paid a visit to the
 far-famed mulberry-tree in the Fellow's garden
 of Christ's College, planted by Milton about
 the year 1633, at which period he entered
 Christ's College as undergraduate. The tree
 is now in a very flourishing condition, produ-
 cing an abundance of fruit. The gardener told
 me the leaves were nearly as large as his hand.
 In the year 1849, twenty loads of earth were
 placed around it to protect its trunk and roots;
 since then earth has been added on two dif-
 ferent occasions, forming a mound six feet high,
 covering the whole of its trunk. One branch
 which was imbedded in the earth in 1849 has
 struck root, and is likely to become a new and
 flourishing tree in the midst of the old branches.
 The old and decayed parts are carefully pro-
 tected by zinc. In the winter of 1860, when
 the frost was unusually severe, it suffered much
 — almost past recovery; but, by great care and
 attention, it has been restored to a very healthy
 and productive state. Last year it made wood
 in abundance; the shoots were from six to
 seven inches in length, a piece of which I en-
 close. The tree is famed and revered through-
 out the world; strangers from all parts visit it,
 and make note of it, especially the Americans;
 one in particular took off his hat, and did
 reverence to it. Many of its branches are sup-
 ported by props." — N. & Q.

From Fraser's Magazine.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.*

It can rarely happen that a subject of such extensive and varied interest as Westminster Abbey is in all its aspects — historical, constitutional, ecclesiastical, and biographical, should be handled by a writer so peculiarly fitted to do it justice, not only by his position but by his powers of description and turn of thought, as the present learned and accomplished chief of its Chapter. For all who are concerned to know the manner of the foundation of the great church, which, even more than the sister edifice in London proper, represents the religious centre of the metropolis; for all who wish to learn how its life has been, from the beginning and through all the centuries of its existence, interwoven with the political life of England; for all who love to dwell on the memories of the distinguished men whose monuments crowd the aisles and chapels of the ancient pile; for all who would like to be informed of the personal history of those who have been officially connected with it — this book of Dr. Stanley's will possess a value of no common order.

Nothing could be more fresh and picturesque than the introduction to the volume, in which the site of the future edifice is, as it were, plotted and laid out for its reception. To do this we are carried a long way back through the centuries, to the days when the important stream, on whose banks the Abbey, in common with all London, stands, was a river winding at its own sweet will, more so than when Wordsworth gazed on it from the bridge, and ages before it was drilled to march between embankments of stones, or vexed by the paddles of countless steamboats, and only recently and still imperfectly to be delivered from performing the base offices of a common sewer. Forests full of the noblest game stretched from the river-shore to the heights of Hampstead and Highgate; Tower Hill, Corn Hill, and Ludgate Hill, marked by their names the slight eminences chosen for the earliest occupation; while the lesser tributaries to the great river live in the names of Longborne — the long burn; Holborn — the old burn; Tyburn; Wall Brook; and others.

And so the future metropolis of England grew along the banks of the Thames; the

kings had their occasional palace at Westminster, and some chronicles have placed there the scene of Canute's victory wetting by the rising tide in rebuke his courtiers. Surrounded by the w of descending streams stood Thorn Ey the Isle of Thorns, so wild and dreadful its desolation that it was known as *terribilis*, yet not without its attractions habitation in its seclusion, its fine soil, the fish to be easily obtained for food from the neighbouring river. It was a place after the heart of monks. Ely, Croys Glastonbury in England, Notre Dame Paris, rose in similar places. Dunstar traditionally said to have established two monks of the Benedictine order in island, which from that time took the name of the 'Western Monastery,' or 'Mines of the West.' But Edward the Confessor is the true founder of Westminster Abbey. In Dean Stanley's account of him we have displayed all that power of bringing to life and reality the characters of by-gone times, which has been exercised by him often and with such never-failing charm. In his description we seem to see the very man. His complexion almost that of Albino: the milky white and waving hair and beard, the eyes always fixed on the ground, the thin white hands and long transparent fingers, the strange mixture grave and playful in his manners, childlike in his kindness, not reliable, spending his time equally between devotional exercises and hunting. He was the last of the Saxons, and also the first of the Normans, and in the foundation by him of Westminster Abbey may be noted the earliest of the numerous political connexions and relations which seem to connect the building indissolubly with the history of the edifice of the English constitution. When in Normandy and in exile, Edward had vowed a pilgrimage to St. Peter's Shrine at Rome if he returned in safety. Immediately came the news of the departure of the Danes, and of his own election as king. With his new duties and position the fulfilment of the vow became impossible. The king desired it, but state policy forbade it. He was released from the vow by the Pope, on condition of founding and restoring some monastery dedicated to St. Peter, and thus vicariously supplying the abandoned journey to Rome. The existing establishment near the king's residence at Westminster fulfilled the necessary condition, and became the chosen spot for the future honour of the Saint. Nor was the dedication unaccompanied by legends

* *Historical Memorials of Westminster Abbey.* By Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D.D., Dean of Westminster.

miracles. St. Peter appeared to a hermit of Worcester and expressed his satisfaction at the method proposed for redeeming the king's vow. The keeper of the keys of heaven was also manifested to a fisherman engaged in his calling upon the Thames, and angels were seen, with incense and candles, dedicating with the usual solemnities the newly risen fabric. Edward lived more than any previous king in the palace close to the church of his vow, and so the Abbey and the royal residence became linked together, and thus was fixed what is rightly and felicitously described as the local centre of the English monarchy and nation — of the palace and legislature, no less than of the Abbey — a centre from which both Church and State have spread, in which each has received much from the other, and where the former must always find its true and only real independence, and its national support.

The 'painted chamber' or 'chamber of St. Edward' was the oldest part of the palace of Westminster, and this evokes a crowd of historical and political recollections. It was in it that conferences took place between the Houses of Lords and Commons, and it was in it that the House of Lords sat, while the House of Commons occupied their former chamber during the building of the present Palace of Westminster after the great fire of 1834.

Edward's Abbey was the first cruciform church in England, and occupying as it did nearly the whole area of the present building, must have been a marvel of the age. There was a tower in the centre and two at the west end. A rude representation of it is given in the Bayeux tapestry. In it and before the high altar was laid the body of its founder, but it was removed to its present position in the shrine of St. Edward by Henry III.

In pursuing the connection of the Abbey with the English constitution, and the relation of the liberties of the Church to its bond with the State, a characteristic story is introduced. The constant illustration of this union is, indeed, the key-note of the book, and adds to it much of its value. Wulfstan, bishop of Worcester, was the only Saxon prelate left after the Norman conquest. At a council summoned to Westminster Wulfstan was declared incapable of retaining his see, because he could not speak French. The Saxon laid his pastoral staff on the Confessor's tomb, and speaking in his own language to the dead king, said, 'Edward, thou gavest me the staff, to thee I return it,' and then in French to the liv-

ing king, 'A better than thou gave it to me; take it if thou canst.' The staff remained fixed in the stone and Wulfstan kept his see. This was the first miracle worked at the tomb of Edward the Confessor, and the story was used by King John when arguing for the supremacy of the crown against the claims of the Papal legate.

But it is in the coronations of the kings and queens of England held in the Abbey, and in which the dean takes a chief part to the exclusion of higher ecclesiastic functionaries, that the peculiar connection of Church and State developed in the ancient fabric attains its culminating point. The coronation of William the Conqueror undoubtedly took place in the Abbey, and earlier coronations may have been celebrated in it. Upon the tomb of the Confessor the Norman stood to complete his title to rule his newly acquired kingdom, and henceforward all the sovereigns of England have in the same place assumed the crown. The regalia in their names and character were all Anglo-Saxon, and the form of oath retained to the time of James II. was to observe 'the laws of the glorious Confessor.' These emblems of sovereignty down to the reign of Henry VIII. were always kept in the Treasury of Westminster, and their modern representatives (dating of course only from the Restoration) are brought from the usual place of safety in the Tower to the Jerusalem Chamber of the Abbey for a coronation. The privileges of the Abbot of Westminster, continued to the dean after the Reformation, were great and peculiar. He was to prepare the king for the rite, and to administer the chalice to the king and queen, in sign of their conjugal union, after they had received the sacrament from the archbishop. A coronation of a kind for which there was no precedent, and which has never been repeated, took place when Henry, the son of Henry II, was crowned at Westminster in his father's life-time. He was thenceforth known as *Rex Henricus junior*, and is alluded to by Dante as '*il re giovane*;' and this may be taken as furnishing another allusion to the Abbey by the great Florentine (although an indirect one) in addition to that referred to by Dean Stanley in the instance of Prince Henry, the nephew of Henry III. murdered by Guy de Montfort at Viterbo, whose heart was preserved in a golden cup near St. Edward's shrine. A fatal coronation this was of 'the young king,' for Becket, excluded from performing the ceremony as archbishop of Canterbury, launched his anathema

against the primate of York and the other prelates who had assisted in invading his privilege, and this led to Becket's murder and all its train of evils.

The coronation of Richard I. was distinguished by a superstitious panic occasioned by the presence of Jews at the solemnities. They were supposed to attend with some evil design, and a proclamation was issued to warn away Jews and witches from intruding. Some came, however, to the banqueting hall, and, as may be imagined, got the worst of it then and there, as their brethren in the country elsewhere did afterwards; for the occasion led to a general massacre and plunder of the Jews both in London and other places, Winchester only, as recorded by Richard of Devizes, choosing for the time to spare its vermin.

The barons of the Cinque Ports first appeared to carry the canopy over the king at the coronation of John, in acknowledgment of assistance rendered by the then most important maritime towns of England to the king in his voyages to and from Normandy.

Henry III. was first irregularly crowned at Gloucester, in 1216, but was again crowned in due form at Westminster by Stephen Langton in 1220. A delicious anecdote is here introduced. The king asked the great theologian of the age, Grostete, bishop of Lincoln, the difficult question, 'What was the precise grace wrought in a king by the unction?' and was answered with truly episcopal discretion, 'The same as in confirmation.'

Edward I. and Eleanor were the first king and queen jointly crowned, at a long interval after his accession, owing to his absence in the Holy Land, and there was a magnificent scramble among the crowd for five hundred horses let loose in honour of the occasion. At this coronation appeared for the first time the famous Stone of Scone, whose many peregrinations were brought to an end by Edward's deposit of it in the Abbey, who encased it in the wooden chair which still holds it, the very chair in which Richard II. sits in his portrait now in the Jerusalem Chamber. Since then it has rested at Westminster as one of the most interesting material documents of history to be found in any country. Its early history partakes of the marvellous. It was the pillow of stone on which Jacob slept at Bethel. Cecrops, king of Athens, who married the daughter of Pharaoh, alarmed at the rising power of Moses, carried it with him to Spain, from which it went to Ireland, and on it sat the kings of that country when crowned on the Hill of Tara. Fergus bore it off to

Dunstaffnage, and its final Scottish habitat was at Scone, where the kings of Scotland were placed upon it at their coronations. An appendix contains a most full and curious account of the progress of the legend of the stone by the late learned and much lamented Joseph Robertson; while Professor Ramsay brings modern geological science to bear upon the question of its identification. He reports that the stone may have come from the formations in the neighbourhood, either of Scone or Dunstaffnage; that it was not likely to have been derived from the rocks of the Hill of Tara, or of Iona; and he pays so much respect to the earliest legends of its origin as to say that, being sandstone, it could not have come from Bethel, where the strata are of limestone, or from Egypt, where no similar rock is known to exist. The stone has all the appearance of having been squared for building purposes, and may now be considered as typically fulfilling its original destination, as a sort of symbolical foundation stone of the edifice of the British monarchy.

The coronation of Richard II. was magnificent, and first saw the cavalcade from the Tower, which continued in use until the time of Charles II. Then, too, began the 'Knights of the Bath' as a special, and not a permanent institution, of knights created for the occasion, who after due ablutions rode with the king along the streets from the city to Westminster. Then, also, first caracoled the Champion, who appears to have been not so much triumphant as (in modern slang) sat upon, by being told to wait for his perquisites until the king had begun to eat his dinner.

Henry VIII. was crowned with Catherine of Arragon, and again, as we may learn from our Shakspeare, with Anne Boleyn, but no other of his queens was afterwards crowned.

Elizabeth's coronation was abnormal, as were the times in which she succeeded to the throne. The coronation mass was celebrated, and the abbot of Westminster officiated for the last time. But the Litany was read in English, the Gospel and Epistle both in English and in the ancient language of ecclesiastical services. The whole bench of bishops but one were absent. Canterbury was vacant; York would not come; London was in prison: but Oglethorpe, bishop of Carlisle, and dean of the Chapel Royal, borrowed his robes, acted for him, and, as was said, afterwards died of remorse — a warning to solitary dissidents from prevailing episcopal opinion. No man can expect to maintain

himself in the face of an overwhelming opposition from his own order. He loses his independence and freedom of speech and action by entering it, and must be content to abide that result, or to hazard the uncertain issues of violating what may be almost described as a natural law.

We admire Anne of Denmark's scruples at the coronation of James I. She refused to take the sacrament: 'She had changed her Lutheran religion once before for the Presbyterian forms of Scotland, and that was enough.' But more important matters are to be noted on this occasion, and are rightly indicated by Dean Stanley as showing the grasping tendencies of the Stuarts. 'The words in the ritual *'whom we consecrate'* were substituted for *'whom we elect,'* and for 'the laws which the Commons have chosen' were used the words 'the laws which the commonalty of your kingdom have chosen.'

The coronation of Charles I. was not without its presages, and, as might be expected, was distinguished by the passions and prejudices of the stormy time. There was a commission in which Laud was most active to prepare a service according to the rules of the Church of England. 'With a passion,' says Dean Stanley, 'for the Royal prerogative, curiously contrasted with the antipathy to it manifested by his spiritual descendants, he introduced the prayer (omitted since the time of Henry VI.) that the king might have Peter's keys and Paul's doctrine.' The king wore a white robe instead of the usual purple velvet one. The dove of gold among the regalia was broken, and had to be replaced. During the solemnity there was an earthquake.

Oliver Cromwell was installed as Lord Protector in Westminster Hall; but the coronation-stone was brought from the Abbey on that occasion only, and on it sat the 'gloomy brewer,' when he took his place among English sovereigns. To him was presented for the first time a Bible.

The Restoration brought with it the splendid coronation of Charles II. The procession from the Tower was renewed; and there was a brand new set of regalia to replace those which had been sold in the late troubles. But all the care taken to examine records and precedents did not suffice to prevent some unseemly disputes, and among others, the king's footmen and the barons of the Cinque Ports had a desperate struggle for the canopy.

William and Mary were crowned together, and both (as was fitting on the occasion) duly invested with the symbols of sovereignty.

The princess Anne, standing near the queen, said, 'Madam, I pity your fatigue.' The queen turned sharply with the words, 'A crown, sister, is not so heavy as it seems.' For the first time the Commons of England sat assembled in the Abbey during the solemnity.

At George I.'s coronation, the Order of the Knights of the Bath was founded as a permanent body. The honours of the Garter were not enough to satisfy all claimants, and Walpole desired to let the royal favours flow in a wider channel. The original number of knights was thirty-six, to correspond with the stalls in Henry VII.'s chapel; and the dean of Westminster wears his red ribbon in virtue of his office as dean of the Order.

George IV. was crowned with all that could be done to add variety and magnificence to the event of a coronation after an interval of sixty years. There was a procession under a covered way from the Abbey to the Hall, and the champion in armour flung down his gauntlet of challenge after the most approved ancient precedents. The ceremony was repeated in mimic pageantry (with a long run) at Drury Lane Theatre, where Elliston himself walked in procession as the king upon a platform expressly laid round the front of the dress circle, and is said to have entered so much into the spirit of the part as to have wept with emotion when giving an imaginary blessing to his imaginary subjects in pit, boxes, and gallery.

The advisers of Caroline of Brunswick made their greatest mistake in permitting her to attempt to force an entry into the Abbey, in order to be present at her husband's coronation. The public repulse was ignominious, and placed her in a ridiculous position, from which she never recovered, and for the time deprived her even of the mob popularity which had been previously enjoyed by her, as a person who was supposed to have been injured by, and who at any rate was the greatest enemy of the king.

At the last coronation there was no banquet in Westminster Hall; but on many accounts the ceremony must have been peculiarly impressive. All will concur in wishing that long may it be the last.

From the glories of the coronations by which kings and queens passed into the full life of sovereignty, the transition is natural, as that from life to death, to the tombs in which their remains have been deposited within the same walls of the Abbey, and with equal if not even greater magnificence. 'Man,' says Sir Thomas Browne, 'is a noble animal, splendid in ashes, pompous in the grave; and if in any place funeral pomp

and gorgeous monuments can be regarded with complacency, it must surely be in such an edifice as the Abbey, and when the fleeting obsequies and more enduring memorials of stone and metal are those of a long line of the monarchs of a great and powerful country. The grave of Edward the Confessor, the founder, was the first, and the centre to which the others were attracted; but there was an interval of some length between his and the next royal deposit. The Conqueror lies at Caen; William Rufus at Winchester; Henry I. at Reading; Stephen at Faversham; Henry II. and Richard I. at Fontevault; John at Worcester. Henry III., the second founder of the Abbey, and who raised the shrine to St. Edward, was the first king buried at Westminster since the Conquest, and near him many members of his family, in close vicinity to the shrine. Then came Edward I., with the grand inscription on his tomb: 'Edwardus Primus, Scotorum malleus, hic est. 1308. Pactum serva.' Dean Stanley suggests that the 'pact' to be kept was that which the dying king required of his son, that his flesh should be boiled, his bones carried at the head of the English army till Scotland was subdued, and his heart sent to the Holy Land. The tomb was without ornament and unfinished, perhaps to leave the corpse easily accessible; and once in two years the tomb was to be opened, and the wax of the cere-cloth renewed. This was done until Edward's dynasty ended with the fall of Richard II., from which time the tomb remained undisturbed until in the last century it was opened, by permission of Dean Thomas, in the presence of the Society of Antiquaries, who, we venture to think, should have known better than to countenance what seems to have been an unnecessary disturbance of the sanctity of the grave. Then was seen for the last time the mortal frame of Edward Longshanks, six feet two inches by rule and measure, no doubt duly applied to the royal remains by the aforesaid learned society, and the hammer of Scotland lay helpless against the indignity. *Expende Hannibalem* — and why not gauge the feet and inches of Edward I.? These trouble-tombs took care to remove all motive for repeating their offence, for they poured in pitch, and, as Horace Walpole wrote, boasted of having enclosed him so effectually that his ashes could not be violated again. Wales and Scotland were at last avenged, and ruin seized all that was left of the ruthless king.

Poor Edward II. was buried at Gloucester, as nearest to Berkeley Castle; but his

son, John of Eltham, lies in Westminster Abbey, in the chapel of St. Edward, 'entre les royaux,' yet 'so as to leave room for the king and his successors.' The tomb of Queen Philippa shows the earliest attempt at a portrait. She on her death-bed, as recorded by Froissart, said to her husband, 'I ask that you will not choose any other sepulchre than mine, and that you lie by my side in the Abbey of Westminster.' When Edward III. followed her, his effigy was sculptured, according to tradition, after a cast taken from his face; and it is said to resemble an illustrious living poet, his alleged descendant, who may be proud to be the first to have surmounted features of royal origin with the crown of the laureate. Edward the Black Prince has his grand resting-place at Canterbury; and as that cathedral has had the loving care of a sometime Canon bestowed in describing it, all justice has been done to his sepulchral memorial in its proper place. Westminster, indeed, might well have been envious of Canterbury, if the fortunate event of the transfer of the historian from the precincts on the Stour to the cloisters on the banks of the Thames had not procured for it equal advantages.

Richard II. is said to have been peculiarly attached to the Abbey. He swore 'by St. Edward,' and confided a favourite ring to the guardianship of St. Edward's Shrine when he was out of England. His portrait, which formerly hung in the choir, and is now in the Jerusalem Chamber, has been already mentioned. In its unrestored state it formed one of the most valuable loans to the Portrait Exhibition at South Kensington, in 1866, and has since regained its pristine beauty under the skilful hands of Mr. Richmond and Mr. Merritt. The splendid tomb of Richard's queen, Anne of Bohemia, records his affection for her, and their effigies lie on it side by side, her hand clasped in his. But whether the body brought from Pontfret, and afterwards buried by Henry V. with state in this tomb, was in truth that of the king, appears to be open to doubt.

Henry IV. lies at Canterbury; but with Henry V. the Abbey again rose into favour. He enlarged the nave; Whittington, lord mayor of London, was the architect; and in it was celebrated the Te Deum for the victory of Agincourt, just before which the king declared by his will his intention to be buried at Westminster. His remains were brought from Vincennes with great pomp and funeral ceremonies were performed in the presence of Parliament, both at St

Paul's and in the Abbey. A waxen figure appeared for the first time, instead of the actual exhibition of the dead king in royal attire. Room was made for the interment at the east end of the Confessor's Chapel, by clearing away the sacred relics deposited there, and the present raised chapel was erected, to the great damage of the older monuments of Eleanor and Philippa; so little did the antiquity which now receives so much deference at our hands, regard antiquity antecedent to itself. Above are his helmet and saddle; the shield, once there, is gone. His effigy, in heart of oak, lay, plated with silver gilt, and with a head of solid silver, which had disappeared before Camden's time.

Of all the royal interments, however, the story of that of Henry VI., as told by Dean Stanley, has the most touching interest. There was an old tradition, since amply confirmed by existing archives, that the king had been seen to visit the Abbey several times (beginning twelve years before his death) to fix the place of his sepulture. On one occasion he went round the Confessor's Chapel with the abbot by torchlight, when he rejected the proposal to remove the tomb of Eleanor. Another time he refused to let the tomb of Henry V. be displaced to make room for him, saying, 'Nay, let him alone; he lieth like a noble prince. I would not trouble him.' Finally, the spot occupied by the relics was chosen, and he said, 'Forsooth, forsooth, here will we lie! Here is a good place for us.' The relics were removed elsewhere, and the tomb ordered—but never built. Henry died in the tower, and the poor 'pale ashes of the house of Lancaster,' first taken to Chertsey monastery, were finally placed in St. George's Chapel, at Windsor, by Richard III., in consequence, it is said, of the miracles worked at his grave. The depositions of the persons who could speak to the king's visits to the Abbey when choosing the grave, in which he was never to lie, are printed in the appendix to the volume, and are most curious.

After the Civil Wars, the memory of Henry VI. was honoured with saintly reverence; and there was a struggle between Chertsey, Windsor, and Westminster, for the possession of his body. Windsor actually had it; Chertsey had for a time held it; but in favour of Westminster there was the clear evidence of the king's long cherished intention to be laid in the Abbey. And so the Privy Council, to whom the matter was referred, decided in favour of Westminster. Preparations were made there to receive

the prize thus awarded, and considerable expense was incurred in them; but no public transference ever took place, and as the Dean of Westminster acquiesces in the opinion that Henry VI. lies still at Windsor, and not in the building under his own care, we may accept that as the probable truth.

Few sovereigns have left so peculiar and so magnificent an architectural record of themselves as Henry VII.'s Chapel. It was to be almost another Abbey, with its own establishment of monks, and to be his chantry as well as his tomb. Dean Stanley happily points out how faithfully it responds to the break in English history of which Henry VII.'s reign is the expression. It was the close of the Middle Ages, and the end of the Wars of the Roses, and all the emblems introduced tell of this, especially the constantly repeated portcullis—the '*altera securitas*,' or double safeguard of his succession. Then, too, was revived, through Owen Tudor, the ancient British element of the monarchy, and round the tomb, among the bearings of the house of Lancaster, may be seen the Red Dragon of Wales. In his reign the constitution began to develop itself in unreceding advances, and the dawn of modern English history breaks. Within the chapel thus erected its founder was placed in all grandeur; and so, as Bacon writes, he 'lieth buried at Westminster, in one of the stateliest and daintiest monuments of Europe, both for the chapel and the sepulchre. So that he dwelleth more richly dead, in the monument of his tomb, than he did alive in Richmond or any of his palaces.'

The Abbey survived the Reformation with what must be considered as only slight injuries, considering what might have happened, and what did happen elsewhere. Henry VIII. was buried at Windsor, but Edward VI. lies in his grandfather's chapel at Westminster, and over his remains, although under Mary, was read the funeral service of the Reformed Church, then used for the first time at a royal funeral. Mary herself and Elizabeth are together in the north aisle of the same chapel. On the monument of the two sisters, whose lives had been so sundered, and whose deaths were so far apart, but at length united in the grave, and in future hope, James I. placed the inscription, '*Regno consortes et urnâ, hic obdormimus Elizabetha et Maria sorores, in spe resurrectionis*.' Near them lies the body of the Scots' Mary, brought from Peterborough, although the sumptuous tomb erected to her memory by her son is

in the opposite aisle. And here end the royal monuments. There are personal reasons to explain this, and also the custom of doing such honour to dead rulers was dying out. Other interests and sympathies began to assert themselves. Literature, statesmanship, and distinction in war, were now to receive monumental honour, and the privileges of the Abbey were no longer to be reserved for kings and queens, their connections and immediate dependants. James I., his wife, and the children who pre-deceased him, were buried at Westminster, but without mark or tomb.

In the Civil Wars the Abbey does not appear to have suffered; and Cromwell, before his own death, as of right, took possession of it as the fitting burial place for the family of the lord of the country. Himself, too, as Cowley says (of whom, by the way, we can hardly agree with Dean Stanley, that his fame has passed away), was 'buried among kings and with more than regal splendour.' His funeral cost 60,000*l.*, more by half than ever was spent before.

The faithful Herbert had conveyed the body of Charles I. from St. James' to Windsor; and the fact was proved, after some doubt had been cast upon it, by the accidental finding of the coffin in 1813. There was an intention of transferring him to the Abbey, and of employing Wren to design a tomb. But whether the money voted for the purpose was appropriated by Charles II., or whether there was any real difficulty then in discovering the body, or whether there were sound reasons of state for abandoning it, the thing was never done.

Onwards to Anne the sovereigns were interred in Westminster, with the exception of James II., who lies at St. Germain's. George I. was returned to the soil of his own Hanover. But George II. and his Caroline lie together in the centre of Henry VII.'s chapel, and these are the last king and queen buried in the Abbey. Westminster had continued to be the accustomed burying-place of the kings long after its palace had ceased to be a royal residence; and the same reasons which originally made it such, have since prevailed to fix Windsor as the final resting-place, as it is the principal abode in life, of the English royal family.

Thus far, under the guidance of the Dean, we have gazed at coronations or lingered among the tombs of kings — a guidance as appropriate as that of Virgil through the graves of the Inferno, or of Beatrice among the splendours and glories of Paradise. But beyond these interests are all those attach-

ing to the memories of the throng of distinguished dead in so many varied departments of greatness, who either are buried or have their monuments in the Abbey. With modern sanitary notions it is difficult to consider the interior of a place of religious assembly for the living, as a fit place for the permanent deposit of the mouldering remains of humanity. At recent interments the rectangular aperture in the pavement, opened for a fresh grave, has seemed to some spectators almost as strange as if it had been seen in the midst of a carpeted drawing-room. But for the mound of palpable gravel and sand which surrounds the opening, it would rather suggest a stage-grave, such as that over which Hamlet muses and recalls the departed mirth of Yorick. The result, however, of the work of the pick-axe and shovel tells of a real digging into the bosom of our common mother, and indicates the actual return of earth to earth. This carries the associations again to the familiar grave cut in the living sod of the country churchyard, and with the sadly familiar tones and words of the funeral service, restores the feelings which are natural at the last Christian rite. No such thoughts as these can have occurred to those who in former times assisted at the occasions whose multitudinous memorials meet the eye on all sides, and bring to mind so many of the illustrious dead. The right of most of these to occupy precious space in the restricted limits of the Abbey can never be called in question. But is this true of all the tombs of statuary marble which now cumber the floor or load the walls of the building, to be recorded within which is the choicest posthumous honour that can be attained? Many of the tombs serve to perpetuate the tradition of almost forgotten celebrities, or still less commendably, the wealth and vanity only of those who erected them. Supposing actions of ejection to be brought to try their right of possession, there are a considerable number that must fail to establish a good title to remain. To take the case of the poets only, the verdict of modern public opinion would probably go to displace several who now enjoy the honours of the Corner in company with their betters. Would it, for instance, be held enough that the office of laureate had been held by the claimant for continued Abbey room? Such names as Ben Jonson and Wordsworth only added lustre to the office they held; Davenant might claim to remain by long tenure, and from his connection with Shakspeare, although he swerved from his example, and assisted in debasing some

of his finest plays. But what can be urged in favour of Shadwell, whose monument, erected by the filial piety of a son and not as a general tribute of public admiration, would seem, in the phrase of parliamentary committees, to have no *locus standi* whatever. His plays were the most licentious of a licentious age; and his slovenly style leaves the coarseness of his matter in all its natural deformity. The hero of Mac Flecknoe — the loathsome and contemptible Og of *Absalom and Achitophel* — ought not ever to have received honours, greater than which could not be accorded to Dryden himself.

To pursue this subject would be to hold an assize upon all the existing monuments. The proper authorities might perhaps obtain whatever powers may be necessary to commence an inquiry, and to revise the contents of the Abbey, and pass sentence of transportation upon all unworthy occupants. Such proceedings could be safely entrusted to the present Dean and Chapter. Every claim to remain would meet careful consideration, and no deserving plea would be lightly or hastily rejected. Yet, on the whole, it is probable that all will agree in the opinion that as the Abbey has descended to us from previous generations, so it should be preserved and handed on. Righteous acts of elimination from the building might form a precedent which in times of political excitement, or even of bad taste, might lead to highly mischievous results. Every monument is an illustration of the history or the sentiment or manners of the time when it obtained admission, and to remove any would be to destroy the continuity and sequence of records which can never be replaced.

Unrivalled indeed is the series of general tombs in the Abbey; Elizabethan magnates; heroes of the Flemish wars; the great men of the Commonwealth; the leaders of the Restoration; Revolution names of 1688; statesmen of more modern times, from Chatham to Peel and Palmerston; Indian rulers; philanthropists; the literary worthies of Poet's Corner, from Chaucer to Macaulay and Thackeray; the actors, welcomed in the Abbey by the toleration of the English Church, when their continental brethren were alike proscribed by Roman Catholics and Calvinists. These ministers of art belong to a department of genius which cannot in the nature of things transmit to posterity any permanent evidence of its excellence, and it is therefore most fitting that the fame of the great actor in his life should be preserved to later times by some enduring testimonial. And so Oldfield and Bracegirdle; Pritchard

and Betterton; Garrick, Siddons, and Kemble are with others all duly represented in the Abbey. Musicians, artists, men of science, physicians, fill up the glorious roll of names, and leave few to be sought elsewhere of those whom we should expect to find honoured among the chief national memorials of departed greatness.

That the purposes of a Valhalla or Pantheon have not been fully realised by the inclusion of every name of national distinction, is the natural consequence of the way in which such things are done in England, by family pride or affection, or private enterprise, or by over-ruling public opinion, and not by the action of Government or any permanently constituted authority. Yet not many are absent. Bacon sits in stone at St. Alban's, reproduced in the chapel of his college at Cambridge, by one of the many acts of munificence of its late Master. Sir Philip Sidney was buried in old St. Paul's, and to Wren's noblest fabric have been consigned by modern custom our greatest military and naval heroes (Nelson and Wellington lying apart from Marlborough, who is in the Abbey), together with a contingent of men of science and letters. Scott belongs to the land into whose history and romance he has infused the life and interest they now possess, and the names of whose lakes and mountains he made household words to the civilised world. Swift was naturally, and by his previous direction, buried in his own cathedral at Dublin.

Then as we pass onwards in the volume we are conducted through the tombs of the lesser dead — the monuments of noble families, and of private individuals — with a skill which throughout prevents monotony, while every anecdote that can illustrate is at the right moment introduced; so that it is like consulting a biographical dictionary, but with all dull matter omitted. Marlborough used to say that he had read his English history out of Shakspeare's plays, and much may be done also in that way out of Scott's novels. The Dean has added another volume to our libraries, which might be used with pleasure for the same purpose.

Before quitting the survey of the tombs, attention should be especially directed to the beautiful passages in which the uncertain distribution of honours in the Abbey are discussed, and in which the toleration of the place for all genius is dwelt upon; and where the fine sentence occurs that 'So long as Westminster Abbey maintains its hold on the affections and respect of the English Church and nation, so long will it remain a standing proof that there is in the truest

feelings of human nature, and in the noblest aspirations of religion, something deeper and broader than the partial judgments of the day and the technical distinctions of sects.'

Much remains of interest in the Dean's book which we can do no more than indicate. The architecture and strictly ecclesiastical history of the Abbey; the Gate-house prison, and some of its distinguished occupants; the old sanctuary; the Chapter-house — so early separated from the Abbey and applied to secular purposes, first for the meetings of the House of Commons, and afterwards, and until quite recently, as a repository for public records; the treasury; the school; the labours of Caxton and his printing press; and finally the meetings of Convocation.

Of the proceedings of the Convocation of Canterbury, since its revival, the Dean, with becoming caution, declines to speak. But others are at liberty to admire the wisdom and sagacity shown by himself at some of its later meetings, when wisdom and sagacity were greatly needed. Especially may be mentioned the very remarkable address delivered on the Cape-town and Natal controversy in June, 1866. This speech has been recently printed in a separate form, but has not yet received all the attention it deserves. The matter to which it relates has obtained a fresh accession of interest from the late attempts made to violate the law of the land by an illegal and clandestine consecration of a bishop to dispute with Dr. Colenso the right to the see of Natal. Nowhere has the question been better discussed.

CAPTAIN MONTGOMERY R. E., a clever officer, chiefly employed in the Cashmere frontier, has employed a native pundit in explorations in Tibet, which have been very successful. The pundit travelled in disguise with instruments about him, and settled routes and altitudes most satisfactorily. We, however, are most interested in his statement that the Grand Lamaship will expire in this generation, the present Grand Lama, a boy, being the thirteenth, after which there are to be no more transmigrations. It is a curious fact that all the four Lamaships, or sovereignties held by a religious tenure, now existing in the world, are in trouble of one kind or another. The Khalif is staring off bankruptcy by loans from week to week, the Pope is hemmed in by secular enemies, the Mikado is under arrest by his nobles, and the Grand Lama is the last of his race. The reverence for that kind of thing, i.e., for the visible representation on earth of the Supreme government, seems to be dying out everywhere. — *Spectator*, March 7.

ALFRED TENNYSON is at present circling a series of Poems to "*Once a Week* " "*Good Words*." Three have appeared, critics have failed to see aught in them the fame of the Poet Laureate. Varmours are afloat as to the price paid for some say one hundred guineas a poem say fifty guineas, but we believe we are saying the price paid is one guinea. The last contribution, viz. that which in the March part of "*Good Words*," course have been largely read in America perhaps as much admired there as I perhaps few of your readers have seen clever imitation or improvement, a think, which has been going the rounds they both are; is there any difficulty in which is most worth the eight guineas!

1865-1866.

I STOOD on a tower in the wet,
And New Year and Old Year met,
And winds were roaring and blowing;
And I said, "Oh years, that meet in
Have ye aught that is worth the knowing
Science enough and exploring,
Wanderers coming and going,
Matter enough for deploring,
But aught that is worth the knowing
Seas at my feet were flowing,
Waves on the shingles pouring,
Old Year roaring and blowing,
And New Year blowing and roaring

ALFRED TENNYSON

1867-1868.

I SAT in a 'bun in the wet,
Good Words I had happened to get,
With Tennyson's last bestowing;
And I said, "Oh, bard! who work
Have you aught that is worth the knowing
Verses enough, and so boring —
Twaddle quite overflowing,
Rubbish enough for deploring;
But aught that is worth the knowing
Placards on walls were glowing,
Puffs in the papers pouring,
Good Words roaring and blowing,
Once a Week blowing and roaring.

ANOTHER. — FROM "FUN."

TENNYSON stood in the wet,
And he and his publishers met,
His publishers cursing and swearing
And they said "O Tennyson tell
Have you anything good to sell
The public mind it engages,
To read such bosh by pages,
'The Victim' was little better,
And oh! that 'Spiteful Letter.'
They spoke, their poor hair tear
TENNYSON poems rehearsing;
Publishers cursing and swearing,
TENNYSON swearing and cursing.

CHAPTER IV.

THE RECTOR'S VISIT.

THERE was rain on Sunday night, and when we looked down from our windows on Monday morning, we found but a dreary prospect. Many leaves had fallen, and lay sodden and decaying in the garden path, and the few remaining flowers looked as if they only lingered to bid us a last good-bye. A light mist hung over the scene, and shut out the distant meadows. Ruth ordered fires to be lighted, and advised Alice to put on a warm shawl when she went to carry my letter to the rector. Winter never finds my sister unprepared, and perhaps there is no instance in which forethought saves more health, comfort, and good temper.

Alice returned in due time, saying she met the rector at his gate, and he detained her while he read my missive and penned his reply, which proved a very courteous one, stating he would have great pleasure in waiting upon us that very evening.

Five o'clock found Ruth and me seated opposite each other, with the lamp on the table between us—I lingering over the pages of a monthly periodical, and she busy with a huge bagful of gay scraps, by which I understood that patchwork was on hand.

"Phillis is a terrible blunderer with her needle," said she; "she shall not live in the house with me, and not learn better. Patchwork is good practice, and as the quilts get made, I can give them away to the old people round."

"I fear they need blankets more than quilts," I ventured to say.

"Very likely. That is your concern," answered coolly. "Money buys blankets, and you are a rich man. But if you were bedridden, Edward, you would know the comfort of a bright quilt to cover the fuzzy blanket. And patchwork is quite a fortune in a house with a sick child. Do you remember ours at home?—the silk quilt which mother used to show us on holidays." And when I glanced at my sister, some minutes after, her face was still soft and tender with the recollection of the faded finery.

Every day, sitting opposite Ruth, I am struck with the exceeding beauty of good old age. In youth, my sister was plain, her features harsh, and her figure and movements decided for grace. But time has dealt with her like a patient artist with his picture; so that she is a noble old lady with a grand brown face, crowned with white

hair, and lit up by eyes which have not forgotten to flash and sparkle.

Presently the gate clanged, and in a moment Phillis ushered in the clergyman, who brought with him the peculiar damp chill atmosphere of an autumn evening. I think he was glad of the welcome offered by our cheerful fire, and he seated himself on a chair indicated by Ruth, and rubbed his hands in the genial warmth. They had no fires yet where he lodged, he said. He had not noticed the deficiency until he saw ours, but he remembered he had been very cold while studying. He must speak about it to-morrow.

And so we kept up a good-humoured chatter till tea was brought in, and when we were fairly established round the table, with cheering cups before us and a pleasant prospect of tea and toast, Ruth inquired if St. Cross were a comfortable church in winter.

"I regret to say it is never comfortable," replied Mr. Marten; "in summer it is close and dark, and in winter cold and damp."

"Yet it is well situated," I said. "The darkness is only due to the narrowness of the windows and their thick glass."

"You are right, sir," he answered. "And why a church should be so built I cannot understand."

"Nor I," I said. "To shut God's light from God's house seems to me worse than foolish. Why do you not remedy it?"

The young man looked at me, and smiled grimly. "Neither my predecessor nor I have been able to muster more funds than barely suffice for whitewashing and cleaning," he replied. "The parish is not rich, and the people do not seem liberal. At the present moment, the church is absolutely falling out of repair. We have had one or two collections in its behalf, but the money comes so slowly that I fear the building will be in ruins before the requisite sum is made up."

"Why don't you repair first, and collect afterwards?" I asked.

"Sir!" exclaimed the young man in astonishment.

"Yes," I said, "why don't you get some kind friend's promise to make good the deficit—if any?"

The rector shook his head. "I wish we had such a friend in Upper Mallowe," he said.

"Are you sure you have not? Have you asked every one?" I inquired.

"There is no one to ask," he answered, adding suddenly—"unless it be you!"

Ruth laughed outright.

"I should not wonder if it were me," I said.

"My dear sir, I did not expect this," said the young clergyman, very radiantly indeed.

"You need not thank me, Mr. Marten, until you see whether I have any balance to pay," I observed.

"Ah, I know you will," he replied, shaking his head. "I know my parishoners. You are a stranger among us, sir."

"We shall see who judges them best," said I.

"My brother is always hopeful," remarked Ruth; "but I must say he is generally right."

"We must not attempt any serious repairs until spring," I said, "but in the meantime cannot we make some little temporary improvements? I observe that the old people sit about in cold parts of the church, where, if they be at all deaf, they cannot hear a word. Why don't you give them those comfortable seats round the reading-desk?"

"They are kept for the choir, sir," answered Mr. Marten, reflectively.

"Excuse me," I said, gently, "but in many churches, and certainly in St. Cross, I think a formal choir is a mistake."

"So do I," returned the young man, frankly, and Ruth gave an unmistakable look of pleasure. "It was established by my predecessor, who thought otherwise. I found it when I came, and I have not abolished it because I dread meddling with existing arrangements, and because I fear to deprive our services of what is generally considered an attraction, lest our small congregation should become still smaller. Many people believed they derived benefit from the full carrying out of the ritual of the Anglican Church."

Here Ruth broke in. "They like fine singing and pretty altars. If the ritual be performed shabbily, they don't care for it. Since I have lived in this parish I have learned that many of your young people walk to Hopleigh, five miles off, because the church has a splendid choir and enticing decorations. Unless you can afford the same, your ritual will never secure them, though it may drive away people better worth keeping."

"I do not belong to the High Church party," said the young rector, quite humbly, "and I am always sorry that St. Cross wears the badges of the same. But what can I substitute for the choir? We have no charity-school on which to depend."

"Of whom do the choir consist?" asked.

"Of the sons of farmers and trades in the parish," he replied. "They meet practice twice every week — after the Wednesday evening service, and on Saturday night."

"You don't have them in a Bible class, then?" queried Ruth.

"I have nowhere to receive them," answered Mr. Marten, dismally. "If I came to my lodgings, the landlady would complain of their wearing out her ear and our parish school-room — I dare you saw our little school in the aisle — parish school-room is such a rookery their parents would think it an insult they were invited there."

"A good opportunity to hint they should build a better one," put in Ruth.

Mr. Marten smiled, and shook his head in resigned despair concerning the effect of such hints.

"Can't you have them in the vestry?" asked my sister.

"Why, so I can!" he exclaimed. "It is rather small, but it will do. I would never thought of that!"

"Where there's a will there's a way," said Ruth.

The young clergyman blushed slightly. "Mr. Marten must pardon us," I said. "We are getting old," ("We are old," Ruth,) "and we forget sometimes that we have no parental rights over young people. We are only anxious to do a little before we go away."

"And old people can seldom do more than set the young ones to work," observed Ruth. "I only made the suggestion because I thought the class would keep together, and they might go on with practising: and I think they would be better standing decently at their desks on the side than now, when they are always liable to burst into a giggle."

"Ah, I'm afraid they behave very badly sometimes," sighed the rector. "But the stoves will be lighted next Sunday, and the old people will take the opportunity to direct the old people shall sit round the desk and enjoy the warmth, and I must manage the boys as well as I can."

"Mr. Marten," said Ruth, "you can tell how glad I am that it is only a matter of 'management.' I feared we should have to fight out a battle about apostolic succession, and an infallible Church, not to mention the Real Presence, and other dogmas."

"Ah, Ruth," I observed, "if Mr. M.

were the stannest advocate of these doctrines, I should not attack them; I should only say — 'Think of the old people, and do not keep them in the cold — remember the people who can't read, and don't sing to them' (and I glanced at our guest, in hopes he would take a hint from my words). "Differences of opinion will never be reconciled by argument, but any sect will shrink from confessing that its theories will not let it work under Christ's great banner of 'Love to the brethren.'"

"I do not adhere to one High Church doctrine," said the young rector; "but yet I cannot help thinking some of their innovations are improvements."

"Certainly," I responded. "For instance, I like the idea of free churches: the rich and the poor equal before God."

"I don't," said Ruth. "The rich and poor are equal before God; and no arrangements of seats can make any difference. You look at it from the wealthy point of view, and you like to flatter your spiritual pride by a semblance of self-abasement. Some people seem to think the poor are only made to practise their virtues upon, particularly humility, like the cardinals at Rome when they wash the beggars' feet. But just view it from the other side. Would not you rather sit among your own people — the pensioner and the farm-labourer and the servant-girl together — than flourish your rough hands, and poor, coarse clothes, among the silks and velvets of the gentry? There are two sides to every question; but I always think it is best to let people stay in their own places, just because I believe that in God's sight one place in the world is quite as good as another, and that the labourer's horny hand is as honourable as the prime minister's worn brow. But their outward conditions can never be the same till they're both in heaven. And if they be wise men, and recognise their true equality, they will not wish it otherwise."

"Very likely you are right," responded the rector. "Viewed in that light, probably the poor, as a rule, are happiest among the poor. But dropping the subject of free seats, I am sure you would not wish to check honourable ambition. One is often struck with a great disparity between the mind and the position."

"Certainly," said Ruth, with a humorous twinkle in her eyes. "I knew a man who blamed statesmen, and censured clergy, and had splendid ideas of what he could do in their place, whilst his own home was in disorder, and one or two of his children

might have given him valuable information about prisons and workhouses. There was a great disparity between his mind and his circumstances, only it was the wrong way!"

"Oh, Miss Garrett, you refuse to understand me!" cried Mr. Marten, smiling. "I mean that a great mind is sometimes found in a lowly place, and surely you would not wish such to remain in the position wherein he was born."

"He'll often wish himself there before he dies," answered Ruth. "He'll find God gives hard work in the upper classes of His school. But he's sure to be promoted, not because he was too great to do the easy tasks, but because he was great enough to do them well. God wastes nothing, Mr. Marten. If He makes a genius, He has got something for him to do besides breaking stones; but most likely He will keep him doing that, till, by virtue of the power that is in him, he does it better than any one else. Don't you remember it is said when Shakespeare got his living by holding horses, he did it so well and was in such demand, that other men hired themselves under him, that they might call themselves 'Will Shakespeare's lads'?"

"But still many geniuses are sad failures in the ordinary walks of life," remarked Mr. Marten.

"Ah, those are poor, unhealthy geniuses, who slip from God's grasp into the Devil's," answered Ruth. "They let go their Father's hand; but I think He generally catches them against their will; only they get so torn to pieces in the struggle that the best work they can do for Him is the warning of their example."

"Still, there remain a few sad cases which cannot be classed under any rule," said the clergyman, thoughtfully: "Chatterton, for instance."

"Yes, poor Chatterton!" replied my sister in a tone so different from her own that I looked up. "Almost every writer has said something fine about Chatterton: heaps of sentimental pity, with a spice of blame for his wrong-headedness, or recklessness, or want of faith, which they seem to think brought down his miseries in punishment. Not one thoroughly realizes that he was only a boy — a child, and that none of his faults and blunders need be wondered at. It was his time for being checked, and chidden and comforted afterwards. But he was dropped upon the world with no one to screen his follies until they were corrected. If he had only known a little love" —

"I always understood his mother and sisters" — began Mr. Marten.

"His mother and sisters must have been weak, shallow women," interrupted Ruth. "They believed all his poor, fine stories! Love gives the greatest fool more wisdom than that. All you men blame Horace Walpole. So do I; but I blame those women more. That boy had lived with them sixteen years, and they did not understand him. It was a noble wish to keep all his struggles to himself, but it was cowardly in them to allow it. I can't believe they thought everything right; God help them if they did, for the revelation came too late."

"They were very poor, and doubtless ignorant of the world," pleaded Mr. Marten; "but the whole story is sad and mysterious, like a psalm of humanity with the love of God left out."

There was a pause.

"But the misery is," added Ruth, suddenly stirring the fire, "that the same thing may be going on somewhere at this moment, and we don't know."

"God can do without our help," I said, softly, "if He does not show us where to give it."

And then followed a long silence, which I broke at last by asking the rector if he knew much of the McCallums.

"I saw a good deal of them about eighteen months ago, when they were in some difficulty," he replied; "but I have not called upon them lately. The old man is very kindly, and the grand-daughter — your servant, Miss Garrett — struck me as a good girl. But the young man is as ill-conditioned and morose a fellow as I ever knew. Their trouble was about him, and I fear there is little doubt he was guilty of the crime imputed to him. He avoided me as much as possible, but I ventured to speak to him once, saying I hoped he would be warned of the wickedness and danger of neglecting his religious duties and consorting with evil company, and he turned and answered me in a terrible way — a terrible way, Mr. Garrett."

"What did he say?" asked Ruth.

"His manner so astonished me that I can scarcely recall his words," returned the rector; "but it was to the effect that it was not his fault if some bad people were more attractive than some good ones, and that he guessed, in my day, I had done as much as he to deserve suspicion."

"Dreadful, dreadful!" said Ruth; but she smiled as she said it.

Mr. Marten looked aggrieved, and turned

towards me. "I had only spoken the truth with the authority of a clergyman," he observed.

"Why didn't you try speaking the truth 'in love'?" I asked; "that is St. Paul's counsel."

"I certainly did not speak it in malice," he replied.

"Should you have said the same thing to your brother, had you such a relation in Ewen's place?" inquired my sister.

"Well, not exactly," confessed the rector — "circumstances make things so different."

"Mr. Marten," I said, "will you take a hint from an old man, who has lived in the world more than twice as long as you?"

"Not one hint, but twenty," responded the young man, cordially.

"It is this. Never address the vile outcast as you would not speak to your dearest friend. Even were this young man the criminal you think him, you and he have the mutual ground of a common humanity. The gentleman-parson should not have lectured the peasant, but the man in you should have spoken to the man in him."

"You are right, sir," said the rector heartily, "I accept your reproof;" and he took my hand and shook it, adding, "and I only wish the young man had shown himself wiser than me, by taking my blunder in a more kindly spirit, for it is not pleasant to recall his answer."

"Yet there was truth in it," I observed "and he did not mean it for the insult it seemed. He declares himself innocent of the murder, and conscious of this, he felt the sting of your implied suspicion, and retorted with the conjecture that, in your days at school and college, you had perhaps fallen into many misdemeanours, such as those he confesses, and which your wise guardians regarded as the foibles of youth but which in his case exaggerating gossip blacken into confirmed bad character."

"I can understand that," said Mr. Marten, reflectively.

"Ewen was wrong to speak so," I went on; "but I fear he was almost in despair. The gentlest animal will turn upon its pursuers when it sees no way of escape. He cannot justify himself further than he has done, and his tormented soul was ready to take shelter behind the mask of ruffianism. And if that mask be worn too long, Mr. Marten, it is rather hard to throw aside."

"You speak as if you believed his innocence, sir?" observed the rector.

"So I do," I answered. "I notice

something strange in his manner, and I heard dark whispers concerning him. So I asked him to tell me all about it. And he did not omit one shadow from the gloomy picture. I believe he is as innocent as you or I."

"Then I feel as if I could go and beg his pardon directly," said the rector.

"That's right," said Ruth; "we shan't make mistakes in the next world, so this is our time to practise penitence."

"He was with his sister at last evening's service," remarked Mr. Marten. "I dare say he came because his heart was touched by your kindness. He sat in a lonely corner in the shadow. And when I noticed him, I thought, 'That reprobate has come to God's house because it is too damp to wander in the fields.'"

"And if it had been so, what did it matter?" observed Ruth. "If God drives a man into church by wet weather or a snowstorm, all you've got to do is to say something which will make him come again."

"Oh, dear, I am so sorry!" bewailed the young man; "I feel as if I should never be uncharitable again."

"Oh, yes, you will," answered Ruth, "and be sorry afterwards, I hope. That's about the best we can do, from the cradle to the grave."

"It is always safe to hope for the best, Mr. Marten," said I.

"So long as you prepare for the worst," put in Ruth.

"I dare say I have often done harm where I have tried to do good," said the rector, ruefully. "I am so lonely in this dull country-parish, that my mind gets sour and jaundiced. I am inclined to envy my brethren whose lots are cast in London. They have earnest work to keep their souls healthy. If they wear out, that is better than rusting out."

"Whoever can't work here, couldn't work in London," answered Ruth, decisively. "If a man is not strong enough to walk to his own gate, he needn't wish to climb mountains."

"Now, for my part," I said, "I think a country clergyman is a very happily placed man. His work is ready for him, and it is not more than he can do, if he go about it honestly and heartily. He is surrounded by means of healthy relaxation, in the proper use of which he can set a good example. He is known and honoured everywhere, and he knows and cares for everybody. His education and knowledge of mankind enable him to widen the nar-

row village life, and connect it with the busy world beyond. Sometimes he can help his city brother, for the restless tide of labour often throws a few wanderers on his quiet shore, and he has it in his power to link some holy memory with their recollections of his fields and farms. That is my portrait of your life, Mr. Marten."

"It is so flattering that I do not recognise it," said he, with a smile—rather a melancholy one.

There was a pause, for Ruth sat lost in thought. Suddenly she roused herself, and asked, "Have you a refuge in the village, sir?"

"No, ma'am," answered the rector. "If belated travellers cannot pay for a bed, we inhospitably refer them to the workhouse at Hopeleigh. If they die on the road—they have done so once or twice—there is an inquest, and the Union buries them. That is our English version of the Good Samaritan. It is useless to disguise the truth."

"Then let us try to make it truth no longer," I said. "I know you will have an earnest helper in Ruth, for refuges are her favourite form of charity."

"Because, if they be well managed, they do so much good at so little cost, and in such a kindly way," she remarked. "If we give hungry men a tract on the goodness of God, need we wonder if they throw it away with a curse. A meal and a bed would preach a far better sermon."

"Certainly, if their hearts were sufficiently open to receive it," said Mr. Marten, dubiously.

"There must be something to put them in mind," replied my sister, "but I don't believe many people are so hardened as you think. Any thing roughly knocked about gets battered and black outside, but the tough rind may keep something very soft within."

"I shall be only too happy if you will help me to try the experiment," said the rector; "my heart has often ached to see the poor creatures starting on their long journey to the tender mercies of the Casual Ward."

"Aye, you may well say 'tender mercies'!" responded Ruth; "I am quite astonished to find, that, as a rule, workhouse chaplains think they have no duty to discharge towards these strays. They don't want preaching. But surely they might go in and commend the great family to Him who remembers every one of them. That would comfort some, and a good word can't harm the worst. And in the morning I

think the chaplain might go again, and see if any one wanted advice. A little counsel is sometimes worth more than a fortune. If the chaplains can't do it, I wish some one else could get permission."

"It will take us some time to get a refuge organized," remarked Mr. Marten, presently.

"We only want a six-roomed cottage, no matter how rough or old-fashioned—the more so the better; it will be more like home," replied my sister; "and then we must get a nice, comfortable couple to live in it, and act host and hostess. And of course, you must persuade all the village to help us, Mr. Marten."

"Oh dear, dear!" said the rector, despairingly.

"Never venture, never have," I observed. "I will help you. I believe I am a good beggar."

"You have let them lose the habit of giving," said Ruth. "Like everything else, it grows easier by practice, sir."

"Well, Miss Garrett," he said, rising, "I must thank you for originating so excellent a plan. I shall mark to-day with a red letter, in commemoration of this visit, and in a few days, I dare say, I shall bring you word of suitable premises."

He would not stay to supper: so, after a little more talk about the best ways and means to further our plan, Ruth and I escorted him to the door. The ground was still damp, but there was a pleasant drying breeze, which made me long for a little ramble under the starry sky. So I proposed to walk home with our guest. Ruth expostulated, but I put on my great-coat, and had my own way.

The clergyman lived down the road, past the Great Farm, and as we walked we chatted cheerfully about divers things, and it gratified me to believe that the young man was in better spirits for his visit to us old people. I know some of Ruth's words were very sharp, but so are mountain breezes, and yet they do us good. They make us turn about and look at things under different aspects, and that is a healthier proceeding than standing still, peering through our own little glasses, which perhaps are yellow!

We turned the corner occupied by the Great Farm, and presently the sound of hurried footsteps warned us of a wayfarer advancing towards us. In a moment he came up.

There were no lamps on the road, and I could only distinguish a tall figure, muffled in a cloak, and a face which looked very pale in the moonlight. He was walking

rapidly, but the rector turned and watched his form as it swiftly receded into total darkness.

"Surely that is young Herbert," said Mr. Marten, half aloud; "and what can he be doing here?"

I remembered the name of the family at the Farm, and concluding this individual to be one of them, nothing seemed more natural than his presence close to his own home. And so I silently wondered at my companion's wonder.

We parted at the rector's gate, and he detained me a moment to congratulate me on having such a sister as Ruth.

"Her society is like a draught of quinine," he said.

"Ah," I replied, "her words have bristles on their backs, but we all want brushing up sometimes!"

"I hope she won't spare me," he said; and I think he was sincere.

"Never fear," I answered. "Good-night."

But as I walked back, I wondered what made my sister so terribly earnest about Chatterton.

CHAPTER V.

TURNED TO THE WALL.

ON Thursday, there came to me a letter bearing the London postmark. I saw Alice look at it as she took it from the postman, and she brought it into the parlour and laid it on the breakfast-table with its superscription upwards. I recognised the writing of the kindest man in my old firm, and I had little fear about its contents, so I bade my servant wait a moment.

The epistle was short enough. The "house" regretted that my first recommendation was not a case which they could take up with more zeal. But they would stretch a point to oblige me. So, if the young man liked, he could take a subordinate place in their counting-house at a salary of eighteen shillings a week.

Now, I did not read the letter to Alice. I knew it was very kind, but to her it would seem cruel. I only told her the result of my application. She took it very quietly, with a few grave thanks, spoken slowly and laboriously, like words in a half-known tongue, ending with the request that she might go and tell Ewen.

I reflected for a moment, and then said, "No, I should like to speak with Mr. Herbert first; he has been kind to your brother,

and I should not wish to entice him from his service without his knowledge. I will make everything right, and your brother shall have the offer before the afternoon."

And Alice thanked me again, and went away to the kitchen.

I wanted Ruth to accompany me to the Great Farm, but she refused, saying I suited strangers better than she did, and she hated morning calls. I learned afterwards that she and Alice passed the time in consulting over the outfit necessary for the lad's decent appearance in his new situation.

I saw neither Ewen nor his grandfather on the way to the farm. I proceeded to the dwelling-house, and found the garden-gate open. The bad weather had made sad havoc among the shapely flower-beds, but a few chrysanthemums smiled from the withered leaves, like country faces in a London crowd. So I reached the broad old-fashioned porch, and pulled a bell whose handle I found among the ivy leaves.

The door was opened by a middle-aged woman, tall and gaunt, clad in a dark clinging gown, and thick white cap and apron. She might have been portress at a nunnery.

"Is Mr. Herbert within?" I inquired.

"Mr. Herbert has just gone out among his fields," she answered, in a sour tone, eyeing me like one who has reason to suspect a stranger.

"Can you tell me where I may overtake him?" I asked.

"H'm — ye see he's moving about; and as you went in at one gate, he might go out at the other. I don't know whether he'll be long. If ye'll step inside I'll just inquire."

She admitted me into a square wainscotted hall, pushed forward a heavy oaken chair, and retreated with noisy steps through an arched doorway.

The place reminded me of dear old Meadow Farm, only on a grander scale. There was the same wide fireplace, surmounted by hunting trophies and blunderbusses, the same bare walls and floor, only these were of oak instead of deal. But it was very silent, and there was no cheerful family litter on the hall table — no whips, or dog-collars, or battered gardening-hats. I had scarcely time to notice all this, when the tall servant returned.

"Will ye just step into the parlour to Miss Herbert?" she said, and turned about and led the way. She had never asked my name. It seemed that unexpected visits were so rare in that house, that she had forgotten the customary etiquette of such occasions.

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The "parlour" was reached by a short passage leading from the arched doorway. This passage was very dark, and as my guide opened the door at the end, I was almost dazzled by the sunlight in the white ceiled and delicately-papered room beyond. The servant made way for my entrance, but did not retire.

Miss Herbert advanced to meet me. As I expected, she was the lady whom I had seen on the previous Sunday, but in her indoor apparel she looked much younger. She met me close to the door, and her face seemed anxious and fearful. There was a dog at her feet, a curly honest-eyed fellow, but not such an one as usually frequents feminine boudoirs.

"I apologise for disturbing you," I said; "but I wish a little conversation with Mr. Herbert. I must introduce myself as Mr. Edward Garrett, your new neighbour."

"Oh, indeed!" she responded, in a relieved tone, "will you please take a chair? I expect Mr. Herbert will return in half an hour. If you can wait, he will be very happy to see you."

Then she resumed her seat, and the attendant, who had remained till now, closed the door and left us together. Like all English people, we entered into a conversation about the weather, from which we passed to the scenery in the neighbourhood, and similar topics. On Sunday, my companion's face had awakened my interest, and as we talked this interest deepened. Her manner was refined and kindly, and her smile was that beautiful smile which suggests a burst of sunshine on a rainy day. Yet there was a pre-occupation about her, as if her thoughts perpetually slipped away elsewhere, and had to be forcibly recalled and kept at their duty. As we talked, there came upon her face the anxious, laborious expression sometimes seen in deaf people, and then she spoke with a fitful, forced vivacity, as if she feared she was failing in her part, and threw out all her energy to succeed. Altogether she was exactly the reverse of the calm healthy woman one expects to meet in a farm-house parlour.

"I hope your papa is not so busy this morning that I shall be troublesome," I remarked, after one of our very natural pauses.

"Oh, no," she answered, rousing herself with a start; "but Mr. Herbert is not my father; he is my uncle."

"I beg pardon for the mistake," I said. "Then are you one of the household here, or are you on a visit?"

"I have lived here since my father's

far less weary and worn than this twenty-year-old girl. Agnes Herbert's sweet, tired face positively pained me.

"Then Agnes must be at her service," said the farmer promptly. "So, my girl, go and put on your wraps, and you can come with us through the fields. The walk will do you good, this fine sunshiny day."

She rose to obey, smiling and silent. It was the silence about her which was so pitiful. For silence is the leaden shield with which we meet the inevitable. Hopelessness is silent. So is Death.

She was ready in a few minutes, and we three started from the back-door — "the field way," as Mr. Herbert called it. He was quite eager to show me every object of interest, and I don't for one moment suppose that he identified me as the Cockney traveller whom he had half anathematized for peering at his crops. Agnes stood beside us, while we discussed sundry items of agriculture, and she answered when addressed, but when left alone, I don't think she listened. However, when the conversation passed to haymakers, and similar "odd hands," and I remarked that we hoped to establish a little village refuge, which might be useful to such, or to others in distress, she suddenly looked up into my face, and said —

"That will be very good."

"Aye, so it will," observed her uncle; "they can put up there on days when we farmers don't want them, and then they'll be at hand when we do."

"I shall ask you to subscribe, Mr. Herbert," I said.

"Well, I'll give something — it will save me bribing 'em to hang about idle, — picknicking and stealing."

"And you too, Miss Agnes?" I queried.

"I have so little money," she answered.

"Then Ruth must find out how else you can help us," I remarked.

"I'll thank her if she does," said Mr. Herbert. "Aggie sat and looked at the fire all last winter, and all this summer she has looked at the grass. Anything will be better than that — whether it does good to others or no."

So we walked on through meadow after meadow, yet we did not find Ewen, but only his grandfather, who told us the young man was "away in the cart." I announced my proposal to the patriarch, who received it with very eager gratitude. "It will be the making of the lad, not that he ever said a word against his work, but it's no the right sort for him — ye'll grant that, sir?" — to Mr. Herbert.

"I'll not grant anything of the kind," returned the farmer, with his bluff laugh; "but every man must stand up for himself, and I don't blame your boy for following his fortune."

"Ye'll no think him ungratefu'," said Mr. McCallum. "He'll ne'er forget that wantin' your kindness he could na hae bided here till the bricht turn came. He'll aye remember that, sir."

"There's nothing to remember," said Mr. Herbert; "I had a chance of a good workman cheap, and I took it. Tell him he can go away whenever he likes, Mr. Callum; he need not wait to give me proper notice. And you can hand him that from me," and he slipped something into the old man's hand, "just a kind of farewell blessing, you understand."

"Ewen will be prood, prood, if he can e'er serve you or yours, sir," returned Mr. McCallum, but the farmer waved off his thanks and strode on, calling on us to follow.

"I'm called a 'near' man, Mr. Garrett," he said presently. "So I am. I wouldn't give a man high wages for the world. Bad principle. Keep 'em in their place. Make it up in presents. High wages make 'em independent in their service. Presents bind 'em to it. High wages set all the labourers round plaguing their masters for the same. Presents only make 'em anxious to get to the master who gives them."

"But, Mr. Herbert, is it *just* to give a man less than he is worth; and then bestow his own upon him as a boon?" I asked.

"Justice is an excellent lady, sir," he answered jocularly, "only she's blind, and there's no knowing where she'll lead one. She has taken some people so far that they think it's sinful for one to be rich and another poor. They may go on till they find out that some have no right to be tall while others are short."

"That is mistaken indeed," I said; "but the rich have no right to grind the poor because they are poor; and in a crowd a tall man looks none the shorter for letting a little one stand in front."

"Ah, right enough," assented my companion. "'Live and let live' is a good motto. But when you stand aside to let another pass, I like him to notice that you needn't do so if you don't choose."

"Then you are very fond of power, Mr. Herbert," I remarked.

"Indeed I am," he answered candidly. "And if any one under my control is sensible enough to understand me, he can get pretty much his own way; but if he flies in

"Ay, that I have," said the farmer. "And there isn't a better workman in the place—can turn his hand to anything. Good job for me that he's rather under a cloud, else he would not be hired for my price."

"Then, Mr. Herbert," I responded, "I fear you will not thank me for asking you to give him up?"

"What! do you want him yourself?" he asked. "Upon my word, you city gentlemen are keen in detecting the value of a good article."

"No, I don't want him myself," I answered; "but I dare say you know the youth has capabilities rather above farm-work."

"Certainly I do," said he, "that's just the reason why he's so good at it. Everything's the better when done with brains. I only wish they would get so cheap as to be included in engagements."

"I have succeeded in getting him a place in the city—something of the kind he had before he—before he passed under the cloud, as you say," I explained.

Mr. Herbert's face clouded, and he asked very shortly, "Does the young fellow know this?"

"Not yet," I replied. "I would not name the subject to him, until I had conferred with you."

"That's right," he said, clearing up. "'Pastors and masters,' and all that, you know. We must stand up for it, sir. The young ones are always ready to throw us over. Well, let 'em if they can. If they won't have our rule, they can't want our help."

Now, I felt that Mr. Herbert spoke truth, and yet I could not assent. It pains me to hear truth spoken dogmatically or maliciously, or selfishly, and though the farmer's seemed only a coarse, good-humoured, give-and-take selfishness, nevertheless it profaned what it touched. But he did not notice my silence.

"I'll not stand in the lad's light," he went on. "We'll go out together, and we shall find him somewhere about, and then you can tell him, and he shall have his wages, and a bit over, may be. He's been worth double the money he's cost, but, of course, I shan't say so. He's a civil lad, too, though he's short-spoken, and doesn't say two words, if one will do."

"He will be all the better when he is out of the way of suspicion," I said.

"I don't see why he need care for suspicion," responded Mr. Herbert, with a contemptuous emphasis on the word, "except

that it lost him a good place. But anything else might have done that. Suspicion can't hang a man, and so far as I can see, it doesn't hinder his enjoying any comforts he can get."

"But a man does not live only to eat and to escape the gallows," I remarked.

"That's a dog's life, Mr. Herbert."

"Let who can live for better things," he said, recklessly. "Let 'em have fine hopes and visions, they'll find 'em less substantial than this," and he slapped the ham with his carving-knife.

"Certainly, sir," I answered, "just as the perishing body is, to our groes senses, more substantial than the immortal soul."

Mr. Herbert made no reply, but helped himself to some ale, and told his niece she ate no more than a chicken, and there was a silence, until I inquired if Miss Herbert's London training permitted her to be a good walker.

"Oh yes," she answered, with that same aroused manner. "I think nothing of what many women call long distances."

"But you hardly ever go out now, Aggie," said the farmer, in a softened, kindly tone.

"I wonder at that," I remarked, "for I know there are beautiful walks about here, and I am sure you must have plenty of leisure."

"Yes, plenty of leisure," she repeated absently.

"Can you sketch?" I inquired.

"I used to do so," she answered.

"Now, how interesting that would be," I said, "for you might bring all the beauties of the neighbourhood into your uncle's house to brighten a rainy day."

She laughed a little, and then answered, "There was nobody to see them. Uncle would not care," and I thought she glanced towards that picture with its face turned away.

"But anyhow it would occupy your time very pleasantly," I went on. "Don't the days seem long to you, in this house among the fields?"

"Oh, the days pass somehow," she replied, with such a short, sad laugh.

"I wish she would not shut herself up," said Mr. Herbert, uneasily. "She's always willing to go out if I ask her, but she never proposes it of her own accord."

"Then, sir," I said, "I wish you would now ask her to accompany me to see my sister. Ruth will be very glad to have a young thing about her as often as the young thing likes." But even as I uttered the words I felt that my sister, with her white hair, was

far less weary and worn than this twenty-year-old girl. Agnes Herbert's sweet, tired face positively pained me.

"Then Agnes must be at her service," said the farmer promptly. "So, my girl, go and put on your wraps, and you can come with us through the fields. The walk will do you good, this fine sunshiny day."

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She was ready in a few minutes, and we three started from the back-door—"the field way," as Mr. Herbert called it. He was quite eager to show me every object of interest, and I don't for one moment suppose that he identified me as the Cockney traveller whom he had half anathematized for peering at his crops. Agnes stood beside us, while we discussed sundry items of agriculture, and she answered when addressed, but when left alone, I don't think she listened. However, when the conversation passed to haymakers, and similar "odd hands," and I remarked that we hoped to establish a little village refuge, which might be useful to such, or to others in distress, she suddenly looked up into my face, and said—

"That will be very good."

"Aye, so it will," observed her uncle; "they can put up there on days when we farmers don't want them, and then they'll be at hand when we do."

"I shall ask you to subscribe, Mr. Herbert," I said.

"Well, I'll give something—it will save me bribing 'em to hang about idle,—picking and stealing."

"And you too, Miss Agnes?" I queried.

"I have so little money," she answered.

"Then Ruth must find out how else you can help us," I remarked.

"I'll thank her if she does," said Mr. Herbert. "Aggie sat and looked at the fire all last winter, and all this summer she has looked at the grass. Anything will be better than that—whether it does good to others or no."

So we walked on through meadow after meadow, yet we did not find Ewen, but only his grandfather, who told us the young man was "away in the cart." I announced my proposal to the patriarch, who received it with very eager gratitude. "It will be the making of the lad, not that he ever said a word against his work, but it's no the right sort for him—ye'll grant that, sir?"—to Mr. Herbert.

"I'll not grant anything of the kind," returned the farmer, with his bluff laugh; "but every man must stand up for himself, and I don't blame your boy for following his fortune."

"Ye'll no think him ungrateful," said Mr. McCallum. "He'll ne'er forget that wantin' your kindness he could na hae bided here till the bright turn came. He'll aye remember that, sir."

"There's nothing to remember," said Mr. Herbert; "I had a chance of a good workman cheap, and I took it. Tell him he can go away whenever he likes, McCallum; he need not wait to give me proper notice. And you can hand him that from me," and he slipped something into the old man's hand, "just a kind of farewell blessing, you understand."

"Ewen will be prood, prood, if he can e'er serve you or yours, sir," returned Mr. McCallum, but the farmer waved off his thanks and strode on, calling on us to follow.

"I'm called a 'near' man, Mr. Garrett," he said presently. "So I am. I wouldn't give a man high wages for the world. Bad principle. Keep 'em in their place. Make it up in presents. High wages make 'em independent in their service. Presents bind 'em to it. High wages set all the labourers round plaguing their masters for the same. Presents only make 'em anxious to get to the master who gives them."

"But, Mr. Herbert, is it just to give a man less than he is worth; and then bestow his own upon him as a boon?" I asked.

"Justice is an excellent lady, sir," he answered jocularly, "only she's blind, and there's no knowing where she'll lead one. She has taken some people so far that they think it's sinful for one to be rich and another poor. They may go on till they find out that some have no right to be tall while others are short."

"That is mistaken indeed," I said; "but the rich have no right to grind the poor because they are poor; and in a crowd a tall man looks none the shorter for letting a little one stand in front."

"Ah, right enough," assented my companion. "'Live and let live' is a good motto. But when you stand aside to let another pass, I like him to notice that you needn't do so if you don't choose."

"Then you are very fond of power, Mr. Herbert," I remarked.

"Indeed I am," he answered candidly. "And if any one under my control is sensible enough to understand me, he can get pretty much his own way; but if he flies in

my face and rebels — well — as I said before, I don't govern him, and I don't help him, that's all."

"But then you throw away the much stronger influence which patient forbearance would win," I observed.

He looked a little blank, but he only gave a whistle and stopped short, saying that he must turn back, and would send for Agnes in the course of the evening. So he shook hands with me, and sent his respects to my sister, and Miss Herbert and I proceeded to our house.

My sister received the young lady very kindly. I saw she noticed how girlish and transparent the fair face looked when the lace bonnet was removed. But she only rattled on in her sweet, old-fashioned hospitality, calling Miss Herbert's attention to sundry quaint knick-knacks scattered about our parlour, and giving their little histories. Our visitor merely answered "yes" and "no;" but she listened in the grave, pondering way of those who strive to bring every new idea to bear upon some old problem. After dinner Ruth let the conversation flag, and Miss Herbert did not take it up, but leaned back in the easy-chair, and seemed quite satisfied with the silence. As her uncle had said, she sat and looked at the fire, and I will confess that I sat opposite and looked at her. Gradually twilight stole over us, and as I watched her with half-dozing eyes, I became conscious of one of those strange revelations which come to us at such times, when out of the familiar face grows another face, different and yet the same, sometimes showing how the old man looked when he was young, sometimes prophesying how the boy will look when he is old. And lo! the hopeless face before me grew calm and firm, but no longer girlish, and the peace thereon seemed not of the simplicity which looks up at life's struggle, but rather of the wisdom which looks down upon the same. But the spell of my dreamy gaze was suddenly broken by Phillis bringing in the lamp, and Ruth rousing herself from the sofa behind me, and saying she guessed Miss Herbert would think us a fine set of sleepy-heads.

So the fire was stirred and tea ordered. Alice brought it in, and when she left the room Miss Herbert made her first spontaneous remark —

"That is Alice McCallum, is it not?" she said. "She looks happier than she has looked for a long while."

"I dare say you know she has been in great trouble," observed Ruth; "but, thank

God, there is no sorrow so dark that it cannot be lightened in God's good time."

"It is God's will," Miss Herbert whispered softly.

"And I think it is always God's will," answered my sister in a clear, cheerful voice. "Sometimes He chooses not to take away our cross, but it is our fault if He do not help us to carry it, and when once He does that, the worst is over."

And I saw Miss Herbert paused, and let those words print themselves on her mind.

"Let us hope that in every sense the worst is over for Alice," I observed.

"Alice has never lacked blessings," returned Ruth. "Her troubles have not wasted her life, but rather ennobled it. Her calamities have compelled her to work harder than before, and more for other people than herself. All sorrow should lead to that, only it's a great blessing when we are put between two hedges, and so can't miss take the meaning of the signpost."

"Yet it seems to me that those who have done most for the world have been happy people," remarked Miss Herbert.

"Certainly," said my sister, "just because those who do good cannot be miserable. If we make smiling faces round us, we learn the habit of smiles."

Just then there came a gentle tap at the door, and Alice's face appeared, very bright, indeed, as she said, "Ewen has come up, if you please, sir, because he would like to thank you."

"Show him in," answered my sister.

The young man entered, and his sister retired. He was not in his farm clothes, but in such dress as he must have worn in the office at Mallowe — a suit probably never used since that time. He was a tall, well-made fellow, and I was glad he would certainly make a good first impression on my city friends, and I noticed that Miss Herbert looked at him with surprised interest. Naturally enough, he spoke shyly and stiffly. He was evidently very glad of the impending change, yet in the gladness was a reservation which he seemed unwilling to express. It came out at last. "Grandfather will be so lonely."

"Ah, we must see about that. For the first few days Alice can stay with him, and come to her work here while he is out," answered my sister. "And after that, some new plan may suggest itself. Does Mr. McCallum speak of it?"

"O no, ma'am," replied Ewen; "for that matter, I've been such bad company that he won't miss me much."

"Have you seen Mr. Herbert?" I asked.
 "Yes, sir; I happened to meet him in the road. He was very kind," with a glance at our guest.

"Well, Ewen, you are the first person I have recommended to my old firm," I said, "so you must get me a good name for insight and discretion, just for the sake of those who may come after. Do you know any one in London?"

"Not a soul!" he answered, with the gaiety of one who is not sorry for oblivion.

"Then take care what friends you make," I responded. "There are one or two Scotchmen in the office, to whom your nationality will serve as introduction. And for the matter of evening recreation—I know you are well-educated—have you any favourite pursuit—chemistry, or anything?"

Ewen smiled and blushed a little, and then answered, "I always had a taste for drawing, sir."

"Oh yes, I know," exclaimed Agnes Herbert, and checked herself.

"Then go to a drawing class as soon as you can afford it; and even before that, there are many free evening lectures and exhibitions by which you can improve yourself. An inclination for any study is the cheapest and best pleasure a man can have. Pursuing it, he gains insight into other things, and is thrown in the way of congenial company. But don't let your taste run away with you; don't let it intrude on business, or sleep, or exercise. Don't allow yourself to be an indifferent clerk, for the sake of being an indifferent artist. Be thorough in your duties, and you will elevate the standard of your taste."

"And don't forget to be regular in your letters home," said Ruth, practically. "Let them be expected on certain days, so that Alice need not waste her time waiting for the postman."

"And write to me whenever you like," I added, as the young man rose to depart. "But I suppose we shall see you again before you go."

"I don't think so, sir," he answered. "Alice and I have talked it over, and she says I can be ready to go by the train tomorrow morning, and she'll send the rest of my things after me."

"You are indeed glad to get away, my boy," I said, as we shook hands.

"I'll not deny it, sir," he replied, "but please God, I'll win to such a life that those who believe that black chapter will be willing to forget it."

"And is there no one else to whom you

should say good-bye?" I asked. "A journey is none the worse for a few 'God speeda.'"

"Well, there is one," he said, reflectively; "but I was once so rude to him that I don't like to go. I mean our minister, sir."

"Go by all means," said Ruth, smiling. "You own you were rude to him; so if you get a rebuff, it will only serve you right."

"Ewen," I interrupted, "if you go, take my word for it, you won't get a rebuff."

"I'll go," he said. "I'll go before I return home." And so he shook hands with Ruth and me, and was going away with a bow to Miss Herbert; but that young lady sprang up briskly and shook hands too.

"One of Nature's gentlemen," I remarked, when he was gone.

"A brave, honest man," said Ruth.

"You think him innocent?" queried our visitor.

"That we do," answered Ruth.

"Supposing he were guilty?" said Miss Herbert again.

"Then, as he asserts his innocence, he would be very base indeed," returned my sister.

"I think him innocent," observed the young lady after a pause. "I always thought so."

"Did you express that opinion whenever you could?" asked Ruth.

"I said so to my uncle; but he did not care whether or no; and I don't speak to any one else."

"Then you should," answered Ruth, decidedly; "we should all keep a seat for ourselves in the parliament of public opinion. A single vote may turn the scale sometimes."

"But I am so fond of solitude," pleaded the girl; "yet still," she added, eagerly, "I would make myself like society if I could do good in it. But if I had gone to all the village tea-parties, and lifted up my voice for Ewen's innocence, I could not have helped him as you and your brother have, Miss Garrett."

"Certainly not," returned Ruth; "your time for that has not come. Youth is the season for gaining a place and a voice in the world. Influence is like everything worth having: we must work a long while to gain it."

"Well, Ruth," I said, "Miss Herbert has her uncle's permission to help you about your refuge. That will be a beginning for her. I think she is like you—in favour of refuges."

"Is that so, my dear?" asked Ruth.

"Yes," answered the girl, very softly

indeed; "because they give one more chance to the lost ones."

"There are none 'lost' between earth and heaven," said my sister; "wherever they go they can't get away from God. And He gives them chance after chance to the very end."

"But He is angry with the wicked," whispered Agnes Herbert, with dilating eyes.

"Just as a loving father is angry with his naughty children," returned my sister. "He loves them none the less for His anger. He is angry because He loves them. Like a father, too, He waits to forgive."

"But some fathers are not ready to forgive," said Agnes.

"Then they need to ask their children's pardon for their hard-heartedness," replied Ruth; "and God help them to see the necessity before it be too late!"

There followed a short silence, which Miss Herbert broke by the abrupt inquiry,—

"Do you think many people go to heaven, Miss Garrett?"

"Surely many more than go elsewhere," answered Ruth, "for God's love is stronger than Satan's malice. And heaven is broader than our charity. There will be some there whom we scarcely expect. Ah, it would be a woeful world if we could not always hope that!"

At this the strange, reserved girl suddenly sprang up, and kissed my sister with the bursting enthusiasm of one who has just heard unexpected tidings of joy. She would have subsided as suddenly, but my sister held her for a moment, and kissed that sensitive forehead—once, twice, thrice. Agnes's impulsive embrace was like the electric shock which flashes across the sea the glad news that two nations have but one heart.

Here Phillis entered with the announcement that Miss Herbert was fetched, and

that the rector's servant had brought a letter, which she handed to my sister, who presently passed it to me; and while Agnes put on her bonnet, I read aloud:—"The Rev. Lewis Marten sends his best regards to Miss Garrett, and he has found a house which he thinks exactly suits her ideas of a refuge. If convenient, he will wait upon her to-morrow morning, and take her to see it. He must add that he has named the subject to some of his parishioners, and has secured one or two donations; which is very promising."

"Would you like to join us?" inquired Ruth of Miss Herbert. "Come over here early, and take the walk with us. Remember, I shall quite expect you."

"Tell your uncle, and then he will take care to send you," I said, smiling. And so the matter was settled.

"A very sweet girl," remarked Ruth, when our visitor had departed. "At first I thought her listless. I don't think so now. And she has an energetic face."

"She seems like one defeated," I said, "who has no heart to re-commence the battle."

"Then we must get her into it unawares," returned Ruth.

And I told her all I had seen and heard at the Great Farm about the girl's loneliness and her uncle's evident solicitude, and about the strange shadow of household tragedy that haunted the family dining-room.

"Doubtless she will tell us about it in due time," said Ruth, meditatively. "In the little intercourse I have had with people round, I have heard nothing about the Herberts. Very likely Alice could explain it. But she is not the girl to tell, and we are not the people to ask her. Whatever it be, they had better have taken the picture down and put it out of sight. Turned to the wall, indeed! What folly!"

From The London Review.

LOVER'S SONGS.*

Mr. LOVER is well known as the writer of several popular ballads in which a certain kind of Irish sentiment is gracefully and cleverly inclosed. Ireland has never yet had a truly national bard, capable of making songs for the people, but she has had several native composers capable of making songs for other people to sing about her.

Moore was entirely too artificial and ornate either to touch the real soul of feeling in his country or to express it. His verses sparkle with a vivacity charmingly attractive and telling, but there is more wit than humour in them; and Irish feeling is much more humorous than witty. That "heart" which is so marked in Burns is entirely absent in the author of "Lalla Rookh." Davis, a rebel writer, who filled columns of the *Nation* in 1848 with Tyrtæan poems, occasionally turned from war to love, and managed to express a sad minor pathos of sentiment, which underlies the Celtic nature. Mr. Lover understands the comedy of Hibernianism with something of the same sort of comprehension of it displayed upon the stage and in his plays by Mr. Bourcicault. It is not altogether untrue to the reality, though it is still too theatrical to be acknowledged by those of whom it treats. It is, in fact, Irish sentiment dressed for the English market, and very well dressed it is.

The legendary beliefs and superstitions amongst the Irish are, in many instances, as poetical as they are amusing. Croker made the mistake of selecting for his work mostly those which were of a ludicrous description, but he might have found to hand many as picturesque and suggestive as those of the Rhine. Mr. Lover has caught up several of the more attractive notions, and has set them in pleasing and musical measures. "Watch well by daylight, for then your own senses are awake to guard you; but keep no watch in darkness, for then God watches over you," a very beautiful superstition, has been treated with considerable tenderness and freedom. Some of these superstitions are very singular. A four-leaved shamrock is of such rarity that it is supposed to impart miraculous power to its fortunate finder. A dream at night may be false, but a morning dream is likely to be true. When a handsome child pines and sickens, the peasant believes that the fairies have taken away the infant and put an eld-

ritch in its place. When a lady shows you the new moon, it is, for you, a sign and token of good luck. When a baby smiles in its sleep it is supposed to be talking with angels. All these subjects are severally sung by Mr. Lover, and many of them are well known to singers of ballads. "True love can ne'er forget" is a very sweet and melodious relation in verse of the story of Carolan, the Irish bard, who, when deprived of sight, after twenty years had passed, recognised his first love by the simple touch of her hand. Here is an anecdote of a different kind, which is also made the theme of a poem:—

"The Earl of Kildare, Lord Deputy of Ireland, ruled justly, and was hated by the small oppressors whose practices he discountenanced. They accused him of favouring the Irish to the King's detriment, but he, in the presence of the King, rebutted their calumnies. They said, at last, 'Please your Highness, all Ireland cannot rule this Earl.' 'Then,' said Henry, 'he is the man to rule all Ireland.'—and he took the golden chain from his neck and threw it over the shoulders of the Earl, who returned with honour to his government."

The comic pieces, although they partake more or less of the stage Irishman order of poetical business, are genuinely humorous, and faithful at least to their own ideal. The blunders made by the courting swains of these verses are involved and funny enough to satisfy the most cultivated appetite for Celtic bulls. Even the "ochs," and "be-dads," and "mushas," which are almost as rare in Ireland as the "forsooth" or "pish" of novels are rare in real life anywhere, are plentifully sprinkled over these pages. But Mr. Lover, like Mr. Bourcicault, takes care not to degenerate into mere capering and shillelagh-flourishing; he manages to introduce some exaggeration, which, although on the brink of the bathos, are telling as pieces of pathetic colouring. The following, however, is a specimen of pure fun, which refers to a festival which has very recently been celebrated, and at which our neighbours happily did not perpetuate the condition inscribed to the practice in the last lines:—

"THE BIRTH OF SAINT PATRICK.

"The first faction fight in owld Ireland they
say,
 Was all on account of Saint Patrick's birth-day;

* The Poetical Works of Samuel Lover. London: Routledge & Sons.

Some fought for the eighth — for the ninth
 more would die,
 And who wouldn't see right sure they
 blackened his eye!
 At last both the factions so positive grew,
 That each kept a birthday, so Pat then had
 two,
 Till Father Mulcahy who showed them
 their sins
 Said, 'No one could have two birthdays
 but a *twins*.'
 Says he, 'Boys don't be fightin' for eight
 or for nine,
 Don't be always dividin', but sometimes
 combine;
 Combine eight with nine, seventeen is the
 mark,
 Let that be his birthday.' 'Amen,' says
 the clerk.
 'If he wasn't a *twins*, sure our history will
 show —
 That at least he's worth any *two* saints that
 we know!
 Then they all got blind dhrunk, which
 completed their bliss,
 And we keep up the practice from that day
 to this."

The ballads and verses of occasion interspersed throughout this book do not strike us as being much above the average of such compositions, although this must be said for them, that Mr. Lover, in every instance, displays the accomplishment of a thoroughly musical ear, and a nice sense of the best words for singing. The love-verses belong to a school which has now passed away. The lyrics of Bayley and his friends had much of the finical sentiment of Mr. Lover's, which seem cold when placed beside the hot-and-strong declarations of passion which young ladies and gentlemen are now enabled to shout or murmur from the pianoforte. Occasionally, however, we come across some which are certainly pretty, with a peculiar old-fashioned daintiness and delicacy about them. Mr. Lover, in his preface, says that his first object was to write "songs," i. e., songs which could be sung. This he has certainly succeeded in doing, as some of his ballads, "The Angel's Whisper" and "Molly Bawn," for instance, have become household pieces in Irish and in many English drawing-rooms. But he is wrong in selecting Milton as an example of a great genius failing to write a good song. The lines in "Comus," which he contends would not easily lend themselves to vocalization, possess a music of their own which appears at once to the mind without passing through the sense of hearing. The best songs, even for singing, we suspect were

written without a conscious effort to suit them for the voice. Many of the verses in this book have an ease and natural melody from which we suspect that Mr. Lover has a gift superior to art, though he modestly ascribes his successes to cultivation and practice. Whatever be the plan upon which he has worked, we are glad to thank him for the result, and to wish that this, the fifth edition of his book may be soon followed by a sixth, in which he will have a further opportunity of enforcing his theory by writing clever and pleasant ballads.

From The London Review.

FARADAY.*

THIS sketch of the professional career of a great man who has recently gone from amongst us is in no sense biographical; and yet it is extremely personal. The narrative of Faraday's discoveries has been so cunningly interwoven by Professor Tyndall with suggestions of the idiosyncrasy of which they were the outward result, that instead of a merely scientific treatise we have a story which has all the charms of a romance. Materials for a life of Faraday, Professor Tyndall tells us, were not in his hands; and the present volume, while laying before us many illustrations of Faraday's character and habits, will be chiefly valuable as an attempt, by one of the very few men competent to make it, to trace the line at which Faraday's researches and investigations passed into the domain of independent discovery. The main facts of Faraday's life are probably familiar to most of our readers. They know that he was born at Newington Butts in 1791; that, at the age of thirteen, he was apprenticed to a bookbinder, a trade at which he worked for several years; that his ambition having been stirred by hearing Sir Humphrey Davy lecture, he wrote to the lecturer, explaining how sick he was of trade, and how desirous of devoting himself to science; that Sir Humphrey engaged him as his assistant in the Royal Institution, where he was paid so much a week; and that during the course of a long life he worked indefatigably and gloriously in the fields of science, reaping such harvests there as are now known to all men. We know, too, that this man, whom Professor Tyndall holds to be "the greatest

* Faraday as a Discoverer. By John Tyndall. London: Longmans.

experimental philosopher the world has ever seen," died poor; but few of us were aware of the resolute self-denial by which that poverty was wilfully incurred. Faraday, Professor Tyndall tells us, was at one period of his life forced definitely to decide whether wealth or science should be the pursuit of his life. For a man to devote his life to art, science, or literature, in the face of being compelled to sacrifice money and comfort, is a form of sacrifice which is common around us—which takes place constantly without the fact ever becoming known; but the present instance is so marked, and redounds so highly to the credit of one whom we have every other reason to honour, that we quote Professor Tyndall's words at length. Having shown that Faraday had "only to will it to raise in 1832 his professional business income to £5,000 a year," he proceeds to say:—

"While restudying the *Experimental Researches* with reference to the present memoir, the conversation with Faraday here alluded to came to my recollection, and I sought to ascertain the period when the question 'wealth or science,' had presented itself with such emphasis to his mind. I fixed upon the year 1831 or 1832, for it seemed beyond the range of human power to pursue science as he had done during the subsequent years, and to pursue commercial work at the same time. To test this conclusion I asked permission to see his accounts, and on my own responsibility I will state the result. In 1832, his professional business income, instead of rising to £5,000, or more, fell from £1,090. 4s. to £155. 9s. From this it fell, with slight oscillations, to £92 in 1837, and to zero in 1838. Between 1839 and 1845, it never, except in one instance, exceeded £22; being, for the most part, much under this. The exceptional year referred to was that in which he and Sir Charles Lyell were engaged by Government to write a report on the Haswell Colliery explosion, and then his business income rose to £112. From the end of 1845 to the day of his death, Faraday's annual professional business income was exactly zero. Taking the duration of his life into account, this son of a blacksmith, and apprentice to a bookbinder, had to decide between a fortune of £150,000 on the one side, and his undowered science on the other. He chose the latter, and died a poor man. But his was the glory of holding aloft among the nations the scientific name of England for a period of forty years."

We scarcely know whether the present volume is more valuable as a record of the definite achievements of Faraday or as an index to his method. No one but a man of large intellectual grasp could so clearly and vividly have laid down the habit of Faraday's

mind as Professor Tyndall has done an effort in analysis only possible to a strong sympathy and a cool judgment. "Theorizing," he says, in one place, "is the backward guess from fact to principle; the conjecture or divination regarding something which lies behind the facts, and from which they flow in necessary consequence." Elsewhere, he remarks that much nonsense is talked about induction and deduction, and thus explains Faraday's use of pure hypotheses:—"He incessantly employed them to gain experimental ends, but he incessantly took them down, as an architect removes the scaffolding when the edifice is complete. . . . Faraday himself, in fact, was always 'guessing by hypothesis,' and making theoretic divination the stepping-stone to his experimental results." Nor was he averse at times to merely theoretic disputation. The ordinarily accepted atomic theory, Professor Tyndall shows, received from his hand an unanswerable blow. Dalton's celebrated theory is that matter consists of atoms combined according to certain unalterable proportions—a position which no one is likely to dispute. But, matter being capable of expansion and compression, these ultimate atoms must be surrounded by space—they must not touch each other; so that the interatomic spaces constitute a continuous medium running through every body. Now, in the case of a bar of conducting metal, when submitted to electric action, this interatomic space acts as a conductor; whereas, in the case of a non-conducting substance, it becomes an insulator. Here, according to Faraday, is a subversion of the atomic theory; "for if space be an insulator it cannot exist in conducting bodies, and if it be a conductor it cannot exist in insulating bodies." It would be beyond our present object to attempt to give here any sketch of Faraday's own idea of matter; but we should commend it to the consideration of such metaphysicians as may be disposed to side with the author of "*The World, Dynamical and Immaterial*."

The practical consequences of Faraday's discoveries have so long been familiar to us that there is a quaint pleasure in trying to recall the time in which these discoveries were unknown, and in tracing, with Professor Tyndall, the progressive steps by which Faraday arrived at them. No man seems to have been more distrustful of theory; and no man seems to have been so perpetually, and perhaps unconsciously, theorizing. The flashes of inspiration by which he anticipated certain truths bear continuous testimony to the presence of that inscrutable

we call genius. They who consider it a reconstructed memory, and in a new combination of old experience will here find plenty to puzzle over; if they want every scientific aid to the solution in the singularly clear and able work which Professor Tyndall has com-

The ordinary reader, also, who takes this volume will find much to interest him. He will find, amid the chronicles of scientific discovery, the tender reminiscences of friendship, worthy alike of the man who inspired it and of him who now commemorates it. With one expression of this appreciation we must close our notice of the volume which is sure to have many

readers have heard much," says Professor Tyndall, "of Faraday's gentleness and sweet-tenderness. It is all true, but it is very delicate. You cannot resolve a powerful force into these elements, and Faraday's character would have been less admirable than if it had not embraced forces and tendencies behind the silky adjectives 'gentle' and 'tender' which by no means apply. Underneath sternness and gentleness was the heat of a volcano. He was a man of excitable and fiery nature; but through high self-discipline he had turned the fire into a central glow and a power of life, instead of permitting it to burn in useless passion. 'He that is slow to anger,' saith the sage, 'is greater than the city; and he that ruleth his own spirit than he that taketh a city.' Faraday was not slow to anger, but he completely ruled his own spirit, and, though he took no cities, he captivated them."

From The London Review.

WALT WHITMAN.*

This edition of Walt Whitman's poems is specially prepared for the British market, and is weeded of those pieces the occasional phraseology of which was found, in instances, to shock many people, and is specimens of every thing that is characteristic in the American poet's writing. Of pruned editions we have, generally speaking, an abhorrence; but in several chance expressions which Whitman permitted himself were so idle that his poems, as a whole, were freed of that fair judgment which by belongs to every artistic work. Now

edited by Walt Whitman. Selected and introduced by W. M. Rossetti. London: John Camden

we are far from considering Walt Whitman the merely blatant egotist which many English critics would have him to be; and we are glad that an opportunity presents itself to the ordinary English reader of estimating for himself the value of a writer who is almost new to us. Nor should we be surprised if the publication of this volume procure for its author a complete reversal of that vague opinion of him—founded almost entirely on hearsay—which has hitherto been current in this country. Walt Whitman is not an inflated Tupper. He is nebulous, mystical, sometimes incoherent, often laboriously "distinct" without being "clear"—according to Leibnitz's fine definition—but at no time does he fail to impress his reader with the sense that here is a man of power, a man capable of producing a definite impression on the mind. This is a result which never accrues from commonplace. Walt Whitman is, indeed, the Turner of poets. Sometimes you find a mere blurred mass of colour; then an incomprehensible blaze of light; then a piece of apparent commonplace; and then a picture which overawes the beholder. You may come to these studies with any mood of mind, and find it gratified. They will afford material for jokes; they will offer proof of the author's entire ignorance of or contempt for system and precedent; they will justify the wildest praise and the bitterest abuse. These are possibilities one does not find in commonplace; whatever the work is, it cannot be that. We have more than once seen the rather curious objection preferred against Walt Whitman, that the impression he produced on his admirers is simply owing to his talking largely and being incomprehensible. That, however, is a form of literature with which so many modern writers have made us familiar, that every reader can at once deny the fact of any impression being produced by such easy authorship beyond that of insufferable weariness. The ordinary graces of poetry are not to be found in these poems. They are, as we have said, without system or precedent; the utterances of a man with an amazing belief, not in himself as an individual, but in himself as a spokesman of a new country and a new time.

"And I too of the Manahatta, singing thereof
— and no less in myself than the whole
of the Manahatta in itself."

Neither the dreams of Novalis nor the later speculations of Faraday are to be

compared with that insistence of the mystic transmutation of spirit which this realistic and democratic poet sings. He does not worship the body, and passions, and infirmities of Walt Whitman; he worships these as all that he knows of humanity; and this is strikingly exemplified in a poem which has, unfortunately but necessarily, been omitted from the present edition. He seems to lose in his own mind all sense of the difference between the individual and the mass:—

"All architecture is what you do to it when
you look upon it;
Did you think it was in the white or grey
stone? or the lines of the arches and
cornices?
All music is what awakes from you when you
are reminded by the instruments."

Anthropomorphism of a subtle and indefinite kind seems to be his principal theme; an anthropomorphism, however, differing widely from that of the sensationalists. According to him, "objects gross and the unseen Soul are one;" while, as to spiritual creations:—

"We consider bibles and religions divine—I
do not say they are not divine;
I say they have all grown out of you, and
may grow out of you still;
It is not they who give the life—it is you
who give the life;
Leaves are not more shed from the trees, or
trees from the earth, than they are shed
out of you."

As a specimen of what may be called his "prophetic manner," take the following striking passage, full of a shadowy, but real and impressive force:—

"What whispers are these, O lands, running
ahead of you, passing under the seas?
Are all nations communing? Is there go-
ing to be but one heart to the globe?
Is humanity forming *en masse*?—for lo!
tyrants tremble, crowns grow dim;
The earth, restive, confronts a new era, per-
haps a general divine war;
No one knows what will happen next—such
portents fill the days and nights.
Years prophetic! the space ahead as I
walk, as I vainly try to pierce it, is full
of phantoms;
Unborn deeds, things soon to be, project their
shapes around me;
This incredible rush and heat—this strange
ecstatic fever of dreams, O years!
Your dreams, O years, how they penetrate
through me! (I know not whether I
sleep or wake!)

The performed America and Europe grow
dim, retiring in shadow behind me;
The unperformed, more gigantic than ever,
advance, advance upon me."

Such is the cumbrous and ungainly "method" of Walt Whitman's utterance; and that again is not unfrequently rendered more forbidding by an unnecessary diffuseness and what seems to us to be an intentional vagueness. That the writer of these poems—if poems they are to be called—is worthy of greater attention than has yet been paid him in England we endeavoured to show in a former article. For him, as for any other writer, we would bespeak a patient hearing. The material which he offers us is so novel and so bold, that we are ready to distrust any immediate critical estimate, and would fain see Walt Whitman pass into the crucible of popular reading. Mr. Rossetti, we think, has done his editorial work—in this case rendered peculiarly difficult—well; and we recommend the reader to pay careful attention to Mr. Rossetti's appreciation and yet impartial judgment of Whitman in the preface to the book. We should have preferred to the engraved portrait of Walt Whitman in the present volume a copy of the striking and picturesque photograph of him lately taken in New York; but even the former will give the English reader some slight indications of the poet's features and expression. In other respects the edition is nicely got up; and we have no hesitation in commending it as an excellent index to the writings of a man who cannot be overlooked.

GREAT FERMENTATION IN CHINA.

"Beer has been successfully brewed at Shanghai."
—*Reuter's Telegrams.*

FOR "the cup that cheers," in spite of your
jeers,

I shall never be loth to speak up;
But I thought till to-day, in the land of Cathay,
'That the cup, so famed, was a tea-cup.
The only brew John Chinaman knew,
I'd have wagered a pound of Hylson,
Was the ten of that ilk, which, with sugar and
milk,

Is a pleasantly negatived pison.
But it seems that a gent, from Burton-on-Trent,
Connected with one of the ale-men,
BASS, ALLSOPP, or SALT, the uses of malt
Has imparted un-to the pig-tail-men.

—*Fun.*

From The Spectator, March 14.

THE GRAND REMONSTRANCE FROM NOVA SCOTIA.

THERE is going to be trouble, it may be serious trouble, about this Nova Scotian business. The 350,000 of inhabitants in that colony were, it will be remembered, always more or less hostile to the plan of Confederation. A vote of the Assembly was, we believe, taken, though this is now denied; but it was always understood that considerable pressure had been exercised from home, and that the relations between the Dominion and this particular province would for a time be delicate and insecure. Since the Act was passed, however, constituting the Canadas a Dominion, the Nova Scotians have become more hostile than ever, and they are now in a temper which, if we may trust the members of their legislature, is little short of rebellious. They declare that they have been "ceded to Canada," that they "are ruled by Canadians," that the tariff is ridiculously heavy, that their revenue is stolen at Ottawa, that they will have to provide for local expenditure by direct taxes, and that they will not put up with the oppression. Every county has voted for the Repeal of the Dominion Act, the Attorney-General has declared from his place in the Assembly that the Imperial Parliament has exceeded its powers, and the local Government has been compelled to send home Mr. Howe as its agent to obtain a repeal of the obnoxious Act. The colonists expect that they will be able to offer reasons which Parliament will at once accept, and that the Act will be repealed in "two months;" and it is clear that the first of these reasons is a menace that if the Act is not repealed, and repealed at once, Nova Scotia, with its great fleet and large maritime population, with its splendid harbours and geographical command over Newfoundland and Prince Edward's Island, will declare its desire to be annexed to the United States. The Attorney-General almost says so in so many words, and draws a striking picture of the immense addition which Nova Scotia would bring to the naval power of the Union, an increase doubled by the fact that every sailor and ship so obtained would be withdrawn from the resources of Great Britain.

Much of all this, no doubt, is "tall talk," produced by irritation rather than by reason. The Nova Scotians are not Americans in sympathy, and when the time comes for action they will see that Great Britain must

legislate for British America, and not for them exclusively; that annexation would certainly not lower their tariff, would not render them independent, and would subject them to that direct taxation which they so greatly and, as we think, so unreasonably dread. But there is no doubt that a majority of the colonists are exceedingly irritated; that they have got the unfortunate idea into their heads which produced the White Mutiny in India—that they have been transferred from one allegiance to another "like cattle" in a disrespectful manner—and that they are profoundly exasperated by financial arrangements which, as they say, impose all the burdens incident to a great State, without yielding any of its advantages. Untaxed trade with the Union would, they say, compensate for any tariff; if they must be subjects, they will be subjects of a great nation, "and not of drunken Canadian plunderers;" and the Union would make of Halifax one of the greatest ports in the world. If they are not attended to, or treated with the usual carelessness of the Colonial Office, they may be hurried into some act which would entail the most disastrous consequences both upon us and upon themselves. For Nova Scotia is probably the only Saxon colony which Great Britain, if pushed to extremity, might be compelled to coerce. She could not submit to alter a law which partakes in large measure of the character of a treaty, to abandon an imperial policy, and to break her pledges to the Canadians under a menace of this kind, nor could she consent to let Nova Scotia go free. The whole Dominion might go, if it chose to notify such a desire in a legal and constitutional manner; but to lose a most valuable colony without the compensation of freedom from dangers in America; to give up the house key, yet not be rid of the hall; to surrender genuine maritime resources, yet have still to defend provinces without a ship, would be an intolerable position. The country would not attempt to endure it, yet any coercion of Nova Scotia for wishing to enter the Union might irretrievably embarrass our relations with the United States. The Government of Washington would, no doubt, acknowledge that we had the same right to coerce a revolted colony that itself had to coerce the South; but the sound of the cannon irritates men's minds. There are Fenians only waiting an opportunity, and in an hour Great Britain might be engaged in the most terrible struggle she has ever waged. Even if this contingency never occurred, nothing could be more unfortunate,

more unendurably annoying, than a positive obligation to hold one of the free colonies by force, or the menace of force; and yet if the Nova Scotians will not hear reason, what help? We are not going to surrender the only nexus of the Empire — the right of the Imperial Parliament in the last resort to legislate for every human being who claims the protection of our flag. We are not going to alter Imperial laws of the highest importance under orders from Halifax. We have not the means of compelling a compromise, for Canada cannot give up her tariff suddenly without bankruptcy, and must have under any scheme of Confederation greater power than Nova Scotia. In fact, as it seems to us, we have only to use diplomacy or force; and we strongly trust, but strongly doubt, that the needful ability may be found at the Colonial Office. The negotiation is one which will sorely tax all the skill and all the knowledge of the Duke of Buckingham, and may require the intervention of statesmen of much stronger powers than any his Grace has yet been able to display. The first necessity, however, is that both Parliament and the Colonial Office should realize clearly the seriousness of the colonial agitation.

THE CORONATION STONE. — I am told that a short time ago some Continental *savans* were allowed to chip off a portion of the Coronation Stone in Westminster Abbey, with the view of determining its geological character. The result was such as entirely to upset our national tradition that it once formed the pillow of Jacob at Bethel, inasmuch as its geological formation does not exist in Palestine; but I shall be glad to know, as will many other of your readers, what its constitution really is. — M. D.

[From a "Geological Account of the Coronation Stone" by Professor Ramsay, printed by Dean Stanley, in *Memorials of Westminster Abbey*, pp. 499, 500, it appears that the stone is a dull reddish or purplish sandstone, strongly resembling that of the doorway of Dunstaffnage Castle, which was probably built of the stone of the neighbourhood. It is extremely improbable that it was erected from the rocks of the Hill of Tara, from whence it is said to have been transported to Scotland; neither could it have been taken from the rocks of Iona. That it belonged originally to the rocks round Bethel is equally unlikely; while Egypt is not known to furnish any strata similar to the red sandstone of the Coronation Stone.] — N. & Q.

From The Athenæum.

Life of James Ferguson, F. R. S., in a brief Autobiographical Account and further extended Memoir. By E. Henderson, LL.D. (Fullarton & Co.)

JAMES FERGUSON (1710 — Nov. 16, 1776) is a man about whom all who haunt the bookstalls know scraps; and many have read the autobiography which is here reprinted. He was a mechanist of great power, whose life was subdivided into orreries, eclipsareons, whirling-tables, cometaria, trajectory, rotule, mechanical paradoxes, astronomical explanations, controversial pamphlets, portrait-painting, with a dozen *et-ceteras*. For many years he painted portraits in Scotland, where he was born at a farm-house called the Core of Mayen, in Banffshire. He sat in the room at Merchiston Castle in which Napier calculated the logarithms, and there he painted Lady Jane Douglas, the heroine of the maternity question known as the "Douglas cause." But he was always an inventor. When about eight years old, he saw his father raise the sunk thatch of the roof with a lever. He took to trying levers, generalized the instrument into the wheel and axle, and was much delighted to find that his invention was already in printed books. So it is with juvenile discoverers: they are proud to find that they have had full-grown predecessors, when they grow up, they are mortified unless, which generally happens, they can establish to their own satisfaction some point of superiority in their own doings.

We do not intend to trace Ferguson's miscellaneous career: we could not do it justice in any allowable space. He was a man of genius, without sufficient education. He came to London in 1743: his last residence was No. 4, Bolt Court; Samuel Johnson began to live at No. 8 in 1776, the year of Ferguson's death. We shall select one or two points, and then leave the work to our readers. There is so much miscellaneous matter, and the index is so good that most of those who are concerned with the last century will find something they want to know.

Ferguson was not a mathematician: he could not endure Euclid, and preferred measurement with a ruler and compasses. Dugald Stewart remembered his saying that he "found himself quite unable to entertain that species of reasoning." He stumbled at the second proposition of the first book, which he said appeared capri-

cious and ludicrous to any one who had ever seen a pair of compasses. He wanted teaching; and Dugald Stewart could not teach him. It is only in our own day that an edition of Euclid has noticed that Euclid's compasses are not *distance-carriers*, but only *circle-drawers*: they are never to be open when both points are off the paper. Let a young student try I. 2 with this warning, and he will see that Euclid keeps to his postulate, and uses the compasses only to draw a circle with a given centre, and a *distance from that centre* (not from elsewhere) as a radius. The object is to do with the least possible amount of assumption; and the abjuration of the compasses as distance-carriers, in the very earliest work on the subject, is a marvellous trick of rigour; great, because so small.

In 1745 Ferguson exhibited his method of showing a lunar orrery which drew the moon's actual orbit round the sun upon a plane. This orbit, it is well known, is everywhere concave to the sun; though at first sight it might be supposed that there would be loops in it, as in the orbits of the satellites of Jupiter and Saturn. This was new to the President and Fellows of the Royal Society: but Ellicott the watchmaker took Ferguson home, and showed him constructions of his own to the same effect, done long before, with a part of the machine he had used. Dr. Henderson thinks that Ferguson was the first who had communicated the fact: but it is not so; though he was the first who is known to have announced it to a public body, and the first to have proved it by machinery.

The reason of the phenomenon is, that the force of the sun upon the moon is greater than that of the earth upon the moon. To a person versed in the theory it is immediately obvious that the moon's orbit round the sun is therefore always concave. Newton, we believe, mentions the excess of solar force, but we cannot at once find the place: the *Principia*, which ought to have a concordance, has not even an index worthy of the name. We thought that Newton had also mentioned the unvarying concavity; but we cannot find that either; and persons better versed than ourselves in the *Principia* do not remember it. Maclaurin, who died in 1746, had, years before his death, met with some persons who thought that, since the moon is more strongly attracted by the sun than by the earth, she ought to change primaries, and bid the earth adieu for good and all. In answer to this notion Maclaurin wrote a letter to Benjamin Hoadly, physi-

cian to the royal household, which letter the editor of the posthumously published (1748) account of Newton's discoveries inserted in its proper place in that work. Maclaurin's letter to Dr. Hoadly is probably the first publication — in the scientific sense — on the subject. Ferguson constructed an ingenious machine to verify a suspicion which he had already formed.

About the time of this construction was born his daughter Agnes, whose melancholy fate — though he never knew the worst — was the darkest shadow which ever crossed his path. All that was ever published until now was that she disappeared at the age of eighteen, and was never heard of again. From some subsequent evidence it seems probable that she withdrew her arm from that of her father in the Strand, while he was absorbed in thought, and that he imagined she had gone home on household affairs. He never saw her again; but her fate has been recently ascertained in a curious way. In the blank leaf of a copy of 'The Female Jockey Club,' now in the Museum, the former owner, Mr. Blake, surgeon in St. Martin's Lane, has written the account of a poor fallen woman, whom he attended (1792) in her last illness, in Round Court, off the Strand. She acknowledged that she was the daughter of James Ferguson; that she had been inveigled from home by a nobleman whom she had seen at her father's lectures, and who took her to Italy; that she had been abandoned in due course, had tried to subsist by writing, and — being determined not to face her family — had been upon the streets for many years. Garrick tried her as an actress, but of that she could make nothing. How many times the poor wretch, when pursuing her vocation, must have crossed the street to avoid her father, her mother, or her brother! Mr. Blake exercised a wise discretion in not communicating with her remaining relatives; perhaps he would have done as well to have left no record at all. But the plan he chose was most efficacious: we have reason to know that nothing secures a fact which is to be wanted so well as writing it in the fly-leaf of a book.

Two contemporaries, James Ferguson and Benjamin Martin, exercised an influence which has lasted in some degree down to the present time. Their works are frequently to be found on the stalls at the lowest prices. We have now a good record of the first: we wish we could have as good a one of the second; but we doubt the existence of materials.

Louis, the ex-King of Bavaria, died on 29th February at Nice. He is remembered in England chiefly as the King whose fancy for Lola Montes, the dancer, caused an *émeute* in Munich, and cost him his throne. His claim to be remembered in Bavaria is, however, a better one. By extreme economy he saved enough money out of the revenue and his own income to rebuild Munich and convert it into a capital of Art. Not possessed of any originality, his rebuildings were failures, and Munich is a city full of poor imitations of Italian capitals, a regular cit's show place. The King did, however, collect art treasures of value, and attract artists by his patronage, till it is believed that there are more sculptors in Munich than beer-sellers. He would have made a very fair noble of the Italian sort, but as a King he will be remembered only for his galleries.

THE American Government has again ordered its diplomatic agents not to put on Court dress, to the extreme annoyance of all who are thereby compelled to be conspicuous at Court receptions as the only gentlemen in black swallow-tails. It is stated that Mr. Adams avoided a "Court" held this week to escape the annoyance, which will probably be averted in future by a compromise. Any recognized uniform is *en règle*, and there are very few Americans of standing who have not the right to wear some uniform. Perhaps before the next difficulty arises the barbarous absurdity of compelling everybody who attends Court to put on a footman's livery will have been abolished.

If old John Walter were alive what would he say? Here is the *Times*, which for half a century has beaten every journal in Europe in energy and enterprise, actually publishing the latest news of a British expedition per favour of a London correspondent of the *New York Herald*. According to a message received by that gentleman on Wednesday, and apparently ten days later than the latest official intelligence, Sir Robert Napier reached Antalo on February 15, was to meet the "Prince" of Tigré on the 20th, and was then to press on to Magdala, 15 marches off. The telegram is a little confused, but the statement that Sir R. Napier has reached Antalo is confirmed by a subsequent telegram from the *Times*' own agent. — *Spectator*, March 7.

TOM PAINE'S BONES.—A distinguished physician of New York, Dr. E. G. Ludlow—a successful and well-known practitioner of more than fifty years' service, and who is now in Germany—Informed me that Tom Paine, author of *The Age of Reason*, died in New York, and was buried at West-Chester in that state. That some years after his death, some

English friend had his remains removed to England, where it was intended a monument should be erected to him. The doctor said that the last he knew or heard about was, that Paine's bones were left with Cobett, and he thinks that they were with Cobett when he died. Is this statement true, and if so, is a monument ever erected to Paine in England? Dr. Ludlow communicates many particulars about Paine, with whom he was acquainted, and which have never appeared in print. — W. W. MURPHY.

Frankfort-on-Main.

[On the day after the decease of Thomas Paine, his body was removed, attended by several persons, to New Rochelle, where he was buried upon his own farm. A stone was placed over the head of his grave, according to the wish expressed in his will, bearing the following inscription: "Thomas Paine, author of *Sense*, died June 8th, 1809, aged 59 years and five months." In the year 1836, Mr. Cobbett disinterred his bones, and carried them to England; but instead of the honour he expected, the enthusiasm of the party in this country, he only drew upon himself universal contempt. It appears, however, that he left the bones of Paine in the hands of a committee, who intend to honour the public funeral at some future day. Several political admirers in America erected a showy monument with a medallion over his empty grave at New Rochelle. — *Notes and Queries*.

A BUILDER in Philadelphia makes ceilings with a flat arch of corrugated iron, backed by concrete. The arch is supported at each end by what is technically known as an iron girder. — A nailmaking machine has been brought out, which, of nails from half an inch to two inches long, will cut 3600 lbs. of nails, 5000 lbs.; and of 'spike' nails from a quarter to three-quarters of an inch, it will cut 2500 lbs. in an hour. — It will doubtless take interest in the new ink-rollers made of a mixture of glycerine, are better for their purpose than those at present made of glue and treacle.

FROM China we hear news of many projects: at some of the principal ports government are establishing engineering and engine-works, with a view to building steamers for their own coasting-trade. No longer old junks are to be superseded by steamships, and who shall say that the steamship will be improved by so practical a people as the Chinese? — *Chambers's Journal*.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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NO NEW BOOKS received this week; but there is a pleasant harbinger of Spring, in the shape of a beautiful present of *Garden Seeds*, from our old friend, Mr. Landreth of Philadelphia. How often is it the case, that "the more you have, the more you want!" So this parcel of seeds awakens the desire that we had land enough to plant them in.

BROWNLOWS, by Mrs. Oliphant, has been published at this office, price 37 cents. Sent by mail, prepaid, for that price.

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THE NEW NOSTRUM FOR IRELAND.

A SONG.

O! MANY a nostrum's paraded and puffed,
 And many a drug down our throttles is stuffed;
 But of no such humbug have we lately been
 hearin'
 As this medicine of Mill's for the evils of Erin.
 Derry down, &c.

"Make each tenant a laird:" well, supposing it
 done,
 Still the battle you're fighting is scarcely begun:
 You may soon make them lairds; but reflection
 will show
 You'll have some little trouble in keeping them
 so.

A tempter appears, with a purse in his hand,
 To propose at a ransom to purchase the land;
 And I fear, if you're anxious to hinder the sale,
 You must tie the laird's hands with a stringent
 entail.

The laird has six sons: are they all to be heirs?
 And how far will you go, subdividing their
 shares?
 Like the fleas on whose legs there are others to
 bite 'em,
 And the larger get smaller ones *ad infinitum*.

Our laird at the village runs up a big bill:
 Is the land to be seized to replenish the till?
 Then his quit-rent's behind: and what else
 must ensue,
 Than eject him at last, as a landlord would do?

Is it part of the plan to wipe off all arrear,
 And restore things entire, every Jubilee year?
 This can scarce be intended; for no one supposes
 That Mill is the man who would imitate Moses.

So it seems that when once we have rigged out
 the boat,
 We need old-fashioned maxims to keep her
 afloat:
 Entail, primogeniture, freedom from debt,
 And a law that would make it unlawful to let.

An Experiment, sure, such a plan we may style;
 But experiments only are made on the Vile:
 And is Ireland so vile that each hare-brained
 projector
 May here practise his hand, like a 'prentice dis-
 sector?

Come, Irishmen, come, and together withstand
 The Quack, or the Quixote, that threatens your
 land:

I daresay he's honest, but so much the worse,
 For an ill-informed conscience is always a curse.

Good feeling he fosters by calling bad names,
 And instead of the waves throws his oil on the
 flames:

With the fear of such laws and of Mill
 maker,
 Who in Ireland would live, or would
 an acre?

But we will not succumb to this prophesie
 Nor in rank revolution allow him to re
 We'll hope that the gloom will but li
 season,
 And to Mischief and Mill prefer Juss
 Reason.

Derry down, &c.

— *Blackwood's* 1

FREE-WILL AND FIRST-CHOICE

Who knoweth all things, and hath in
 The evil and the good foreseen,
 Allows this soul to grow and fade,
 And that for ever to be green, —

Can He be Just? — who knew, from
 The countless ages long before,
 That some would stand and some w
 And seal their doom for evermore

Does knowing all and letting be
 Absolve the Knower from all sin?
 For He can both the sequel see,
 And doth make all things to begin

And shall not He who set the wheel
 To run its course take all the plan
 The wheel may smoothly run or reel
 And bring Him praise or bring his

But who shall chide the driven orb
 If, haply, it shall miss the goal?
 External powers its choice absorb,
 And we to judge must know the w

And this we may not, but we read
 An all-pervading, mighty Power
 Has given us a simple creed,
 And choice of sweet or choice of

And as our choice is, so our doom;
 But is it choice, or is it law, —
 Predestined law, that leaves no room
 But from the urn our lot to draw.

Free-will without *First-choice* would be
 A mockery, an empty sound;
 That He who made must yet redeem
 By human sense may not be found

Ah! let it be, our brains are weak,
 We cannot know the things we see
 With gropings blind the truth we see
 We'll take on trust, and let it be.

R. W.

— *Spectator*.

Maral

From Good Words.

ST. JOHN'S CONNECTION WITH CHRISTIAN HISTORY AND EVIDENCES.

BY THE BISHOP OF LONDON.

THE evidence for the truth of Christianity is intertwined with history. An impartial history of Christianity affords ample evidence of its Divine mission, and no secular histories of the early centuries can be complete without telling us how the Church began, and how it so speedily mastered the empire. In these days, when many seek to make their religion dependent on a criticism which professes to rest on the decisions of an internal consciousness, often but another name for prejudices and unproved assumptions passing themselves off as immutable principles, it seems peculiarly necessary not to think or speak lightly of the stern evidence of facts; and no greater service could be done in this age than thoroughly to sift, for example, Gibbon's theory as to how Christianity arose, and to show that it is a totally inadequate account of a great historical phenomenon. You may take the period from 100 to 160 after the birth of Christ, that is, from Trajan to the second Antonine.* This period is very close upon the time of the Apostles and our Lord, and it is impossible for any intelligent student of history to deny that at that early time the Church of Christ was very vigorous, that it was already spread throughout the whole civilised world, and that the history of it is mixed up with the most important events and personages of the Roman Empire. How did this come to pass if the historical basis on which we believe it to rest, implying its divine origin, is unreal? Various attempts have been made of late years, from Gibbon to Renan, to explain how this could be, on the supposition that Christianity, as we understand the term, was an imposture; but a sound historical criticism pronounces these theories to be untenable. The question always recurs, Christianity was firmly rooted and widely spread by Trajan's time: how could this be if it was based on deceit, mistakes, or dreams?

In the age preceding Trajan, that is, in the first century, it is granted that secular history comes less closely athwart the Church; yet here also a true and accurate history of the times must bring facts before us inexplicable upon any antichristian the-

ory. The early teachers of Christianity were as real persons as Pliny or Josephus. We propose now to examine the history of the days of St. John, and see whether a plain statement of facts does not strengthen the evidence for the divine origin of Christianity.

We do not propose to enter here on any critical question as to the date and authority of the books which from remote antiquity have been attributed to St. John.* We merely take it for granted that such a person as St. John really lived, that some historical materials for his biography exist, that he is the reputed author of some very early books regarded as sacred by Christians; and we maintain that looking to these books, and to the great influence of their reputed author, and the way in which their teaching was spread throughout the Roman Empire at the close of the first century, it is as impossible, with due regard to facts, to omit the records of St. John's life and teaching from the history of that time as it would be to omit Justin Martyr from the age which immediately follows, or Lord Bacon or Raleigh from the age of James I.

The matters here adduced can have no originality. We treat of what is known to all well-informed Christians; but attention needs to be recalled to what all ought to know. Among the many highly-prized works of the present Dean of Westminster, there is one which seems not to have attracted so much attention as it deserves, his "Sermons on the Apostolic Age." In these, and in Dean Milman's History of Christianity, all that is here said is excellently given: what is here attempted is to connect the narrative with its place in reference to Christian evidence.

The period of which we are now to treat is in church history called the age of St. John; for St. John lived so much longer than the other Apostles that he is justly regarded as having an age of his own, an age, that is, in which he was the chief Christian teacher, and in which the chief Christian writings, so far as we can judge from the specimens that have come down to us, were all more or less marked with the character attributed to St. John. As the age which immediately succeeded the dispersion of the Apostles from Jerusalem, and during which the Gospel was first preached to the Gentiles, may be called the especial age of St. Paul, from the very

* I endeavoured to treat of this period some years ago in an article in the *North British Review*, May, 1864, entitled "Christian Evidences and History."

* For a succinct examination of recent attacks on the authority of the Gospel of St. John, see Ebrard's "Gospel History," Div. II. ch. II. § 123, accessible to English readers in Clark's Theological Library.

prominent part which he bore in it, and from the fact that round him the history of the church working amid the Gentiles at that time revolves, and that his writings were the only great Christian writings of that time; so this somewhat later age to which St. John survived is properly called the age of St. John. It is marked as the age of St. John in church history as in common history it would be marked as the age of the emperors Domitian, Nerva, Trajan, of the historians Suetonius and Tacitus, of Pliny the Younger, of the poets Martial and Statius and Juvenal. All these men were contemporaries of the great Apostle.

There is good evidence that St. John was still living at Ephesus in extreme old age in the year 100 from the birth of Christ. About that time he died.

It will be well here to consider the state of the city in which he spent his latter years. Ephesus was the capital of what is called in the New Testament Asia, i.e., the Roman province in Asia Minor. It was an important commercial city. It was also the seat of a great heathen temple; and the nature of the worship there established well illustrates the mixture of western and eastern heathenism which was found in its population. The temple was a magnificent Grecian structure, and the name given to the idol was that of the Grecian goddess Artemis or Diana. But when the Greek or Roman worshipper entered the temple the statue at once must have struck him as very unlike the figure of that agile huntress, whom in his own land he was accustomed to adore under this name. We may see in the Louvre the elegant and airy statue there preserved of the Grecian huntress Diana. But the object of worship in the Ephesian temple was one of those rude masses of black stone, which, being probably a meteoric stone, was said to have come down from Jupiter. It was roughly hewn into the grotesque shape of a female with a thousand breasts, representing the prolific power of nature which gives nutriment to all. It resembled one of the monster gods of Hindostan rather than the elegant figures which the Greeks, and from them the Romans, worshipped. Such is the appearance of the Ephesian idol of Diana, of which small copies are still to be seen in museums. There is one, for example, in the Bourbon Museum at Naples. Now this union of a Greek temple and European name with the grotesque figure like that worshipped in the central parts of Asia, well illustrates the mixture of European and Asiatic heathenism amongst the inhabi-

tants of Ephesus. There was great learning and refinement there, and the subtle and inquiring spirit of Greek philosophy. There the Roman proconsul held his seat for business, supported by the stern active power of his Roman soldiers; and there also was fully represented that strange dreamy spirit which pervades all the heathen religions of the East, and all eastern philosophy, from which sprang that system of the Gnostics which so much troubled the church in early times. Here then in Ephesus were Greek and Roman merchants and philosophers, and Roman soldiers, and vagrant astrologers from the East.* The place also was famous for the claims which its inhabitants made to a knowledge of the arts of magic. The magical books which not long before St. Paul's eloquence had persuaded his Ephesian converts to burn, were valued at 50,000 pieces of silver. And besides all these heathens, there were very many Jews in this great city, attracted thither, as to so many other places, then as now, by their pursuits of commerce.

At the present day the city of Ephesus is a scene of utter desolation. The sea has retired from its harbour, leaving only a pestilential morass. Its buildings are now only heaps of scarcely distinguishable ruins. So that we can only guess where the haughty temple stood which was the wonder of the world. One heap of ruins is supposed to be the theatre, recalling to memory the conflict of St. Paul with the infuriated worshippers of the goddess. Another is supposed to mark the situation of the circus; and there are piles of stone supposed to be the remains of magnificent palaces erected there by the Roman conquerors. Its inhabitants now are a few Greek peasants living in extreme wretchedness, making their huts, some in the vaults of the ancient building, some in the sepulchres. But in the midst of all this desolation, there is still quite enough to show how great a city it once was.†

About the time of the rise of Christianity, Ephesus acquired fresh importance. Its temple, indeed, which, after having been burned down on the day of the birth of Alexander the Great, had taken 220 years to complete, was of earlier date; and had long united in its magnificent structure the works of the most accomplished architects, sculptors, and painters of Greece. Its Greek rulers under the Macedonian dynasty had done much to raise the place; but under the Romans it became the chief city

* *Vide* Milman's "History of Christianity," vol. II. pp. 27, 28.

† Pliny, *Nat. Hist.*, xxxvi. 21, cited in *Biblical Cyclop.*

of all that part of Asia. And hence naturally in later Christian times it was the seat of a great bishopric, the Bishop of Ephesus being chief bishop of all the churches in the surrounding provinces.

Its grandeur did not last beyond the fifth century of Christianity, for it was already a ruinous place when the "Emperor Justinian filled Constantinople with its statues, and raised the Church of St. Sophia on columns brought from Ephesus." But at the time St. John lived there, it was in all its glory. And afterwards, as the heathen temples lost their influence, Christian churches arose in their place, one dedicated to St. John himself, which is supposed to have stood close to the present Turkish Mosque. A tomb, also supposed to be that of St. John, was long pointed out within this church. It was in this city that St. John lived in his old age, and died: it was from Ephesus, such as we have described it, that he superintended the churches of Asia. The common opinion is by no means improbable that he did not leave Judæa till after the death of his Lord's mother, who had been so tenderly committed to his care on the day of the Crucifixion. "Behold thy mother. Woman, behold thy son." First St. Paul, and after him Timothy, were the earlier guides of the church of Ephesus. It was not till after they had left it that St. John there took up his permanent abode.

Now, let us recall the picture which has come down to us of the way in which he spent his time.

There are two great events in the history of the church which divide the first century. One is internal to the church, viz., the death of St. Paul, which happened in the year 65; the other external, viz., the destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans, which happened five years later, viz., in 70.* It is after these events that St. John comes so prominently forward as the chief character in the Christian community.

St. John lived to a very advanced old age. There is something very touching in the familiar picture of the aged Apostle, still presiding over the churches at the close of the first century, when his bodily powers were fast failing, still daily appearing in the place of meeting, and, when his strength was not equal to a longer sermon, repeating over and over again to the men of the young generation, amidst whom he alone of the Apostles had survived, "Little children,

love one another."* The great length to which his life was prolonged probably gave rise to the expectation that he was to be rescued from the common lot of humanity, and live to the end of the world. The Lord's words, spoken of him in his youth by the sea of Tiberias, would often recur to his mind as he lived on year after year: "If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee?" He would doubtless often mention them to the young generation amidst which he lingered, and hence an expectation naturally got abroad that he should not die; and when he heard of it, and found that those unexplained words of his Lord were thus exaggerated, and a superstitious sanctity thus attached to his prolonged old age, it was very natural for him to append, as he appears to have done very late in life, an additional chapter to his Gospel, viz., the 21st, setting forth the real facts of this interview which he had with Christ after his resurrection, on which this common expectation rested: alluding to the expectation distinctly as he does in the twenty-third verse, and pointing out that Christ had not said to him what was commonly supposed: Ver. 23: "Then went this saying abroad amongst the brethren, that that disciple should not die: yet Jesus said not unto him, He shall not die; but, If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee? This is the disciple which testifieth these things, and wrote these things." Nearly seventy years had passed since the words thus recorded had been spoken to him; but the Apostle's recollection of the exact words was distinct, and he wished no exaggerated account of them to go abroad and increase unduly the veneration with which all naturally beheld him, as the chosen friend of the Lord Jesus Christ on earth.

The expectation, however, that John should never see death was not easily extinguished amongst the Christians. Even after the Ephesian brethren had borne him to the grave, they could scarcely persuade themselves that he was really gone, and the church left without an Apostle. They fondly said of him, "He is not dead, but sleepeth:" and they cast longing glances at his tomb in the expectation that he would rise from it. As their horror of the inhuman persecutor Nero would not allow the Christians to suppose that the news could be true that he was really dead; and an impression long prevailed that he had merely been carried away somewhere beyond the Eu-

* *Vide* Clinton F. R.

* Stanley's "Sermons on the Apostolic Age:" Traditions of St. John.

phrases, whence, in an evil day, he was yet to return to enact the part of Antichrist, and vex still further the church of God; * so, on the other hand, the love and veneration of Christians could hardly be persuaded that St. John was really taken from them. And long afterwards men persuaded themselves that they could see the earth gently heaving over his grave from the motion caused by his breath as he slept on peacefully.

But St. John was indeed dead, hard as the sorrowing church found it to realise its loss; and men might well weep and feel desolate as they thought how much the control and example of his gentle yet most bold spirit was likely to be needed in the dark days that were coming on.

The Apostle had not, however, in any expectation that his life would be prolonged till the Lord's second coming, neglected to make provision for the church's more systematic government by human means after the miraculous power of the Apostles should be withdrawn from it. There is good ground for believing that St. John in his latter days matured and fully established that system of church government which has prevailed throughout almost the whole of Christendom ever since.† Eusebius tells us, on the authority of Clement of Alexandria, that when St. John settled finally in Ephesus, after his release from banishment, he was sent for to visit the neighbouring provinces, in some places to appoint bishops, in others to arrange the whole plan and constitution of the churches, in others to ordain proper persons for the several offices of the ministry.‡ "If the origin of the order of bishops," says Tertullian, "be examined, it will be found to have St. John for its author."§ Days were fast coming when the church was to be left more than it had been since our Lord's birth to ordinary human government, and therefore the last Apostle was naturally employed in maturing that human constitution, which we find fully established in all the churches by the middle of the second century.

Several anecdotes, it is well known, are found in the early writers, which bring before us a vivid picture of St. John's mode of life at Ephesus, or if there be doubt (though I know not why there should be) as to the historical accuracy of some of the incidents related, at least a vivid picture of what the men who lived immediately afterwards

believed his life to have been. The following familiar story sets before us how he was employed while his bodily vigour still lasted. Eusebius,* quoting Clement of Alexandria, tells how, in one of St. John's journeys, while he was visiting the Asiatic congregations, and when he had appointed a bishop in a certain church, he observed a young man, who listened to his earnest discourses with whose appearance he was greatly struck. The youth's fervid spirit seemed to correspond to the pleasing impression made by his person and demeanour, and the Apostle, turning to the newly-appointed bishop, — who, in this place it may be mentioned, is also called presbyter, for the names are hardly as yet distinguished, — enjoined him, with great solemnity, not to neglect the charge of this young man's soul. The person thus solemnly addressed did not fail at first to obey. He took the young man into his own house, instructed him, and prepared him to be regularly admitted into the church by baptism. This duty, however, thus far discharged, the appointed guardian somewhat relaxed his watchfulness. The youth fell into bad company; idleness led to extravagant living, extravagance to vice and crime. He sank from bad to worse, till at last, giving up all hopes of salvation, he plunged into utter recklessness, and became chief of a band of robbers, perpetrating many deeds of violence and bloodshed. Time passed, and St. John returned to visit the same church, and after he had dispatched the other business for which he came, he turned to the bishop and said, "Now restore me what I deposited in thy hands for safety." At first the bishop was confused, thinking that it was money which the Apostle claimed from him. But the Apostle explained, "It is the youth I claim of thee." Then the bishop, with some sighs and some tears, answered, "He is dead." "Dead!" said the apostle; "how, and by what death?" "He is dead to God," he answered. "He has given himself up to wickedness, is ruined, and has become a robber. He has left our church, and dwells now in the mountains with men as wicked as himself." When the Apostle heard these words he rent his garment, and, striking his forehead, groaned aloud. "A worthy guardian truly," he exclaimed, "have I found thee of thy brother's soul," and he called for a horse and some one to guide him to the mountains.

Instantly he set forth, and soon he was taken prisoner by the advanced guard of the robber band. To their surprise he

* Vide Milman's "History of Christianity," vol. II. p. 171, note.

† Stanley's "Apostolic Age," pp. 277, 278.

‡ Euseb. Hist. Eccles., III. 23.

§ Tertul. adv. Marc., quoted by Stanley, p. 73.

* Hist. Eccles., III. 23.

neither attempted escape nor offered any assistance, but declared the object of his coming to be that he might be led to the captain of their gang. A brief space sufficed to bring him face to face with the postate. The robber chief was waiting arms for the return of his comrades; but as soon as he recognised in the prisoner the venerable form of the saint, his hard ecklessness gave way to shame, and he turned and fled. But St. John would not thus allow his convert to escape. Forgetting his old age, he hurried after him. "My son," he exclaimed, "why do you flee from me who am your father, an old man and unarmed? Have pity upon me, my son, and fear not. Thou hast still hope of life. I will answer to Christ for thee. I will willingly die for thee, as Christ died for us. I will give my life if I may save thee. Stand! Trust me! Christ hath sent me!" When the robber heard these words, first he stood still, casting his eyes on the ground. Then he threw away his arms, and, trembling, burst into tears. He embraced his preserver, and, with much sobbing, sought pardon; as it were baptizing himself again by the floods of tears he shed, still concealing his right hand as unworthy to be touched for the blood it had shed. The Apostle solemnly assured him that he had obtained his pardon from our Saviour, and even kneeled down to beg him to return, embraced his right hand as now purified by his repentance, and brought him back to the church. There he offered many prayers for him, and continued earnest in fasting, and soothed his agitated mind by many words of comfort; and did not leave the place before he had re-established him as a member of the church, a notable instance of true repentance, and proof of the power of regeneration, a trophy of a visible resurrection. (It may be well to note here, in passing, that the word regenerate is used by Clement, contrary to its ordinary sense in ancient writers, for the return of a baptized sinner after he has fallen away, not for his first admission to the church.)

This incident, so well calculated to set before us the Apostle's mode of life and feeling in his latter days, must obviously have happened while he was still in the vigour of his green old age. It suits well with that spirit of ardent love with which St. John's name has ever been associated; for St. John's character, it has often been remarked, is not that merely of acquiescing, quiet, and retiring love. An ardent spirit is certainly shown in his early days by the

very name Boanerges, the Son of Thunder, which the Lord gave to him and to his brother,* as well as by that outburst of too fierce zeal which called forth the Lord's reproof, "Ye know not what spirit ye are of," when the brethren would have called down fire from heaven to consume the Samaritan village, which refused to receive the company of the disciples journeying to the passover.† The violence of youth had now all passed, but the spirit was not less ardent.

The other well-known anecdote (preserved by Irenæus, who professes to derive it from St. John's own scholar Polycarp, Adv. Hær. iii. 3) is often quoted as showing how the Apostle of love still abhorred the wickedness which had striven even in these early days to adulterate the pure Gospel of Christ. The Apostle was going to the public bath in Ephesus; he found it occupied by a man whose name was too well known to him as a chief teacher of the heretics who so greatly opposed his influence. When he learned who was there, he fled from the place at once, as unwilling to be polluted by the presence of one who was the cause of so much corruption. This anecdote, it has been observed, is a curious illustration of the Second Epistle of St. John, ver. 10, 11 — "If there come any unto you, and bring not this doctrine, receive him not into your house, neither bid him God speed: for he that biddeth him God speed is partaker of his evil deeds;" and of the severity also with which the second chapter of the Revelation denounces the doctrine and teaching of the Nicolaitan heretics, "which thing," says Christ, "I hate." The heretics of those days, it is to be noted, were not merely persons who held and taught erroneous doctrine in our sense of the word. They had utterly polluted the Gospel of Christ by mixing it some with heathenism, some with a spurious sort of corrupted Judaism, and the teaching as well as practice of most of them is said to have given great encouragement to immorality. No wonder, then, that even the Apostle of love warned in opposing them to the sternest indignation, knowing that they were actively engaged in the attempt utterly to subvert the pure Gospel of Christ.

There are other well-known floating anecdotes preserved which seem to represent St. John as having been somewhat rigid in his own personal observance of the Jewish

* Mark iii. 17.

† Luke ix. 54.

ceremonies.* Such a view of him seems to have been exaggerated as time wore on, and controversies on the virtue of fasting and other austerities gained ground in the church. We are told by Eusebius, H. E., v. 24, that, in common with the other chief saints of Asia, he observed Easter, like our own ancestors of the ancient British Church, according to the Jewish system of ascertaining the day, not according to that which has since prevailed. It might well be (as has been remarked †) that in his old age, living in a foreign country, St. John adhered tenaciously in such unimportant matters to the recollections of his early life, fondly valuing every association which could unite him with his beloved native land, now desolated by heathen invaders.

Now, it must not be supposed that we bring forward these common anecdotes, which have been handed down respecting St. John's latter years, as if they were perfectly certain matter of history. It is very difficult to obtain such accuracy as to the details of any man's life, except in those public parts of it which are connected with great public events, or where we gather our information from the man's own writings. When a man has left a great many letters behind him, as, amongst the great heathen characters, was the case with Pliny — Pliny the Younger, in the very age of which we are now speaking — and with Cicero, 100 years earlier, or, amongst the Christians, with St. Paul, in the first half of the first century, then we can usually ascertain such details more easily. Of St. John, there are only three very short letters, said to have been composed in this period of his life. The Book of the Revelation is from the beginning to the end of it a description of a vision, and the scene of the Gospel of St. John, which gives us abundant details, lies in his early life, and has nothing to do with those last fifty years of it of which alone we are now speaking. Hence we may not have the same minuteness of accurate historical detail respecting the life of St. John as we have of his heathen contemporary Pliny: but Pliny's is a very rare case, for he was continually writing letters, and being apparently proud of them as compositions, took care to preserve them. Speaking generally, we know far more of these days of St. John's life than we do of the lives of most of his heathen contemporaries — quite as much, I think, as we know of the private life of Trajan, more than we know of Juvenal or Ta-

citus. Whether the anecdotes given above are historically accurate or no, they give us no unfair representation of what must have been his life. We have the same sort of ground to believe that he lived in some such way at Ephesus during the latter years of the first century, as we have for knowing that Nerva and Trajan were in those days emperors — that Pliny was Roman governor of the province of Bithynia — that Tacitus was the great Roman historian of the age, and Juvenal the great satirist.

It is in a man's own writings, if he leave any, that we expect to trace with most historical detail the incidents of his own life. This expectation is, however, by no means always realised. Many a great writer is so wrapt up in his subject that he, as it were, loses all thought of himself. We have an instance of this in Thucydides. Though he actually fought and commanded in the war which he describes with such consummate skill, it requires very narrow examination to trace in it any record of his own doings. Again, a man's subject is often such as to carry him quite away from himself. In Bishop Butler's "Analogy," for example, while he speaks to us of the ways of God, we have no hint of the course of life of him who is speaking to us. We might almost expect that the same would hold of the writings of St. John. In his Gospel, all the history centres in the sayings and doings of his Lord and Master. The Apostle keeps himself wonderfully in the background. He does not, I think, once mention either his own or his brother James's name throughout the Gospel. Still, though he thus evidently withdraws himself into the shade, it cannot but be that his own life during these eventful three years of his Lord's earthly ministry must be much illustrated by the history of one who loved him above his fellow-disciples, and kept him near his person, and whom he intensely loved in return. But the direct history of the Gospel, we have said, is the history of three years of his early youth. What we are now treating of is his old age. Thus, we should have no reason to be disappointed if we found nothing about the circumstances of his old age in the Gospel which bears his name. Again, as to the Revelation, the peculiar circumstances under which this book professes to have been written will be mentioned more at length presently. We have said it is not a history, but the narration of a vision, in which the writer's whole thoughts are absorbed and directed from himself to the glorious image of Him who is the chief personage in the vision, and in the great events

* Stanley, p. 282.

† Stanley, p. 286.

of the long drama of the world's and the church's destiny, which was in vision set before him. We should have no reason, therefore, to be disappointed if there were no information as to the author's personal history to be gained from the Revelation. Again, the three letters of St. John (the Epistle General, that to the Elect Lady, and that to Gaius) are very short, containing in all only seven chapters. It might, therefore, not unnaturally be expected, that neither from these nor from his other writings could we gain much insight into the history of St. John's life at Ephesus. This, however, is not the case. Attentively considered, these several writings greatly illustrate that history. There is much in them which agrees with the traditional history of him who is their reputed author. We will consider the Gospel first.

The following account is given by Jerome of the composition of St. John's Gospel. It is said that the Apostle called together the presbyters of the church of Ephesus for a common fast. They requested him to compose a narrative of the Lord's life, and then suddenly, as if by miracle, he broke forth, "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God." Jerome lived about three hundred years after St. John. We are safer, therefore, in adopting the simpler account of Irenæus, who was separated from the Apostle by no long interval of time, and he relates merely the general fact of St. John's being asked by the church of Ephesus to compose a new Gospel.

Taking for granted that this Gospel was written by St. John, it is most probable that it was the work of the latter portion of his protracted life, and that it was composed at Ephesus. Looking at the work itself, we learn that obviously it was written at a distance from Judæa. This the explanations indicate which it so often gives when Jewish places, names, and customs are mentioned. These would not have been needed if it had been written in Judæa while the Jews were still a nation. Some, indeed, have thought that this Gospel could not have been composed after the destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans; otherwise, they urge, it must have distinctly mentioned that event, so overwhelming in its interest to every Jew. But the critical arguments on the other side outweigh this consideration. It will appear from an examination of the book that obviously it was written after the other Gospels, for we cannot naturally explain its peculiar structure unless, with all the great commen-

tators from the earliest times, we look upon it as supplementary to these; hold that it was composed to fill up what the other Evangelists had omitted in their accounts of our Saviour's life. This we learn from looking at the contents of the book. Obviously, also, we learn from the whole tone of the Gospel that it was written with a view to counteract certain erroneous doctrines, which did not spring up in the church till the first century was far advanced, and of which the main seat was Ephesus and the surrounding districts. This last point, as borne out by an examination of the book itself, is one of great importance, and we must look at it leisurely.

St. John's name has come down to us as the Apostle of Love, but he may also be called the Apostle of Philosophy. That strange mixture of the eastern heathen philosophy with the pure Gospel of Christ, which led so many astray at the close of the first and the beginning of the second century, was nowhere more actively dangerous than in the provinces of Asia. St. John, living there, seemed reserved to a good old age for this special purpose, that he might meet these rising dangers. Now it is clear as to the author of this Gospel, that his own turn of mind, as shown throughout the treatise, was that of a man fully able to enter into all the difficulties of that somewhat mystical line of speculation which had led so many astray. He was accustomed, evidently, in the meditations of his own deep-searching spirit, to gaze intently on those great truths as to the nature of the Godhead, and his influence on the human soul, which, with all their faults, the eastern Gnostics still delighted to think of. It appears from very many passages in the Gospel, nay, from the whole tone of it, that the author was not devoid of sympathy for these men. To judge from his writings, he must have known well those longings of the philosophic spirit, which, in religious men, guided by the Spirit of God, lead to so lofty a devotion, while in the self-confident and the worldly they but result in hopeless mysticism. The eagle gazing on the sun is the well-known emblem by which the early church delighted to typify St. John gazing on the bright mysteries of heaven. Now read the first chapter of the Gospel. Read his account of the discourse of our Lord with Nicodemus, or with the woman of Samaria, or with the Jews after the cure of the man who was born blind, or with the disciples on the night before the Crucifixion. The human instrument employed to record

the account of these wonderful discourses must, from the way in which he treats of them, evidently have had a mind which found its highest delight in the contemplation of the highest mysteries of religion. St. John amongst inspired writers, has often been compared to Plato amongst the heathens; and doubtless there is in both this kindred element, that neither is contented even with the best and noblest of things seen and felt; both, delighting to penetrate to things unseen, allowed their speculative faculties to range aloft in those brighter regions beyond the ken of man, which are near the very central habitation of the Godhead, or to look with reverence into the innermost recesses of the spirit and soul in human nature. Hence those who have loved Plato amongst human philosophers, have ever loved St. John amongst inspired divines. The heathen, however we prize his reverent spirit, falls immeasurably short of the Apostle, both in his aspirations and in what he finds himself privileged to unfold; but both the heathen philosopher and the Apostle, so far as this is possible in cases so dissimilar, set to work in the same way. There is in the two an evident similarity in the cast of thought; though the heathen is but groping after God, if haply he may find Him, and the Apostle feels that he has long known and loved Him as revealed in Jesus Christ.

Now this peculiar character which marks the fourth Gospel suited its author well to be the champion of Christ's pure truth against the Gnostic teachers, in whose near neighbourhood, all extant history or tradition tells us, St. John spent his latter years. And if we examine the writings attributed to St. John we find them to abound with evident allusions to their errors. All critics have pointed out many in the Gospel. It is impossible to go through these in detail here, but there is the strongest reason to conclude, from internal as well as from external evidence, that is, from examining the Gospel itself as well as from what other writers tell us of it, that this Gospel was written in those later years when St. John dwelt at Ephesus. And what work could be more suitable for the old age of this great Apostle, the beloved earthly friend of Christ? How must his heart have swelled as the Spirit of God recalled to his memory the scenes of his early youth! What rapture to live over again in minute detail those three years in which he was privileged to move daily in the most intimate society of one such as the world, except at that eventful time, had never seen! How must it

have soothed his spirit and strengthened his faith to recall those wonderful discourses, scarcely understood when they were first heard, but now bursting clearly with all their force on his matured spirit, seeing that he had not known for many years that He who spoke them was the Son of God! And how must the dramatic force in which all these long-passed events now crowded on his memory have cheered him with bright anticipations for the future. It was the pride and delight of his life to remember that He whom his eyes had seen in the flesh, his ears heard, and his hands handled — whom he had beheld at once suffering such dreadful things, and yet manifested so plainly, even in his human nature, to have such marvellous power — was still living his all-powerful friend, and would soon call him to himself that he might be freed from all suffering and sin! Thus notwithstanding all discouragements of growing heresy, St. John's old age must have enjoyed the purest spiritual delight; and what more natural than that he should have spent it in writing down such a record as we possess in the fourth Gospel?

If it is a delight to a man of genius to compose a great work at any time, what must it have been to an inspired Apostle to compose such a work? He must have known that God destined it to give comfort and bright heavenly thoughts to men under all trials till the end of time. Truly, of all books that have been ever written, this Gospel may be pronounced the noblest. No tongue can tell the value of its twenty-one brief chapters. No poem, no work of philosophy, no history that was ever written, is to be compared with this short-book in the power with which it has stirred men's hearts and spirits in their retirement, and guided their actions, and thus affected the destinies of man's race.

Besides the Gospel attributed to St. John, we have the three Epistles. These also would naturally be referred to his old age. The first Epistle, it has been well remarked,* is almost a practical commentary on the Gospel. Also, as we read it, we have vividly brought before us the image of the aged Apostle addressing words of deepest spiritual import to three generations of men, above all of whom he stood in age as much as dignity — "I write unto you, fathers; I write unto you, young men; I write unto you, little children."† To all he speaks of the deep mystery of the union

* Stanley, p. 254.

† 1 John ii. 13.

between the Father and the Son. He speaks of Christ, both here and in the Gospel, by a new name — the Word of life. He reminds them how privileged he had been in his early years to hear, see, and handle this Divine Being in the days of his flesh. While he speaks of pardon through the Redeemer's intercession, he urges on all the necessity of holy living. To all he speaks as one whose especial mission it was to preach of love; (chap. iii.) the love of God to men, and (chap. ii. 10) the love which men ought to have one to another. And then throughout the whole there is a sad impression that some dangerous system opposing itself to pure Christianity was busily at work.* "Ye have heard that Antichrist shall come, even now are there many Antichrists."† "Men who have gone out from us, because they were not of us," are spoken of as spreading a doctrine of lies.‡ He points out how the Spirit of God changing the heart, and uniting it to God and Christ, is the only safeguard against sinful practice and ruinous false doctrine.§ For warning, lest men should recklessly persist in despising God, he speaks severely of sin which is unto death, which it is vain to pray for; and ends with affectionate entreaty to his people to beware of the snares of the heathen world in the midst of which they lived — "Little children, keep yourselves from idols."

When we examine, then, the contents of this Epistle, we find that all the parts of it agree with the idea of its being written by an Apostle of Christ when he was an old man, and was living in such a state of society as prevailed at Ephesus in the end of the first century.

Again, we learn from the contents even of the few verses of the Second and Third Epistles that we shall not be wrong if we refer their composition to the same time and place. Impossible as it is for us to ascertain who was the elect lady to whom the Second Epistle was written, or who the well-beloved Gaius of the Third, we still have clear intimations in these short letters of the sort of dangers to which the persons thus addressed were exposed. Thus, Second Epistle, ver. 7: — "Many deceivers are entered into the world, who confess not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh." Here is a clear allusion to Gnostic subtleties, explaining away the history of Christ's human life. "This is a deceiver and an Antichrist. Look to yourselves. . . . Whosoever transgresseth, and abideth not

in the doctrine of Christ, hath not God." There is the same source of consolation as in the First Epistle offered to those who remain faithful, the prospect of a union in heart of such with God through Christ — "He that abideth in the doctrine of Christ, he hath both the Father and the Son." And the Apostle warms into still greater severity than heretofore against those who despise this doctrine and fall into evil ways. (Verses 10, 11) — "If there come any unto you, and bring not this doctrine, receive him not into your house, neither bid him God speed: for he that biddeth him God speed is partaker of his evil deeds." The aged Apostle, the elder (ὁ πρεσβύτερος), as he calls himself in the first verse, still speaks as one who was able to move from place to place visiting the churches. (Ver. 12) — "Having many things to write, I would not write with paper and ink; but I trust to come unto you, and speak face to face."

Thus, if we regard this Second Epistle as written by St. John in his old age in Asia, we shall, considering how very short it is, find more intimations agreeing with this hypothesis and with the account before given of the position which St. John so long occupied in the Asiatic churches, than we could have expected in so brief a space. The same is to be said of the Third Epistle. Gaius is the old apostle's child (ver. 4). The writer exercises authority over the churches of the neighbourhood, and does not scruple when necessary to exercise that authority with sternness. He is represented (ver. 9) as in the habit of writing to the churches to communicate his apostolic commands, and from time to time visiting them. Some factious man, Diotrephes, setting himself up as a leader, has disputed this authority, and claimed an unwarranted lordship in the church. "Wherefore," he says (ver. 10), "if I come, I will remember his deeds which he doeth, prating against us with malicious words: and not content therewith, neither doth he himself receive the brethren, and forbiddeth them that would, and casteth them out of the church."

A careful critical examination, then, of these writings, brings before us many facts which agree well with what tradition and all early history tell us of the place where St. John passed his latter years, of the sort of position which he occupied in the churches, of the dangers with which he had to contend, and of the mode in which he applied himself to meet these dangers.

Certainly also the beginning of the Book of the Revelation confirms the same views

* Verse 18.
‡ Chap. v. 22.

† Verse 19.
§ Chap. iii. 24; v. 4.

We learn from this book that circumstances have separated the writer for a time from these Asiatic churches: he is in the island of Patmos, and writes to them from a distance by the command of the Great Being to whom his life is devoted, and whom he sees in vision on the Lord's-day. The churches addressed are the seven churches of Asia; * and their circumstances, as represented in the addresses of the second and third chapters, are such as the other historical data we have already examined, with regard to the state of these churches at the close of the first century, would lead us to expect.† Even in Ephesus, where St. Paul had so successfully laboured, and where now St. John himself habitually dwelt, the first love of the church to his heavenly Master had grown somewhat cold. Therefore the Apostle solemnly, and even sternly, warns the Ephesians, in Christ's name, that Christ will come and remove their candlestick out of its place unless they repent.‡ But still he speaks to them in praise. They are beset with dangers of false teaching, and are, on the whole, faithfully resisting it. He speaks of evil men among them, whom they have tried and cannot bear, who say they are apostles and are not, and have been found to be liars; and the name of these heretics is given — they are of the sect of the Nicolaitans. To the other churches he writes in language which is similar, varying with their several circumstances. To the church of Smyrna he speaks of the blasphemous teaching of men which say they are Jews, and are not, but are the synagogue of Satan.

Smyrna, still a great city of Asia Minor, about sixty miles north of Ephesus, was, in those days as now, famous for its commerce. It may be remembered that Smyrna was the church of Polycarp, the disciple and intimate friend of St. John, martyred in his old age.§ Polycarp may well have been bishop of that church at this very time. Some have even thought they see an allusion to his name in the ninth verse. "But thou art rich" (the Greek name Polycarp means "rich in fruits"). Certainly he was appointed to his office in this church in St. John's days. The mention of the Jews in this place (whose rage against the church of God, and blasphemy against Christ, showed them not to be of the true Israel, but the synagogue of Satan), agrees well with what we read in the account of the martyrdom of Polycarp, that the Jews were the most violent of his

enemies, and that day maliciously inflamed against him the passions of the heathens. In the tenth verse, the Apostle warns the church of Smyrna that such days of persecution were coming on. They might be delayed for a time; but certainly when they did come, the church would recall the Apostle's words, and Polycarp, whether they were addressed directly to him or no, would be much comforted by them when he was laid to the stake, some years after this epistle was written. The words in the close of the tenth verse must have then sounded in his ears, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

The next church mentioned is that in Pergamos, which is again about sixty miles west of Smyrna. It had been the capital of an ancient kingdom, the last independent king of which had not very long since appointed the sovereign Roman people to be his heir. The city was still important, though it had lost its greatest treasure, the famous library of its kings, which Mark Antony had carried off to Egypt and presented to his mistress Cleopatra. There was in the city at this time a famous temple to the heathen god of the healing art, Æsculapius, worshipped under his emblem of the Serpent. It seems not unnatural to conclude that it is to this temple and the temptations of its worship that the writer of the Revelation alludes when he says, ver. 13, "I know where thou dwellest, even where Satan's seat is," that is, where the worship of devils has its seat, and the heathen god is worshipped under the emblem appropriated to the devil, the old serpent. Verse 13 speaks of some violent outbreak against the church, in which some faithful servant of Christ had lost his life.* Antipas may be a real name, or, as some have supposed, it may be, like other names which occur in the Revelation, a symbolical name, denoting that the person spoken of had struggled against all, contending with an evil world against all its wickedness.† In this church also, as much as at Ephesus, we are told, ver. 14, that the Nicolaitans ‡ were at work, and the licentious character of their lives and teaching, as well as their laxity in mixing Christianity with heathenism — a point in which they resembled so many of the late Gnostics — is set forth in the fourteenth verse, "I have a few things against thee, because thou hast them that hold the doctrine of Balaam, who taught

* Revelation i. 4.

† Hengstenberg in Rev., Transl. Edin. 1851, vol. i.

‡ Revelation ii. 6.

§ Hengstenberg in loc.

* Hengstenberg, in loc.

† Hengstenberg maintains that ἀντίπαρος is formed regularly like ἀντίπατος.

‡ See Hengstenberg for the common opinion that "Nicolaitans" is a translation from "Balaamites."

Balak to cast a stumbling-block before the children of Israel, to eat things sacrificed to idols, and to commit fornication."

The same laxity of practice is spoken of as a temptation to the next church addressed, the church of Thyatira. One of the roads formed by the Romans from Pergamos to Sardis, lay through Thyatira, which the Apostle could not but have travelled in his earlier visitation rounds. It lay fifty-eight miles from Pergamos towards the south-east, and from Sardis thirty-six towards the north-west.* Thyatira, according to Strabo, was a colony of Macedonia, and on that account, from its constant intercourse with the mother country, it is perhaps to be explained that we find Lydia, the seller of purple from Thyatira, at Philippi in Macedonia (Acts xvi. 14). This Lydia, it has been agreed from the expression in the Acts which points at her connection with Thyatira, was perhaps not permanently settled in Macedonia, but had her home in her own city.† Doubtless, as we read in the Acts that the Lord opened her heart, so that she attended to what St. Paul taught, and was baptized with her whole family, she must have been instrumental in spreading a knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ amongst her own people, and Christianity had made great progress in the city of Thyatira. To the angel of the church it is said, ver. 19, "I know thy works, and charity, and service, and faith, and thy patience." But the most remarkable part of the address to Thyatira is the mention of the woman Jezebel in the 20th verse. Here it is to be remarked there are two readings. "Because thou sufferest that woman Jezebel," or, "because thou sufferest thy wife Jezebel."‡ The latter must be confessed to be the truer reading. "Because thou sufferest thy wife Jezebel, which calleth herself a prophetess, to teach and to seduce my servants to commit fornication, and to eat things sacrificed to idols." We cannot, I think, settle with any accuracy whether it is an actual woman, the wife of some chief person in the church, who is here spoken of; or whether the evil spirit working in the church is personified under the figure of a woman—a figure so common throughout the Revelation to represent both the church and its antagonist. We have purposely abstained all through these remarks as to the churches, from attempting to settle whether the angels of the several churches were the

chief ministers, the bishops, as is the most general opinion, or whether each church is personified or represented by an angel in the common sense. There can hardly, I think, be historical grounds to settle this question positively one way or the other. And neither shall we attempt here to settle whether it be a bad woman or a bad system of ministerial teaching personified that is here spoken of under the feigned name of Jezebel, the idolatrous queen of Ahab. But the iniquities introduced through the means of this Jezebel had greatly endangered the purity of the church; and we believe those were right who in the 24th verse see a direct intimation of the connection of the errors and iniquities of this church with the growing spirit of the Gnostics, when those who escaped from them are spoken of as those who have not known (*οὐκ ᾔδεισαν*) the depth of Satan. The deep knowledge on which the Gnostics prided themselves, united as it so often was with an unholy life, was no knowledge of the pure God, but a knowledge of the depth of Satan. Nothing can exceed the sternness of the vengeance with which this apostacy is here denounced. "I will cast her" (Jezebel) "into a bed, and those that commit adultery with her into great tribulation." "And I will kill her children with death; and all the churches shall know that I am he which searcheth the reins and hearts." While as the danger is great, the promise on the other hand, given to cheer the faithful, is even greater than the threatening—(ver. 26) to him that overcometh it is promised that he shall be like Christ himself, at last subjugating the heathen who had assailed him, and ruling them with the rod of iron. "And I will give him the morning star." Words, these last, betokening a gift so bright that we can scarcely understand them, till we remember the previous mention of Balaam, who prophesied of the Star. If they are not misled by those who resemble Balaam in his wicked teaching, they shall enjoy the full blessedness of his true prophecy.

Next comes the address to the church of Sardis—the capital in ancient times of the great Lydian kingdom. But we have here little peculiar information as to the history. Sardis evidently still retained its ancient character as a voluptuous city; hence the force of verse 4, "Thou hast a few names even in Sardis which have not defiled their garments." The church was manifestly in a dangerous state, becoming cold and indifferent. "I know thy works, that thou hast a name that thou livest and art dead."

Philadelphia, next addressed, stood about

* Hengstenberg, *in loc.*

† Cf. Hengstenberg, *ib.*

‡ No one would have inserted the *ουω*. The omission of it would be very a natural correction for a copyist.

twenty-five miles south-east from Sardis. The church there, we learn from verse 8, was but a weakly community — "Thou hast a little," or little, "strength" — struggling for its existence amongst many enemies. The false Jews again appear, the synagogue of Satan striving to destroy it; but their very weakness had kept these Christians humble and patient, and St. John promises them in Christ's name that they shall be victorious. "I will make them of the synagogue of Satan, which say they are Jews, and are not, but do lie; behold, I will make them to come and worship before thy feet, and to know that I have loved thee."

Laodicea is the last church in the circuit. It is between forty and fifty miles south of Philadelphia, and forty east of Ephesus. Thus, by examining the contents of these two chapters, the second and third of Revelation, we find the Apostle in these addresses has gone round the churches in a circle, as he was wont to do when he journeyed from one to the other, visiting them in bodily presence. In Laodicea was the church for which St. Paul says he struggled earnestly, but it was become lukewarm, wretched, miserable, poor, blind, and naked. (Col. ii. 1; iv. 15. Rev. iii. 17.) There is little historical information to be gathered from the address to this church, as to the cause of its degeneracy; but the Apostle's character is finely marked at once in the vehemence of his emphatical warnings, when he urges them to repentance, and in the gentleness with which he tempers his reproaches. "As many as I love I rebuke and chasten. Be zealous therefore and repent" (ver. 19).

Thus from examining these two chapters, which contain the addresses to the seven churches, we learn much that agrees with the picture we have had presented to us elsewhere. The Asiatic churches, lying at easy distances one from the other, beginning at Ephesus, and ending with Laodicea, are the natural objects of the writer's solicitude: they are all represented as exposed to such dangers as we learn the church had to struggle with in that country and in that age.

There is not time now to consider the Book of the Revelation further, either in reference to the historical intimations we

may gather from it, or the occasion of its being written. We cannot examine here its connexion with the tyranny of Domitian. It is enough to say here that we hold there is good historical ground for assigning the composition of this Book of Revelation to the fifteenth year of Domitian's reign, the year before he was murdered, and the ninety-fifth year from the birth of Christ. (Clinton F. R.) From what has now been noted in the first three chapters of the book, we gain a very strong confirmation of the account derived before from other sources as to the place where St. John fixed his home during the last years of his life. The writer of this book which bears St. John's name exercises the superintendence from Ephesus over the churches which he could reach from it in an easy circuit of visitation; and the dangers to which these churches were exposed were such as existed in St. John's days, and the spirit in which the writer urges them to meet these dangers is the spirit of St. John.

Looking back calmly on all the points of history which have now been brought in detail before us, and all the incidental allusions to the doctrine and teaching of the age, can any one doubt that this at the very least established, that we must in fairness adopt the same conclusion with reference to the latter years of the first century, which is irresistibly established for the second — viz that the church of Christ was thus early regularly established society, worshipping the same Saviour in the same way, holding the same doctrines and exposed to the same conflicts with the unchristian world which we trace all through the ages of its history to the present time? And here we have mounted up to the very lifetime of the Apostles. He who believes anything of Domitian's and of Nerva's reigns, must believe this at the least — that some great teacher very like in all his characteristics to what we should have expected the Apostle St. John to be, did in his old age rule and teach the Christians in Asia, according to the very same holy maxims which the first disciples had heard in their youth from the lips of their Lord and Master, and which have come down to us in the custody of the same church of Christ through eighteen hundred years.

CHAPTER XL.

A MORNING OF PERPLEXITIES.

COLONEL BRAMLEIGH turned over and over, without breaking the seal, a letter which, bearing the postmark of Rome and in a well-known hand, he knew came from Lady Augusta.

That second marriage of his had been a great mistake. None of the social advantages he had calculated on with such certainty had resulted from it. His wife's distinguished relatives had totally estranged themselves from her, as though she had made an unbecoming and unworthy alliance; his own sons and daughters had not concealed their animosity to their new stepmother; and, in fact, the best compromise the blunder admitted of was that they should try to see as little as possible of each other; and as they could not obliterate the compact, they should, as far as in them lay, endeavour to ignore it.

There are no more painful aids to a memory unwilling to be taxed than a banker's half-yearly statement; and in the long record which Christmas had summoned, and which now lay open before Bramleigh's eyes, were frequent and weighty reminders of Lady Augusta's expensive ways.

He had agreed to allow her a thousand Napoleons—about eight hundred pounds—quarterly, which was, and which she owned was, a most liberal and sufficient sum to live on alone, and in a city comparatively cheap. He had, however, added, with a courtesy that the moment of parting might have suggested, "Whenever your tastes or your comforts are found to be hampered in any way by the limits I have set down, you will do me the favour to draw directly on 'the House,' and I will take care that your cheques shall be attended to."

The smile with which she thanked him was still in his memory. Since the memorable morning in Berkeley Square when she accepted his offer of marriage, he had seen nothing so fascinating—nor, let us add, so fleeting—as this gleam of enchantment. Very few days had sufficed to show him how much this meteor flash of loveliness had cost him; and now, as he sat conning over a long line of figures, he thought him that the second moment of witchery was very nearly as expensive as the first. When he made her that courteous offer of extending the limits of her civil list he had never contemplated how

far she could have pushed his generosity, and now, to his amazement, he discovered that in a few months she had already drawn for seven thousand pounds, and had intimated to the House that the first instalment of the purchase-money of a villa would probably be required some time early in May; the business-like character of this "advice" being, however, sadly disparaged by her having totally forgotten to say anything as to the amount of the impending demand.

It was in a very unlucky moment—was there ever a lucky one?—when these heavy demands presented themselves. Colonel Bramleigh had latterly taken to what he thought, or at least meant to be, retrenchment. He was determined, as he said himself, to "take the bull by the horns;" but the men who perform this feat usually select a very small bull. He had nibbled, as it were, at the hem of the budget; he had cut down "the boys'" allowances. "What could Temple want with five hundred a year? Her Majesty gave him four, and her Majesty certainly never intended to take his services without fitting remuneration. As to Jack having three hundred, it was downright absurdity; it was extravagances like these destroyed the Navy; besides, Jack had got his promotion, and his pay ought to be something handsome." With regard to Augustus, he only went so far as certain remonstrances about horse-keep and some hints about the iniquities of a German valet who, it was rumoured, had actually bought a house in Duke Street, St. James's, out of his speculations in the family.

The girls were not extravagantly provided for, but for example sake he reduced their allowances by one third. Ireland was not a country for embroidered silks or Genoa velvet. It would be an admirable lesson to others if they were to see the young ladies of the great house dressed simply and unpretentiously. "These things could only be done by people of station. Such examples must proceed from those whose motives could not be questioned." He dismissed the head-gardener, and he was actually contemplating the discharge of the French cook, though he well foresaw the storm of opposition so strong a measure was sure to evoke. When he came to sum up his reforms he was shocked to find that the total only reached a little over twelve hundred pounds, and this in a household of many thousands.

Was not Castello, too, a mistake? Was not all this princely style of living, in a county without a neighbourhood, totally

unvisited by strangers, a capital blunder? He had often heard of the cheapness of life in Ireland; and what a myth it was! He might have lived in Norfolk for what he was spending in Downshire, and though he meant to do great things for the country, a doubt was beginning to steal over him as to how they were to be done. He had often insisted that absenteeism was the bane of Ireland, and yet for the life of him he could not see how his residence there was to prove a blessing.

Lady Augusta, with her separate establishment, was spending above three thousand a year. Poor man, he was grumbling to himself over this, when that precious document from the bank arrived with the astounding news of her immense extravagance. He laid her letter down again: he had not temper to read it. It was so sure to be one of those frivolous little levities which jar so painfully on serious feelings. He knew so well the half jestful excuses she would make for her wastefulness, the coquettish prettinesses she would deploy in describing her daily life of mock simplicity, and utter recklessness, as to cost, that he muttered "Not now" to himself as he pushed the letter away. As he did so he discovered a letter in the hand of Mr. Sedley, his law agent. He had himself written a short note to that gentleman, at Jack's request; for Jack—who, like all sailors, believed in a First Lord and implicitly felt that no promotion ever came rightfully—wanted a special introduction to the great man at Somerset House, a service which Sedley, who knew every one, could easily render him. This note of Sedley's then doubtless referred to that matter, and though Bramleigh did not feel any great or warm interest in the question, he broke the envelope to read it rather as a relief than otherwise. It was at least a new topic, and it could not be a very exciting one. The letter ran thus:—

"Tuesday, January 15.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"HICKLAY will speak to the First Lord at the earliest convenient moment, but as Captain Bramleigh has just got his promotion, he does not see what can be done in addition. I do not suppose your son would like a dockyard appointment, but a tolerably snug berth will soon be vacant at Malta, and as Captain B. will be in town to-morrow, I shall wait upon him early, and learn his wishes in the matter. There is great talk to-day of changes in the Cabinet, and

some rumour of dissolution. These reports and disquieting news from France have brought the Funds down one-sixth. Burrows and Black have failed—the Calcutta house had made some large tea speculation, it is said, without the knowledge of the partners here. At all events, the liabilities will exceed a million; available assets not a hundred thousand. I hope you will not suffer, or if so, to only a trifling extent, as I know you lately declined the advances Black so pressed upon you."

"He's right there," muttered Bramleigh. "I wouldn't touch those indigo bonds. When old Grant began to back up the natives, I saw what would become of the planters. All meddling with the labour market in India is mere gambling, and whenever a man makes his coup he ought to go off with his money. What's all this here," muttered he, "about Talookdars and Ryots? He ought to know this question cannot interest me."

"I met Kelson yesterday; he was very close and guarded, but my impression is that they are doing nothing in the affair of the 'Pretender.' I hinted jocularly something about having a few thousands by me if he should happen to know of a good investment, and, in the same careless way, he replied, 'I'll drop in some morning at the office, and have a talk with you.' There was a significance in his manner that gave me to believe he meant a 'transaction.' We shall see. I shall add a few lines to this after I have seen Captain B. to-morrow. I must now hurry off to Westminster."

Bramleigh turned over, and read the following:—

Wednesday, 16th.

"On going to the 'Drummond' this morning to breakfast, by appointment, with your son, I found him dressing, but talking with the occupant of a room on the opposite side of the sitting-room, where breakfast was laid for three. Captain B., who seemed in excellent health and spirits, entered freely on the subject of the shore appointment, and when I suggested caution in discussing it, told me there was no need of reserve, that he could say what he pleased before his friend—'whom, by the way,' said he, 'I am anxious to make known to you. You are the very man to give him first rate advice, and if you cannot take up his case yourself, to recommend him to some one of trust and character.' While we were talking, the stranger entered—a young man, short, good-looking, and of good address. 'I want to present you

to Mr. Sedley,' said Captain B., 'and I'll be shot if I don't forget your name.'

"I half doubt if you ever knew it," said the other, laughing; and, turning to me, added, 'Our friendship is of short date. We met as travellers, but I have seen enough of life to know that the instinct that draws men towards each other is no bad guarantee for mutual liking.' He said this with a slightly foreign accent, but fluently and easily.

"We now sat down to table, and though not being gifted with that expansiveness that the stranger spoke of, I soon found myself listening with pleasure to the conversation of a very shrewd and witty man, who had seen a good deal of life. Perhaps I may have exhibited some trait of the pleasure he afforded me—perhaps I may have expressed it in words; at all events your son marked the effect produced upon me, and in a tone of half jocular triumph, cried out, 'Eh, Sedley, you'll stand by him—won't you? I've told him if there was a man in England to carry him through a stiff campaign you were the fellow.' I replied by some commonplace, and rose soon after to proceed to Court. As the foreigner had also some business at the Hall, I offered him a seat in my cab. As we went along, he spoke freely of himself and his former life, and gave me his card, with the name 'Anatole Pracontal.' So that here I was for two hours in close confab with the enemy, to whom I was actually presented by your own son! So overwhelming was this announcement that I really felt unable to take any course, and doubted whether I ought not at once to have told him who his fellow-traveller was. I decided at last for the more cautious line, and asked him to come and see me at Fulham. We parted excellent friends. Whether he will keep his appointment or not I am unable to guess. By a special good fortune—so I certainly must deem it—Captain Bramleigh was telegraphed for to Portsmouth, and had to leave town at once. So that any risks from that quarter are avoided. Whether this strange meeting will turn out well or ill, whether it will be misinterpreted by Kelson when he comes to hear it—for it would be hard to believe it all accident—and induce him to treat us with distrust and suspicion, or whether it may conduce to a speedy settlement of every thing, is more than I can yet say.

"I am so far favourably impressed by M. Pracontal's manner and address that I think he ought not to be one difficult to deal with. What may be his impression, however, when

he learns with whom he has been talking so freely, is still doubtful to me. He cannot, it is true, mistrust your son, but he may feel grave doubts about me.

"I own I do not expect to see him to-morrow. Kelson will certainly advise him against such a step, nor do I yet perceive what immediate good would result from our meeting, beyond the assuring him—as I certainly should—that all that had occurred was pure chance, and that, though perfectly familiar with his name and his pretensions, I had not the vaguest suspicion of his identity till I read his card. It may be that out of this strange blunder good may come. Let us hope it. I will write to-morrow.

"Truly yours,

"M. SEDLEY."

Colonel Bramleigh re-read every line of the letter carefully; and as he laid it down with a sigh, said, "What a complication of troubles on my hands! At the very moment that I am making engagements to relieve others, I may not have the means to meet my own difficulties. Sedley was quite wrong to make any advances to this man; they are sure to be misinterpreted. Kelson will think we are afraid, and raise his terms with us accordingly." Again his eyes fell upon Lady Augusta's letter; but he had no temper now to encounter all the light gossip and frivolity it was sure to contain. He placed it in his pocket, and set out to take a walk. He wanted to think, but he also wanted the spring and energy which come of brisk exercise. He felt his mind would work more freely when he was in motion; and in the open air, too, he should escape from the terrible oppression of being continually confronted by himself,—which he felt he was in the solitude of his study.

"If M. Pracontal measure us by the standard of Master Jack," muttered he, bitterly, "he will opine that the conflict ought not to be a tough one. What fools these sailors are when you take them off their own element; and what a little bit of a world is the quarter-deck of a frigate! Providence has not blessed me with brilliant sons; that is certain. It was through Temple we have come to know Lord Cuduff; and I protest I anticipate little of either profit or pleasure from the acquaintanceship. As for Augustus, he is only so much shrewder than the others, that he is more cautious; his selfishness is immensely preservative." This was not, it must be owned, a flattering estimate that he made of his sons; but he was a man to tell hard truths to himself; and to tell them roughly and roundly too,

like one who, when he had to meet a difficulty in life, would rather confront it in its boldest shape.

So essentially realistic was the man's mind, that, till he had actually under his eyes these few lines describing Pracontal's look and manner, he had never been able to convince himself that this pretender was an actual *bonâ fide* creature. Up to this, the claim had been a vague menace, and no more; a tradition that ended in a threat! There was the whole of it! Kelson had written to Sedley, and Sedley to Kelson. There had been a half-amicable contest, a sort of round with the gloves, in which these two crafty men appeared rather like great moralists than cunning lawyers. Had they been peace-makers by Act of Parliament, they could not have urged more strenuously the advantages of amity and kindness; how severely they censured the contentious spirits which drove men into litigation! and how beautifully they showed the Christian benefit of an arbitration "under the court," the costs to be equitably divided!

Throughout the whole drama, however, M. Pracontal had never figured as an active character of the piece; and for all that Bramleigh could see, the machinery might work to the end, and the catastrophe be announced, not only without even producing him, but actually without his having ever existed. If from time to time he might chance to read in the public papers of a suspicious foreigner, a "Frenchman or Italian of fashionable appearance," having done this, that, or t'other, he would ask himself at once, "I wonder could that be *my* man? Is that the adventurer who wants to replace me here?" As time, however, rolled on, and nothing came of this claim more palpable than a dropping letter from Sedley, to say he had submitted such a point to counsel, or he thought that the enemy seemed disposed to come to terms, Bramleigh actually began to regard the whole subject as a man might the danger of a storm, which, breaking afar off, might probably waste all its fury before it reached him.

Now, however, these feelings of vague, undefined doubt were to give way to a very palpable terror. His own son had seen Pracontal, and sat at table with him. Pracontal was a good-looking, well-mannered fellow, with, doubtless, all the readiness and the aplomb of a clever foreigner; not a creature of mean appearance and poverty-struck aspect, whose very person would disparage his pretensions, but a man with the bearing of the world and the habits of society.

So sudden and so complete was this re-

vulsion, and so positively did it depict before him an actual conflict, that he could only think of how to deal with Pracontal personally, by what steps it might be safest to approach him, and how to treat a man whose changeable fortunes must doubtless have made him expert in difficulties, and at the same time a not unlikely dupe to well-devised and well-applied flatteries.

To have invited him frankly to Castello, — to have assumed that it was a case in which a generous spirit might deal far more successfully than all the cavils and cranks of law, was Bramleigh's first thought; but to do this with effect, he must confide the whole story of the peril to some at least of the family: and this, for many reasons, he could not stoop to.

Bramleigh certainly attached no actual weight to this man's claim, — he did not in his heart believe that there was any foundation for his pretension; but Sedley had told him that there was case enough to go to a jury, — and a jury meant exposure, publicity, comment, and very unpleasant comment too, when party hatred should contribute its venom to the discussion. If, then, he shrunk from imparting this story to his sons and daughters, how long could he count on secrecy? — only till next assizes perhaps. At the first notice of trial the whole mischief would be out, and the matter be a world-wide scandal. Sedley advised a compromise, but the time was very unpropitious for this. It was downright impossible to get money at the moment. Every one was bent on "realizing," in presence of all the crashes and bankruptcies around. None would lend on the best securities, and men were selling out at a ruinous loss to meet pressing engagements. For the very first time in his life, Bramleigh felt what it was to want for ready money. He had every imaginable kind of wealth. Houses and lands, stocks, shares, ships, costly deposits and mortgages — everything in short but gold: and yet it was gold alone could meet the emergency. How foolish it was of him to involve himself in Lord Calduff's difficulties at such a crisis! had he not troubles enough of his own? Would that essenced and enamelled old dandy have stained his boots to have served him? That was a very unpleasant query, which would cross his mind, and never obtain anything like a satisfactory reply. Would not his calculation probably be that Bramleigh was amply recompensed for all he could do, by the honour of being thought the friend of a noble lord, so highly placed, and so much thought of in the world?

As for Lady Augusta's extravagance, it was simply insufferable. He had been most liberal to her because he would not permit that whatever might be the nature of the differences that separated them, money in any shape should enter. There must be nothing sordid or mean in the tone of any discussion between them. She might prefer Italy to Ireland; sunshine to rain; a society of idle, leisure-loving, indolent, soft-voiced men, to association with sterner, severer, and more energetic natures. She might affect to think climate all essential to her; and the society of her sister a positive necessity. All these he might submit to, but he was neither prepared to be ruined by her wastefulness, or maintain a controversy as to the sum she should spend. "If we come to figures, it must be a fight," muttered he, "and an ignoble fight too; and it is to that we are now approaching."

"I think I can guess what is before me here," said he with a grim smile, as he tore open the letter and prepared to read it. Now, though on this occasion his guess was not exactly correct, nor did the epistle contain the graceful little nothings by which her ladyship was wont to chronicle her daily life, we forbear to give it in extenso to our readers; first of all, because it opened with a very long and intricate explanation of motives which was no explanation at all, and then proceeded by an equally prolix narrative to announce a determination which was only to be final on approval. In two words, Lady Augusta was desirous of changing her religion; but before becoming a Catholic, she wished to know if Colonel Bramleigh would make a full and irrevocable settlement on her of her present allowance, giving her entire power over its ultimate disposal, for she hinted that the sum might be capitalized; the recompense for such splendid generosity being the noble consciousness of a very grand action, and his own liberty. To the latter she adverted with becoming delicacy, slyly hinting that in the church to which he belonged there might probably be no very strenuous objections made, should he desire to contract new ties, and once more re-enter the bonds of matrimony.

The expression which burst aloud from Bramleigh as he finished the letter, conveyed all that he felt on the subject.

"What outrageous effrontery! The first part of this precious document is written by a priest, and the second by an attorney. It begins by informing me that I am a heretic, and politely asks me to add to that distinction the honour of being a beggar. What a

woman! I have done, I suppose, a great many foolish things in life, but I shall not cap them so far, I promise you, Lady Augusta, by an endowment of the Catholic Church. No, my lady, you shall give the new faith you are about to adopt the most signal proof of your sincerity, by renouncing all worldliness at the threshold; and as the nuns cut off their silken tresses, you shall rid yourself of that wealth which we are told is such a barrier against heaven. Far be it from me," said he with a sardonic bitterness, "who have done so little for your happiness here, to peril your happiness hereafter."

"I will answer this at once," said he. "It shall not remain one post without its reply."

He arose to return to the house; but in his pre-occupation he continued to walk till he reached the brow of the cliff from which the roof of the curate's cottage was seen, about a mile off. The peaceful stillness of the scene, where not a leaf moved, and where the sea washed lazily along the low strand with a sweeping motion that gave no sound, calmed and soothed him. Was it not to taste the sweet sense of repose that he had quitted the busy life of cities and come to this lone sequestered spot? Was not this very moment, as he now felt it, the realization of a long-cherished desire? Had the world anything better in all its prizes, he asked himself, than the peaceful enjoyment of an unchequered existence? Shall not I try to carry out what once I had planned to myself, and live my life as I intended?

He sat down on the brow of the crag and looked out over the sea. A gentle, but not unpleasant sadness was creeping over him. It was one of those moments — every man has had them — in which the vanity of life and the frivolity of all its ambitions present themselves to the mind far more forcibly than ever they appear when urged from the pulpit. There is no pathos, no bad taste, no inflated description in the workings of reflectiveness. When we come to compute with ourselves what we have gained by our worldly successes, and to make a total of all our triumphs, we arrive at a truer insight into the nothingness of what we are contending for than we ever attain through the teaching of our professional moralists.

Colonel Bramleigh had made considerable progress along this peaceful track since he sat down there. Could he only be sure to accept the truths he had been repeating to himself without any wavering or uncertainty; could he have resolution enough to

conform his life to these convictions, — throw over all ambitions, and be satisfied with mere happiness, — was this prize not within his reach? Temple and Marion, perhaps, might resist; but he was certain the others would agree with him. While he thus pondered, he heard the low murmur of voices, apparently near him; he listened, and perceived that some persons were talking as they mounted the zigzag path which led up from the bottom of the gorge, and which had to cross and recross continually before it gained the summit. A thick hedge of laurel and arbutus fenced the path on either side so completely as to shut out all view of those who were walking along it, and who had to pass and repass quite close to where Bramleigh was sitting.

To his intense astonishment it was in French they spoke; and a certain sense of terror came over him as to what this might portend. Were these spies of the enemy, and was the mine about to be sprung beneath him? One was a female voice, a clear, distinct voice — which he thought he knew well, and oh, what inexpressible relief to his anxiety was it when he recognized it to be Julia L'Estrange's! She spoke volubly, almost flippantly, and, as it seemed to Bramleigh, in a tone of half-sarcastic raillery, against which her companion appeared to protest, as he more than once repeated the word "*sérieuse*," in a tone almost reproachful.

"If I am to be serious, my lord," said she, in a more collected tone, "I had better get back to English. Let me tell you then, in a language which admits of little misconception, that I have forborne to treat your lordship's proposal with gravity, partly out of respect for myself, partly out of deference to you."

"Deference to me? What do you mean? what can you mean?"

"I mean, my lord, that all the flattery of being the object of your lordship's choice could not obliterate my sense of a disparity, just as great between us in years as in condition. I was nineteen my last birthday, Lord Culduff;" and she said this with a pouting air of offended dignity.

"A peeress of nineteen would be a great success at a drawing-room," said he, with a tone of pompous deliberation.

"Pray, my lord, let us quit a theme we cannot agree upon. With all your lordship's delicacy, you have not been able to conceal the vast sacrifices it has cost you to make me your present proposal. I have no such tact. I have not even the shadow of

it; and I could never hope to hide what it would cost me to become *grande dame*."

"A proposal of marriage; an actual proposal," muttered Bramleigh, as he arose to move away. "I heard it with my own ears; and heard her refuse it, besides."

An hour later, when he mounted the steps of the chief entrance, he met Marion, who came towards him with an open letter. "This is from poor Lord Culduff," said she; "he has been stopping these last three days at the L'Estranges, and what between boredom and bad cookery he couldn't hold out any longer. He begs he may be permitted to come back here; he says, 'Put me below the salt, if you like — anywhere, only let it be beneath your roof, and within the circle of your fascinating society.' Shall I say Come, papa?"

"I suppose we must," muttered Bramleigh, sulkily, and passed on to his room.

CHAPTER XXI.

GEORGE AND JULIA.

It was after a hard day with the hounds that George L'Estrange reached the cottage to a late dinner. The hunting had not been good. They had found three times, but each time lost their fox after a short burst, and though the morning broke favourably, with a low cloudy sky and all the signs of a good scenting day, towards the afternoon a brisk north-easter had sprung up, making the air sharp and piercing, and rendering the dogs wild and uncertain. In fact, it was one of those days which occasionally irritate men more than actual "blanks;" there was a constant promise of something, always ending in disappointment. The horses, too, were fretful and impatient, as horses are wont to be with frequent checks, and when excited by a cold and cutting wind.

Even Nora, perfection that she was of temper and training, had not behaved well. She had taken her fences hotly and impatiently, and actually chested a stiff bank, which cost herself and her rider a heavy fall, and a disgrace that the curate felt more acutely than the injury.

"You don't mean to say you fell, George?" said Julia, with a look of positive incredulity.

"Nora did, which comes pretty much to the same thing. We were coming out of Gore's wood, and I was leading. There's a high bank with a drop into Longworth's lawn. It's a place I've taken scores of times.

One can't fly it; you must 'top,' and Nora can do that sort of thing to perfection; and as I came on I had to swerve a little to avoid some of the dogs that were climbing up the bank. Perhaps it was that irritated her, but she rushed madly on, and came full chest against the gripe, and — I don't remember much more till I found myself actually drenched with vinegar that old Catty Lalor was pouring over me, when I got up again, addled and confused enough, but I'm all right now. Do you know, Ju," said he, after a pause, "I was more annoyed by a chance remark I heard as I was lying on the grass than by the whole misadventure?"

"What was it, George?"

"It was old Curtis was riding by, and he cried out, 'Who's down?' and some one said, 'L'Estrange.' 'By Jove,' said he, 'I don't think that fellow was ever on his knees before;' and this because I was a parson."

"How unfeeling! but how like him!"

"Wasn't it? After all, it comes of doing what is not exactly right. I suppose it's not enough that I see nothing wrong in a day with the hounds. I ought to think how others regard it; whether it shocks them, or exposes my cloth to sarcasm or censure? Is it not dinner-hour?"

"Of course it is, George. It's past eight?"

"And where's our illustrious guest; has he not appeared?"

"Lord Culduff has gone. There came a note to him from Castello in the afternoon, and about five o'clock the phaeton appeared at the door — only with the servants — and his lordship took a most affectionate leave of me, charging me with the very sweetest messages for you, and assurances of eternal memory of the blissful hours he had passed here."

"Perhaps it's not the right thing to say, but I own to you I'm glad he's gone."

"But why, George? was he not amusing?"

"Yes; I suppose he was; but he was so supremely arrogant, so impressed with his own grandness and our littleness, so persistently eager to show us that we were enjoying an honour in his presence, that nothing in our lives could entitle us to, that I found my patience pushed very hard to endure it."

"I liked him. I liked his vanity and conceit; and I wouldn't for anything he had been less pretentious."

"I have none of your humoristic temperament, Julia, and I never could derive amusement from the eccentricities or peculiarities of others."

"And there's no fun like it, George. Once that you come to look on life as a great drama, and all the men and women as players, it's the best comedy ever one sat at."

"I'm glad he's gone for another reason, too. I suppose it's shabby to say it, but it's true all the same: he was a very costly guest, and I wasn't disposed, like Charles the Bold or that other famous fellow, to sell a province to entertain an emperor."

"Had we a province to sell, George?" said she, laughing.

"No; but I had a horse, and unfortunately Nora must go to the hammer now."

"Surely not for this week's extravagance?" cried she, anxiously.

"Not exactly for this, but for everything. You know old Curtis's saying, 'It's always the last glass of wine makes a man tipsy.' But here comes the dinner, and let us turn to something pleasanter."

It was so jolly to be alone again, all restraint removed, all terror of culinary mishaps withdrawn, and all the consciousness of little domestic shortcomings obliterated, that L'Estrange's spirit rose at every moment, and at last he burst out, "I declare to you, Julia, if that man hadn't gone, I'd have died out of pure inanition. To see him day after day trying to conform to our humble fare, turning over his meat on his plate, and trying to divide with his fork the cutlet that he wouldn't condescend to cut, and barely able to suppress the shudder our little light wine gave him; to witness all this, and to feel that I mustn't seem to know, while I was fully aware of it, was a downright misery. I'd like to know what brought him here."

"I fancy he couldn't tell you himself. He paid an interminable visit, and we asked him to stop and dine with us. A wet night detained him, and when his servant came over with his dressing-bag or portmanteau, you said, or I said, — I forget which, — that he ought not to leave us without a peep at our coast scenery."

"I remember all that; but what I meant was, that his coming here from Castello was no accident. He never left a French cook and Château Lafitte for cold mutton and sour sherry without some reason for it."

"You forget, George, he was on his way to Lisconnor when he came here. He was going to visit the mines."

"By the by, that reminds me of a letter I got this evening. I put it in my pocket without reading. Isn't that Vickers' hand?"

"Yes; it is his reply, perhaps, to my letter. He is too correct and too prudent to write to myself, and sends the answer to you."

"As our distinguished guest is not here to be shocked, Julia, let us hear what Vickars says."

"My dear Mr. L'Estrange, I have before me a letter from your sister, expressing a wish that I should consent to the withdrawal of the sum of two thousand pounds, now vested in consols under my trusteeship, and employ these monies in a certain enterprise which she designates as the coal mines of Lisconnor. Before acceding to the grave responsibility which this change of investment would impose upon me, even supposing that the 'Master,'—who is the Master, George?"

"Go on; read further," said he, curtly.

"—that the Master would concur with such a procedure, I am desirous of hearing what you yourself know of the speculation in question. Have you seen and conversed with the engineers who have made the surveys? Have you heard from competent and unconcerned parties—? Oh, George, it's so like the way he talks! I can't read on."

L'Estrange took the letter from her and glanced rapidly over the lines, and then turning to the last page read aloud. "How will the recommendation of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners affect you touching the union of Portshannon with Kilmullock? Do they simply extinguish you, or have you a claim for compensation?"

"What does he mean, George?" cried she, as she gazed at the pale face and agitated expression of her brother as he laid down the letter before her.

"It is just extinguishment; that's the word for it," muttered he. "When they unite the parishes, they suppress me."

"Oh, George, don't say that; it has not surely come to this?"

"There's no help for it," said he, putting away his glass and leaning his head on his hand. "I was often told they'd do something like this; and when Grimsby was here to examine the books and make notes,—you remember it was a wet Sunday, and nobody came but the clerk's mother,—he said, as we left the church, 'The congregation is orderly and attentive, but not numerous.'"

"I told you, George, I detested that man. I said at the time he was no friend to you."

"If he felt it his duty"—

"Duty, indeed! I never heard of a cruelty yet that hadn't the plea of a duty. I'm sure Captain Craufurd comes to church, and Mrs. Bayley comes, and as to the Great House, there's a family there of not less than thirty persons."

"When Grimsby was here Castello was not occupied."

"Well, it is occupied now; and if Colonel Bramleigh be a person of the influence he assumes to be, and if he cares,—as I take it he must care,—not to live like a heathen, he'll prevent this cruel wrong. I'm not sure that Nelly has much weight, but she would do anything in the world for us, and I think Augustus, too, would befriended us."

"What can they all do? It's a question for the Commissioners."

"So it may; but I take it the Commissioners are human beings."

He turned again to the letter which lay open on the table, and read aloud, "They want a chaplain, I see, at Albano, near Rome. Do you know any one who could assist you to the appointment, always providing that you would like it? I should think I would like it."

"You were thinking of the glorious riding over the Campagna, George, that you told me about long ago?"

"I hope not," said he, blushing deeply, and looking overwhelmed with confusion.

"Well, I was, George. Albano reminded me at once of those long moonlight canters you told me about, with the grand old city in the distance. I almost fancy I have seen it all. Let us bethink us of the great people we know, and who would aid us in the matter."

"The list begins and ends with the Lord Culduff I suspect."

"Not at all. It is the Bramleighs can be of use here. Lady Augusta lives at Rome; she must be, I'm sure, a person of influence there, and be well known to and know all the English of station. It's a downright piece of good fortune for us she should be there. There, now, be of good heart, and don't look wretched. We'll drive over to Castello to-morrow."

"They've been very cool towards us of late."

"As much our fault as theirs, George; some, certainly, was my own."

"Oh, Vickars has heard of her. He says here, 'Is the Lady Augusta Bramleigh, who has a villa at Albano, any relative of your neighbour Colonel Bramleigh? She is very eccentric, some say mad: but she does what she likes with every one. Try and procure a letter to her.'"

"It's all as well as settled, George. We'll be cantering over that swelling prairie before the spring ends," said she. Quietly rising and going over to the piano, she began one of those little popular Italian bal-

Hads which they call "Stornelli" — those light effusions of national life which blend up love and flowers and sunshine together so pleasantly, and seem to emblemize the people who sing them.

"Thither! oh, thither! George! as the girl sings in Goethe's ballad. Won't it be delightful?"

"First let us see if it be possible."

And then they began one of those discussions of ways and means which, however, as we grow old in life, are tinged with all the hard and stern characters of sordid self-interest, are, in our younger days, blended so thoroughly with hope and trustfulness that they are amongst the most attractive of all the themes we can turn to. There were so many things to be done, and so little to do them with, that it was marvellous to hear of the cunning and ingenious devices by which poverty was to be cheated out of its meanness and actually imagine itself picturesque. George was not a very imaginative creature, but it was strange to see to what flights he rose as the sportive fancy of the high-spirited girl carried him away to the region of the speculative and the hopeful.

"It's just as well, after all, perhaps," said he, after some moments of thought, "that we had not invested your money in the mine."

"Of course, George, we shall want it to buy vines and orange-trees. Oh, I shall grow mad with impatience if I talk of this much longer! Do you know," said she, in a more collected and serious tone, "I have just built a little villa on the lake-side of Albano? And I'm doubting whether I'll have my 'percolato' of vines next the water or facing the mountain. I incline to the mountain."

"We mustn't dream of building," said he, gravely.

"We must dream of everything, George. It is in dreamland I am going to live. Why is this gift of fancy bestowed upon us if not to conjure up allies that will help us to fight the stern evils of life? Without imagination, Hope is a poor, weary, plodding foot-traveller, painfully lagging behind us. Give him but speculation, and he soars aloft on wings and rises towards heaven."

"Do be reasonable, Julia; and let us decide what steps we shall take."

"Let me just finish my boathouse: I'm putting an aviary on the top of it. Well, don't look so pitifully; I am not going mad. Now, then, for the practical. We are to go over to Castello to-morrow early, I suppose?"

"Yes; I should say in the morning, before Colonel Bramleigh goes into his study.

After that he dislikes being disturbed. I mean to speak to him myself. You must address yourself to Marion."

"The forlorn hope always falls to my share," said she, poutingly. "Why, you were the best friends in the world till a few days back! You men can understand nothing of these things. You neither know the nice conditions nor the delicate reserves of young lady friendships; nor have you the slightest conception of how boundless we can be in admiration of each other in the imagined consciousness of something very superior in ourselves, and which makes all our love a very generous impulse. There is so much coarseness in male friendships, that you understand none of these subtle distinctions."

"I was going to say, thank Heaven, we don't."

"You are grateful for very little, George. I assure you there is a great charm in these fine affinities, and remember you men are not necessarily always rivals. Your roads in life are so numerous and so varied, that you need not jostle. We women have but one path, and one goal at the end of it; and there is no small generosity in the kindness we extend to each other."

They talked away late into the night of the future. Once or twice the thought flashed across Julia whether she ought not to tell of what had passed between Lord Culduff and herself. She was not quite sure but that George ought to hear it; but then a sense of delicacy restrained her — a delicacy that extended to that old man who had made her the offer of his hand, and who would not for worlds have it known that his offer had been rejected. No, thought she, his secret shall be respected. As he deemed me worthy to be his wife, he shall know that so far as regards respect for his feelings he had not over-estimated me.

It was all essential, however, that her brother should not think of enlisting Lord Culduff in his cause, or asking his lordship's aid or influence in any way; and when L'Estrange carelessly said, "Could not our distinguished friend and guest be of use here?" she hastened to reply, "Do not think of that, George. These men are so victimized by appeals of this sort that they either flatly refuse their assistance, or give some flippant promise of an aid they never think of according. It would actually fret me, if I thought we were to owe anything to such intervention. In fact," said she, laughingly, "it's quite an honour to be his acquaintance. It would be something very like a humiliation to have him for a friend.

And now good-night. You won't believe it, perhaps; but it wants but a few minutes to two o'clock."

"People, I believe, never go to bed in Italy," said he, yawning; "or only in the day-time. So that we are in training already, Julia."

"How I hope the match may come off," said she, as she gave him her hand at parting. "I'll go and dream over it."

CHAPTER XXII.

IN THE LIBRARY AT CASTELLO.

WHEN L'Estrange and his sister arrived at Castello on the morning after the scene of our last chapter, it was to discover that the family had gone off early to visit the mine of Lisconnor, where they were to dine, and not return till late in the evening.

Colonel Bramleigh alone remained behind: a number of important letters which had come by that morning's post detained him; but he had pledged himself to follow the party, and join them at dinner, if he could finish his correspondence in time.

George and Julia turned away from the door, and were slowly retracing their road homeward, when a servant came running after them to say that Colonel Bramleigh begged Mr. L'Estrange would come back for a moment; that he had something of consequence to say to him.

"I'll stroll about the shrubberies, George, till you join me," said Julia. "Who knows it may not be a farewell look I may be taking of these dear old scenes." George nodded, half mournfully, and followed the servant towards the library.

In the ordinary and every-day look, no man ever seemed a more perfect representative of worldly success and prosperity than Colonel Bramleigh. He was personally what would be called handsome, had a high bold forehead, and large grey eyes, well set and shaded by strong full eyebrows, so regular in outline and so correctly defined as to give a half suspicion that art had been called to the assistance of nature. He was ruddy and fresh-looking, with an erect carriage, and that air of general confidence that seemed to declare he knew himself to be a favourite of fortune and gloried in the distinction.

"I can do scores of things others must not venture upon," was a common saying of his. "I can trust to my luck," was almost a maxim with him. And in reality, if the boast was somewhat vain-glorious, it was not

without foundation; a marvellous, almost unerring, success attended him through life. Enterprises that were menaced with ruin and bankruptcy would rally from the hour that he joined them, and schemes of fortune that men deemed half desperate would, under his guidance, grow into safe and profitable speculations. Others might equal him in intelligence, in skill, in ready resource and sudden expedient, but he had not one to rival him in luck. It is strange enough that the hard business mind, the men of realism *par excellence*, can recognize such a thing as fortune; but so it is, there are none so prone to believe in this quality as the people of finance. The spirit of the gambler is, in fact, the spirit of commercial enterprise, and the "odds" are as carefully calculated in the counting-house as in the betting-ring. Seen as he came into the breakfast-room of a morning, with the fresh flush of exercise on his cheek, or as he appeared in the drawing-room before dinner, with that air of ease and enjoyment that marked all his courtesy, one would have said, "There is one certainly with whom the world goes well." There were caustic, invidious people, who hinted that Bramleigh deserved but little credit for that happy equanimity and that buoyant spirit which sustained him; they said, "He has never had a reverse, wait till he be tried:" and the world had waited and waited, and to all seeming the eventful hour had not come, for there he was, a little balder perhaps, a stray grey hair in his whiskers, and somewhat portlier in his presence, but, on the whole, pretty much what men had known him to be for fifteen or twenty years back.

Upon none did the well-to-do, blooming, and prosperous rich man produce a more powerful impression than on the young curate, who, young, vigorous, handsome as he was, could yet never sufficiently emerge from the *res angustæ domi* to feel the ease and confidence that come of affluence.

What a shock was it then to L'Estrange, as he entered the library, to see the man whom he had ever beheld as the type of all that was happy and healthful and prosperous, haggard and careworn, his hand tremulous, and his manner abrupt and uncertain, with a certain furtive dread at moments, followed by outbursts of passionate defiance, as though he were addressing himself to others besides him who was then before him.

Though on terms of cordial intimacy with the curate, and always accustomed to call him by his name, he received him as he entered the room with a cold and formal

politeness, apologized for having taken the liberty to send after and recall him, and ceremoniously requested him to be seated.

"We were sorry you and Miss L'Estrange could not join the picnic to-day," said Bramleigh; "though to be sure it is scarcely the season yet for such diversions."

L'Estrange felt the awkwardness of saying that they had not been invited, and muttered something not very intelligible about the uncertainty of the weather.

"I meant to have gone over myself," said Bramleigh, hurriedly; "but all these," and he swept his hand as he spoke through a mass of letters on the table, "all these have come since morning, and I am not half through them yet. What's that the moralist says about calling no man happy till he dies? I often think one cannot speculate upon a pleasant day till after the post-hour."

"I know very little of either the pains or pleasures of the letter-bag. I have almost no correspondence."

"How I envy you!" cried he, fervently.

"I don't imagine that mine is a lot many would be found to envy," said L'Estrange, with a gentle smile.

"The old story, of course. 'Qui fit Mæcenas, ut Nemo,'—I forget my Horace,—"ut Nemo;" how does it go?"

"Yes, sir. But I never said I was discontented with my lot in life. I only remarked that I didn't think that others would envy it."

"I have it,—I have it," continued Bramleigh, following out his own train of thought; "I have it. 'Ut Nemo, quam sibi sortem sit contentus.' It's a matter of thirty odd years since I saw that passage, L'Estrange, and I can't imagine what could have brought it so forcibly before me to-day."

"Certainly it could not have been any application to yourself," said the curate, politely.

"How do you mean, sir?" cried Bramleigh, almost fiercely. "How do you mean?"

"I mean, sir, that few men have less cause for discontent with fortune?"

"How can you,—how can any man presume to say that of another!" said Bramleigh, in a loud and defiant tone, as he arose and paced the room. "Who can tell what passes in his neighbour's house, still less in his heart or his head? What do I know, as I listen to your discourse on a Sunday, of the terrible conflict of doubts

that have beset you during the week,—heresies that have swarmed around you like the vipers and hideous reptiles that gathered around St. Anthony, and that, banished in one shape, came back in another? How do I know what compromises you may have made with your conscience before you come to utter to me your eternal truths; and how you may have said, 'If he can believe all this, so much the better for him,'—eh?"

He turned fiercely round, as if to demand an answer, and the curate modestly said, "I hope it is not so that men preach the gospel."

"And yet many must preach in that fashion," said Bramleigh, with a deep but subdued earnestness. "I take it that no man's convictions are without a flaw somewhere, and it is not by parading that flaw he will make converts."

L'Estrange did not feel disposed to follow him into this thesis, and sat silent and motionless.

"I suppose," muttered Bramleigh, as he folded his arms and walked the room with slow steps, "it's all expediency,—all! We do the best we can, and hope it may be enough. You are a good man, L'Estrange."

"Far from it, sir. I feel, and feel very bitterly too, my own unworthiness," said the curate, with an intense sincerity of voice.

"I think you so far good that you are not worldly. You would not do a mean thing, an ignoble, a dishonest thing; you wouldn't take what was not your own, nor defraud another of what was his,—would you?"

"Perhaps not; I hope not."

"And yet that is saying a great deal. I may have my doubts whether that penknife be mine or not. Some one may come to-morrow or next day to claim it as his, and describe it, Heaven knows how rightly or wrongly. No matter, he'll say he owns it. Would you, sir,—I ask you now simply as a Christian man, I am not speaking to a casuist or a lawyer,—would you, sir, at once, just as a measure of peace to your own conscience, say, 'Let him take it,' rather than burden your heart with a discussion for which you had no temper nor taste? That's the question I'd like to ask you. Can you answer it? I see you cannot," cried he, rapidly. "I see at once how you want to go off into a thousand subtleties, and instead of resolving my one doubt, surround me with a legion of others."

"If I know anything about myself I'm

not much of a casuist; I haven't the brains for it," said L'Estrange, with a sad smile.

"Ay, there it is. That's the humility of Satan's own making; that's the humility that exclaims, 'I'm only honest. I'm no genius. Heaven has not made me great or gifted. I'm simply a poor creature, right-minded and pure-hearted.' As if there was anything, — as if there could be anything so exalted as this same purity."

"But I never said that; I never presumed to say so," said the other, modestly.

"And if you rail against riches, and tell me that wealth is a snare and a pitfall, what do you mean by telling me that my reverse of fortune is a chastisement? Why, sir, by your own theory it ought to be a blessing, a positive blessing; so that if I were turned out of this princely house to-morrow, branded as a pretender and an impostor, I should go forth better, — not only better, but happier. Ay, that's the point; happier than I ever was as the lord of these broad acres!" As he spoke he tore his cravat from his throat, as though it were strangling him by its pressure, and now walked the room, carrying the neckcloth in his hand, while the veins in his throat stood out full and swollen like a tangled cordage.

L'Estrange was so much frightened by the wild voice and wilder gesture of the man, that he could not utter a word in reply.

Bramleigh now came over, and leaning his hand on the other's shoulder, in a tone of kind and gentle meaning, said, —

"It is not your fault, my dear friend, that you are illogical and unreasonable. You are obliged to defend a thesis you do not understand, by arguments you cannot measure. The armoury of the Church has not a weapon that has not figured in the middle ages; and what are you to do with halberds and cross-bows in a time of rifles and revolvers? If a man, like myself, burdened with a heavy weight on his heart, had gone to his confessor in olden times, he would probably have heard, if not words of comfort, something to enlighten, to instruct, and to guide him. Now what can you give me? tell me that. I want to hear by what subtleties the Church can reconcile me not to do what I ought to do, and yet not quarrel with my own conscience. Can you help me to that?"

L'Estrange shook his head in dissent.

"I suppose it is out of some such troubles as mine that men come to change their religion." He paused; and then bursting into a laugh, said, — "You hear that the other

bank deals more liberally — asks a smaller commission, and gives you a handsomer interest — and you accordingly transfer your account. I believe that's the whole of it."

"I will not say you have stated the case fairly," said L'Estrange, but so faintly as to show that he was far from eager to continue the discussion; and he arose to take his leave.

"You are going already? and I have not spoken to you one word about — what was it? Can you remember what it was? — something that related personally to yourself?"

"Perhaps I can guess, sir. It was the mine at Lisconnor, probably? You were kind enough the other day to arrange my securing some shares in the undertaking. Since that, however, I have heard a piece of news which may affect my whole future career. There has been some report made by the Commissioner about the parish."

"That's it, that's it. They're going to send you off, L'Estrange. They're going to draft you to a cathedral, and make a prebendary of you. You are to be on the staff of an archbishop: a sort of Christian untached. Do you like the prospect?"

"Not at all, sir. To begin, I am a very poor man, and could ill bear the cost of this might entail."

"Your sister would probably be pleased with the change; a gayer place, more life, more movement."

"I suspect my sister reconciles herself to dulness even better than myself."

"Girls do that occasionally; patience a female virtue."

There was a slight pause; and now L'Estrange, drawing a long breath as if preparing himself for a great effort, said, —

"It was to speak to you, sir, about the very matter, and to ask your assistance that I came up here this day."

"I wish I were a bishop, for your sake my dear friend."

"I know well, sir, I can count upon your kind interest in me, and I believe that an opportunity now offers" —

"What is it? where is it?"

"At Rome, sir; or rather near Rome, a place called Albano. They want a chaplain there."

"But you're not a Catholic priest, L'Estrange."

"No, sir. It is an English communion that wants a parson."

"I see; and you think this would suit you?"

"There are some great attractions about

it; the country, the climate, and the sort of life, all have a certain fascination for me, and Julia is most eager about it."

"The young lady has ambition," muttered Bramleigh to himself. "But what can I do, L'Estrange? I don't own a rood of land at Albano. I haven't a villa—not even a fig-tree there. I could subscribe to the church fund, if there be such a thing; I could qualify for the franchise, and give you a vote, if that would be of service."

"You could do better, sir. You could give me a letter to Lady Augusta, whose influence, I believe, is all powerful."

For a moment Bramleigh stared at him fixedly, and then sinking slowly into a chair, he leaned his head on his hand, and seemed lost in thought. The name of Lady Augusta had brought up before him a long train of events and possible consequences, which soon led him far away from the parson and all his cares. From her debts, her extravagances, her change of religion, and her suggestion of separation, he went back to his marriage with her, and even to his first meeting. Strange chain of disasters from beginning to end. A bad investment in every way. It paid nothing. It led to nothing.

"I hope, sir," said L'Estrange, as he gazed at the strange expression of preoccupation in the other's face—"I hope, sir, I have not been indiscreet in my request?"

"What was your request?" asked Colonel Bramleigh bluntly, and with a look of almost sternness.

"I had asked you, sir, for a letter to Lady Augusta," said the curate, half-offended at the manner of the last question.

"A letter to Lady Augusta?" repeated Bramleigh, dwelling on each word, as though by the effort he could recall to his mind something that had escaped him.

"I mean, sir, with reference to this appointment,—the chaplaincy," interposed L'Estrange, for he was offended at the hesitation, which he thought implied reluctance or disinclination on Colonel Bramleigh's part, and he hastened to show that it was not any claim he was preferring to her ladyship's acquaintance, but simply his desire to obtain her interest in his behalf.

"Influence! influence!" repeated Bramleigh to himself. "I have no doubt she has influence, such persons generally have. It is one of the baits that catch them! This little glimpse of power has a marvellous attraction—and these churchmen know so well how to display all their seductive arts before the eager eyes of the newly won

convert. Yes, I am sure you are right, sir; Lady Augusta is one most likely to have influence,—you shall have the letter you wish for. I do not say I will write it to-day, for I have a heavy press of correspondence before me, but if you will come up to-morrow, by luncheon time, or to dinner,—why not dine here?"

"I think I'd rather come up early, sir."

"Well, then, early be it. I'll have the letter for you. I wish I could remember something I know I had to say to you. What was it? What was it? Nothing of much consequence, perhaps, but still I feel as if—eh,—don't you feel so too?"

"I have not the slightest clue, sir, to what you mean."

"It wasn't about the mine—no. I think you see your way there clearly enough. It may be a good thing, or it may not. Cutbill is like the rest of them, not a greater rogue perhaps, nor need he be. They are such shrewd fellows, and as the money is your sister's,—trust money, too,—I declare I'd be cautious."

L'Estrange mumbled some words of assent; he saw that Bramleigh's manner betokened exhaustion and weariness, and he was eager to be gone. "Till to-morrow, then, sir," said he, moving to the door.

"You'll not dine with us? I think you might though," muttered Bramleigh, half to himself. "I'm sure Culduff would make no show of awkwardness, nor would your sister either,—women never do. But do just what you like; my head is aching so, I believe I must lie down for an hour or two. Do you pass Belton's?"

"I could without any inconvenience; do you want him?"

"I fancy I'd do well to see him; he said something of cupping me the last day he was here,—would you mind telling him to give me a call?"

"May I come up in the evening, sir, and see how you are?"

"In the evening? this evening?" cried Bramleigh, in a harsh discordant voice. "Why, good heavens, sir! have a little, a very little discretion. You have been here since eleven; I marked the clock. It was not full five minutes after eleven, when you came in,—it's now past one. Two mortal hours,—and you ask me if you may return this evening; and I reply, sir, distinctly, No! Is that intelligible? I say—No!" As he spoke he turned away, and the curate, covered with shame and confusion, hastened out of the room, and down the stairs, and out into the open air, dread-

ing lest he should meet any one, and actually terrified at the thought of being seen. He plunged into the thickest of the shrubberies, and it was with a sense of relief he heard from a child that his sister had gone home some time before, and left word for him to follow her."

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE CURATE CROSS-EXAMINED.

WHEN the party returned from the picnic, it was to find Colonel Bramleigh very ill. Some sort of fit the doctor called it—not apoplexy nor epilepsy, but something that seemed to combine features of both. It had, he thought, been produced by a shock of some sort, and L'Estrange, who had last been with him before his seizure, was summoned to impart the condition in which he had found him, and whatever might serve to throw light on the attack.

If the curate was nervous and excited by the tidings that reached him of the colonel's state, the examination to which he was submitted served little to restore calm to his system. Question after question poured in. Sometimes two or three would speak together, and all—except Ellen—accosted him in a tone that seemed half to make him chargeable with the whole calamity. When asked to tell of what they had been conversing, and that he mentioned how Colonel Bramleigh had adverted to matters of faith and belief, Marion, in a whisper loud enough to be overheard, exclaimed, "I was sure of it. It was one of those priestly indiscretions; he would come talking to papa about what he calls his soul's health, and in this way brought on the excitement."

"Did you not perceive, sir," asked she, fiercely, "that the topic was too much for his nerves? Did it not occur to you that the moment was inopportune for a very exciting subject?"

"Was his manner easy and natural when you saw him first?" asked Augustus.

"Had he been reading that debate on Servia?" inquired Temple.

"Matter enough there, by Jove, to send the blood to a man's head," cried Cudluff, warmly.

"I'm convinced it was all religious," chimed in Marion, who triumphed mercilessly over the poor parson's confusion. "It is what they call 'in season and out of season;' and they are true to their device, for no men on earth more heartily defy the dictates of tact or delicacy."

"Oh, Marion, what are you saying?" whispered Nelly.

"It's no time for honied words, Ellen, in the presence of a heavy calamity, but I'd like to ask Mr. L'Estrange why, when he saw the danger of the theme they were discussing, he did not try to change the topic."

"So I did. I led him to talk of myself and my interests."

"An admirable antidote to excitement, certainly," muttered Cudluff to Temple, who seemed to relish the joke intensely.

"You say that my father had been reading his letters—did he appear to have received any tidings to call for unusual anxiety?" asked Augustus.

"I found him—as I thought—looking very ill, careworn almost, when I entered. He had been writing, and seemed fatigued and exhausted. His first remark to me was, I remember, a mistake." L'Estrange here stopped suddenly. He did not desire to repeat the speech about being invited to the picnic. It would have been an awkwardness on all sides.

"What do you call a mistake, sir?" asked Marion, calmly.

"I mean he asked me something which a clearer memory would have reminded him not to have inquired after."

"This grows interesting. Perhaps you will enlighten us a little farther, and say what the blunder was."

"Well, he asked me how it happened that Julia and myself were not of the picnic, forgetting of course that we—we had not heard of it." A deep flush was now spread over his face and forehead, and he looked overwhelmed with shame.

"I see it all; I see the whole thing," said Marion, triumphantly. "It was out of the worldliness of the picnic sprung all the saintly conversation that ensued."

"No; the transition was more gradual," said L'Estrange, smiling, for he was at last amused at the asperity of this cross-examination. "Nor was there what you call any saintly conversation at all. A few remarks Colonel Bramleigh indeed made on the insufficiency of, not the church, but churchmen, to resolve doubts and difficulties."

"I heartily agree with him," broke in Lord Cudluff, with a smile of much intended significance.

"And is it possible; are we to believe that all papa's attack was brought on by talk over a picnic?" asked Marion.

"I think I told you that he received many letters by the post, and to some of them he adverted as being very important and requiring immediate attention. One tha

came from Rome appeared to cause him much excitement."

Marion turned away her head with an impatient toss, as though she certainly was not going to accept this explanation as sufficient.

"I shall want a few minutes with Mr. L'Estrange alone in the library, if I may be permitted," said the doctor, who had now entered the room after his visit to the sick man.

"I hope you may be more successful than we have been," whispered Marion as she sailed out of the room, followed by Lord Culduff; and after a few words with Augustus, the doctor and L'Estrange retired to confer in the library.

"Don't hurry me; take me quietly, doctor," said the curate, with a piteous smile. "They've given me such a burster over the deep ground that I'm completely blown. Do you know," added he, seriously, "they've cross-questioned me in a way that would imply that I am the cause of this sudden seizure."

"No, no; they couldn't mean that."

"There's no excuse then for the things Miss Bramleigh said to me."

"Remember what an anxious moment it is; people don't measure their expressions when they are frightened. When they left him in the morning he was in his usual health and spirits, and they come back to find him very ill—dangerously ill. That alone would serve to palliate any unusual show of eagerness. Tell me now, was he looking perfectly himself, was he in his ordinary spirits, when you met him?"

"No; I thought him depressed, and at times irritable."

"I see; he was hasty and abrupt. He did not brook contradiction, perhaps?"

"I never went that far. If I dissented once or twice, I did so mildly and even doubtfully."

"Which made him more exacting, and more intolerant, you would say?"

"Possibly it did. I remember he rated me rather sharply for not being contented with a very humble condition in life, though I assured him I felt no impatience at my lowly state, and was quite satisfied to wait till better should befall me. He called me a casuist for saying this, and hinted that all churchmen had the leaven of the Jesuit in them; but he got out of this after a while, and promised to write a letter in my behalf."

"And which he told me you would find sealed and addressed on this table here. Here it is."

"How kind of him to remember me through all his suffering!"

"He said something about it being the only reparation he could make you, but his voice was not very clear or distinct, and I couldn't be sure I caught his words correctly."

"Reparation! he owed me none."

"Well, well, it is possible I may have mistaken him. One thing is plain enough: you cannot give me any clue to this seizure beyond the guess that it may have been some tidings he received by post."

L'Estrange shook his head in silence, and after a moment said, "Is the attack serious?"

"Highly so."

"And is his life in danger?"

"A few hours will decide that, but it may be days before we shall know if his mind will recover. Craythorpe has been sent for from Dublin, and we shall have his opinion this evening. I have no hesitation in saying that mine is unfavourable."

"What a dreadful thing! and how fearfully sudden! I cannot conceive how he could have bethought him of the letter for me at such a moment."

"He wrote it, he said, as you left him; you had not quitted the house when he began. He said to me, 'I saw I was growing worse, I felt my confusion was gaining on me, and a strange co-mixture of people and events was occurring in my head; so I swept all my letters and papers into a drawer and locked it, wrote the few lines I had promised, and with my almost last effort of consciousness rang the bell for my servant.'"

"But he was quite collected when he told you this?"

"Yes, it was in one of those lucid intervals when the mind shines out clear and brilliant; but the effort cost him dearly: he has not rallied from it since."

"Has he over-worked himself; is this the effect of an over-exerted brain?"

"I'd call it rather the result of some wounded sensibility; he appears to have suffered some great reverse in ambition or in fortune. His tone, so far as I can fathom it, implies intense depression. After all, we must say he met much coldness here: the people did not visit him, there was no courtesy, no kindness, shown him; and though he seemed indifferent to it, who knows how he may have felt it?"

"I do not suspect he gave any encouragement to intimacy; he seemed to me as if declining acquaintance with the neighbourhood."

"Ay; but it was in resentment, I opine;

but you ought to know best. You were constantly here?"

"Yes, very frequently; but I am not an observant person; all the little details which convey a whole narrative to others are utterly lost upon me."

The doctor smiled. It was an expression that appeared to say he concurred in the cruate's version of his own nature.

"It is these small gifts of combining, arranging, sifting, and testing, that we doctors have to cultivate," said he, as he took his hat. "The patient the most eager to be exact and truthful will, in spite of himself, mislead and misguide us. There is a strange bend sinister in human nature, against sincerity, that will indulge itself even at the cost of life itself. You are the physician of the soul, sir; but take my word for it, you might get many a shrewd hint and many a useful suggestion from us, the meaner workmen, who only deal with nerves and arteries."

As he wended his solitary road homewards, L'Estrange pondered thoughtfully over the doctor's words. He had no need, he well knew, to be reminded of his ignorance of mankind; but here was a new view of it, and it seemed immeasurable.

On the whole he was a sadder man than usual on that day. The world around him, that narrow circle whose diameter was perhaps a dozen miles or so, was very sombre in its colouring. He had left sickness and sorrow in a house where he had hitherto only seen festivity and pleasure; and worse again as regarded himself, he had carried away none of those kindlier sympathies and friendly feelings which were wont to greet

him at the great house. Were they really then changed to him? and if so, why? There is a moral chill in the sense of strangement from those we have lived with on terms of friendship, that, like the shuddering that precedes ague, seems to threaten a worse will follow. Julia would see what the mischief lay had she been in his place. Julia would have read the mystery, if there were a mystery, from end to end; but he felt it, he had no powers of observation, no quickness, no tact; he saw nothing that lay beneath the surface, nor, indeed, much that was on the surface. All that he knew was, that at the moment when his future was more uncertain than ever, he found himself more isolated and friendless than ever he remembered to have been. Only set-off against all this sense of desolation was the letter which Colonel Bramleigh had written in his behalf, and which he had remembered to write as he lay feebly on his sick bed. He had told the doctor where to find it, and said it was sealed and directed. The address was there but no seal. It was placed in an open envelope, on which was written "Favorably by the Rev. G. L'Estrange." Was the omission of the seal accident or intention? Most probably intention, because he spoke of having sealed it. And yet that might have been a mere phrase to imply that the letter was finished. Such letters were probably in most cases either open, or closed after being read by him who wrote them. Julia would know this. Julia would be able to clear up this point, thought he, as he pondered and plodded homeward.

THE ABYSSINIAN KING: THEODORE IMP.—The *Times* newspaper, under date January 4, says "his descent from King Solomon has not been questioned." Shakespeare has instructively traced the dust of Cæsar to a bung-hole; but the blood of Solomon in the veins of that imp Theodore?

To what base purposes, indeed! Jolt apart, however, one would be glad to know the precise channel of descent by which it flows; and also to learn if the Hellenic nation have preserved authentic records of any other descendants of King Solomon.
N. & Q. A

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE WILLINGFORD BULL.

PHINEAS left London by a night mail train on Easter Sunday, and found himself at the Willingford Bull about half an hour after midnight. Lord Chiltern was up and waiting for him, and supper was on the table. The Willingford Bull was an English inn of the old stamp, which had now, in these latter years of railway travelling, ceased to have a road business,—for there were no travellers on the road, and but little posting,—but had acquired a new trade as a dépôt for hunters and hunting men. The landlord let out horses and kept hunting stables, and the house was generally filled from the beginning of November till the middle of April. Then it became a desert in the summer, and no guests were seen there, till the pink coats flocked down again into the shires.

"How many days do you mean to give us?" said Lord Chiltern, as he helped his friend to a devilled leg of a turkey.

"I must go back on Wednesday," said Phineas.

"That means Wednesday night. I'll tell you what we'll do. We've the Cottesmore to-morrow. We'll get into Tailby's country on Tuesday, and Fitzwilliam will be only twelve miles off on Wednesday. We shall be rather short of horses."

"Pray don't let me put you out. I can hire something here, I suppose?"

"You won't put me out at all. There'll be three between us each day, and we'll run our luck. The horses have gone on to Eppingham for to-morrow. Tailby is rather a way off,—at Somerby; but we'll manage it. If the worst comes to the worst, we can get back to Stamford by rail. On Wednesday we shall have everything very comfortable. They're out beyond Stilton and will draw home our way. I've planned it all out. I've a trap with a fast stepper, and if we start to-morrow at half-past nine, we shall be in plenty of time. You shall ride Meg Merrilies, and if she don't carry you, you may shoot her."

"Is she one of the pulling ones?"

"She is heavy in hand if you are heavy at her, but leave her mouth alone and she'll go like flowing water. You'd better not ride more in a crowd than you can help. Now, what'll you drink?"

They sat up half the night smoking and talking, and Phineas learned more about Lord Chiltern than than ever he had learned before. There was brandy and water before them, but neither of them drank.

Lord Chiltern, indeed, had a pint of beer by his side from which he sipped occasionally. "I've taken to beer," he said, "as being the best drink going. When a man hunts six days a week he can afford to drink beer. I'm on an allowance,—three pints a day. That's not too much?"

"And you drink nothing else?"

"Nothing when I'm alone,—except a little cherry-brandy when I'm out. I never cared for drink;—never in my life. I do like excitement, and have been less careful than I ought to have been as to what it has come from. I could give up drink to-morrow, without a struggle,—if it were worth my while to make up my mind to do it. And it's the same with gambling. I never do gamble now, because I've got no money; but I own I like it better than any thing in the world. While you are at it, there is life in it."

"You should take to politics, Chiltern."

"And I would have done so, but my father would not help me. Never mind, we will not talk about him. How does Laura get on with her husband?"

"Very happily, I should say."

"I don't believe it," said Lord Chiltern.

"Her temper is too much like mine to allow her to be happy with such a log of wood as Robert Kennedy. It is such men as he who drives me out of the pale of decent life. If that is decency, I'd sooner be indecent. You mark my words. They'll come to grief. She'll never be able to stand it."

"I should think she had her own way in everything," said Phineas.

"No, no. Though he's a prig, he's a man; and she will not find it easy to drive him."

"But she may bend him."

"Not an inch;—that is if I understand his character. I suppose you see a good deal of them?"

"Yes,—pretty well. I'm not there so often as I used to be in the Square."

"You get sick of it, I suppose. I should. Do you see my father often?"

"Only occasionally. He is always very civil when I do see him."

"He is the very pink of civility when he pleases, but the most unjust man I ever met."

"I should not have thought that."

"Yes, he is," said the Earl's son, "and all from lack of judgment to discern the truth. He makes up his mind to a thing on insufficient proof, and then nothing will turn him. He thinks well of you,—would probably believe your word on any indiffer-

ent subject without thought of a doubt; but if you were to tell him that I didn't get drunk every night of my life and spend most of my time in thrashing policemen, he would not believe you. He would smile incredulously and make you a little bow. I can see him do it."

"You are too hard on him, Chiltern."

"He has been too hard on me, I know. Is Violet Effingham still in Grosvenor Place?"

"No; she's with Lady Baldock."

"That old grandmother of evil has come to town,—has she? Poor Violet! When we were young together we used to have such fun about that old woman!"

"The old woman is an ally of mine now," said Phineas.

"You make allies everywhere. You know Violet Effingham, of course?"

"Oh yes. I know her."

"Don't you think her very charming," said Lord Chiltern.

"Exceedingly charming."

"I have asked that girl to marry me three times, and I shall never ask her again. There is a point beyond which a man shouldn't go. There are many reasons why it would be a good marriage. In the first place, her money would be serviceable. Then it would heal matters in our family, for my father is as prejudiced in her favour as he is against me. And I love her dearly. I've loved her all my life,—since I used to buy cakes for her. But I shall never ask her again."

"I would if I were you," said Phineas,—hardly knowing what it might be best for him to say.

"No; I never will. But I'll tell you what. I shall get into some desperate scrape about her. Of course she'll marry, and that soon. Then I shall make a fool of myself. When I hear that she is engaged I shall go and quarrel with the man, and kick him,—or get kicked. All the world will turn against me, and I shall be called a wild beast."

"A dog in the manger is what you should be called."

"Exactly;—but how is a man to help it? If you loved a girl, could you see another man take her?" Phineas remembered of course that he had lately come through this ordeal. "It is as though he were to come and put his hand upon me, and wanted my own heart out of me. Though I have no property in her at all, no right to her,—though she never gave me a word of encouragement, it is as though she were the most private thing in the world to

me. I should be half mad, and in my madness I could not master the idea that I was being robbed. I should resent it as a personal interference."

"I suppose it will come to that if you give her up yourself," said Phineas.

"It is no question of giving up. Of course I cannot make her marry me—Light another cigar, old fellow."

Phineas, as he lit the other cigar, remembered that he owed a certain duty in this matter to Lady Laura. She had commissioned him to persuade her brother that his suit with Violet Effingham would not be hopeless, if he could only restrain himself in his mode of conducting it. Phineas was disposed to do his duty, although he felt it to be very hard that he should be called upon to be eloquent against his own interest. He had been thinking for the last quarter of an hour how he must bear himself if it might turn out that he should be the man whom Lord Chiltern was resolved to kick. He looked at his friend and host, and became aware that a kicking-match with such a one would not be pleasant pastime. Nevertheless, he would be happy enough to be subject to Lord Chiltern's wrath for such a reason. He would do his duty by Lord Chiltern; and then, when that had been adequately done, he would, if occasion served, fight a battle for himself.

"You are too sudden with her, Chiltern," he said, after a pause.

"What do you mean by too sudden?" said Lord Chiltern, almost angrily.

"You frighten her by being so impetuous. You rush at her as though you wanted to conquer her by a single blow."

"So I do."

"You should be more gentle with her. You should give her time to find out whether she likes you or not."

"She has known me all her life, and has found that out long ago. Not but what you are right. I know you are right. Only you can't alter a man's nature. If I were you, and had your skill in pleasing, I should drop soft words into her ear till I had caught her. But I have no gifts in that way. I am as awkward as a pig at what is called flirting. And I have an accursed pride which stands in my own light. If she were in this house this moment, and if I knew she were to be had for asking, I don't think I could bring myself to ask again. But we'll go to bed. It's half-past two, and we must be off at half-past nine, if we're to be at Exton Park gates at eleven."

Phineas, as he went upstairs, assured himself that he had done his duty. If there ever should come to be anything between him and Violet Effingham, Lord Chiltern might quarrel with him, — might probably attempt that kicking encounter to which allusion had been made, — but nobody could justly say that he had not behaved honourably to his friend.

On the next morning there was a bustle and a scurry, as there always is on such occasions, and the two men got off about ten minutes after time. But Lord Chiltern drove hard, and they reached the meet before the master had moved off. They had a fair day's sport with the Cottessmore; and Phineas, though he found that Meg Merrilies did require a good deal of riding, went through his day's work with credit. He had been riding since he was a child, as is the custom with all boys in Munster, and had an Irishman's natural aptitude for jumping. When they got back to the Wiltshire Bull he felt pleased with the day and rather proud of himself. "It wasn't fast, you know," said Chiltern, "and I don't call that a stiff country. Besides, Meg is very handy when you've got her out of the crowd. You shall ride Bonebreaker to-morrow at Somerby, and you'll find that better fun."

"Bonebreaker? Haven't I heard you say he rushes like mischief?"

"Well, he does rush. But, by George! you want a horse to rush in that country. When you have to go right through four or five feet of stiff green wood, like a bullet through a target, you want a little force, or you're apt to be left up a tree."

"And what do you ride?"

"A brute I never put my leg on yet. He was sent down to Wilcox here, out of Lincolnshire, because they couldn't get anybody to ride him there. They say he goes with his head up in the air, and won't look at a fence that isn't as high as his breast. But I think he'll do here. I never saw a better made beast, or one with more power. Do you look at his shoulders. He's to be had for seventy pounds, and these are the sort of horses I like to buy."

Again they dined alone, and Lord Chiltern explained to Phineas that he rarely associated with the men of either of the hunts in which he rode. "There is a set of fellows down here who are poison to me, and there is another set, and I am poison to them. Everybody is very civil, as you see, but I have no associates. And gradually I am getting to have a reputation as though I were the devil himself. I think I

shall come out next year dressed entirely in black."

"Are you not wrong to give way to that kind of thing?"

"What the deuce am I to do? I can't make civil little speeches. When once a man gets a reputation as an ogre, it is the most difficult thing in the world to drop it. I could have a score of men here every day if I liked it, — my title would do that for me; — but they would be men I should loathe, and I should be sure to tell them so, even though I did not mean it. Bonebreaker, and the new horse, and another, went on at twelve to-day. You must expect hard work to-morrow, as I daresay we shan't be home before eight."

The next day's meet was in Leicestershire, not far from Melton, and they started early. Phineas, to tell the truth of him, was rather afraid of Bonebreaker, and looked forward to the probability of an accident. He had neither wife nor child, and nobody had a better right to risk his neck. "We'll put a gag on 'im," said the groom, "and you'll ride 'im in a ring, — so that you may wellnigh break his jaw; but he is a rum un, sir." "I'll do my best," said Phineas. "He'll take all that," said the groom. "Just let him have his own way at everything," said Lord Chiltern, as they moved away from the meet to Pickwell Gorse; "and if you'll only sit on his back he'll carry you through as safe as a church." Phineas could not help thinking that the counsels of the master and of the groom were very different. "My idea is," continued Lord Chiltern, "that in hunting you should always avoid a crowd. I don't think a horse is worth riding that will go in a crowd. It's just like yachting; — you should have plenty of sea-room. If you're to pull your horse up at every fence till somebody else is over, I think you'd better come out on a donkey." And so they went away to Pickwell Gorse.

There were over two hundred men out, and Phineas began to think that it might not be so easy to get out of the crowd. A crowd in a fast run no doubt quickly becomes small by degrees and beautifully less; but it is very difficult, especially for a stranger, to free himself from the rush at the first start. Lord Chiltern's horse plunged about so violently, as they stood on the little hill-side looking down upon the cover, that he was obliged to take him to a distance, and Phineas followed him. "If he breaks down wind," said Lord Chiltern, "we can't be better than we are here. If he goes up wind, he must turn before long, and

we shall be all right." As he spoke, an old hound opened true and sharp. — an old hound whom all the pack believed, — and in a moment there was no doubt that the fox had been found. "There are not above eight or nine acres in it," said Lord Chiltern, "and he can't hang long. Did you ever see such an uneasy brute as this in your life? But I feel certain he'll go well when he gets away."

Phineas was too much occupied with his own horse to think much of that on which Lord Chiltern was mounted. Bonebreaker, the very moment that he heard the old hound's note, stretched out his head, and put his mouth upon the bit, and began to tremble in every muscle. "He's a great deal more anxious for it than you and I are," said Lord Chiltern. "I see they've given you that gag. But don't you ride him on it till he wants it. Give him lots of room, and he'll go in the snaffle." All which caution made Phineas think that any insurance office would charge very dear on his life at the present moment.

The fox took two rings of the gorse, and then he went, — up wind. "It's not a vixen, I'll swear," said Lord Chiltern. "A vixen in cub never went away like that yet. Now then, Finn, my boy, keep to the right." And Lord Chiltern, with the horse out of Lincolnshire, went away across the brow of the hill, leaving the hounds to the left, and selected, as his point of exit into the next field, a stiff rail, which, had there been an accident, must have put a very wide margin of ground between the rider and his horse. "Go hard at your fences, and then you'll fall clear," he had said to Phineas. I don't think, however, that he would have ridden at the rail as he did, but that there was no help for him. "The brute began in his own way, and carried on after in the same fashion all through," he said afterwards. Phineas took the fence a little lower down, and what it was at which he rode he never knew. Bonebreaker sailed over it, whatever it was, and he soon found himself by his friend's side.

The ruck of the men were lower down than our two heroes, and there were others far away to the left, and others, again, who had been at the end of the gorse, and were now behind. Our friends were not near the hounds, not within two fields of them, but the hounds were below them, and therefore could be seen. "Don't be in a hurry, and they'll be round upon us," Lord Chiltern said. "How the deuce is one to help being in a hurry?" said Phineas, who was doing his very best to ride Bonebreak-

er with a snaffle, but had already begun to feel that Bonebreaker cared nothing for that weak instrument. "By George, I should like to change with you," said Lord Chiltern. The Lincolnshire horse was going along with his head very low, boring as he galloped, but throwing his neck up at his fences, just when he ought to have kept himself steady. After this, though Phineas kept near Lord Chiltern throughout the run, they were not again near enough to exchange words; and, indeed, they had but little breath for such purpose.

Lord Chiltern rode still a little in advance, and Phineas, knowing his friend's partiality for solitude when taking his fences, kept a little to his left. He began to find that Bonebreaker knew pretty well what he was about. As for not using the gag rein, that was impossible. When a horse puts out what strength he has against a man's arm, a man must put out what strength he has against the horse's mouth. But Bonebreaker was cunning, and had had a gag rein on before. He contracted his lip here, and bent out his jaw there, till he had settled it to his mind, and then went away after his own fashion. He seemed to have a passion for smashing through his high-grown ox-fences, and by degrees his rider came to feel that if there was nothing worse coming, the fun was not bad.

The fox ran up wind for a couple of miles or so, as Lord Chiltern had prophesied, and then turned, — not to the right as would best have served him and Phineas but to the left, — so that they were forced to make their way through the ruck of horses before they could place themselves again. Phineas found himself crossing a road, in and out of it, before he knew where he was, and for a while he lost sight of Lord Chiltern. But in truth he was leading now, whereas Lord Chiltern had led before. The two horses having been together all the morning, and on the previous day, were willing enough to remain in company, if they were allowed to do so. The both crossed the road, not very far from each other, going in and out amidst a crowd of horses, and before long were again placed well, now having the hunt on their right, whereas hitherto it had been on their left. They went over large pasture fields and Phineas began to think that as long as Bonebreaker would be able to go through the thick grown-up hedges, all would be right. Now and again he came to a fence, a fence that had been cut and laid, and these were not so pleasant. Force was not sufficient for them, and they admitte

of a mistake. But the horse, though he would rush at them unpleasantly, took them when they came without touching them. It might be all right yet, — unless the beast should tire with him; and then, Phineas thought, a misfortune might probably occur. He remembered, as he flew over one such impediment, that he rode a stone heavier than his friend. At the end of forty-five minutes Bonebreaker also might become aware of the fact.

The hounds were running well in sight to their right, and Phineas began to feel some of that pride which a man indulges when he becomes aware that he has taken his place comfortably, has left the squad behind, and is going well. There were men nearer the hounds than he was, but he was near enough even for ambition. There had already been enough of the run to make him sure that it would be a "good thing," and enough to make him aware also that probably it might be too good. When a run is over, men are very apt to regret the termination, who a minute or two before were anxiously longing that the hounds might pull down their game. To finish well is everything in hunting. To have led for over an hour is nothing, let the pace and country have been what they might, if you fall away during the last half mile. Therefore it is that those behind hope that the fox may make this or that cover, while the forward men long to see him turned over in every field. To ride to hounds is very glorious; but to have ridden to hounds is more glorious still. They had now crossed another road, and a larger one, and had got into a somewhat closer country. The fields were not so big, and the fences were not so high. Phineas got a moment to look about him, and saw Lord Chiltern riding without his cap. He was very red in the face, and his eyes seemed to glare, and he was tugging at his horse with all his might. But the animal seemed still to go with perfect command of strength, and Phineas had too much work on his own hands to think of offering Quixotic assistance to any one else. He saw some one, a farmer, as he thought, speak to Lord Chiltern as they rode close together; but Chiltern only shook his head and pulled at his horse.

There were brooks in those parts. The river Eye forms itself thereabouts, or some of its tributaries do so; and these tributaries, though small as rivers, are considerable to men on one side who are called by the exigencies of the occasion to place themselves quickly on the other. Phineas knew nothing of these brooks; but Bonebreaker had gone gallantly over two, and now that

there came a third in the way, it was to be hoped that he might go gallantly over that also. Phineas, at any rate, had no power to decide otherwise. As long as the brute would go straight with him he could sit him; but he had long given up the idea of having a will of his own. Indeed, till he was within twenty yards of the brook, he did not see that it was larger than the others. He looked round, and there was Chiltern close to him, still fighting with his horse; — but the farmer had turned away. He thought that Chiltern nodded to him, as much as to tell him to go on. On he went at any rate. The brook, when he came to it, seemed to be a huge black hole, yawning beneath him. The banks were quite steep, and just where he was to take off there was an ugly stump. It was too late to think of anything. He stuck his knees against his saddle, — and in a moment was on the other side. The brute, who had taken off a yard before the stump, knowing well the danger of striking it with his foot, came down with a grunt, and did, I think, begin to feel the weight of that extra stone. Phineas, as soon as he was safe, looked back, and there was Lord Chiltern's horse in the very act of his spring, — higher up the rivulet, where it was even broader. At that distance Phineas could see that Lord Chiltern was wild with rage against the beast. But whether he wished to take the leap or wished to avoid it, there was no choice left to him. The animal rushed at the brook, and in a moment the horse and horseman were lost to sight. It was well then that that extra stone should tell, as it enabled Phineas to arrest his horse and to come back to his friend.

The Lincolnshire horse had chested the further bank, and of course had fallen back into the stream. When Phineas got down he found that Lord Chiltern was wedged in between the horse and the bank, which was better, at any rate, than being under the horse in the water. "All right, old fellow," he said, with a smile, when he saw Phineas. "You go on; it's too good to lose." But he was very pale, and seemed to be quite helpless where he lay. The horse did not move, — and never did move again. He had smashed his shoulder to pieces against a stump on the bank, and was afterwards shot on that very spot.

When Phineas got down he found that there was but little water where the horse lay. The depth of the stream had been on the side from which they had taken off, and the thick black mud lay within a foot of the surface, close to the bank against which

Lord Chiltern was propped. "That's the worst one I ever was on," said Lord Chiltern; "but I think he's gruelled now."

"Are you hurt?"

"Well;—I fancy there is something amiss. I can't move my arms, and I catch my breath. My legs are all right if I could get away from this accursed brute."

"I told you so," said the farmer, coming and looking down upon them from the bank. "I told you so, but you wouldn't be said." Then he too got down, and between them both they extricated Lord Chiltern from his position, and got him on to the bank.

"That 'un's a dead 'un," said the farmer, pointing to the horse.

"So much the better," said his lordship. "Give us a drop of sherry, Finn."

He had broken his collar-bone and three of his ribs. They got a farmer's trap from Wissindine and took him into Oakham. When there, he insisted on being taken on through Stamford to the Willingford Bull, before he would have his bones set,—picking up, however, a surgeon at Stamford. Phineas remained with him for a couple of days, losing his run with the Fitzwilliams and a day at the potted peas, and became very fond of his patient as he sat by his bedside.

"That was a good run though, wasn't it?" said Lord Chiltern as Phineas took his leave. "And, by George, Phineas, you rode Bonebreaker so well, that you shall have him as often as you'll come down. I don't know how it is, but you Irish fellows always ride."

CHAPTER XXV.

MR. TURNBULL'S CARRIAGE STOPS THE WAY.

WHEN Phineas got back to London, a day after his time, he found that there was already a great political commotion in the metropolis. He had known that on Easter Monday and Tuesday there was to be a gathering of the people in favor of the ballot, and that on Wednesday there was to be a procession with a petition which Mr. Turnbull was to receive from the hands of the people on Primrose Hill. It had been at first intended that Mr. Turnbull should receive the petition at the door of Westminster Hall on the Thursday; but he had been requested by the Home Secretary to put aside this intention, and he had complied with the request made to him. Mr. Mildmay was to move the second reading of his Reform Bill on that day, the preliminary

steps having been taken without any special notice; but the bill of course included a clause in favor of the ballot; and this petition was the consequence of that omission. Mr. Turnbull had predicted evil consequences, both in the House and out of it, and was now doing the best in his power to bring about the verification of his own prophecies. Phineas, who reached his lodgings late on the Thursday, found that the town had been in a state of ferment for three days, that on the Wednesday forty or fifty thousand persons had been collected at Primrose Hill, and that the police had been forced to interfere,—and that worse was expected on the Friday. Though Mr. Turnbull had yielded to the Government as to receiving the petition, the crowd was resolved that they would see the petition carried into the House. It was argued that the Government would have done better to have refrained from interfering as to the previous intended arrangement. It would have been easier to deal with a procession than with a mob of men gathered together without any semblance of form. Mr. Mildmay had been asked to postpone the second reading of his bill; but the request had come from his opponents, and he would not yield to it. He said it would be a bad expedient to close Parliament from fear of the people. Phineas found at the Reform Club on the Thursday evening that members of the House of Commons were requested to enter on the Friday by the door usually used by the peers, and to make their way thence to their own House. He found that his landlord, Mr. Bunce, had been out with the people during the entire three days;—and Mrs. Bunce, with a flood of tears, begged Phineas to interfere as to the Friday. "He's that headstrong that he'll be took anybody's took; and they say that all Westminster is to be lined with soldiers." Phineas on the Friday morning did have some conversation with his landlord; but his first work on reaching London was to see Lord Chiltern's friends, and tell them of the accident.

The potted peas Committee sat on the Thursday, and he ought to have been there. His absence, however, was unavoidable, he could not have left his friend's bedside soon after the accident. On the Wednesday he had written to Lady Laura, and on the Thursday evening he went first to Portman Square and then to Grosvenor Place.

"Of course he will kill himself some day," said the Earl,—with a tear, however, in each eye.

"I hope not, my Lord. He is a magni-

cent horseman; but accidents of course will happen."

"How many of his bones are there not broken, I wonder?" said the father. "It is useless to talk, of course. You think he is not in danger."

"Certainly not."

"I should fear that he would be so liable to inflammation."

"The doctor says that there is none. He has been taking an enormous deal of exercise," said Phineas, "and drinking no wine. All that is in his favour."

"What does he drink, then?" asked the Earl.

"Nothing. I rather think, my Lord, you are mistaken a little about his habits. I don't fancy he ever drinks unless he is provoked to do it."

"Provoked! Could anything provoke you to make a brute of yourself? But I am glad that he is in no danger. If you hear of him, let me know how he goes on."

Lady Laura was of course full of concern. "I wanted to go down to him," she said, "but Mr. Kennedy thought that there was no occasion."

"Nor is there any;—I mean in regard to danger. He is very solitary there."

"You must go to him again. Mr. Kennedy will not let me go unless I can say that there is danger. He seems to think that because Oswald has had accidents before, it is nothing. Of course I cannot leave London without his leave."

"Your brother makes very little of it, you know."

"Ah!—he would make little of anything. But if I were ill he would be in London by the first train."

"Kennedy would let you go if you asked him."

"But he advises me not to go. He says my duty does not require it, unless Oswald be in danger. Don't you know, Mr. Finn, how hard it is for a wife not to take advice when it is so given?" This she said, within six months of her marriage, to the man who had been her husband's rival!

Phineas asked her whether Violet had heard the news, and learned that she was still ignorant of it. "I got your letter only this morning, and I have not seen her," said Lady Laura. "Indeed, I am so angry with her that I hardly wish to see her." Thursday was Lady Baldock's night, and Phineas went from Grosvenor Place to Berkeley Square. There he saw Violet, and found that she had heard of the accident.

"I am so glad to see you, Mr. Finn," she said. "Do tell me;—is it much?"

"Much in inconvenience, certainly; but not much in danger."

"I think Laura was so unkind not to send me word! I only heard it just now. Did you see it?"

"I was close to him, and helped him up. The horse jumped into a river with him, and crushed him up against the bank."

"How lucky that you should be there! Had you jumped the river?"

"Yes;—almost unintentionally, for my horse was rushing so that I could not hold him. Chiltern was riding a brute that no one should have ridden. No one will again."

"Did he destroy himself?"

"He had to be killed afterwards. He broke his shoulder."

"How very lucky that you should have been near him,—and again, how lucky that you should not have been hurt yourself."

"It was not likely that we should both come to grief at the same fence."

"But it might have been you. And you think there is no danger?"

"None whatever,—if I may believe the doctor. His hunting is done for this year, and he will be very desolate. I shall go down again to him in a few days, and try to bring him up to town."

"Do;—do. If he is laid up in his father's house, his father must see him." Phineas had not looked at the matter in that light; but he thought that Miss Effingham might probably be right.

Early on the next morning he saw Mr. Bunce, and used all his eloquence to keep that respectable member of society at home, but in vain. "What good do you expect to do, Mr. Bunce?" he said, with perhaps some little tone of authority in his voice.

"To carry my point," said Bunce.

"And what is your point?"

"My present point is the ballot, as a part of the Government measure."

"And you expect to carry that by going out into the streets with all the roughs of London, and putting yourself in direct opposition to the authority of the magistrates? Do you really believe that the ballot will become the law of the land any sooner because you incur this danger and inconvenience?"

"Look here, Mr. Finn; I don't believe the sea will become any fuller because the Piddle runs into it out of the Dorsetshire fields; but I do believe that the waters from all the countries is what makes the ocean. I shall help; and it's my duty to help."

"It's your duty, as a respectable citizen, with a wife and family, to stay at home."

"If everybody with a wife and family was to say so, there'd be none there but roughs, and then where should we be? What would the Government people say to us then? If every man with a wife and family was to show himself in the streets to-night, we should have the ballot before Parliament breaks up, and if none of 'em don't do it, we shall never have the ballot. Ain't that so?" Phineas, who intended to be honest, was not prepared to dispute the assertion on the spur of the moment. "If that's so," said Bunce, triumphantly, "a man's duty's clear enough. He ought to go, though he'd two wives and families." And he went.

The petition was to be presented at six o'clock, but the crowd, who collected to see it carried into Westminster Hall, began to form itself by noon. It was said afterwards that many of the houses in the neighbourhood of Palace Yard and the Bridge were filled with soldiers; but if so, the men did not show themselves. In the course of the evening three or four companies of the Guards in St. James's Park did show themselves, and had some rough work to do, for many of the people took themselves away from Westminster by that route. The police, who were very numerous in Palace Yard, had a hard time of it all the afternoon, and it was said afterwards that it would have been much better to have allowed the petition to have been brought up by the procession on Wednesday. A procession, let it be who it will that proceeds, has in it, of its own nature, something of order. But now there was no order. The petition, which was said to fill fifteen cabs, — though the absolute sheets of signatures were carried into the House by four men, — was being dragged about half the day, and it certainly would have been impossible for a member to have made his way into the House through Westminster Hall between the hours of four and six. To effect an entrance at all they were obliged to go round at the back of the Abbey, as all the space round St. Margaret's Church and Canning's monument were filled with the crowd. Parliament Street was quite impassable at five o'clock, and there was no traffic across the bridge from that hour till after eight. As the evening went on, the mob extended itself to Downing Street and the front of the Treasury Chambers, and before the night was over all the hoardings round the new Government offices had been pulled down. The windows also of certain obnoxious members of Parliament were broken, when those obnoxious members lived within reach. One gentleman who unfortunately

held a house in Richmond Terrace, and who was said to have said that the ballot was the resort of cowards, fared very badly; — for his windows were not only broken, but his furniture and mirrors were destroyed by the stones that were thrown. Mr. Mildmay, I say, was much blamed. But after all, it may be a doubt whether the procession on Wednesday might not have ended worse. Mr. Turnbull was heard to say afterwards that the number of people collected would have been much greater.

Mr. Mildmay moved the second reading of his bill, and made his speech. He made his speech with the knowledge that the Houses of Parliament were surrounded by a mob, and I think that the fact added to its efficacy. It certainly gave him an appropriate opportunity for a display which was no difficult. His voice faltered on two or three occasions, and faltered through real feeling; but this sort of feeling, though it be real, is at the command of orators on certain occasions, and does them yeoman's service. Mr. Mildmay was an old man, nearly worn out in the service of his country, who was known to have been true and honest, and to have loved his country well, — though there were of course they who declared that his hand had been too weak for power, and that his services had been naught; — and on this evening his virtues were remembered. Once when his voice failed him the whole House got up and cheered. The nature of a Whig Prime Minister's speech on such an occasion will be understood by most of my readers without further indication. The bill itself had been read before, and it was understood that no objection would be made to the extent of the changes provided in it by the liberal side of the House. The opposition coming from liberal members was to be confined to the subject of the ballot. And even as yet it was not known whether Mr. Turnbull and his followers would vote against the second reading, or whether they would take what was given, and declare their intention of obtaining the remainder on a separate motion. The opposition of a large party of Conservatives was a matter of certainty; but to this party Mr. Mildmay did not conceive himself bound to offer so large an amount of argument as he would have given had there been at the moment no crowd in Palace Yard. And he probably felt that that crowd would assist him with his old Tory enemies. When, in the last words of his speech, he declared that under no circumstances would he disfigure the close of his political career by voting for the ballot, — not though the people, on

whose behalf he had been fighting battles all his life, should be there in any number to coerce him, — there came another round of applause from the opposition benches, and Mr. Daubeney began to fear that some young horses in his team might get loose from their traces. With great dignity Mr. Daubeney had kept aloof from Mr. Turnbull and from Mr. Turnbull's tactics; but he was not the less alive to the fact that Mr. Turnbull, with his mob and his big petition, might be of considerable assistance to him in this present duel between himself and Mr. Mildmay. I think Mr. Daubeney was in the habit of looking at these contests as duels between himself and the leader on the other side of the House, — in which assistance from any quarter might be accepted if offered.

Mr. Mildmay's speech did not occupy much over an hour, and at half-past seven Mr. Turnbull got up to reply. It was presumed that he would do so, and not a member left his place, though that time of the day is an interesting time, and though Mr. Turnbull was accustomed to be long. There soon came to be but little ground for doubting what would be the nature of Mr. Turnbull's vote on the second reading. "How may I dare," said he, "to accept so small a measure of reform as this with such a message from the country as is now conveyed to me through the presence of fifty thousand of my countrymen, who are at this moment demanding their measure of reform just beyond the frail walls of this chamber? The right honourable gentleman has told us that he will never be intimidated by a concourse of people. I do not know that there was any need that he should speak of intimidation. No one has accused the right honourable gentleman of political cowardice. But, as he has so said, I will follow in his footsteps. Neither will I be intimidated by the large majority which this House presented the other night against the wishes of the people. I will support no great measure of reform which does not include the ballot among its clauses." And so Mr. Turnbull threw down the gauntlet.

Mr. Turnbull spoke for two hours, and then the debate was adjourned till the Monday. The adjournment was moved by an independent member, who, as was known, would support the Government, and at once received Mr. Mildmay's assent. There was no great hurry with the bill, and it was felt that it would be well to let the ferment subside. Enough had been done for glory when Mr. Mildmay moved the second reading, and quite enough in the way of de-

bate, — with such an audience almost within hearing, — when Mr. Turnbull's speech had been made. Then the House emptied itself at once. The elder, cautious members made their exit through the peers' door. The younger men got out into the crowd through Westminster Hall, and were pushed about among the roughs for an hour or so. Phineas, who made his way through the hall with Laurence Fitzgibbon, found Mr. Turnbull's carriage waiting at the entrance with a dozen policemen round it.

"I hope he won't get home to dinner before midnight," said Phineas.

"He understands all about it," said Laurence. "He had a good meal at three, before he left home, and you'd find sandwiches and sherry in plenty if you were to search his carriage. He knows how to remedy the costs of mob popularity."

At that time poor Bunce was being hustled about in the crowd in the vicinity of Mr. Turnbull's carriage. Phineas and Fitzgibbon made their way out, and by degrees worked a passage for themselves into Parliament Street. Mr. Turnbull had been somewhat behind them in coming down the hall, and had not been without a sense of enjoyment in the ovation which was being given to him. There can be no doubt that he was wrong in what he was doing. That affair of the carriage was altogether wrong, and did Mr. Turnbull much harm for many a day afterwards. When he got outside the door, where were the twelve policemen guarding his carriage, a great number of his admirers endeavoured to shake hands with him. Among them was the devoted Bunce. But the policemen seemed to think that Mr. Turnbull was to be guarded, even from the affection of his friends, and were as careful that he should be ushered into his carriage untouched, as though he had been the favourite object of political aversion for the moment. Mr. Turnbull himself, when he began to perceive that men were crowding close upon the gates, and to hear the noise, and to feel, as it were, the breath of the mob, stepped on quickly into his carriage. He said a word or two in a loud voice. "Thank you, my friends. I trust you may obtain all your just demands." But he did not pause to speak. Indeed, he could hardly have done so, as the policemen were manifestly in a hurry. The carriage was got away at a snail's pace; — but there remained in the spot where the carriage had stood the makings of a very pretty street row.

Bunce had striven hard to shake hands with his hero, — Bunce and some other reformers as ardent and as decent as himself.

The police were very determinate that there should be no such interruption to their programme for getting Mr. Turnbull off the scene. Mr. Bunce, who had his own ideas as to his right to shake hands with any gentleman at Westminster Hall who might choose to shake hands with him, became uneasy under the impediments that were placed in his way, and expressed himself warmly as to his civil rights. Now, a London policeman in a political row is, I believe, the most forbearing of men. So long as he meets with no special political opposition, ordinary ill-usage does not even put him out of temper. He is paid for rough work among roughs, and takes his rubs gallantly. But he feels himself to be an instrument for the moment of despotic power as opposed to civil rights, and he won't stand what he calls "jaw." Tipt up a policeman in such a scramble, and he will take it in good spirit; but mention the words "Habeas Corpus," and he'll lock you up if he can. As a rule, his instincts are right; for the man who talks about "Habeas Corpus" in a political crowd will generally do more harm than can be effected by the tripping up of any constable. But these instincts may be the means of individual injustice. I think they were so when Mr. Bunce was arrested and kept a fast prisoner. His wife had shown her knowledge of his character when she declared that he'd be "took" if any one was "took."

Bunce was taken into custody with some three or four others like himself, — decent men, who meant no harm, but who thought that as men they were bound to show their political opinions, perhaps at the expense of a little martyrdom, — and was carried into a temporary stronghold, which had been provided for the necessities of the police, under the clock-tower.

"Keep me, at your peril!" said Bunce, indignantly.

"We means it," said the sergeant who had him in custody.

"I've done no ha'porth to break the law," said Bunce.

"You was breaking the law when you was upsetting my men, as I saw you," said the sergeant.

"I've upset nobody," said Bunce.

"Very well," rejoined the sergeant; "you can say it all before the magistrate, to-morrow."

"And am I to be locked up all night?" said Bunce.

"I'm afraid you will," replied the sergeant.

Bunce, who was not by nature a very

talkative man, said no more; but he swore in his heart that there should be vengeance. Between eleven and twelve he was taken to the regular police-station, and from thence he was enabled to send word to his wife.

"Bunce has been taken," said she, with something of the tragic queen, and something also of the injured wife in the tone of her voice, as soon as Phineas let himself in with the latch-key between twelve and one. And then, mingled with, and at last dominant over, those severer tones, came the voice of the loving woman whose beloved one was in trouble. "I knew how it'd be, Mr. Finn. Didn't I? And what must we do? I don't suppose he'd had a bit to eat from the moment he went out; — and as for a drop of beer, he never thinks of it, except what I puts down for him at his meals. Them nasty police always take the best. That's why I was so afeard."

Phineas said all that he could to comfort her, and promised to go to the police-office early in the morning and look after Bunce. No serious evil would, he thought, probably come of it; but still Bunce had been wrong to go.

"But you might have been took yourself," argued Mrs. Bunce, "just as well as he." Then Phineas explained that he had gone forth in the execution of a public duty. "You might have been took, all the same," said Mrs. Bunce, "for I'm sure Bunce didn't do nothing amiss."

CHAPTER XXVI.

"THE FIRST SPEECH."

ON the following morning, which was Saturday, Phineas was early at the police-office at Westminster looking after the interests of his landlord; but there had been a considerable number of men taken up during the row, and our friend could hardly procure that attention for Mr. Bunce's case to which he thought the decency of his client and his own position as a member of Parliament were entitled. The men who had been taken up were taken in batches before the magistrates; but as the soldiers in the park had been maltreated, and a considerable injury had been done in the neighbourhood of Downing Street, there was a good deal of strong feeling against the mob, and the magistrates were disposed to be severe. If decent men chose to go out among such companions, and thereby get into trouble, decent men must take the con-

sequences. During the Saturday and Sunday a very strong feeling grew up against Mr. Turnbull. The story of the carriage was told, and he was declared to be a turbulent demagogue, only desirous of getting popularity. And together with this feeling there arose a general verdict of "Serve them right" against all who had come into contact with the police in the great Turnbull row; and thus it came to pass that Mr. Bunce had not been liberated up to the Monday morning. On the Sunday Mrs. Bunce was in hysterics, and declared her conviction that Mr. Bunce would be imprisoned for life. Poor Phineas had an unquiet time with her on the morning of that day. In every ecstasy of her grief she threw herself into his arms, either metaphorically or materially, according to the excess of her agony at the moment, and expressed repeatedly an assured conviction that all her children would die of starvation, and that she herself would be picked up under the arches of one of the bridges. Phineas, who was soft hearted, did what he could to comfort her, and allowed himself to be worked up to strong parliamentary anger against the magistrates and police. "When they think that they have public opinion on their side, there is nothing in the way of arbitrary excess which is too great for them." This he said to Barrington Erle, who angered him and increased the warmth of his feeling by declaring that a little close confinement would be good for the Bunces of the day. "If we don't keep the mob down, the mob will keep us down," said the Whig private secretary. Phineas had no opportunity of answering this, but declared to himself that Barrington Erle was no more a Liberal at heart than was Mr. Daubeney. "He was born on that side of the question, and has been receiving Whig wages all his life. That is the history of his politics!"

On the Sunday afternoon Phineas went to Lord Brentford's in Portman Square, intending to say a word or two about Lord Chiltern, and meaning also to induce, if possible, the Cabinet Minister to take part with him against the magistrates, — having a hope also, in which he was not disappointed, that he might find Lady Laura Kennedy with her father. He had come to understand that Lady Laura was not to be visited at her own house on Sundays. So much indeed she had told him in so many words. But he had come to understand also, without any plain telling, that she rebelled in heart against this Sabbath tyranny,

— and that she would escape from it when escape was possible. She had now come to talk to her father about her brother, and had brought Violet Effingham with her. They had walked together across the park after church, and intended to walk back again. Mr. Kennedy did not like to have any carriage out on a Sunday, and to this arrangement his wife made no objection.

Phineas had received a letter from the Stamford surgeon, and was able to report favourably of Lord Chiltern. "The man says that he had better not be moved for a month," said Phineas. "But that means nothing. They always say that."

"Will it not be best for him to remain where he is?" said the Earl.

"He has not a soul to speak to," said Phineas.

"I wish I were with him," said his sister.

"That is, of course, out of the question," said the Earl. "They know him at that inn, and it really seems to me best that he should stay there. I do not think he would be so much at his ease here."

"It must be dreadful for a man to be confined to his room without a creature near him, except the servants," said Violet. The Earl frowned, but said nothing further. They all perceived that as soon as he had learned that there was no real danger as to his son's life, he was determined that this accident should not work him up to any show of tenderness. "I do so hope he will come up to London," continued Violet, who was not afraid of the Earl, and was determined not to be put down.

"You don't know what you are talking about, my dear," said Lord Brentford.

After this Phineas found it very difficult to extract any sympathy from the Earl on behalf of the men who had been locked up. He was moody and cross, and could not be induced to talk on the great subject of the day. Violet Effingham declared that she did not care how many Bunces were locked up; nor for how long, — adding, however, a wish that Mr. Turnbull himself had been among the number of the prisoners. Lady Laura was somewhat softer than this, and consented to express pity in the case of Mr. Bunce himself; but Phineas perceived that the pity was awarded to him and not to the sufferer. The feeling against Mr. Turnbull was at the present moment so strong among all the upper classes, that Mr. Bunce and his brethren might have been kept in durance for a week without commiseration from them.

"It is very hard certainly on a man like Mr. Bunce," said Lady Laura.

"Why did not Mr. Bunce stay at home and mind his business?" said the Earl.

Phineas spent the remainder of that day alone, and came to a resolution that on the coming occasion he certainly would speak in the House. The debate would be resumed on the Monday, and he would rise to his legs on the very first moment that it became possible for him to do so. And he would do nothing towards preparing a speech;—nothing whatever. On this occasion he would trust entirely to such words as might come to him at the moment;—ay, and to such thoughts. He had before burdened his memory with preparations, and the very weight of the burden had been too much for his mind. He had feared to trust himself to speak, because he had felt that he was not capable of performing the double labour of saying his lesson by heart, and of facing the House for the first time. There should be nothing now for him to remember. His thoughts were full of his subject. He would support Mr. Mildmay's bill with all his eloquence, but he would implore Mr. Mildmay, and the Home Secretary, and the Government generally, to abstain from animosity against the populace of London, because they desired one special boon which Mr. Mildmay did not think that it was his duty to give them. He hoped that ideas and words would come to him. Ideas and words had been free enough with him in the old days of the Dublin debating society. If they failed him now, he must give the thing up, and go back to Mr. Low.

On the Monday morning Phineas was for two hours at the police-court in Westminster, and at about one on that day Mr. Bunce was liberated. When he was brought up before the magistrate, Mr. Bunce spoke his mind very freely as to the usage he had received, and declared his intention of bringing an action against the sergeant who had detained him. The magistrate, of course, took the part of the police, and declared that, from the evidence of two men who were examined, Bunce had certainly used such violence in the crowd as had justified his arrest.

"I used no violence," said Bunce.

"According to your own showing, you endeavoured to make your way up to Mr. Turnbull's carriage," said the magistrate.

"I was close to the carriage before the police even saw me," said Bunce.

"But you tried to force your way round to the door."

"I used no force till the man had me by

the collar to push me back; and I wasn't violent, not then. I told him I was doing what I had a right to do,—and it was that as made him hang on to me."

"You were not doing what you had a right to do. You were assisting to create a riot," said the magistrate, with that indignation which a London magistrate should always know how to affect.

Phineas, however, was allowed to give evidence as to his landlord's character, and then Bunce was liberated. But before he went he again swore that that should not be the last of it, and he told the magistrate that he had been ill-used. When liberated, he was joined by a dozen sympathising friends, who escorted him home, and among them were one or two literary gentlemen, employed on those excellent penny papers, the *People's Banner* and the *Ballot-box*. It was their intention that Mr. Bunce's case should not be allowed to sleep. One of these gentlemen made a distinct offer to Phineas Finn of unbounded popularity during life and of immortality afterwards, if he, as a member of Parliament, would take up Bunce's case with vigour. Phineas, not quite understanding the nature of the offer, and not as yet knowing the profession of the gentleman, gave some general reply.

"You come out strong, Mr. Finn, and we'll see that you're properly reported. I'm on the *Banner*, sir, and I'll answer for that."

Phineas, who had been somewhat eager in expressing his sympathy with Bunce, and had not given very close attention to the gentleman who was addressing him, was still in the dark. The nature of the *Banner*, which the gentleman was on, did not at once come home to him.

"Something ought to be done, certainly," said Phineas.

"We shall take it up strong," said the gentleman, "and we shall be happy to have you among us. You'll find, Mr. Finn, that in public life there's nothing like having a horgan to back you. What is the most you can do in the 'Ouse? Nothing, if you're not reported. You're speaking to the country;—ain't you? And you can't do that without a horgan, Mr. Finn. You come among us on the *Banner*, Mr. Finn. You can't do better."

Then Phineas understood the nature of the offer made to him. As they parted, the literary gentleman gave our hero his card. "Mr. Quintus Slide." So much was printed. Then, on the corner of the card was written, "*Banner Office, 137, Fetter Lane.*" Mr. Quintus Slide was a young

man, under thirty, not remarkable for clean linen, and who always talked of the "Ouse." But he was a well-known and not undistinguished member of a powerful class of men. He had been a reporter, and as such knew the "Ouse" well, and was a writer for the press. And, though he talked of "Ouses" and "horgans," he wrote good English with great rapidity, and was possessed of that special sort of political fervour which shows itself in a man's work rather than in his conduct. It was Mr. Slide's taste to be an advanced reformer, and in all his operations on behalf of the People's Banner he was a reformer very much advanced. No man could do an article on the people's indefeasible rights with more pronounced vigor than Mr. Slide. But it had never occurred to him as yet that he ought to care for anything else than the fight, — than the advantage of having a good subject on which to write slashing articles. Mr. Slide was an energetic but not a thoughtful man; but in his thoughts on politics, as far as they went with him, he regarded the wrongs of the people as being of infinitely greater value than their rights. It was not that he was insincere in all that he was daily saying; — but simply that he never thought about it. Very early in life he had fallen among "people's friends," and an opening on the liberal press had come in his way. To be a "people's friend" suited the turn of his ambition, and he was a "people's friend." It was his business to abuse Government, and to express on all occasions an opinion that as a matter of course the ruling powers were the "people's enemies." Had the ruling powers ceased to be the "people's enemies," Mr. Slide's ground would have been taken from under his feet. But such a catastrophe was out of the question. That excellent old arrangement that had gone on since demagogues were first invented was in full vigour. There were the ruling powers and there were the people, — devils on one side and angels on the other, — and as long as a people's friend had a pen in his hand all was right.

Phineas, when he left the indignant Bunce to go among his friends, walked to the House thinking a good deal of what Mr. Slide had said to him. The potted peas Committee was again on, and he had intended to be in the committee-room by twelve punctually; but he had been unable to leave Mr. Bunce in the lurch, and it was now past one. Indeed, he had, from one unfortunate circumstance after another, failed hitherto in giving to the potted peas

that resolute attention which the subject demanded. On the present occasion his mind was full of Mr. Quintus Slide and the People's Banner. After all, was there not something in Mr. Slide's proposition? He, Phineas, had come into Parliament as it were under the wing of a Government pack, and his friendships, which had been very successful, had been made with Ministers, and with the friends of Ministers. He had made up his mind to be Whig Ministerial, and to look for his profession in that line. He had been specially fortified in this resolution by his dislike to the ballot, — which dislike had been the result of Mr. Monk's teaching. Had Mr. Turnbull become his friend instead, it may well be that he would have liked the ballot. On such subjects men must think long, and be sure that they have thought in earnest, before they are justified in saying that their opinions are the results of their own thoughts. But now he began to reflect how far this ministerial profession would suit him. Would it be much to be a Lord of the Treasury, subject to the dominion of Mr. Ratler? Such lordship and such subjection would be the result of success. He told himself that he was at heart a true Liberal. Would it not be better for him to abandon the idea of office trammels, and go among them on the People's Banner? A glow of enthusiasm came over him as he thought of it. But what would Violet Effingham say to the People's Banner and Mr. Quintus Slide? And he would have liked the Banner better had not Mr. Slide talked about the 'Ouse.

From the committee-room, in which, alas! he took no active part in reference to the potted peas, he went down to the House, and was present when the debate was resumed. Not unnaturally, one speaker after another made some allusion to the row in the streets, and the work which had fallen to the lot of the magistrates. Mr. Turnbull had declared that he would vote against the second reading of Mr. Mildmay's bill, and had explained that he would do so because he could consent to no Reform Bill which did not include the ballot as one of its measures. The debate fashioned itself after this speech of Mr. Turnbull's, and turned again very much upon the ballot, — although it had been thought that the late debate had settled that question. One or two of Mr. Turnbull's followers declared that they also would vote against the bill, — of course, as not going far enough; and one or two gentlemen from the Conservative benches extended a spoken welcome to these new

colleagues. Then Mr. Palliser got up and addressed the House for an hour, struggling hard to bring back the real subject, and to make the House understand that the ballot, whether good or bad, had been knocked on the head, and that members had no right at the present moment to consider anything but the expediency or in expediency of so much Reform as Mr. Mildmay presented to them in the present bill.

Phineas was determined to speak, and to speak on this evening if he could catch the Speaker's eye. Again the scene before him was going round before him; again things became dim, and again he felt his blood beating hard at his heart. But things were not so bad with him as they had been before, because he had nothing to remember. He hardly knew, indeed, what he intended to say. He had an idea that he was desirous of joining in earnest support of the measure, with a vehement protest against the injustice which had been done to the people in general, and to Mr. Bunce in particular. He had firmly resolved that no fear of losing favour with the Government should induce him to hold his tongue as to the Buncean cruelties. Sooner than do so he would certainly "go among them" at the Banner office.

He started up, wildly, when Mr. Palliser had completed his speech; but the Speaker's eye, not unnaturally, had travelled to the other side of the House, and there was a Tory of the old school upon his legs, — Mr. Western, the member for East Dorsetshire, one of the gallant few who dared to vote against Sir Robert Peel's bill for repealing the Corn Laws in 1846. Mr. Western spoke with a slow, ponderous, unimpressive, but very audible voice, for some twenty minutes, disdaining to make reference to Mr. Turnbull and his politics, but pleading against any Reform, with all the old arguments. Phineas did not hear a word that he said; — did not attempt to hear. He was keen in his resolution to make another attempt at the Speaker's eye, and, at the present moment was thinking of that, and of that only. He did not even give himself a moment's reflection as to what his own speech should be. He would dash at it and take his chance, resolved that at least he would not fail in courage. Twice he was on his legs before Mr. Western had finished his slow harangue, and twice he was compelled to resent himself, — thinking that he had subjected himself to ridicule. At last the member for East Dorset sat down, and Phineas was conscious that he had lost a moment or two in presenting himself again to the Speaker.

He held his ground, however, though he saw that he had various rivals for the right of speech. He held his ground, and was instantly aware that he had gained his point. There was a slight pause, and as some other urgent member did not resent himself, Phineas heard the president of that august assembly call upon himself to address the House. The thing was now to be done. There he was with the House of Commons at his feet, — a crowded House, bound to be his auditors as long as he should think fit to address them, and reporters by tens and twenties in the gallery ready and eager to let the country know what the young member for Loughshane would say in this his maiden speech.

Phineas Finn had sundry gifts, a powerful and pleasant voice, which he had learned to modulate, a handsome presence, and a certain natural mixture of modesty and self-reliance, which would certainly protect him from the faults of arrogance and pomposity, and which perhaps might carry him through the perils of his new position. And he had also the great advantage of friends in the House who were anxious that he should do well. But he had not that gift of slow blood which on the former occasion would have enabled him to remember his prepared speech, and which would now have placed all his own resources within his own reach. He began with the expression of an opinion that every true reformer ought to accept Mr. Mildmay's bill, even if it were accepted only as an instalment, — but before he had got through these sentences, he became painfully conscious that he was repeating his own words.

He was cheered almost from the outset, and yet he knew as he went on that he was failing. He had certain arguments at his fingers' ends, — points with which he was in truth, so familiar that he need hardly have troubled himself to arrange them for special use, — and he forgot even these. He found that he was going on with one platitude after another as to the benefit of reform, in a manner that would have shamed him six or seven years ago at a debating club. He pressed on, fearing that words would fail him altogether if he paused; — but he did in truth speak very much too fast, knocking his words together so that no reporter could properly catch them. But he had nothing to say for the bill except what hundreds had said before and hundreds would say again. Still he was cheered, and still he went on; and as he became more and more conscious of his failure there grew upon him the idea, — the dan

gerous hope, that he might still save himself from ignominy by the eloquence of his invective against the police.

He tried it, and succeeded thoroughly in making the House understand that he was very angry;—but he succeeded in nothing else. He could not catch the words to express the thoughts of his mind. He could not explain his idea that the people out of the House had as much right to express their opinion in favour of the ballot as members in the House had to express theirs against it; and that animosity had been shown to the people by the authorities because they had so expressed their opinion. Then he attempted to tell the story of Mr. Bunce in a light and airy way, failed, and sat down in the middle of it. Again he was cheered by all around him,—cheered as a new member is usually cheered,—and in the midst of the cheer would have blown out his brains had there been a pistol there ready for such an operation.

That hour with him was very bad. He did not know how to get up and go away, or how to keep his place. For some time he sat with his hat off, forgetful of his privilege of wearing it; and then put it on hurriedly, as though the fact of his not wearing it must have been observed by everybody. At last, at about two, the debate was adjourned, and then as he was slowly leaving the House, thinking how he might creep away without companionship, Mr. Monk took him by the arm.

"Are you going to walk?" said Mr. Monk.

"Yes," said Phineas; "I shall walk."

"Then we may go together as far as Pall Mall. Come along." Phineas had no means of escape, and left the House hanging on Mr. Monk's arm, without a word. Nor did Mr. Monk speak till they were out in Palace Yard. "It was not much amiss," said Mr. Monk; "but you'll do better than that yet."

"Mr. Monk," said Phineas, "I have made an ass of myself so thoroughly, that there will at any rate be this good result, that I shall never make an ass of myself again after the same fashion."

"Ah!—I thought you had some such feeling as that, and therefore I was determined to speak to you. You may be sure, Finn, that I do not care to flatter you, and I think you ought to know that, as far as I am able, I will tell you the truth. Your speech, which was certainly nothing great, was about on a par with other maiden speeches in the House of Commons. You have done yourself neither good nor harm. Nor was it desirable that you should. My advice to you now is, never to avoid speaking on any subject that interests you, but never to speak for above three minutes till you find yourself as much at home on your legs as you are when sitting. But do not suppose that you have made an ass of yourself,—that is, in any special degree. Now, good-night."

ANDROMACHE.

Am I, my happy youth, my woful age!
The daughter of a king, and now a slave,
A captive, serving at a stranger's hearth,
Widow'd and childless, mother once and wife,
Great Hector's wife and mother of his child.
All comfortless, did not some pitying god
Four o'er my sleep the light of suns long set;
One dream all night, and every night the same:
So bright my dream, so pale my life, that oft
I ask: "Is that the life and this the dream?"

Methinks I stand upon the Trojan wall
At eventide, his baby in my arms;
I hear the tramp of the returning host,
I see their glancing plumes, his plume o'er all;
Then, nearer drawn, he notes us and he smiles
And signals with his sword: I hurry down
To the Scæan gate and meet him entering in;
I lift the child to kiss him, and I feel
His mailed arm around me:—then I wake,
And wake to know that 'twixt their graves and me
Roll the wide waters of the Ægean sea.
—Macmillan's Magazine. w. g. c.

From The Spectator.

POEMS FOR A CHILD.*

WE have read some of these lively and fanciful poems before in *Aunt Judy's* clever magazine, but many of the best are quite new to us, and more genuinely childlike humour we have found in no volume of poetry since the publication of *Lilliput Levée*, which contained very much the same blended qualities of warm, poetical feeling, and buoyant, sparkling, playful vivacity. Whether this book be due to the same authors as *Lilliput Levée* it is impossible for any critic on purely internal evidence to assert, but if not due to the same authorship, it is due to a very similar combination both of powers and moods. Of the two authors who are represented in this little book by *A* and *B*, *A* has the greater vivacity, and *B* the greater depth of poetical feeling. If *Lilliput Levée* had been due to the same authors as this little book, we should say that the exquisite autumn piece which was quoted in these columns † called "Trumpeter Redbreast" had been written by *B*, and "Order reigns in Lilliput Town" probably by *A*. *A* is far the more fertile, and has a bright volatile fancy with a charming impertinence of its own, only verging here and there (say in page 304, for example) on the flippant,—a fancy which has generally the true ring of airy, childlike laughter in it, and which here and there attains a strain of poetical feeling of a deeper kind. But both moods of *A's* mind, both the lively and the meditative, are in their light fashion, poetical. Nothing can be more truly poetical in its light laughing fashion than the little poem on "Hunting the Wind," which describes how the wind cried "like a child in pain" against the nursery windows,—how little Curlyhead let it in to warm and revive it, how the wind came tearing in with the most unmannerly violence, blew both the candles out, and made the nursery in a mess which induced the children to dread the instant penalty of being sent to bed if discovered by their nurse,—how Curlyhead, Red-Cheeks, and Blue-Eyes, having wisely first shut the window, sat to catch the Wind in an empty cage into which Blue Eyes thrust her chubby, hollowed hand, while Curlyhead shut the door,—an achievement commemorated in this pretty little final verse:

* Poems written for a Child by two Friends.
London: Strahan.

† *Spectator* for 28th September, 1867, page 1,092.

" Hang the cage up, if you will,
Clap your hands, ye hunters rare;
But he is so sad and still,
Are you sure that he is there?
Ah! the days are coming when
You'll have many a chase as blind;
Capture, triumph, laugh, and then
But an empty casket find!"

A touches a deeper vein of poetry ~~now~~ and then, though the best of *A's* verse is in this livelier mood. The pretty verses on the "Stars" close with a truly beautiful couplet, of which Wordsworth would ~~not~~ have been ashamed:—

" Hush! listen! ah! it will not do;
You do but listen with your ears;
And stars are understood by few,
For it must be the heart that hears.
" Look up, not only with your eyes;
Ah! do you hear a tender sound?
To hearts familiar with the skies,
The stars are nearer than the ground."

We confess we like *A* best in the sparkling and lightsome mood, whether it border on excellent nonsense, as it often does, or express mere joyousness, the joyousness of sparkling light and of breezy air. There is a lightness about the animation of such verses as the following which gives them a real originality, though, like those we have just quoted, we doubt whether they are quite suited to the childlike mind for which the title-page professes them to have been written:—

"SPRING AND SUMMER.

" Spring is growing up,
Is not it a pity?
She was such a little thing,
And so very pretty!
Summer is extremely grand,
We must pay her duty.
(But it is to little Spring
That she owes her beauty!)

" All the buds are blown,
'Trees are dark and shady.
(It was Spring who dress'd them, though
Such a little lady!)
And the birds sing loud and sweet
Their enchanting histories.
(It was Spring who taught them, though,
Such a singing mistress!)

" From the glowing sky
Summer shines above us;
Spring was such a little dear,
But will Summer love us?

y beautiful,
er grown-up blisses,
ve must bow before;
we coaxed with kisses!

a growing up,
; us so lonely,
ce of little Spring
e Summer only!
with her lofty airs,
r stately paces,
ce of little Spring,
r childish graces!"

a be livelier than *A's* extrava-
e fairy stories in verse are ad-
The story of the fairy who intox-
if with the cream in the dairy,
p in the butter, is made up into
t and swallowed next morning
; by greedy Jim, and who turns
mate young gentleman into the
t of *convulsionnaires*, is told with
bat leaves nothing to be desired.
ll fail to be moved by this very
description of a singular and
occurrence:—

Jim is always rude,
is hand in every dish;
y to intrude,
s bones instead of fish;
bad instead of good;
t meat, but swallows fat, —
s, extremely rude,
's a whole butter-pat!

as! Jim, don't look so wild!'!
us! Jim, don't scream so shrill!'!
e matter with the child?'
as, gracious! are you ill?'
sting rather riled,
hardly draws her breath, —
! Jim, don't look so wild;
a frighten us to death!

g down and leaping up,
; limbs in ev'ry shape;
ov'ling like a pup,
, mopping like an ape;
ither bit nor sup, —
like an imp in pain;
down and leaping up, —
y the boy's insane.

ve his parents guess'd
the mighty mischief springs;
romen, much depress'd,
end a hundred things.
rd, if truth's confess'd,
cure or antidote;
iry in your chest,
o ascend your throat!"

But with all our regard for *A*, which is great, — and though both *A* and *B* wrote for a child by their own confession, we must say we think *A* will be most successful in fascinating children in general, if not the special child in question, — we must admit to a belief in the greater depth and beauty of *B's* much fewer pieces. *B's* poetry is childlike in spirit, but scarcely suitable for children's use. It appeals to a greater depth of feeling than they can enter into, — a depth of feeling of which even so far as they could enter into it, they would feel ashamed, with the usual reserve of children, to express. Children, even when they are most alive to the beauty of the world, shrink from interpreting their feelings by the passionate words of true poetic insight. They like to have it veiled under a jest or masked by a parable. They are chary of emotion and afraid of pathos unless it find a dramatic occasion in narrative. This is a true and exquisite poem, and a poem that might well have been written by one striving to enter, from a higher level of feeling, into the heart of a child, — but very far indeed from a poem for children: —

"IN THE FIELDS.

"Airy budding ash-tree,
You have made a throne,
And the sweetest thrush in all the world
Is sitting there alone;
Drawn in tints of tender brown
Against a keen blue sky,
He sings up and he sings down,
Who can pass him by?

"Through the thin leaves thrilling
Goes each glittering note,
Hearts of all happy trees are drawn
Into this one bird-throat;
And all the growing blooms of morn
(This music is so strong)
Are reach'd and blended and upborne
And utter'd into song.

"Now he asks a question!
The answer who can guess —
While sparrows chirp their pettish 'No,'
And daws keep murmuring 'Yes!'
'Oh! will the months be kind and clear,
Unvex'd by needless rain;
And will the Summer last this year
Till Spring comes back again?'

"Now he states a dogma!
His view of day and night;
Proclaiming volubly and loud
No other bird is right.

But halfway through his creed he checks
At some sweet chance of sound,
And, catching that, no longer reck
If heaven or earth go round.

"Now he labours gravely,
Each moment pays itself,
No singer ever work'd so hard
For art or fame or pelf;
And now he knows the pretty phrase
And scatters it like rain,
With quick 'da capos' of self-praise,
Till the tree rings again.

"He pleads, he laughs, he argues,
He shouts to sky and earth;
The wild notes trip each other up
In ecstasies of mirth;
He drinks the azure of the air,
He tosses song about,
Like a girl's tangle of gold-hair,
Spray-wet and shaken out.

"O world! when spring is shining
And dark winds stand aside,
Let men think of you as they may,
The birds are satisfied;
Their dauntless hymns of hope arise
With such a wealth of will;
Though every year the summer dies,
They trust her promise still.

"Airy budding ash-tree,
Try to show your power,
Make a leaf for each gay note
He makes in half an hour!
Wild flowers in the grass, be taught
The music of your parts;
Make a bud for each bright thought
He gives to passing hearts!"

The verse beginning, "He pleads, he laughs, he argues," and indeed all that follow it, are verses which, however unknown the pen from which they come, should certainly live among the finest of modern English poems of nature; nor, as we read this and *B's* other verses in this fascinating little volume, can we suppress the conviction that here there is something more than mere fancy, liveliness, grace, and simplicity, — something of true original genius, which may take a modest, but not a passing place in English literature. And this we say without the shadow of a guess as to the authorship of which we speak.

The illustrations are not very admirable, except that of the fox escorting the two children, which is full of humour.

From *The Saturday Review*

LORD BROUGHAM AND DR. CAUVIN.

THE special Providence which watch over the interests of a laborious and honourable profession has wisely ordained that an agreement shall not always imply that anything has been agreed. The impulse that leads men to enter into contracts with one another occasionally deserts the halfway. From that point their chief object seems to be to retire from the negotiation with the extent of the liability they have incurred by it wholly unascertained. They find a mysterious satisfaction in the consciousness of their own ignorance how much they will have to pay, and when they will have to pay it. Lord Brougham, far at least as he is represented by his brother, is apparently thus minded. The recent proceedings instituted on his behalf against Dr. Cauvin are an instance of how this seeming weakness is overruled for the good of the lawyers. Lord Brougham has been engaged for some years back in collecting materials for an autobiography, and in the autumn of 1866 seems suddenly to have discovered that collect is easier than to arrange. In this discouragement consequent upon this revelation he applied for counsel to Mr. Hen Reeve and Mr. John Forster, and at the suggestion he determined to call in the services of "a competent literary man." The instructions to be given to this gentleman were, first, that he should arrange the manuscripts already brought together; and secondly, that he should look through a number of other manuscripts deposited in Brougham Hall, with the view of selecting such of them as should supply any deficiencies in the narrative of Lord Brougham's life. The "competent literary man" was found in the person of Dr. Cauvin, and in December, 1866, Mr. William Brougham took the manuscripts to London and placed them in Dr. Cauvin's hands. Mr. Brougham was at great pains to make Dr. Cauvin fully acquainted with the nature of the work expected from him. Any sentiment of rising ambition was at once checked by the announcement that his name was not to appear on the title-page as Editor, and that he would be neither required nor permitted to write anything for publication. His task, in fact, was to be strictly limited to suggesting to Lord Brougham any alterations and additions which might occur to him in the course of his labours; but such alterations and additions would

effected by Lord Brougham's own hands. To this Dr. Cauvin answered that he perfectly understood what he was wanted to do. By the 22nd of January, 1867, he had read through the manuscripts left with him, and on that day he wrote to Mr. William Brougham, making various suggestions as to the arrangement of the *Memoirs*. How Dr. Cauvin was employed between January and June is not stated, but on the 25th of the latter month the whole subject was fully discussed between him and Mr. Brougham, in the presence of Mr. Forster; and it was settled that Dr. Cauvin should begin his labours at Brougham Hall in the following August, by which time Mr. Brougham undertook to have a large number of other manuscripts got ready for his inspection.

When August came, Dr. Cauvin having then been more than half a year in Lord Brougham's employ, it seems to have struck Mr. Brougham that nothing had ever been said as to what his brother was to pay for the stipulated assistance. He wrote therefore to Dr. Cauvin, stating his wish to come to some understanding as to the remuneration he would require for his labour. Dr. Cauvin's reply was vague and generous. Any arrangement Mr. Brougham chose to make would perfectly satisfy him; and if Mr. Brougham was at any loss how to act, Dr. Cauvin proposed that the question should be referred to Mr. Forster when the work was finished. If Mr. Brougham had been well advised, he would either have insisted upon some more definite answer from Dr. Cauvin, or else have had recourse to Mr. Forster before matters had gone any further. Instead of this he seems to have been perfectly content to leave everything uncertain. Nothing more was said about payment. Dr. Cauvin came to Brougham Hall on the 19th of August, and remained there till the 19th of October. He then returned to London for the purpose of arranging the first volume of the autobiography—the understanding being that it was to be submitted, when ready, to Mr. Forster, then forwarded to Lord Brougham at Cannes for the insertion of such alterations and additions as Mr. Forster might recommend, and finally brought back by Mr. William Brougham in time to be offered to Messrs. Longman before the end of January, 1868. On the eleventh of December Dr. Cauvin found that some money in advance would be “very acceptable,” and accordingly he wrote to Mr. Brougham, telling him that if he “could make it convenient” to send him 200*l.* or 300*l.* on account he “should esteem

it a great favour.” The mention of 200*l.* or 300*l.* on account, with only the first of several volumes of memoirs arranged, gave Mr. Brougham an unpleasant suspicion of what the total might be. He wrote to Dr. Cauvin, accepting his previous suggestion that the question of remuneration should be referred to Mr. Forster on the completion of the work, but offering to pay on account for the time already given by Dr. Cauvin, or to pay in advance for some fixed amount of time yet to be given. This called forth a more detailed application from Dr. Cauvin, in which, after dwelling on the demands which the work had made on his time and brain, and stating that the devotion of twelve hours a day to the study of illegible manuscripts had injured his eyesight, he declined “estimating his services by mere time,” and insisted that, in determining their value, the amount Lord Brougham expected to receive from the publishers ought to be taken into consideration. “This being the case,” continued Dr. Cauvin, “I do not think it unreasonable to request—(1) that you remit me on account the sum mentioned in my last letter, and (2) that on the manuscript of the whole work being placed in your hands you will send me a cheque for such an amount as will make the whole of my remuneration a thousand guineas.” In case the work should not be gone on with, this thousand guineas was to be reduced to seven hundred. The letter containing this confirmation of Mr. Brougham's fears was handed over to Mr. Forster, who proposed to refer the matter to Mr. Reeve. This suggestion, however, came to nothing, in consequence of Dr. Cauvin insisting that Mr. Theodore Martin should be associated with Mr. Reeve as arbitrator. The possession of the manuscripts gave Dr. Cauvin the temporary command of the situation. He declined to accept the 200*l.* which had been offered to him subject to the proposed reference, and thus threw on Lord Brougham the burden of taking the next step. Accordingly, on the 12th of this month, the aid of the Court of Chancery was invoked, and a bill was filed against Dr. Cauvin, praying that he might be ordered to deliver the manuscripts to Lord Brougham.

Probably the first feeling of most people will be that the carelessness which allowed Dr. Cauvin to go on working for a year without ascertaining what he meant to ask for his trouble, hardly deserves to escape an unpleasantly large demand in the end. Even if it is pleaded that Mr. Brougham was misled by the suggested reference to

Mr. Forster, it must be remembered that seven months had passed away before even thus much of an understanding had been reached. And after all, it is but a poor excuse for not making proper terms at starting, that you are prepared to throw the odium of making them on a friend when it has become too late to retreat from the bargain. As to the merits of the demand itself, it is not within our province to pronounce a judgment. We have no data by which to estimate the value of Dr. Cauvin's time, brains, and eyesight, or to appraise precisely the services which he rendered to Lord Brougham. There are two points, however, upon which even a bystander may venture to have an opinion. Dr. Cauvin has an undoubted right to sell his labour at the highest price which it will fetch, but his theory that his payment should be determined by the payment Lord Brougham expects to receive from the publishers is wholly untenable. A labourer who insists on calculating his wages by the price at which his employer hopes to sell the finished article is an anomaly alike in trade and in literature. Dr. Cauvin might with equal reason have pushed things a step further, and required that his pay should be estimated on the profits which the publishers expected to derive from the sale of the book to the public. Indeed, we do not see why the benefit of this system should be confined to the inventor, or why the printers should not stipulate for higher wages whenever the book on which they are engaged promises to be more than usually popular. At the same time, Mr. Forster's grounds for characterizing Dr. Cauvin's claim as "entirely unreasonable in the manner and in the matter of it" are by no means unimpeachable. "I never yet heard," Mr. Forster writes, "of a man claiming to be so remunerated for the editing of a book as to leave no margin of possible remuneration for the person who supplied all the materials, and the use of whose name would give it its only chance of success, and all its claim and value." The absence of a "margin of possible remuneration" may be a very good reason why the person who supplies the materials should look out for some "competent literary man" who will arrange them at a cheaper rate, but it is by no means a conclusive proof that Dr. Cauvin's demand is exorbitant. If his statement is correct, it has taken him a year's hard work to put in order one volume out of several. Supposing the entire biography to extend to five volumes — perhaps not a preposterous assumption — and the labour of preparing the MS. to be the same

for each volume, Dr. Cauvin would on have been paid at the rate of 200*l.* a year. Mr. Forster is very likely right in declaring that by this preliminary outlay Lord Brougham "would have surrendered every hope or chance of getting any publisher undertake a book so mortgaged." But this only goes to show that it does not answer to publish an autobiography unless the writer is able to arrange the materials himself. Mr. Forster tries to make the premises support the much wider conclusion that it is somebody else's duty to arrange the materials for him at a cost which will leave him a fair margin of profit. For the present the documents will remain in the custody of the Court of Chancery, while some "literary gentleman" is employed to arrange the terms. Dr. Cauvin's connexion with the *Memoirs* will probably not continue beyond the volume already completed; but he may divide with Lord Brougham the credit of reading the public a lesson upon the expediency of making the fixing of terms the first instead of the last stage in a bargain.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

MEMORIAL LITERATURE OF THE AMERICAN WAR.

BY G. O. TREVELYAN, M.P.

It is impossible to read the story of the late American war without being conscious at every turn that the democratic patriotism of all ages is the same in its leading features. In intelligent valour, in elasticity of temper, in versatility, energy, and enterprise, there was much in common between the Athenian militia and the citizen warriors who marched under Sherman and Grant. Our professional soldiers are too apt to ignore these qualities (which are the peculiar excellences of an army of free men fighting for an object which they appreciate), and were forever dwelling upon that impatience of discipline, and those occasional manifestations of unsteadiness in the field, which were at least as noticeable at Delium and Chæronea as at Chancellorsville and Chicamauga. And, if the heroes of Plutarch fought better than the undisciplined levies who behaved as raw troops always did and will behave at Bull Run and Ball's Bluff — at any rate no free Greek city, save Sparta in her best days,

ever sent forth a force which could match the armies of the Potomac and the Tennessee in the years 1864 and 1865. Laconic in every sense was the answer of the officer detached to hold the Allatoona Pass against all comers, who, when he had been surrounded by vastly superior numbers, replied to the conventional summons to spare the needless effusion of blood by quietly observing that he was ready for the needless effusion of blood whenever it should suit the Confederate general:—gallant words which he did not fail to make good. And Leonidas and his countrymen, performing their national toilette in preparation for the death which they knew to be inevitable, find a parallel among those veterans in Meade's army who, when their division was ordered upon a desperate service, were observed to be silently writing their names upon slips of paper and pinning them to the breasts of their blouses.

Nor did these modern republicans fall short of the Greeks in their performance of the last offices towards those who had fallen in war. From every corner of that vast battle-field stretching over eighteen hundred miles from Maryland to farthest Texas, the railways brought back the embalmed bodies of their slain to the farmsteads of Vermont and Illinois. Then, too, were heard once more, in unconscious imitation of old Athenian custom, panegyrics pronounced over the honoured dead by chosen orators in solemn assembly of the people. Such was the speech of Mr. Lincoln at the consecration of the cemetery at Gettysburg—a speech conceived in the spirit of what is perhaps the most touching passage of the funeral oration in the second book of Thucydides.

"We have come," he said, "to dedicate a portion of this field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that this nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here—but it can never forget what they did here. It is rather for us, the living, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced: that from these honoured dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have

died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

But the most notable of all the memorial literature, prose or verse, which the occasion produced, was the ode recited at the commemoration of the Harvard University which fell in the July immediately following the close of the war, by James Russell Lowell, himself a professor at that institution. The circumstances were in themselves a poem. Ninety-five graduates and under-graduates, most of them quite young men, had perished in the course of the past four years. Twenty-six had died of fatigue, exposure, and camp epidemics, and sixty-nine by the enemy's fire. Hitherto known on our side of the water by productions in which his muse wears a comic mask, the poet here adopts that tone of grave and elevated simplicity which is the essence of lyric majesty:—

"Whither leads the path
To ampler fates that leads?
Not down through flowery meads,
To reap an aftermath
Of youth's vain-glorious weeds;
But up the steep, aridist the wrath
And shock of deadly hostile creeds,
Where the world's best hope and stay
By battle's flashes gropes a desperate way,
And every turf the fierce foot clings to bleeds.
Peace hath her not ignoble wreath,
Ere yet the sharp, decisive word
Lights the black lips of cannon, and the sword
Dreams in its careful sheath:
But some day the live coal behind the thought,
Whether from Babel's stone obscene,
Or from the shrine serene
Of God's pure altar brought,
Bursts up in flame; the war of tongue and pen
Learns with what deadly purpose it was fraught,
And, helpless in the fiery passion caught,
Shakes all the pillared state with shock of men.
Some day the soft ideal that we wooed
Confronts us fiercely, foe-beset, pursued,
And cries reproachful, 'Was it, then, my praise,
And not myself was loved? Prove now thy truth;
I claim of thee the promise of thy youth;
Give me thy life, or cower in empty phrase,
The victim of thy genius, not its mate!
Life may be given in many ways,
And loyalty to truth be scaled
As bravely in the closet as the field,
So generous is Fate;
But then to stand beside her,
When craven churls deride her,
To front a lie in arms, and not to yield!

We sit here in the Promised Land
That flows with Freedom's honey and milk;
But 'twas they won it, sword in hand,
Making the nettle danger soft for us as silk.
We welcome back our bravest and our best;
Ah, me! not all! some come not with the
rest

Who went forth brave and bright as any here!
I strive to mix some gladness with my strain,
But the sad strings complain,
And will not please the ear

I sweep them for a Pæan, but they wane
Again and yet again
Into a dirge, and die away in pain.
In these brave ranks I only see the gaps,
Thinking of dear ones whom the dumb turf
wraps,

Dark to the triumph which they died to gain.
Fittier may others greet the living,
For me the past is unforgiving.

I with uncovered head
Salute the sacred dead,
Who went, and who return not. — Say not so!
'Tis not the grapes of Canaan that repay,
But the high faith that failed not by the way.
Virtue treads paths that end not in the grave;
No ban of endless night exiles the brave;

And to the saner mind
We rather seem the dead that stayed behind.
Blow, trumpets, all your exultations blow!
For never shall their aureoled presence lack:
I see them muster in a gleaming row,
With ever-youthful brows that nobler show.
We find in our dull road their shining track.

In every nobler mood
We feel the orient of their spirit glow,
Part of our life's unalterable good,
Of all our sunnier aspiration.

They come transfigured back
Secure from change in their high-hearted ways,
Beautiful evermore, and with the rays

Of morn on their white Shields of Expecta-
tion!"

These sentiments recall to mind the expressions used by Pericles when speaking of the Athenians who fell in the Samian war: "They are like the Immortal Gods: for the Gods themselves are not visible to us; but from the honours they receive and the blessings they bestow, we conclude that they are immortal: and so it is with those who have died for their country."

The memorial volumes to which Lowell's ode forms a fit preface, present a very different picture of the part played by New England and the Western States from that which some of our contemporaries thought fit to sketch for their own contemplation. There, in the first pages, we may read how James Wadsworth, one of the wealthiest and most influential of Northern landowners, at the age of fifty-four, abandoned comfort, and

position, and domestic ties, and fought through all the great Virginian battles, until, in the crisis of the terrible conflict of the Wilderness, at the head of his shattered division, he threw himself across Longstreet's victorious path. At last his people gave way, and went back without him. He was found by a Confederate officer "in the woods, fifteen paces to the left of the Plank Road. None of the Federal dead or wounded were more than twenty or thirty yards nearer than he was to the open field, towards which the attack had been directed. He was lying upon his back under a shelter-tent, which was extended over him at about three feet from the ground, the two upper corners being attached to boughs of trees, and the lower ones and the sides supported by muskets. The officer recognized him by a paper with his name on it, which had been pinned to his coat. His appearance was perfectly natural, and his left hand grasped the stock of one of the supporting muskets near the ground. His fingers played with the trigger, and he occasionally pushed the piece from him as far as he could reach, still grasping it in his hand. Supposing he might wish to send some message to his family, the officer addressed him. The general, however, paid no attention to the words, and it was soon evident that he was unconscious of what was passing around him, although the expression of his face was calm and natural, and his eyes indicated intelligence. It was in this state that he was taken to one of the Confederate hospitals. No medical skill could save his life. He lingered from Friday until Sunday morning, the 8th of May."

We may read too, of men weakly, poor, and some already elderly, who went into the ranks as common soldiers, at the call of conscience, and not of glory. Take, for instance, Daniel Hack, who "graduated in 1856, having at the time the intention of studying law. He did not, however, carry out this intention, but connected himself with the printing business of his father in Taunton, and there remained till January, 1864, when he enlisted in the Fourteenth Massachusetts Battery. He remained in camp at Readville about four weeks, and was detailed as a clerk at head-quarters. At a review of troops by Major-General Burnside, he stood for several hours with wet feet, and, being physically delicate, contracted a severe cold, which brought on congestion of the lungs. He went home on a furlough of three days, which was afterwards, on his continued illness, extended to three weeks. At the end of that time he returned to camp,

but was dropped; during that month, for physical disability, without having been mustered into the service.

"Persevering in his efforts to join the army, he went to Hartford, Connecticut, and enlisted as a private during the same month, but was again taken ill before being assigned to any regiment, and died at Hartford, April 17, 1864, aged twenty-nine years. His friends were with him in his last illness, and bore his body home for burial.

"Thus died, after two enlistments within two months, both times as a private soldier, and the second time with the hand of death almost visibly upon him, a young man who was scarcely known even to his classmates, and who was yet endeared to those who knew him by many amiable qualities. He died without seeing a battle-field. His name hardly appears upon the military records of his country, but he gave her all he had to give—even his life."

Later in the book, when the births begin to date no earlier than the forties, we come upon lads of the type that our universities know so well—deep in Plato, and Emerson, and Carlyle—for ever discussing the comparative merits of the life of action and the life of contemplation—pining after an ideal, and finding it, where once they little expected, in a brief career of hardship and peril—going home to Boston or Philadelphia to be cured of their wounds, like schoolboys returning for the holidays, until, after some murderous day, instead of the son or brother, there came a letter from the commanding officer, accompanied by a sword, or a watch, or a pocket-book scribbled over with the familiar handwriting. Such was Charles Russell Lowell, one of Sheridan's ablest cavalry colonels, at nineteen much given to mysticism and transcendentalism; at nine-and-twenty, in the moment of victory, shot through neck and lung on the back of his fourteenth charger. Such were Robert Gould Shaw and his fellows, steadfastly facing the scorn and ridicule bestowed on all who served with black regiments, cheerfully submitting to the prospect of meeting with neither quarter nor Christian burial, and being huddled into a trench along with their dead negroes—a shameful grave in the estimation of a Southern planter, but one where a brave man may rest as peacefully as in a village churchyard, and as nobly as beneath the aisle of a proud and ancient minster. And to think that the very existence of these men—our equals in birth, circumstances, and education—happier than us in that they possessed a cause for which they had a

right to labour and to suffer—was successfully concealed from us home-staying youth! That we were almost brought to believe that a nation composed of high-souled descendants from the loyal chivalry of the seventeenth century had been subjugated by a heterogeneous mob of aliens officered by political jobbers!

"Who now shall sneer?

Who dare again to say we trace

Our lines to a plebeian race?

Roundhead and Cavalier!

Dreams are those names erewhile in battle loud;
Forceless as is the shadow of a cloud

They live but in the ear.

That is best blood that hath most iron in't
To edge resolve with, pouring without stint

For what makes manhood dear.

Tell us not of Plantagenets,

Hapsburgs, and Guelfs, whose thin blood crawls
Down from some victor in a border-brawl!

How poor their out-worn coronets

Matched with one leaf of that plain civic wreath
Our brave for honour's blazon shall bequeath,

Through whose desert a rescued nation
sets

Her heel on treason, and the trumpet hears

Shout victory, tingling Europe's sullen ears

With vain resentments and more vain
regrets!"

From The Spectator, March 28.

SHERIDAN AND SHERMAN.*

SOME day, when the work of recording and collecting material for the purpose has been accomplished during the present generation, a vigorous, lucid, industrious, and impartial writer may be found to narrate as it deserves the brilliant story of the late American War. But the theme is so vast, the labour its adequate treatment would demand is so great, the combination of qualities essential to success are so rare, as to make it doubtful whether the fit man will be forthcoming. Pretenders there will be plenty, they are already in the field, and the public are so easily satisfied with indifferent books, that poor, imperfect, and radically erroneous works readily meet with a lazy acceptance. Still, no one can doubt that, should an American Napier arise, and produce a really great work, his labour would eclipse

* With General Sheridan in Lee's Last Campaign.
By a Staff Officer. Lippincott.
Report of Major-General W. T. Sherman, U.S.A.,
to the Committee on the Conduct of the War. Government Printing Office, Washington.

that of all others. At present, the raw material of history and fragmentary sketches, more or less authentic, alone can be received with any satisfaction. Although documentary evidence abounds, and forms, indeed, almost a library by itself, yet much that it is essential to know lies buried in archives or in the breasts of the principal actors. We want not only systematic narratives from General Lee and General Johnston, for instance, but at least some of the more essential documents, orders, reports, memoranda which were issued and drawn up during the conflict itself. The secrets of the Richmond War Office, and the military policy and views of Mr. Jefferson Davis and his Ministers for War, are necessary to a correct comprehension of the varying phases of the conflict. The bold strategy and tactics of Lee and Johnston cannot be appreciated without some knowledge of the information in their possession at the moment. Not versions framed *après coup* are the desiderata, but the diaries of the Commanders, the despatch books of the Staff, the rolls and musters, the minutes of the Bureau, showing the political as well as the military information possessed by the Generals. Time alone can make good existing deficiencies; but, judging from experience, we may well doubt whether the chief actors will find the leisure or command the means necessary to full and impartial disclosures. For in the rush of severe conflicts, long sustained, but often ending in a complete disaster, despatch books, memoranda, and written words of all kinds are frequently lost or destroyed; and the most conscientious historian, anxious to reach the hard rock of fact, finds that he can only build on the shifting sands of conjecture. And it seems to be almost a law of nature that the nearer we are to a great series of events, while the results are apparent enough, the less we know of the processes by and through which those results were brought about. The American War forms no exception to the general rule; and we can only hope that the next generation will profit by revelations denied as yet to the present.

Under these circumstances, the most valuable books are those which detail the personal experiences of actors in the war and privileged spectators. The little book by "A Staff Officer" and the "Report of Major-General Sherman" are of this kind. Sheridan's Staff Officer contents himself with describing the share of his chief in the final campaign, and especially sets forth how he used his famous cavalry. Philip Sheridan is one of the triumvirate of first-

rate men who came to the front on the Northern side during the war. Born in 1831, in Ohio, he passed his youth in the streets or behind a counter, until a Member of Congress sent the bright boy to West Point. He entered that military school in 1848, and passed out in 1852, as second lieutenant of infantry, a fact which shows either that his conduct or his attainments were in default, and, indeed, rumour imputes his comparative failure to his fighting propensities. Hood, the Confederate, was in the same class, and the brilliant McPherson, who fell before Atlanta, was its head. Until 1861 Sheridan served with his regiment, sometimes in garrison, sometimes on the Indian frontier. It was here he first saw service as a dragoon, having obtained an appointment to that arm, then engaged in fighting the Indians. In 1861, while still a lieutenant, he was called up to take part in the war, and promoted to the rank of captain in the 13th infantry. The scene of his early service was Missouri, where he had to act as a sort of commissary, an employment which did not suit him; and he quarrelled with his chief because he did not maintain discipline, but allowed his men to become marauders. Halleck fortunately discerned the worth of the young soldier, and he gave him a regiment of cavalry to command. At this period the cavalry were not considered of much use, and the great mistake of the United States War Office from the beginning was in not providing themselves with bodies of horse, trained, armed, and organized to suit the country. Sheridan showed capacity as a leader of mounted men, but he was taken away from the horse before he made his mark, and promoted to be a brigadier-general of infantry, and he speedily arrived at the command of an entire division. In these positions he everywhere displayed not only those qualities which signalize the competent soldier, but the higher morale on the march and battlefield which discloses the man of genius. In a perilous position he held his men together by personal influence, making them fight as long as a cartridge was left, if honour and prudence required the sacrifice, and carrying the remnant safely away, if compelled to retreat. In pursuit he made his men march nearly as fast as the cavalry. Tried in the furnace at Stone River and Chickamauga, under Rosecrans, though his division was beaten, yet his sterling soldiership was only the more apparent, and in spite of reverses, due to his superiors, his reputation rose in value. At Stone River, his division, alone and unbroken, made a gallant stand to

protect the right flank of the army, being all that remained of the right wing. "Had my ammunition held out," he says in his report, "I would not have fallen back, though such were my orders, if hard pressed." It was at the battle of Missionary Ridge that Sheridan first fought under the eye of Grant, and an incident that occurred during the crisis of the action affords an admirable illustration of the character of the young soldier. Before marching to the assault he examined the enemy's line, and became impressed with a conviction that if, as his instructions seemed to imply, he halted after carrying the first line of rifle pits on the slope, his position would be untenable. He asked for explanations, and pending the return of his messenger, the brigades carried the first line, and lay down. Then came the *side-de-camp* with the news that it was the first line that was to be carried; but believing that the attack had assumed a new phase, and that he could carry the ridge, Sheridan would not order the men back to the pits. Indeed, the troops, who saw the chance, kept pressing on step by step. "Captain Avery, of General Granger's staff," writes Sheridan, "here came up, and informed me that the original order was to carry the first line of pits; but that if, in my judgment, the ridge could be taken, to take it. *My judgment was that it could, and orders were given accordingly, obeyed with a cheer, and the ridge was carried.*" Grant was observing the fight, and he saw how Sheridan decided, and dared, and won. Although he was so young, it is not surprising that Grant, when he became Commander-in-Chief, should have selected him to lead his cavalry. After the merited defeat of Hunter, and the consequent inroad of Early into Maryland, Sherman wrote to Grant, "I am glad you have given General Sheridan the command of the forces to defend Washington. He will worry Early to death," — a prediction strictly fulfilled. The later scenes of the war are fresher in men's minds; they do not forget who rode up to the rear of a routed force in the Shenandoah Valley and converted defeat into victory, nor by whose personal leading and initiative Lee's flank was turned at Five Forks, and his column in retreat pressed so hard by the horsemen, and finally headed at Appomattox Court House. Any one who looks narrowly into the facts will discern in the foresight, decision, speed, audacity, resolution, and wise caution of Philip Sheridan something Napoleonic. Had he been born in France ninety years ago, he would have become a Marshal and a Duke; had he

been born in England, his fine military gifts would have been lost to his country, or if he had entered the Army, he would have died at most a sergeant.

The characteristics of General Sherman as a soldier are great breadth, originality, and justness of view, combined with an unswerving tenacity of purpose. These qualities are manifest in every crisis of his career, and stand out distinctly in the report he has made to the Committee on the Conduct of the War. He never underrated the task before the Federal Government; he never took petty views restricted to one field or one line, or the operations of a few weeks. Surveying the map with the eye of an educated soldier, able to fasten on its salient and decisive points, he always looked to large combined operations directed against the vital positions, and mourned over the want of life and effort that attended the earlier enterprises of the War Department. And when power to act fell into his hands, when his friend and comrade, Grant, obtained supreme command, he exulted in the prospect of a determined, skilful, and systematic warfare thereby disclosed. Whatever share Sherman may have had, and some he certainly had, in suggesting the great plan the execution of which began in 1864, it is plain that it was definitively settled at Grant's headquarters and that the mere sight of a map, streaked with red and blue lines, was sufficient to enable Sherman to "see all," as he said, adding, and "glad I am that there are minds now at Washington able to devise. . . . All I now ask is notice of time, that all over the grand theatre of war there may be simultaneous action. We saw the beauty of time at the battle of Chattanooga, and there is no reason why the same harmony of action should not pervade a continent." To Grant he wrote, April 4, 1864, that his letters gave infinite satisfaction. "That we are now all to act on a common plan, converging to a common centre, looks like enlightened war." The plan was executed, and gave Sherman Atlanta. Then befell the accident of Hood's rash move to the Tennessee, affording an opening visible only to Sherman. The despatches in his report prove to a demonstration that he, and he alone, was the originator of both his great marches; and there are indications that from the first he contemplated continued offensive movements, after Atlanta should have been taken, although the Confederate Army might still remain in his front. For instance, when on the 13th of August he was preparing to turn Atlanta, he wrote to

Halleck, "If I should ever be cut off from my base, look out for me about St. Mark's, Florida, or Savannah, Georgia." As early as April he had decided that he could live in the latter State. "Georgia has a million of inhabitants," he wrote; "if they can live, we should not starve. . . . I will inspire my command, if successful, with my feeling that beef and salt are all that is absolutely necessary to life." Grant, with that confidence in Sherman which he always showed, cordially endorsed his resolve not to go back, even if his roads were cut. "If it comes to the worst," wrote Grant, August 18, "move south as you suggest." It is quite true that Hood's march towards the Tennessee did compel Sherman to go back, but not to quit his hold of Atlanta; and it also gave him the opportunity of making his decisive move. Even before the Confederate leader started, at the very time he was outgeneralling Sherman, as he thought, the latter was planning his march to the sea. "I prefer, for the future," he said, in a despatch to Halleck, "to make the movement on Milledgeville, Millen, and the Savannah River." On the first of October, when Hood had crossed the Chattahoochee, Sherman formally proposed to execute the plan he afterwards carried out. Ready to fight Hood, if he could catch him, Sherman saw at a glance that if the Confederate leader went as far north as the Selma Road to Tennessee, it would be a fine stroke "to destroy Atlanta, and then march across Georgia." He continued to press this view upon Grant, and his only fear was that Hood would not commit himself to a northern campaign. On the 16th of October, he wrote to Schofield, "I want the first positive fact that Hood contemplates an invasion of Tennessee. *Invite him to do so. Send him a free pass in.*" These words show the immense superiority of Sherman, and the marvellously just conception he alone had formed of the actual facts. This becomes the more evident when we see Grant, as late as November 1, putting it to Sherman whether it would not be well to ruin Hood before starting, — to destroy him first, and make the great move a secondary affair. But Sherman insisted with a pertinacity that would not be denied, and at length, on November 2, Grant was convinced, and telegraphed the welcome words, "Go on as you propose." And after the General-in-Chief had perused in their fullness and clearness the reasons upon which Sherman based his project, he sent another telegram saying, "Good fortune attend you. I believe you will be eminently successful,

and at worst can only make a march less fruitful of results than hoped for." The march was made, and the results were fruitful beyond all hope.

Very few words will suffice to show that the second great march originated in Sherman's scheming brain. When he arrived at the sea, he found awaiting him two letters from Grant, the earliest proposing that the western armies should be put across the only two through routes east and west, still held by the enemy; the second suggesting that Sherman should leave his artillery and cavalry at Savannah, and transport his infantry by water to City Point. Sherman instantly declared his readiness to obey, but at the same time he casually remarked, "With my present command I had expected, after reducing Savannah, instantly to march to Columbia, South Carolina, thence to Raleigh, and thence report to you." There was no thrusting the proposal upon the notice of his chief, but one easily understands how greatly grieved Sherman would have been to give it up. On the 22nd December he again said incidentally in a despatch to Grant, "If Thomas can continue as he did on the 18th, I could go on and smash South Carolina all to pieces, and also break up roads as far as the Roanoke." The mere suggestion of the plan was sufficient both for Grant and Halleck, and as soon as Sherman's despatches reached the former, he hastened to give his comrade *carte blanche*. "General Grant's wishes," wrote Halleck, "are that this whole matter of your future actions should be left entirely to your own discretion." Nothing could be more gratifying, and the man to whom the full exercise of his discretion was entrusted never feared any responsibility. He was "very glad," indeed, that he was allowed to work his own way. "I feel no doubt whatever as to our future plans. I have thought them over so long and well that they appear as clear as daylight." And so it proved. Let both Generals receive the meed of praise, Sherman for his astonishing insight and profound views, and Grant for the readiness with which he recognized the superior worth of his friend's plan. We have drawn enough from the most authentic sources, the despatches written during the progress of events, to make plain the great merits of Sherman as a strategist; but nothing except the whole correspondence, and some further knowledge of the man than these official records furnish, will enable the reader to form a really adequate conception of the very high rank he holds as a soldier.

From The Spectator, March 28.

THE SITUATION IN FRANCE.

MANY signs combine to indicate that the Emperor of the French is getting restless again. Looking out over France with eyes which see deeper than those of his courtiers or of the members who support his régime, he fears, it is said, that his popularity is on the wane; and there is reason for the fear. There can be no doubt that, reasonably or unreasonably, France is becoming dissatisfied; that discontent more or less bitter is infecting all classes; that the weariness which in France precedes change is becoming once more perceptible. The bourgeoisie have fallen into one of their paroxysms of economy, declare that the expenditure of the State is frightful, and purchase whole editions of a pamphlet showing that the Empire has added 120 millions to the debt of France and twenty millions to her annual expenditure. The dearth of bread, though the price is kept down by subventions to the bakers, worries workmen without a poor-law, and several manufacturing towns are suffering as Coventry did when her ribbon trade failed, and in petitions to the Empress declare they are starving, and charge their distress directly upon the English Treaty. She is to influence her husband, who is said to be hard. The new military law has given profound annoyance to the workmen as well as the peasants; in no less than five cases they have attempted a hopeless resistance, and at three of these — at Toulouse, Bordeaux, and Rennes — the émeute became serious. For the first time since 1852 the cry "Down with the Empire!" has been raised, and it seems almost certain, though it is officially denied, that the troops have been compelled to charge. In Bordeaux for a few hours a real revolt of the old pattern was expected; all shops were closed; artillery appeared in the streets, and but for the decision of the Prefect the workmen might have descended regularly into the streets. So formidable is the popular disgust, that in Paris and Lyons the law, though nominally applied, remains a dead letter; that doggerel songs have been circulated by Government, promising that the work required of the Garde Mobile shall be "on the frontier;" and that Marshal Niel, no mere soldier, thinks it expedient to taunt all who resist the new draft with want of courage. Englishmen would only smile; but the circumstances must be serious under which a Marshal of France flings out that insinuation against any class

of his countrymen. Of course, as the Army obeys, all overt resistance has been sharply put down, as it has been put down by every Government of France till it fell, and in every city except Paris. Even Louis Philippe was strong enough to suppress a real insurrection in Lyons. Napoleon, however, knowing France, knows how homogeneous her population has become, knows how national her Army really is, and looks at the discontent with a perturbed mind. It will take time to grow, and may matter little to him personally; but Napoleon thinks of his dynasty, desires to found as well a reign, to be succeeded by the pale child who this Easter goes to Notre Dame for his "first communion." He sees that something must be done, something striking, as the *Temps* says, no matter what, if he is to recover his hold over men's imaginations, and deliberates upon a new plébiscite and a great foreign enterprise. The apparently meaningless pamphlet just republished in the *Moniteur* is to be circulated in a few days as a broadsheet through the departments at the expense of the State, and its interior meaning begins at last to be apparent. As the *Scotsman* has been the first to point out, there is one drift in its enigmatical sentences, in its long roll-call of plébiscites, — that France, in electing the Napoleons, affirmed also the hereditary principle as a guarantee of solidity. The plébiscite which crowned the First Napoleon Emperor also settled the succession; the present Emperor reigns by the grace of God and the will of the people; and the voice of the people, says the motto to the pamphlet, is the voice of God. It is conjectured, therefore, that Napoleon, who has never given his son a title, — though he once expressed publicly a wish that, — like the Princes of Valois, he should be called "Enfant de France," will formally designate him his successor, and submit that act to the people for direct ratification. They will accept it, of course, France being well aware that, be their title what it will, Divine right, or Parliamentary vote, or popular election, she can when weary cast out her Kings, and the acceptance may remind both Oppositions — the Red and the White — that France still obeys with cordiality the dynasty of Napoleon. It may not be without its effect also on the elections, and on that most unmanageable of all parties, the ultra-Imperialist, which believes that the Napoleonic régime can only be maintained by repression, and is ready to vote down liberal proposals when made by the Emperor himself. He fretted, it is said, under

their resistance to his Press law much more than under any attack from the regular Opposition.

If this drama for country folks were all, there would be little need for hostile comment, and the inspired Press of Paris does needful flatteries with enough of skill, and quite sufficient *abandon*; but there is reason to fear that it is not all, that the Emperor feels the necessity of doing something to improve his position abroad, to satisfy Frenchman that they are still the first people in the world. They have an uneasy sense that they are not; that despite the reorganization of the Army, America cares nothing about them, and Prussia quietly repels alike menaces and overtures. They can dictate to Italy; but that scarcely consoles them, for dictation there tends at least as much to the advantage of Rome as to the glory of France. They do not want to fight Germany if they can help it, or England, which presents just now no point of attack, but they long ardently for some event which will rehabilitate their self-respect. The Emperor, whose mind has not ceased wholly to be sympathetic to French feeling, sees this, and listens, it is reported, with grave attention to the counsels of his cousin Jérôme, who points to Russia as the easiest and yet the greatest object of attack. There are many inducements, if war must be, to select St. Petersburg as the enemy. Napoleon dislikes isolation, and Austria, which has most cause to fear Russia, would in this case be his ally; would be able, if Russia were defeated, to stretch her dominion over the whole Valley of the Danube. It has just been discovered, from the papers of the late M. de Varenne, that a pamphlet called *Gare aux Barbares!* directed against Prussia on account of her Russian alliance, was paid for by Count von Beust. England, which has no love for Russia, would not interfere, and Scandinavia is always a base for any power openly at war with St. Petersburg. Then there is always a ready and legitimate cause of quarrel with Russia. When she is not intriguing in Turkey, she is oppressing the Poles. The Court has within the last ten days abolished the last vestige of autonomy in Poland by placing it, province by province, under the Ministry of the Interior; and it is always open to Louis Napoleon, as representative of a Power which signed the Treaties of Vienna, as champion of oppressed nationalities, and as elected King of Poland—an incident in his career which he never forgets, if the world does—to inquire why the Czars are perpetrating

those oppressions. Inquiries of that kind addressed to military monarchies, are peaceful. And, finally, a war for Poland would be popular in France. The sympathy between the Frenchmen of the Seine and the Frenchmen of the Vistula, though sentimental, is not unreal, as is shown by a curious bit of evidence published this week. The Government of France is prosecuting a great benevolent association of workmen nominally for illegal acts, really for growing much too strong. The society numbers 160,000 members, and appears, if acquitted, likely to attract all the workmen in France. Its managers say this is their object, and among the charges against them is one calling on workmen to take more part in foreign politics, the reason assigned being the disgraceful abandonment of the Poles by the upper classes of Europe. There is a serious danger in the way is the uncertainty as to the course Prussia might take, and is believed in Germany that it was to sustain Prussian ideas on this point that Prince Jérôme has this month visited Berlin. Prussia has rather contradictory interests in the matter. On the one hand, she has wish to see Russia, with her frontier almost so near Berlin, still further aggrandized; the other, if Russia is beaten she might be exposed to a combined attack from Austria and France. The Premier, therefore, holds his tongue, and has addressed a circular to his agents in Europe carefully pointing out that Prince Jérôme had no mission, but only wished to see for himself how Germany was getting on. The second danger, however, will probably outweigh the first in Prussian minds, and the Emperor therefore hesitates, shrinks, with all his resources from playing so tremendous a stake. He must, however, we imagine, play one way or some kind, if his prestige is not to experience that gradual decay which is so fatal to France, and his preparations are drawing near their completion. In another month the Garde Mobile will be under arms, two the contingent of 100,000 men will be in barracks. More than 300,000 Chassepots have been delivered, and their production is calculated at 15,000 per week. Marshal Niel has had a clear six months' time and unlimited credits to supply all deficiencies in Army matériel, and the Emperor has been looked to with peculiar care. Never France was ready to fight, she will be ready at the end of this spring, and in the absence of direct provocation matters will be left to a man who can start any political quarrel he likes; can insist, if he means war with Germany, on the text of the Treaty

Prague, still unfulfilled as far as Denmark is concerned; or lament the lost independence of Poles who fought so heartily and so well in the ranks of the Grande Armée.

We have no wish to insist too strongly on these facts, which have occurred before without being followed by any perceptible result. But, often as the cry has been raised in vain, the wolf is always near when France is arming, when Prince Jérôme is flitting about, when Poland is seriously mentioned, and when the Finance Minister of a great State like Austria justifies a demand for unprecedented sacrifices by saying that, in the present position of Europe, Austria may be called on to fight suddenly, and if she does, must rely exclusively upon forced paper currency for the expenses of the war. Any ruler of France threatened by popular discontent must be strongly tempted to turn the thoughts of his people abroad, and this ruler has at his disposal an army such as the world has never seen, armed with a weapon which has no superior.

From The Spectator, 28 March.

THE FUTURE OF THE JEWS OF EUROPE.

THE Jews have survived the Pharaohs, as Mr. Disraeli has told us; and the Assyrian, and the Flavii, and the Barbarians; and will survive, we daresay, the Papacy, of which they are fast becoming the most dangerous foes; but will they survive prosperity? It is a very wonderful account of fortitude under suffering, of strength increased by persecution, of great qualities developed by injustice, which Mr. Cracoft has recorded in the paper on "The Jews of Western Europe" which he has inserted among those powerful though unequal criticisms of his which he has just reproduced in a book;* but on the day it reaches us there reaches us also a *New York Tribune* of the 10th March. That paper, notable among American papers for always containing something other papers omit, devotes half a column to a very eulogistic account, by no means so bad in point of style as such things usually are, of "The Masked Ball of Purim." Imagine the masked ball of Purim! The Jews of New York, it seems, prosperous, contented, and entirely free from social oppression, are in the habit

of celebrating one of the greatest of their festivals publicly, have this year asked all New York to a Carnival, and in an extemporized hall of white and gold, fitted up with the Oriental magnificence of taste which, after two thousand years of exile, lingers in their bones, have given an entertainment which seems to have convinced their American friends that the art of reception was one of the things they did understand "down in Judæe." The reporter is once or twice so carried away that he loses himself and becomes almost natural, and there seems no doubt that in royal extravagance of luxury, dominated by true though florid and semi-Asiatic sense of the beautiful, New York felt itself for once hopelessly outdone. The affair looks well even in print, as those affairs seldom look; but what a strange juxtaposition of ideas!—the festival of Purim celebrated by a masked ball, Vashti suggested by the beauty of an American merchant's daughter, Esther dressed as a Parisienne under Louis Quatorze, Mordecai in "pants" and a collar, that wild Assyrian incident, the most truly Oriental story ever told, except the infinitely higher idyl of Ruth, commemorated on a continent of which St. Paul never heard, and amid a great people devoted to the Master who overthrew Judaism, by a masked ball! It is 2,378 years that ceremonial has survived; it is 500 years older than Christianity, and in the newest capital of earth, amidst the newest of the conquering nations, it ends in a masquerade. A volume might be written on an occurrence so bizarre, so ironical, so utterly at variance with every fixed idea, historical or theological, in one's head; but our special point is the inquiry, whether the incident is not significant; whether Judaism, which has survived all foes, will survive all friends; whether the race which defied equally the Cæsars and the Inquisition will defy as steadily a warm welcome and thorough emancipation? This is clearly the new test to which the nation is to be subjected. The Jews still suffer, no doubt, in Russia, though this is passing; and in the Principalities they would, but for Napoleon, who in this matter is honestly energetic, be murdered, and ravished, and tortured as in ancient days; but west of the Vistula the sun is shining steadily for the Jews. In Germany, in spite of a peasant prejudice, which still lingers, and which we have once or twice heard expressed with passionate credulity, they swarm in Legislatures, and enter Cabinets; in France the last relic of hostile opinion seems dying away, and they

* London: Trübner.

are socially as well as legally the equals of all Frenchmen; in England they are legally shut out only from the Peers,—a stupid oppression,—and socially only in part from intermarriage; and in America, in the home of the future, the descendants of the Puritans seek with anxiety tickets to the masked ball of Purim. It is all right, all strictly just, the kinsfolk of Heine, Massena, and Disraeli have won their place unaided, and deserve it; but will the victory leave them themselves? Will they remain among nations which no longer hate them or assail them a separate and distinct people, a class apart, among us but not of us, no longer indeed Pariahs, but never forgetting that the security of Brahmins as well as of Pariahs lies in isolation?

We doubt it greatly, though there are circumstances special to the Jews which will tend for years, it may even be for centuries, to preserve their peculiar attitude as men among but not of ordinary mankind. Their special creed will of itself do little to preserve them. Creeds, unless they supply some want of the soul, die out, and Judaism cannot supply the spiritual wants of men of every culture, living under every condition, and subject to every form of intellectual influence. They clung to it while it was persecuted, but the end of persecution is arriving, and Judaism seems to us transforming itself among the educated into one of two faiths—Materialism carried to its logical results, a noble and poetic but wonderfully cold form of Unitarianism. The hope that a Redeemer may be born, and born of Israel, lingered, we seem to perceive, in even Heine; but the majority of cultivated Hebrews agree, as Mr. Cracott says, with Mendelssohn, who, when asked to become a Christian because Judaism was untenable, said, "What would you think of a man who because the lower story of his house was on fire escaped into the upper one?" Even, however, if Judaism lingers it will not necessarily keep its professors apart from their fellow men. Secularists, men of a much more special and separatist creed,—for Judaism under any form still involves the worship of Jehovah and the recognition of a possible Messiah,—is lost in the crowd; and so, as far as itself is concerned, the older belief might be. The modern world is absorbent of creeds, and as a system of belief Judaism would no more stand alone through the ages than Quakerism has done, or Unitarianism. Its protection, if it finds protection, will be in the union of a distinct creed and a distinct race, a union in which it stands alone, unless we

except the Parsees, whom civilization is slowly pulverizing, and the Armenians, who show signs of a tendency to merge in the only dominion which has ever been just to them, that of Russia. Separate races and castes keep separate long. The Brahmins are certainly two thousand years old, probably three, and in all that time it is more than probable that no Brahmin woman has borne a child to a non-Brahmin man, yet they have not had the artificial strength which comes of persecution. Aristocracies live in prosperity separate a long while, and even races to whom their blood is a curse, like the Gipsies, are slow to fall back unnoticed into the ranks of the people around them. The pride of blood is a strong impulse, and there is no pride of blood like that of the Hebrew, of a race which expect a divine King. See how it flashes out in Mr. Disraeli, though he expects nothing. Ask him what he thinks, when it is convenient to say it, of the pedigree of the nobles who make him such comfortable fauteuils. That pride will do much, and will the feeling—unknown only to the Anglo-Saxon among the great races of mankind—that a protected life is a pleasant life, that it is well to belong to a united and cosmopolitan caste, to have clansmen in every city, faithful allies in every clime to use a language the world knows not, to hold a faith which, at least, liberates one from mental bondage to any other strong enough to make bondage painful. The Greeks feel that, and the Parsees, and their cohesion is to that of the Jews as a sand heap to a block of concrete. And finally segregation of itself is pleasant, even when it involves suffering. It feels a lonely pride gratifies an instinctive desire to be other than other men are—the pride which is the root of the most powerful and most widely spread of human delusions, the pride of pedigree or caste. The separatism of the highest Brahmin,—in his own theory a deity or member of a corporate Godhead—is not stronger than that of a Chunda—in his own theory living offal.

And yet we question strongly if the Hebrew race will survive many centuries of prosperity. It might, if it were an inferior one; but it is one of the most competent and active, some observers say the most competent and active, of mankind. It has not been free a hundred years, and already every land in Western Europe is proud of individual Jews. The race is educating itself most carefully, and education, as the Roman church now recognizes so fully, is fatal, sooner or later, to isolation. It exerts

itself in every literature, and literature is cosmopolitan; in every art, and art is republican; in every science, and science is the solvent of the ideas on which separation must be built. How is a Rachel or Grisi, Marschel or Kalisch, to believe that an inviolable wall separates them from the mankind they charm, or enlighten, or instruct? Above all, the Hebrew race is at last taking a part, and a leading part, in the grand interests of humanity; in the interests which have no interest unless humanity is one; in politics and social life, and that great sequence of movements which we term the progress of civilization. Everywhere the Jews are crowding to the front of political life; in Germany in such numbers that they excite alarm in Courts; in France, in England, in America, on both sides of the strife which now divides the great Republic. Everywhere their passion for politics seems genuine, their convictions, though few, deep. No German Liberals hate the policy of reaction like an Austrian Jew, no man fought more strongly for economy than M. Fould, no Southerner resists the American Liberals more heartily than Mr. Belmont. Everywhere they are compelled to gratify their ambition by relying on the people, and so striving and so relying, it is impossible for them to remain contentedly isolated from mankind. Manin defending Venice must feel as a Venetian, and the mental isolation once ceasing, the personal isolation must also, however slowly, sooner or later disappear. Society exercises as strong an influence as politics, and in the same direction. Active, energetic, and capable of varied interests, fond of luxury, of wit, and of music, so far impressionable that they catch an external impress from every nation, — except perhaps the British, which is essentially as separate a people as their own, — they push forward in society successfully, and naturally throw away all that burdens them in the race, their special names, their special habits, sometimes even their speciality of thought. We call them the "unchangeable" people, but did any other people ever fling away polygamy without an effort or a remark? has any other settled everywhere, in the tropics as in Russia? has any other or could any other remain separate, yet be more German than Germans, more French than Parisians, more Italian than the nobles of Venice? So far from being unchangeable, they are the most adaptable of mankind; and as persecution comes everywhere, this very quality will tend to merge them in the people among whom they live, and with whom they have

at last found that they have sympathies. Should their numbers increase very fast, the process of amalgamation would be slow, as the magnitude of their own community would tend to keep them within it; but there is no evidence that it will, much that it will not. Had they since the dispersion multiplied as fast as the Anglo-Saxons or the Irish, earth would be full of them; but though they can settle anywhere, they do not seem anywhere to have increased much; not in France, where they are prosperous; not in Poland, where they are wretchedly poor. They are, we suspect, nearly stationary in numbers; and if stationary, the absence of persecution, the decay of belief, the growth of new ideas and new vivid interests, the assimilating power of the great races to which they are now, for the first time, fully exposed, will gradually fuse them into the general population of the world. Day by day families drop away, intermarry, subside, often half consciously, into the mass, and we see no guarantee that in a couple of centuries more, if the world advances on its course, the Jews will be in any way a separate or a noticeable people, more distinct than Unitarians among ourselves, or Protestants in France, or Catholics in America.

From La Presse, Paris, March 22.

THE UNITED STATES AND EUROPE.

WHILE no one knows as yet whether the strength of the interests menaced will be sufficient to maintain peace, or whether the covetousness of the two sovereigns of the north will succeed in causing war to break out, people lose sight of a most important fact, the progressive extension of the United States. According to their custom, the Americans do not conquer with arms, they buy territory with money. After the acquisition of Russian America, which increases their domains on the Pacific, and enables them to shut in on that side the English possessions, they have just purchased from Denmark the island of St. Thomas in the Antilles. They annex, also, by the same process, the Bay of Samana.

People have not forgotten the expeditions of Walker and his filibusters against the island of Cuba, which indicated years ago the intention of depriving Spain of that rich colony; and, quite lately, General Prim was

in treaty with the Cabinet of Washington to cede it the pearl of the Antilles, if that Cabinet had been able to advance him the necessary funds, during his last attempt against the Government of Queen Isabella.

That is, therefore, an affair deferred.

Then, as to Mexico. It is indisputable that one of the causes of the fall of Maximilian was the at first covert and afterwards open opposition of the Washington Cabinet. Our troops left, Juarez seized the place of power again. But the man who reigns in Mexico is in reality only the *protégé* of the Americans, who furnished him with arms and money.

Even in South America the Starry Banner presents itself as the guardian of the little local republics against European pretensions. There, also, the Monroe doctrine will produce its effects.

But these vast agglomerations of men, so much vaunted by the blind sectarians of nationalities, are always fatal to liberty and peace. Already one sees the political question at Washington personifying itself with remarkable asperity. Individual ambitions have increased by war. Whatever may happen henceforth, they will not decline. The great crisis of Secession has ended for the benefit of unity and to the detriment of liberty. A military and arbitrary Government is at this moment ruling the conquered South. The more the spirit of invasion seizes on a people, the more the passion for command grows on individuals. Now it is the South which is *subjugated*; by-and-by it will be another part of the territory. Parties will get accustomed to replacing liberty by the spirit of domination, and to governing by transitory, that is to say, arbitrary laws. Then, when the ground is prepared, under one title or another, a Cæsar will appear.

What interests us is the consequence of this state of things for Europe. Ambition carries away peoples as well as kings. Was not the Roman Republic a long example of this in old times? The American Republic is preparing to play this part again in modern times. After having expelled European influences from their continent, the Americans wish to make the weight of their will felt in our affairs.

It is certain that in the presence of disunited Europe, America may believe that the attainment of this ambition will be easy for her. Hence, in her dispute with England on the subject of the *Alabama*, how loftily she speaks, while British diplomacy is condescending to her last extreme of sweetness! In Washington they know that England is

tormented violently by Fenianism, that she is hampered with the Abyssinian expedition and the Irish question; and the seven or eight thousand Irish who have emigrated to the United States, urge with all the might of their hatred a rupture with Great Britain. Lord Stanley, however, has had to resist the growing pretensions of Mr. Seward. Mr. Seward, in fact, after having seen the principle of the American claims admitted by the English Cabinet, wished to extend the arbitration not only to the estimate of the damages caused by the *Alabama*, which is valued at two millions and a half, but also the question whether England had the right to recognize the Southern States as belligerents.

This pretension was a direct attack on the sovereignty of England. Lord Stanley peremptorily refused to discuss that point. In fact, the *pourparlers* are suspended on the subject of the *Alabama*. America was therefore, by keeping this question open, to make a *casus belli* of it when she thought proper.

What confirms this supposition is the way in which President Johnson appears to regard the repressive action of England with regard to Fenianism. The Irish who emigrated to America have become naturalized there. On returning to England, after having committed Fenianism, they pretend to have the privilege of being American citizens, while the British Government only sees in them old subjects who have committed acts of rebellion against their country.

To judge well of the situation we must not lose sight of the fact that America has just issued from the agonies of a civil war, that the Radical party has got the upper hand, and that the despotic measures which it has ordered against the South are the criterion of the way in which it will treat foreign questions.

This party, if it stops momentarily, for fear of an immediate war with the maritime nations, like England and France, will not the less continue to practise abroad its Anti-Conservative and Anti-Liberal policy. It has allied itself with Russia against Poland, against all liberal Europe; it will ally itself with the military despotism of Berlin against the independence of the German people because the despots of Berlin and St. Petersburg, the enemies of conservatism and liberty, need its support and flatter its vanity. Thus, during the insurrection in Crete, the instructions of the American Consul directed him to follow in everything the example of the Russian Consul.

In Italy, for the same reason, the fleet of Admiral Farragut at Naples will affect violent sympathy for the party of action, and the admiral will visit Garibaldi, because in Italy the party of action is allied to Russia, of whom it has been the instrument in Crete; and the party of action, from hatred of France, may open to the United States a port on the coast of Liguria, Vallafranca, or another.

After that, whether Garibaldi, as some telegrams from New York state, is a secret agent of the United States or not, matters little. In reality, Garibaldi is an instrument of Radical Americans.

There is certainly a great distance between these steps and an armed intervention. But this attitude is none the less very opposite to the systematic abstention recommended by Washington. In the United States, the leaders of the different parties consider interference in European affairs as a diversion useful for their debates, as a means of popularity, and as an indispensable affirmation of the power of their nation. The impartial America of Washington is dead. There is nowadays, on the other side of the Atlantic, a people which wishes to extend its action over the whole world, and which, with this object, tends to becoming more and more unitarian, until the day when the power of a single individual becomes the logical and inevitable form of that unity.

It is no doubt a misfortune that the American Government has fallen into the hands of the Radical party. But it is a fact, about which it would be idle to make lamentations, and which we must take into account. The territorial power of the United States has nothing similar to it in the world, except Russia, to which the great Republic is infinitely superior in individual energy, productive activity, and the wealth of its citizens. It will soon be by far the most powerful nation of the globe; and the old nations of Europe, if they cannot come to a good understanding between themselves, will have to take the law from it.

From The Spectator, March 28.

AUSTRIA AND ROME.

THE great battle between Civilization and the Priesthood has been fought out in Austria, and the priesthood has gone down. Four months ago we described in this journal the great change which has passed over

religious opinion in Austria, the decadence of Ultramontane influence, the rise of a spirit apparently of scepticism, but really of hatred to the priestly caste. The priests have been absolute masters in Austria for nineteen years, and there, as everywhere where they are unchecked, have succeeded in developing a passion of loathing for themselves, for their rule, and for the principles which that rule represents. Interfered with every day and at every turn by some tattered meddler, generally ignorant, and always arbitrary; told from the pulpit that civilization was a snare, and in the confessional that passive obedience was a duty; the Austrians learned to regard sacerdotalism and absolutism as identified, and in the first hour of freedom struck hard and straight at the priests' charter, the Concordat of 1849. They insisted that it should be regarded as null, and their representatives introduced a series of Bills on Marriage, on Education, and on Proselytism, which were utterly inconsistent with its purport. The priests, with their usual want of wisdom, selected the Marriage Law as the test of their strength, and called on the aristocracy, who scarcely feel it, to rally in their defence. They could not have selected a less defensible position. The Austrians detest household interference almost as much as the English, and the priests had gradually surrounded marriage with so many restrictions, had invented so many obstacles, required so many formulas, and demanded so many dispensations, that it had really come to this, — no Austrian could marry without his priest's consent. The Government, pressed by opinion, therefore, brought in a broad and simple law, leaving everybody who pleased to go to the priests, but permitting everybody who did not please to have his marriage celebrated as a civil contract. The priests resisted savagely, even in the Lower House, calling such marriages concubinage, declaring that the Concordat was a treaty, and threatening Austria with the wrath of Heaven. Austria, they said, if this Bill passed, would be a heathen country. The Lower House laughed, declared, by enthusiastic cheers for a member who openly made the statement, that it was "Darwinian" and not Catholic, and passed the Bill. The Church, however, was not daunted, for its strength lay in the Upper House, where sat the Princes, the Cardinals, and the chiefs of the sceptical, luxurious aristocracy, which, believing nothing, except that sugar is sweet, holds still that the Ultramontane organization is essential to the monarchy. So great was their influence, that the fate of the

measure was considered doubtful, and all Austria, educated, be it remembered, by the 1,200 schoolmasters who recently defied the priests who had appointed them, stood on tiptoe to watch. The debate came on, and to the utter dismay of Rome, it was found that even among the aristocracy the passionate loathing for the priests had only been suppressed by fear. In vain did Cardinal Rauscher, author of the Concordat, clothe himself with curses as with a garment, in vain did Dr. Arndt weary the House with proofs of the Church's divine right, in vain did Counts Thun and Mensdorff threaten secession from an infidel Assembly, — a threat they have since fulfilled, — the Ministry stood firm; men like Count Anton Auersperg, of a family as old as the Hapsburgs, only rose to implore the Chamber to strike off the "badge of slavery" from Austria, the detested Concordat; and after a scene of emotion such as easy-going Vienna probably never witnessed, old men crying in the galleries, and crowds standing *en queue* down the streets to pass the speakers' words from the Chamber, the Upper House of Austria, the last home of the feudal and the Ultramontane ideas, accepted the Civil Marriage Bill, which involves the destruction of the Concordat and a national defiance to Rome, by 65 to 34. No sooner were the numbers known than Vienna poured towards the House of Lords, the crowds swarmed into the court yard, cheering all who had voted "for Austria," shouting for Count von Beust, a Saxon and a Protestant, as "a true Austrian now," drawing the carriages of speakers who had denounced Rome, and commanding an illumination which in an hour became universal throughout Vienna. The lower the quarter of the town, says one intelligent observer, the brighter was the glare, for it is with the Austrian people as well as the Austrian Government that Rome has quarrelled. The minority have formally announced that they will sit in an infidel Parliament no more, and the remaining Bills can therefore be rushed through at revolutionary speed. They are, however, comparatively unimportant. The one patent fact is that in the most obedient and Catholic of empires, after nineteen years of priestly sway the masses of the people have learned to look upon the priesthood as enemies to be defied. It is not merely power which has been transferred, it is a creed which has changed; and Mentana will no more compensate Rome for this Austrian vote, than Chassepots would compensate a nation for a decay of courage.

NICOTIANA. — We are concerned to learn that active Englishmen and quick-witted Irishmen are smoking themselves into the laziness of Dutchmen and the stolidity of Germans, and we prophesy only that which physiology and therapeutics teach us when we forecast great and lasting deterioration in the national character under the chronic influence of stupefying sedatives. The quantity of tobacco imported in the United Kingdom, we learn from recent returns, has increased to nearly double the amount in twenty years, and at this date, men, and the abnormalities of development designated "youths," imbibe enough of the herb to represent twenty-two ounces for every man, woman, and child within the kingdom. The little public interest which attaches to the condition of the livers and stomachs of excessive smokers merges in a very deep concern for the effect of this endless semi-narcotizing on the mental powers of those who have hitherto made England what she has been amongst the nations. Irishmen or Frenchmen may, perhaps, be none the worse by having their imaginative temperaments toned down to the fit condition for sober plodding business by a daily constitutional sedative; but Englishmen, whose nervous system is set to the real pitch for substantial work, cannot but lose by a further relaxation. Those engaged in the study of the different phases of real life, so popular at the present day, have an interesting field for investigation opened to them, in the consideration of how far the epidemic of Dundrearyism and *nil admirari* which has recently invaded the young men of England, and of which one of the symptoms is the twaddle talked against early marriages, may have resulted from a permanent obscuration of energy by the abuse of tobacco. — *Medical Press and Circular*.

SONNET.

SHALL I forget thee when the spring comes
back,
And the green mists begin about the trees,
And cling, and brighten; and no heart has lack
Of living, and no ear of melodies,
And no eyes weary of the rainless air —
The world grows sweeter than a heart can bear,
Live with white violets, whose breath has made
Earth like a pillow where young heads are laid,
Fragrant and frail, and hid in their warm air;
When all sweet flower scents rise like happy
rhymes,
From golden memories of olden times,
And out of Death springs Life, and joy from
pain,
And laughter to young lips, and love to men —
Shall I forget thee then, forget thee then?

J. R.

— *Spectator*.

March 17, 1868.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

No. 1249.— May 9, 1868.

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The answer to the Dean of Canterbury's Charade, "Room for his Lordship," which appeared in *The Living Age*, No. 1241, is **CHURCHMANSHIP**.

In No. 1246, a poem, "The Organ," is credited to "The Southern Review." It was written by Edward Rowland Sill, and appeared in a volume of his poems, published by Leypoldt & Holt, a few months ago. The title of the volume is "The Hermitage, and other Poems."

BROWNLOWS, by Mrs. Oliphant, has been published at this office, price 37 cents. Sent by mail, prepaid, for that price.

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PEEP INTO A WESTPHALIAN PARSONAGE.

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JOHN BURNS OF GETTYSBURG.

BY FR. BRET HARTY.

HAVE you heard the story that gossips tell
Of Burns of Gettysburg? No! Ah, well;
Brief is the glory that here earns,
Brief the story of poor John Burns;
He was the fellow who won renown —
The only man who didn't back down
When the rebels rode through his native town;
But held his own in the fight next day,
When all his townsfolk ran away.
That was in July, sixty-three,
The very day that General Lee,
Flower of Southern chivalry,
Baffled and beaten, backward reeled
From a stubborn Meade and a barren field.
I might tell how, but the day before,
John Burns stood at his cottage door,
Looking down the village street,
Where, in the shade of his peaceful vine,
He heard the low of his gathered kine,
And felt their breath with incense sweet;
Or, I might say, when the sunset burned
The old farm gable, he thought it turned
The milk that fell in a babbling flood
Into the milk-pail, red as blood!
Or, how he fancied the hum of bees
Were bullets buzzing among the trees.
But all such fanciful thoughts as these
Were strange to a practical man like Burns,
Who minded only his own concerns,
Troubled no more by fancies fine
Than one of his calm-eyed, long-tailed kine —
Quite old-fashioned and matter-of-fact,
Slow to argue, but quick to act.
That was the reason, as some folk say,
He fought so well on that terrible day.
And it was terrible: On the right
Raged for hours the heady fight,
Thundered the battery's double bass —
Difficult music for men to face;
While on the left — where now the graves
Undulate like the living waves,
That all that day unceasing swept
Up to the pits the rebels kept —
Round shot ploughed the upland glades,
Sown with bullets, reaped with blades;
Shattered fences here and there
Tossed their splinters in the air;
The very trees were stripped and bare;
The barns that once held yellow grain
Were heaped with harvests of the slain,
The cattle bellowed on the plain,
The turkeys screamed with might and main,
And brooding barn-fowl left their rest
With strange shells bursting in each nest.
Just where the tide of battle turns,
Erect and lonely stood old John Burns.
How do you think the man was dressed?
He wore an ancient long buff vest,
Yellow as saffron — but his best;
And, buttoned over his manly breast,
Was a bright blue coat, with a rolling collar,
And large gilt buttons — size of a dollar —
With tails that the country-folk called "swal-
ler."

He wore a broad-brimmed, bell-crowned hat,
White as the locks on which it sat.
Never had such a sight been seen
For forty years on the village green,
Since old John Burns was a country beau,
And went to the "quiltings" long ago.
Close at his elbows, all that day,
Veterans of the Peninsula,
Sunburned and bearded, charged away;
And striplings, downy of lip and chin —
Clerks that the Home Guard mustered in —
Glanced as they passed at the hat he wore,
Then at the rifle his right hand bore;
And hailed him from out their youthful lore,
With scraps of a slangy repertoire:
"How are you, White Hat?" "Put her
through!"
"Your head's level," and "Bully for you!"
Called him "Daddy" — begged he'd disclose
The name of the tailor who made his clothes;
And what was the value he set on those;
While Burns, unmindful of jeer and scoff,
Stood there picking the rebels off —
With his long brown rifle, and bell-crown
And the swallow-tails they were laughing at,
'Twas but a moment, for that respect
Which clothes all courage their voices cheer;
And something the wildest could understate
Spoke in the old man's strong right hand;
And his corded throat, and the lurking fro
Of his eyebrows under his old bell-crown;
Until, as they gazed, there crept an awe
Through the ranks in whispers, and some
saw,
In the antique vestments and long white hair,
The Past of the Nation in battle there;
And some of the soldiers since declare
That the gleam of his old white hair afar,
Like the crested plume of the brave Navarrese,
That day was their oriflamme of war.
So raged the battle. You know the rest;
How the rebels, beaten and backward pressed,
Broke at the final charge, and ran.
At which John Burns — a practical man —
Shouldered his rifle, unbent his brows,
And then went back to his bees and cows.
That is the story of old John Burns;
This is the moral the reader learns:
In fighting the battle, the question's whether
You'll show a hat that's white, or a feather

SIC VITA.

LIKE to the falling of a star,
Or as the flights of eagles are;
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew;
Or like the wind that chafes the flood;
Or bubbles which on waters stood;
Ev'n such is man, whose borrowed light
Is straight call'd in, and paid to night.
The wind blows out, the bubble dies;
The spring entombed in autumn lies;
The dew dries up; the star is shot;
The flight is past — and man forgot.

Lines by Dr. KING, 1591-16

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

No. 1249. — May 9, 1868.

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The answer to the Dean of Canterbury's Charade, "Room for his Lordship," which appeared in *The Living Age*, No. 1241, is **CHURCHMANSHIP**.

In No. 1246, a poem, "The Organ," is credited to "The Southern Review." It was written by Edward Rowland Sill, and appeared in a volume of his poems, published by Leypoldt & Holt, a few months ago. The title of the volume is "The Hermitage, and other Poems."

BROWNLOWS, by Mrs. Oliphant, has been published at this office, price 37 cents. Sent by mail, prepaid, for that price.

Preparing for Publication at this Office —

LINDA TRESSEL. By the author of "Nina Balatka."
THE BRAMLEIGHTS OF BISHOP'S FOLLY. By Charles Lever.
ALL FOR GREED.
PHINEAS FINN, THE IRISH MEMBER. By Mr. Trollope.
OCCUPATIONS OF A RETIRED LIFE. By Edward Garrett.
A SEABOARD PARISH. By George McDonald.
PEEP INTO A WESTPHALIAN PARSONAGE.

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Mr. Keith of Ravelstone, a friend of Walter Scott; and a somewhat solitary youth, combined with her natural tastes, led her into a wide and varied course of reading. Especially she was attracted by the romantic poetry of Scotland; and her memory in after years became a precious storehouse of tradition and ballad, which was opened for the son's delight in his boyhood, as he listened to her spirited recital, and to which he often appealed for help with an affectionate pride, when he took up the subject himself in his collection of the 'Ballads of Scotland.' It was but natural that the only child of such a mother should lie, as we are told he did, stretched out "with a volume of the Scott novels upon the hearth-rug, face downwards for hours, and shout and scream with delight over the humour of the characters;" and if maternal anxiety did try to forbid the more doubtful enjoyment of the 'Devil on Two Sticks' and 'Humphrey Clinker,' the readers of William Aytoun's lighter works may rejoice that the prohibition was not altogether successful. An early acquaintance with Smollett and Le Sage may have helped to perfect that exquisite humour which so charms us in his own sketches—it never soiled their purity. One is not surprised to read that Aytoun, as a schoolboy, was not so well remembered for his proficiency in Latin and Greek, as for "squibs and humorous sketches of the subordinates in the Academy, and of such other local characters as came in his way;" or that at the Edinburgh University he showed no taste for either mathematics or metaphysics, and made no pretension to exact scholarship. Among his companions of those days, indeed, he seems to have borne rather the reputation of being an idle man: full of animal spirits, fond of society, a pleasant and popular companion, and a much higher authority on questions connected with the gun and the fishing-rod than with college lectures and examinations. But there was a real education going on all the while with the young student who wore his academical harness so lightly. It was a kind of education hitherto not much recognised by authority, but which, under certain conditions, brings with it a success of its own, and which some modern educational theorists seem inclined to recommend generally, as a substitute for the old traditional curriculum. The boy was following the bent of his own taste and genius, and educating himself. He was reading Homer and Virgil with pleasure and profit, not tying himself to philological niceties, but enjoying thoroughly the spirit of his authors. He was feeding at

the same time, as his taste and fancy led him, in the great field of English literature, writing poetry on the model of Dryden and Pope; throwing out also from time to time, in the exuberance of youthful genius, literary squibs and satires which made him a reputation for cleverness, and practising public speaking in the "Speculative Society" and other academical arenas. Such an education was by no means unfitted for one who had within him, like Aytoun, the true germs of literary power; but it by no means follows that such an independent course of study, or no-study, would be a safe one to adopt in the case of that very large majority, who are neither born, nor ever could be made, poets or orators or authors. Those who have such natural vocations are few, and happily so; for society does not demand a large proportion of these mental workers, and the supply of the material, more or less excellent, is at least equal to the demand. Under this voluntary and unconscious self-training, relieved or even strengthened by that ardent love of field sports which continued all his life, and which no doubt contributed its share to the healthful and manly tone of his writings, Aytoun grew up to manhood with powers which rather ripened gradually than were suddenly developed. He seems to have felt, even at this early period, that literature was his true vocation; but at no time of his life did he allow inclination to usurp the place of duty. It was necessary that he should adopt a profession, and he set himself bravely to work to face the realities of life. Reluctantly but cheerfully—after a hesitation which did not proceed from indolence or indecision, but from a careful estimate of his own qualifications, most uncommon at his age—and chiefly in compliance with his father's earnest wish, he chose the law as his future career, entered his father's firm, became a Writer to the Signet in due course, and was afterwards called to the Scottish Bar. There is no doubt that (as Mr. Martin has pointed out) in his novel of 'Norman Sinclair' the author has given us much of his own early legal experience in the person of his hero.

"I appeared punctually in the Parliament House at nine, cravated, wigged, and gowned to a nicety; took my prescribed exercise of at least ten miles *per diem* on the boards; talked scandal with my brethren (when we could get it), and invented execrable jokes; lounged at stove and library; wrote lampoons against the seniors; and, in short, went through the whole curriculum expected from a rising votary of Themis. I followed the law diligently;

but, somehow or other, I never could overtake it."

The early dislike was never conquered. "He had a moderate share of business," says Mr. Martin, "and did it carefully and well." So much we can well believe; but his heart must have been far away from condescendences and pleas-in-law. He was most at home in a criminal case; and it is very easy to conceive him "picking flaws in an indictment, cross-examining witnesses, and conciliating juries," with some enjoyment as well as considerable success. But for the drier and more profitable business of his profession he could have had no natural aptitude, and his warmest admirers can hardly be surprised that his practice, such as it was, failed to secure him a competent income. His fine literary taste was here a double disadvantage; it partially unfitted him for his work, and was a disqualification in the eyes of the attorneys. A man who could write ballads and translate Homer (and even produce an election squib upon the *Idylls*), found little grace in the eyes of that prosaic fraternity. Aytoun has touched this supposed prejudice against genius humorously in 'Norman Sinclair':—

"Social irregularities may be forgiven him; but flirtation with the Muses is a crime beyond the reach of absolution. He may fearlessly addict himself to claret; but if he prefers the waters of Hippocrene, he is for aye forsaken by the solicitors."

But he went on his way cheerfully, paying a conscientious attention to such business as fell to his share, and finding his enjoyment and improving his income by literary work of a very varied character. He had spent a winter in Germany before he finally made his choice of a profession, and had there studied the language and literature of the country with an eager enthusiasm. Many of his youthful translations (amongst them one of the 'Faust') he was wise enough to consign to oblivion, as not satisfying his maturer critical taste; but the fruits of his German studies appear very pleasantly in the translations from Uhland, which were his first contributions to these pages in 1836, as well as in the versions of Goethe which were published subsequently as the joint work of himself and his biographer. It was not the only field in which the two friends wrought in partnership. The Bon Gaultier Ballads, first commenced by Mr. Martin in different periodicals in 1842, were continued afterwards as joint compositions—each writer sometimes taking a ballad to himself, some-

times both combining their powers of wit and fancy, "as iron sharpeneth iron," upon the same parody, and laughing as heartily during the process as hundreds of readers have done since at the results. "Never probably," writes the survivor, "were verses thrown off with a keener sense of enjoyment; in writing them, we had no thought of the public, and it was a pleasant surprise to us when we found how rapidly they became popular, not only in England, but in America, which had come in for no small share of severe though well-meant ridicule." To some tastes, such parodies are altogether offensive. But surely this is an over-refinement of literary sensibility. Assuming for ourselves no such severity of virtue, we quite understand Mr. Martin when he says:—

"It was precisely the poets whom we most admired that we imitated the most frequently. This was not certainly from any want of reverence, but rather out of the fulness of our admiration, just as the excess of a lover's fondness often runs over into raillery of the very qualities that are dearest to his heart. 'Let no one,' says Heine, 'ridicule mankind unless he loves them.' With no less truth may it be said, Let no one parody a poet unless he loves him. He must first be penetrated by his spirit, and have steeped his ear in the music of his verse, before he can reflect these under a humorous aspect with success."

He goes on to remark that no poet has ever felt sore at a parody of his own style and manner—"such parodies are in themselves a compliment." Unquestionably they are. It is the same with all travesty and burlesque of the heroic: it is only a playful form of admiration. The Athenians who traced their ancestry to "the men of Marathon" were not the less full of honest pride in their great forefathers, because they laughed heartily at the perpetual jokes of Aristophanes on that great national boast; and if Euripides was ever present at the broad caricatures of himself and his heroes which the great comedian put upon the stage, he must have felt comfortably assured of his own popularity. No one takes the trouble to write a burlesque upon a tragedy which has been damned in earnest. So the warmest admirer of "Locksley Hall" will probably be most amused by the travestied "Cousin Amy" of Bon Gaultier—

"Falsier than the Bank of Fancy, frailer than a shilling glove"—

and the noble lady who is the heroine of that renowned "ancient Scottish ballad"

known as "The Queen in France" would have been the first to laugh, in her happier hours, at the words of farewell to her royal entertainer which Bon Gaultier puts into her mouth:—

"Will ye come back, sweet bird," he cried,
'Will ye come kindly here,
When the lift is blue, and the lavrocks sing,
In the spring-time o' the year?'

'It's I would blithely come, my lord,
To see ye in the spring;
It's I would blithely venture back,
But for ae little thing:

'It isna that the winds are rude,
Or that the waters rise,
But I lee the roasted beef at hame,
And no thae puddock-pies!'

Of one of these "ancient ballads"—the "Massacre of the Macpherson"—we have the following amusing story:—

"Being asked to get up an impromptu amusement at a friend's house, for some English visitors who were enthusiastic about Highlanders and the Highlands, he fished out from his wardrobe the identical kilt with which he had electrified the men of Thurso in his boyish days. Arraying himself in this, and a blue cloth jacket with white metal buttons, which he had got years before to act a charity boy in a charade, he completed his costume by a scarf across his shoulders, short hose, and brogues! The brevity of the kilt produced a most ludicrous effect, and not being eked out with the usual sporrán, left him very much in the condition of the 'Cutty Sark' of Burns's poem. With hair, like Katterf-lot's, on end in wild disorder, Aytoun was ushered into the drawing-room. He bore himself with more than Celtic dignity, and saluted the Southrons with stately courtesy, being introduced to them as the famous Laird of M'Nab. The ladies were highly delighted with the chieftain, who related many highly exciting traits of Highland manners. Among other things, when his neighbours, as he told them, made a foray, which they often did, upon his cattle, he thought nothing 'of sticking a tirk into their pOWels.' When the ladies exclaimed in horror, 'Oh, laird, you don't say so?' 'Say so?' he replied; 'on my sawl, lates, and to be surely, I to it.' At supper he was asked to sing a song. 'I am fery sorry, lates,' he replied, 'that I have no voice, but I will speak to you a translation of a fery ancient Gaelic poem,' and proceeded to chant 'The Massacre of ta Phairshon,' which came upon all present as if it were the invention of the moment, and was greeted with roars of laughter. The joke was carried on until the party broke up; and the strangers were not undeceived for some days as to the true character of the great Celtic chief."

Aytoun's practice at the Bar served him in good stead in some of his most popular literary productions. The clever paper founded upon the abuses of the railway system, which he contributed to this Magazine under the titles of "My First Specimen of Biggleswades," and "How we got up the Glenmutchkin Railway," would never have been seen the light but for his having been employed as counsel before the Parliamentary committees on certain Scotch railway bills. The pungent truth which underlies the admirable humour of this last created such a strong sensation, that it was quoted and appealed to everywhere, not more in jest than in earnest. The "Times," which had long been warning the public against the inevitable results of the mania for speculation, reprinted the paper at full length. Though the "Glenmutchkin" was a purely imaginary railway, the galled consciences of many projectors and their dupes winced so painfully that they immediately identified the line and its directors with more than one scheme which had been actually started; and very seldom has the satire of a magazine article spread so wholesome a consternation. Those, again, who have laughed over the sayings and doings of those most jovial of young advocates, Messrs. Anthony Whaup, and Tom Strachan, and George M'Whirter, W.S. (more especially when the latter narrates "How I became a Yeoman"), will remember with what a good-humoured raciness of caricature the inventor of these amusing personages has drawn upon his own recollections of the days when, richer in fun than fees, he walked the boards of the Edinburgh Parliament House. His practice on election committees enabled him to paint, with the attention to correctness of detail without which such stories lose half their charm for the readers who can best enjoy them, Mr. Dunshunner's candidature for the "Dreepdaily Burghs," and the Slockendrouth election in "Norman Sinclair." The quaint terms and phrases of the Scottish law courts are frequently introduced, with the happiest comic effect, into some of his best stories.

It was in 1845, while still a young man, that he obtained an appointment which had been his earliest ambition, and of which he had never lost sight. Before he was twenty-one, while studying in Germany, he had written thus to his father:—

"You, perhaps unwittingly, touched in your last letter upon a subject which I have for some time contemplated—viz., a Chair in the University. The Chair of Belles Lettres, which in

the time of Blair was the best attended in the College, must, in the common course of events, be vacant in the course of a few years. In its present state, it is not likely that any very distinguished name will be found among the candidates, and if such should be the case I will make a push for it. I mention this chiefly to show you that I have some ultimate objects in view in pursuing my literary studies."

The attainment of this position, modest as it was, was a great happiness to him. He liked the work, and he entered into it heartily. How he raised at once the reputation and the practical usefulness of the Chair, not contenting himself with merely reading lectures, but teaching by means of written exercises which he spared no pains in revising and correcting, and how he found his reward in the increasing numbers and warm admiration of his pupils, need not be here repeated. The emoluments, though they rose far above former precedent, were at best an insufficient recompense for his zealous and able labour. He still retained a moderate practice at the Bar, and still continued, in his busy leisure, to produce, with a happy versatility possessed by few writers of his mark, and in rapid succession, ballads pathetic and humorous, delicate criticism on literature and art, and grave political articles,—all excellent of their kind. His literary connection with *Maga* became so intimate and so well known, that common repute attributed the editorship to him, as it had to his father-in-law Professor Wilson—in either case without foundation.

When the Conservatives came into power in 1852, Aytoun's services to the party as a political writer were acknowledged by his appointment to the shrievalty of Orkney and Zetland. Such a reward was fairly earned, and the promotion did honour to Lord Derby's judgment. It is miserable to read the captious criticism which takes occasion by this appointment to speak of such a writer as "almost a hired gladiator," and to more than insinuate that he took up Conservatism, as he had Jacobitism, because, forsooth, "the thing paid." Let it be granted that he looked for some recognition from his party—what man of admitted ability does not?—does it follow that a writer serves a political cause as a hireling, and not from honest conviction, because when that cause is prosperous he accepts such honours or emoluments as his abilities give him fair claim to? Was such a man as William Aytoun unworthy of promotion to a county shrievalty from any Government,

Tory, Whig, or Radical? or is it a point of conscience with Liberal writers to refuse any fragment of the loaves and fishes? Literary criticism is paid for, we suppose—at least in most cases, for there is some criticism to which it must be very difficult to affix a value, pecuniary or other; but it would be monstrous to accuse the critic on that ground of being a "hired gladiator," merely because his opinions do not coincide with our own. When, the next year, Aytoun received from the University of Oxford the honorary degree of Doctor of Civil Law, we well remember the ringing cheers which, from undergraduates' gallery and masters' area, from Tories and Liberals alike (let us do them that justice), hailed the author of the "*Lays of the Cavaliers*" as he walked up to the seat of his new dignity. If any present were so ungenerous as to grudge him the honour, at least they were wise enough to hold their tongues.

In 1854 there appeared in the pages of the *Magazine* one of the most successful of his many *jeux d'esprit*. It purported to be a review, with specimens by way of extract, of an unpublished tragedy of the "spasmodic" school, entitled "*Firmilian*;" or, *The Student of Badajoz*. There was so much of real poetical power in the so-called extracts, that even the purposed extravagance of their style did not save most of the newspaper critics from the ludicrous mistake of treating the paper as the review of an actual serious production: and some went so far as to take up the cause of the author—"Mr. Percy Jones"—against his reviewer, as having met with scanty justice, and even to advise him to appeal to the fairer judgment of the public by at once printing the whole. Indeed, the editor of a country paper, determined to be more knowing than his fellows, said that he had "seen the whole poem," and that the "review" was only "another specimen of the injustice of '*Blackwood*' to poets of that school." The temptation was too great for a humorist like Aytoun; and in due course the complete tragedy made its appearance. He entered heart and soul into the joke, and really expended upon "*Firmilian*," in its extended shape, a vigour and brilliancy of versification which would have gone far to make a successful poem in serious earnest. As such, in fact, more than one sagacious critic received it. It is unquestionably, as Mr. Martin terms it, "a masterpiece of bur-

* An equally amusing criticism (though in this case the blunder is the converse of the other) appeared lately in a London daily paper, which treated "*Felix Holt's Address to Working Men*," in our January number, as an *embellition of Toryism*.

lesque;" and the reader will be quite ready to make excuses for the readiness with which those who criticised it in earnest fell into the snare. At the same time he may be half inclined to regret the prodigality of the genius which could expend its powers so lavishly upon a hoax.

Aytoun's life continued to be a busy and a happy one. His island sheriffdom suited him in many ways. The wild scenery of the Orkneys, and their simple inhabitants, could not fail to have charms for so earnest a lover of nature as he was, and his summer visits there were a pleasant change from the more highly civilised life of Edinburgh. The popularity of "the Shirra" in his new dominion, both officially and socially, was great, as might be expected from his genial temperament. Delighting as he did in field sports of all kinds, with that true sportsmanship which finds its satisfaction in the pursuit and not in the bag, he took up energetically such shooting and fishing as those wild coasts supplied. If grouse were scarce, there were always wildfowl of some kind; and all that swam in the sea furnished him with sport, from a sea to a silcock.

He was now engaged upon his poem of "Bothwell," a work to which he devoted considerable time and pains, and which he undoubtedly hoped would have added the crowning laurels to his already high reputation as a poet. Comparatively speaking, as coming from the author of the "Lays of the Cavaliers," it was not a success; though few would pass upon it so severe a verdict as the author did afterwards himself, when — no doubt with something of ironical bitterness — he called it "an ambitious failure."

The drawback to the effectiveness of this fine poem (and it will always be a serious one so far as its general popularity is concerned) is that which the author himself was always ready to confess, and which was pointed out to him in the course of its composition by more than one able and friendly critic. The poem is a monologue — a form from which lively and spirited dialogue, rapid and striking incident, to which poems of this class owe so much of their attraction, are at once excluded; or, so far as they are reproduced in the speaker's soliloquy, appear as comparatively pale and colourless phantoms, seen only through the colder medium of recollection. The objection which Mr. Martin takes on the ground of improbability — that "men do not talk soliloquies" — scarcely touches the real weakness, which lies in the fact that readers do not care to listen to them. Improbabilities, in such things, are merely conventional.

Men do not talk in blank verse in real life nor utter their inmost thoughts in stage "asides," meant to be heard by the back rows of a distant audience, though inaudible to the fellow-actors who stand close by. But a critic who should find fault with the poet or the dramatist on these grounds of improbability is no more to be listened to than the mathematician who could find no interest in Shakespeare, because "he proved nothing." The probabilities which we require from the philosopher are of an entirely different kind from those which we accept from the poet or the novelist. The outrage upon prosaic truth which is committed by making a prisoner talk through six books of rhymed verse, with only his prison walls for an audience, would be as readily condoned as that which every novelist commits in assuming to know the inmost thoughts of all his characters, provided that the dramatic interest did not suffer in the process. But, unhappily, it does. The flow of verse is in many parts of this poem as easy and graceful as Scott's, the poetical diction frequently more polished; but the reader misses the sparkling dialogue, the stirring action, which are the great charm of "Marmion" and the "Lady of the Lake," and which the author of "Lays of the Cavaliers" showed that he could employ so successfully, but from which, in his "Bothwell," he has debarred himself with stern self-denial. He defended his choice on the ground that in no other way could he have shown, as he wished to do, the real character and temperament of his hero. And this leads us to remark another cause from which the poem has suffered, by the author's own confession — a too great conscientiousness. He wished to paint both Mary and Bothwell as they really were, or at least as he believed them to have been. Therefore, he endeavoured, as he says, in the poem, "to explain the position of parties" in what we all know to have been one of the most complicated periods of Scottish history. He admits that he sacrificed, in the earlier portions of the work, "sharp interest and incident for the sake of elucidation." But the poet's readers make no such demands upon him. In the "Lays," we go to battle with Dundee, or to execution with Montrose, without for an instant pausing to inquire into the political circumstances of the time, or giving ourselves time to consider whether our own sympathies are Jacobite or Hanoverian. We share the pathetic reverie of "Charles Edward at Versailles," not too curious as to how far the exiled prince was capable of the noble regrets of the poet. If only the

spell of the song be potent enough, we are willing slaves to the enchanter of the hour, and think only his thought, and see with his eye.

Aytoun tells us, in one of his published letters to his biographer, that he cut out from the poem "more than one passage of some poetical value," as conveying too gentle and tender emotions to be in keeping with the character of his hero. This was another instance in which he did his powers injustice by the structure of his poem; for he is not less happy in his passages of quiet pathos than in the stirring scenes of battle. If he struck out from his original draft of "Bothwell" any such lines as these which follow, he did both himself and his readers wrong. The thoughts may seem somewhat out of place in the mouth of such a man as Bothwell — and here we come again upon the objection to a whole poem of soliloquy — but they thoroughly justify Lord Lytton's remark on "the singular sweetness of the pathetic portions : —"

"Ah me! and this is Christmas eve;
And here alone I lie,
With nothing save my own wild thoughts
For bitter company!
Full many a hearth is decked this night
To hail the blessed morn,
On which, in ages long ago,
The Saviour child was born;
The churches all are wreathed with green,
The altars set with flowers,
And happy lowly hearts wait on
And count the passing hours;
Until the midnight chimes proclaim
The hallowed season come,
When Heaven's broad gates are opened wide,
And Hell's loud roar is dumb.
Then myriad voices in acclaim
The song of homage yield,
That once from angels' lips was heard
By shepherds in the field.
Stilled for a time are angry thoughts,
The hearts of men are mild;
The father with a holier thrill
Bends o'er his slumbering child;
New is the kiss the husband gives
Unto his wedded wife,
For earthly love, when blest by Heaven,
Ends not with earthly life;
And, fountain-like, o'er all the world,
Where Christ's dear name is known,
Arise the sounds of prayer and praise
Toward the eternal throne."

Or these lines, again, with which the second part of the poem opens : —

"The sun is bright, the day is warm,
The breeze is blowing free —
Come, I will rouse me from my lair,
And look upon the sea :

'Tis clear and blue, with here and there
A little flock of foam;
And yonder glides a stately ship,
Bound on her voyage home.
The fishers, on the scanty sward,
Spread out their nets to dry,
And whistle o'er their lazy task
In happy vacancy.
Swift by the window skims the tern,
On light and glancing wing,
And every sound that rises up
Gives token of the spring."

Aytoun had very little sympathy, either of taste or of higher feeling, with the colder forms of the Presbyterian worship. Though his own religious views were neither narrow nor bigoted, he was a conscientious adherent of the Episcopal Church, and the aesthetics of ritual had for him the charm which they are almost sure to have for minds constituted as his was. The beautiful lines which describe the change which had come over Scotland under the austere Reformers of Queen Mary's days speak his own feelings far more truly than they probably would those of the reckless Bothwell : —

"Gone were the merry times of old —
The mask, and mirth, and glee,
And wearier was the palace then
Than prison needs to be.
Forbidden were the vesper bells, —
They broke the Sabbath calm!
Hushed were the tones of minstrelsy —
They chimed not with the psalm:
'Twas sin to smile, 'twas sin to laugh,
'Twas sin to sport or play,
And heavier than a hermit's fast
Was each dull holiday.
Was but the sound of laughter heard,
Or tinkling of a lute,
Or, worse than all, in royal hall,
The tread of dancing foot —
Then to a drove of gaping clowns
Would Knox with unctious tell
The vengeance that in days of old
Had fallen on Jezebel!"

The poet's regret for the loss of what may be called the poetry of Christianity breaks out even more strongly in his verses on "The Scottish Christmas" — thrown off, as his friend tells us, in the space of a few minutes, as they sat together one Christmas eve discussing the subject of a paper on which they were jointly engaged — verses which, like many other happy effusions of the hour, he was too rich in such wealth to be careful of preserving, and for which we are indebted to Mr. Martin's juster appreciation of their value : —

"In truth it was a solemn show,
The ancient Scottish Christmas-tide;
The holly and the mistletoe,
And other boughs as green beside,
Within the altar and the rail;
The offering of the stainless flowers,
And all the grateful heart's avail,
For hope and promise such as ours.

But these have long since passed away;
Beneath the old Geneva ban;
No message brings that sacred day
Of what was done and wrought for man.
A cheerless day! a gloomy time!
Whereon no grateful thanks are given:
Unhallowed by the holy chime
That ought to rise and welcome heaven.

A frost more chill than winter's sting
Hath fallen upon the northern moor;
And no glad voice does Christmas bring
To stay the labours of the poor.
No anthem in the dead of night
Awakes the shepherd from afar,
Nor can he see the radiant light
That flashes from the promised Star.

Alone upon the wintry hill
The banished angel sits and sighs,
Yet scans the weary midnight still
With eager looks and tearful eyes.
The winds around are wailing low;
They moan amidst the leafless tree;
And in the hollow cave below
Is heard the washing of the sea.

Around the girdle of the earth,
Where'er the Cross hath ta'en its stand,
Arise the tidings of the birth
That made the world one Holy Land!
Save where the faith is cold and faint
As are the northern rocks and snow,
Where sacred fane and honoured saint
Have vanished with the long ago."

It is by his "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers" that Aytoun will always be best known and remembered—as most assuredly he himself would have wished. Few comparatively as are the lines which they contain, they are yet, as the English king said of his men, enough for glory. He threw his whole heart into these poems, and one secret of their power lies in that entire sympathy of the writer with his subject, which he himself has noted as essential to the success of all passionate poetry. If he wrote as a partisan, at least it was as an honest one. No one can read these magnificent bursts of song without at once repudiating, as strongly as Mr Martin does, the would-be criticism which characterised this enthusiasm for the Cavalier cause as fictitious—"mere cleverness exercised on

the traditional material of his political school." Here is the testimony of one who knew him intimately throughout his best years; and it must be remembered that if on some points personal affection might be supposed to warp the judgment of the critic, on this particular question it is only such familiar intercourse which can give him judgment any authority at all:—

"His attachment to the Stuarts was as genuine a passion as ever stirred the heart of a Cavalier. Of course it was a thing of *finis* imagination: all devotion is so more or less. But for him it was so real that it coloured his views of the history of that dynasty and its followers to a degree which surprised those who knew how critical was his observation and how practical his judgment in all other matters. Touch this theme at any time, even when his flow of mirthful spirits was at its fullest, and his tremulous voice and quivering lip told how deeply seated were his feelings in all that related to it. On any other point he would bear to be rallied, but not upon this. His historical faith was to him only less sacred than his religious creed. It was a part of his very self, imbibed, doubtless, at his mother's knee, in the tales with which she charmed his childish ears, and riveted to his heart by the songs and ballads on which his youthful passion for romance and chivalry had been fed. The men and women of that race were substantial realities, around which not 'merely his pastime and his happiness had grown,' but to whom the worship of his imagination and the devotion of his loyalty had been given. He believed in them, lived with them, and could no more brook a slight or wrong to their names, than to the honour of a living friend. What he wrote about them was written, therefore, with the force of an almost personal devotion."

To indulge ourselves here with extracts from the "Lays" would be—not indeed wearisome to the reader, for that could hardly be—but surely a work of supererogation. There is no more certain token of their true merit than lies in the fact of their grandest passages being already more familiar to those who care for poetry at all, than the productions of perhaps any other modern poet, if we except Tennyson; and in the case of the young, whose instinctive appreciation is no mean testimony, even this exception need hardly be made. Many poems whose elaborate fancy and gorgeous wealth of words and phrases win the admiration of the professional critic—and deservedly so—yet leave but a faint impression on the memory of that larger circle to whom the poet appeals. Let no one say that in his case the "fitting audience though few" is that to which he should address

himself. If he loves his art, if he rates at its true value the gift that is within him, he seeks to stir the pulses and enlist the sympathies of all who can read and hear. They who have the miraculous gift of song claim to be, as one of themselves has said,

"Sovereign masters of all hearts."

They are not content with the applause of a few, even if those few be the kings and princes of literary taste; they have a message also "to the men that sit on the wall." Without disparagement to that modern school of poetry which rests its claim to admiration upon recondite imagery, majestic diction, and highly-studied epithets, it may well be doubted whether such poetry will really live; whether it has enough of the ruder elements of vitality to survive the variations of popular taste, and whether it will hereafter have that charm for the many which it undoubtedly has now for the few. If Molière was not wrong in reading his comedies to his housekeeper, and drawing good omens of their success from her unsophisticated laughter, possibly some of our modern poets might do well to test their chances of what we call immortality by some similar appeal to, we will not say illiterate, but less than literary, criticism. Take, for instance, a class of fairly-educated children, say from twelve to fourteen years old: read to them "Edinburgh after Flodden," and you will stir them, almost to tears, as you might with a scene from Shakespeare, a canto of Scott, a ballad of Longfellow or Macaulay, and as assuredly you could not stir them with very much of that modern poetry which is so much admired, and no doubt justly, so far as ingenious fancy and exquisite polish are admirable. These youthful critics will probably be very ill-prepared to discuss the merits of the poet in either case; but they know the ring of the true metal, and the music will haunt them all their lives.

No one is qualified to criticise that noble ballad of which we have just spoken, who does not know it reasonably well by heart; for from the criticism of any upon whom it has taken no such hold, Heaven defend us! One passage there is in it of such remarkable power and pathos, that, well known as it must be, we will embroider this page with it, if merely to remark a double beauty, which a careless reader may not have fully appreciated. It is when the provost has heard the terrible news which Randolph Murray, the sole survivor of the city band, has just brought of King James's

death and that of the provost's son with him:—

"Then the provost he uprose,
And his lip was ashen white;
But a flush was on his brow,
And his eye was full of light.
'Thou hast spoken, Randolph Murray,
Like a soldier stout and true;
Thou hast done a deed of daring
Had been perilled but by few.
For thou hast not shamed to face us,
Nor to speak thy ghastly tale,
Standing—thou a knight and captain—
Here, alive within thy mail!
Now, as my God shall judge me,
I hold it braver done,
Than hadst thou tarried in thy place,
And died above my son!'"

The feeling, that the moral courage to tell the tale to an audience of fathers that he had left all their sons dead on the field of battle from which he, their captain, had alone returned "alive and in his mail," was grander than the mere animal desperation which prefers to throw away life rather than risk the taunt—this is obvious enough; but there is an under-current of bitterness which the father cannot suppress; his reason acquits Murray of any shadow of cowardice,—he has brought back the banner with honour if not with glory, and it is more noble to face them all with his ghastly tale than to have thrown himself headlong on the Southrons' spears,—but in his heart the provost would have loved his memory better if he had died where his young son died.

These "Lays" have variety enough to suit all tastes. The stirring music of "Flodden" and the "Burial-March of Dundee" is not more beautiful than the plaintive monody of "Charles Edward at Versailles," or the solemn grandeur of the "Execution of Montrose." The historical incidents in this last, affecting and picturesque as they are in themselves, are treated by the writer with such consummate taste and power, that possibly this may be pronounced the most perfect composition of the whole. As an instance of the admirable skill and taste with which, as in some of his translations, Aytoun has adopted another's thought, and clothed it with a new beauty of his own, see the use which he has made of Montrose's own lines, beautiful in thought if somewhat quaint in execution, which he is said to have written with a diamond on the window of his prison on the night before he suffered:—

"Let them bestow on every airth a limb,
Then open all my veins, that I may swim
To Thee, my Maker! on a crimson lake;
Then place my parboiled head upon a
stake—
Scatter my ashes—strew them in the air;
Lord! since Thou knowest where all these
atoms are,
I'm hopeful Thou'lt recover once my dust,
And confident Thou'lt raise me with the
just."

Which Aytoun introduces thus, not tricked out with any ornament, or diluted into modern phrase, but rather reduced to its simplest elements, concentrating its beauty and pathos into two short lines:—

"For truth and right, 'gainst treason's might,
This hand hath always striven,
And ye raise it up for a witness still
In the eye of earth and heaven.
Then nail my head on yonder tower—
Give every town a limb—
And God who made shall gather them:
I go from you to Him!"

The death of his wife in 1859, after a lingering illness, shook his kindly nature to the very core. He had no children; and his biographer speaks delicately but pathetically of his not being able to bear the sound "of his own footfall in his great empty house," and of the attached friend who would look in upon him night after night, and find him "sitting with his head leaning upon his hands, cheerless and helpless." But he rallied again: he was not one to give way to the mere luxury of sorrow: he gradually took his old place among his friends, resumed his work as eagerly as ever, married a second time, and happily. His health, however, had for some time begun to fail him; and his illness was of a kind which any anxiety or depression could not fail to aggravate. Few of the many readers who were amused by the "Meditations on Dyspepsia," which appeared in these pages in 1861, knew how the writer was drawing from his own bitter experience of one of the most harassing of all diseases, and which, from the strange irony of circumstances, commonly excites much more of satire than of sympathy. But he would jest upon his own sufferings, almost to the last, to his private friends, as good humouredly as he did to the public. He went to Homburg more than once in search of relief, and received much benefit from the waters, from change of air and scene—or, as he himself sought to impress upon his readers, change of cookery. Now also, for

the first time, he entered the literary field in formal guise as a novelist, with his "Norman Sinclair." Perhaps it was too late his fire and fancy were somewhat dimmed, and his lamp was burning lower than he thought. Taken as a novel, it had too little of plot and incident to be successful as Lord Lytton said of it, there was not enough "backbone." The narrative is not strong enough to bear the mass of episodes and disquisitions which, however good in themselves, are always felt to be more or less impediments even to tales of more stirring interest. Yet in point of originality, tasteful diction, and quiet but genuine humour, very few successful modern novels would bear comparison with it. Such episodes, for instance, as Bailie McChappie's visit to Paris, and his experience of the barricades, or Mr. Jefferson J. Ewins's story of Haman Walker and Daddy Bungo, are as good in their way as any thing which their author ever wrote. What the story wants as a whole is that which novel-readers most demand, and what the author, himself already "wearied with the march of life," could least give it—it wants "go." The earlier portions have one peculiar value, of which Mr. Martin, speaking from intimate knowledge, does well to remind his readers, and which has been already noticed—they record many of the scenes and feelings of Aytoun's own earlier life; disguised, of course, and modified or embellished to suit his purpose, but still reminiscences and confessions which are very characteristic of the man, and possibly not less true than those of some professed autobiographies.

With the exception of the "Nuptial Ode" on the marriage of the Prince of Wales, and one or two political articles, this was his last work. The end was nearer at hand than he or any of his friends thought. Besides the ordinary mischief of an impaired digestion, there was—as his biographer suggests, and as is known to have been the fact—deep-seated organic disease. The scene closed at last rapidly. Within three weeks of his death he had written one of his usual cheerful letters, in which he spoke in sanguine terms of his recovery, and expressed a hope of being "able to take the hill on the 12th of August." On the 4th he died, in his fifty-third year.

"He remained in full possession of his faculties to the last, and, expressing his firm trust in his Saviour, he quietly fell asleep at one in the morning. So rapidly had he sunk

after the fatal symptoms had shown themselves, that his sisters, summoned by telegram from Edinburgh, did not arrive till some hours after his death. 'We went straight to his room,' writes one of them, 'and there he lay like a statue, with a heavenly smile upon his lips, and the colour in his cheek. It did not look like death; and they had laid him out with bunches of his favourite white roses on his breast.'

Those who knew and loved him best, then, did not regard that emblem of a long-lost cause as having been the mere conventional adoption of the poet. Friends do not seek to perpetuate a sham, however graceful, in the chamber of death.

It may well be feared, although his biographer gives but faint hint of what so warm a friend would doubtless be loath to believe, that Aytoun worked too hard, and amidst too many distractions, both for his health and for his just reputation. Very possibly he did not feel it so himself; for, until his disease began to master him, he had untiring energy and cheerfulness, and from his earliest entrance upon life, as we have seen, had looked upon work as a duty. But his practice at the Bar, and his professorial duties, must have been a heavy strain occasionally upon a man who was continually taxing his brain to meet literary demands of the most varied character. That he was not always conscious of the pressure, is no proof that its effects upon him were unimportant. Expressions break from him here and there, even in such letters as Mr. Martin has preserved, which show that at times he *did* feel it; as, for instance, when (writing from Kirkwall in 1856) he confesses that he "worked harder and more incessantly last winter and spring than was altogether good for him," or again, at a later date, describes himself, half jestingly indeed, but no doubt with an undercurrent of melancholy earnest, as "awfully distracted with the necessary duty of correcting class exercises and advising processes." For all the higher purposes of life, it has been truly said "it is better to wear out than to rust out;" but the friends who loved and the public who admired William Aytoun cannot help feeling their own loss as premature, if they have any misgiving that the wear, in his case, was too fierce and rapid.

The variety of subjects on which he employed his pen must also be considered as having been prejudicial to the excellence which it was in his power to have obtained, if he had more strictly confined himself to one branch of literature. For him, perhaps, such limitation would have been almost impossible. The poet's heart, which has a life

and a world of its own, beat in him too strongly not to demand expression; a keen sense of humour was a part of his very nature; he took a warm interest in politics; and literary criticism seemed to flow almost necessarily from a Professor of Belles Lettres. Still, we cannot but feel that his mere name as an author might have stood higher with the public, if circumstances had led him to concentrate his powers upon some one definite line of work. We agree with Mr. Martin's criticism, that "his powers as a humorist were perhaps greater than as a poet." If he had applied these to the production of some two or three carefully-considered tales of Scottish life and character, we believe that he might have reached as high a position amongst writers of fiction as even he himself could have desired.

As it is, much of his best work lies scattered — the *disjecta membra* of a reputation which the men of this careless generation will hardly stop to piece together. He was one — and one of the best — of those many able writers for whom the active literary demand of an age which reads with avidity, if not always with judgment, finds constant and honourable employment; who influence from day to day, from week to week, from month to month, public taste and opinion; who instruct, amuse, and charm us, and in the consciousness of such powers honestly exercised must be content to look for a large portion of their reward.

Of the higher qualities of his character little needs here to be said. Mr. Martin has said it well, and warmly, as a friend should. An earnest love of nature, a cultivated poetical taste, a keen enjoyment of field sports, a boyish love of fun, — where these are found existing together, they bespeak almost surely a character pure from the vices and the selfishness which have too often stained the brightness of genius. Southey has written in one of his letters, "Oh! what a blessing it is to have a boy's heart! it is as great a blessing in carrying one through this world, as to have a child's spirit will be in fitting us for the next!" Aytoun had very much of both; and it was quite consonant with his hearty enjoyment of life that he should have received the intimation of its hasty close, as we are told he did, "quite calmly." He had no need to take up the melancholy refrain which an earlier Scottish poet,* one of his own favourites, makes the burden of the song of his old age —

"Timor mortis conturbat me."

* William Dunbar, "Lament for the Death of the Makars."

From Blackwood's Magazine.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF THE REIGN OF GEORGE II.

NO. II. — THE MINISTER.*

THE name of Sir Robert Walpole does not suggest a tempting or grateful subject for a biographical sketch. He is not one of those heaven-born statesmen before whom the world stands reverent as before so many true princes and sovereigns of mankind. He is not even such an irregular but lofty genius as sometimes aims at statesmanship, leaving only a series of splendid mistakes or fruitless efforts behind. Nobody can deny that he was in his way a great ruler — nobody can say that in fact and deed he was anything but a true patriot and faithful servant of his country. For more than twenty years, sometimes with the generous and intelligent aid of a great princess, sometimes in spite of all the baffling perversities of an ignorant and unenlightened king, against opposition, conspiracies of friend and foe, popular discontent, abuse, every kind of vexing contradiction, he stood steadily at the helm of State, to use the most hackneyed yet the most true of similes, with a clear sight which seldom failed him, and a patience and steadfastness beyond praise. He served England in spite of herself, earning little gratitude by his exertions. He ruled her as a prudent man rules his own household, tenacious of his post, seizing every opportunity of progress, indifferent to blame, and with something of that noble self-confidence with which a man of genius feels himself the only man answerable for an emergency. In this brief description is embodied almost every characteristic of a great statesman, a great patriot, a noble historical character. And yet somehow this man, who ruled so wisely and was of so much use in his generation, is not a great historical character. The student approaches him without reverence, without much admiration, with even a limited interest. In every page of our national story appear the names of men who have not done a tithe of his real work, and who yet are ten times more venerable, more noble, more attractive. It is hard to explain how this is, and yet the fact is too patent to be denied. Perhaps one of the causes is that the man has no special standing as a man, notwithstanding the importance of his place in history. He has no private character, so to speak, to catch the human eye. He stands forth in his public capacity, wise, far-

sighted, full of resource, ever ready to make the best of everything; but his private and individual existence skulks as it were behind that bench in old St. Stephen's, and makes no sign of independent humanity. A sort of rubicund shadow, drinking, toasting, trollying forth lusty songs, swearing big oaths, full of healthy heartlessness and good-humour and indifference to all codes either of love or morals, faintly appears by moments about the busy scene. Such a buxom apparition is apt to look very limp and lifeless across the vista of a century. It would have been a mere rude country squire, had it not been Robert Walpole. But being Robert Walpole, though it rouses a certain curiosity, and fills us with a certain interest, it has no power over our affections, nor can it move our respect. We admit the actual claims to greatness of a minister who possesses no greatness as a man; and we are also obliged to allow that the burly shadow was that of a man no worse than his neighbours. He was not coarser nor more wicked than the other people who surrounded him. He was not more corrupt, though he might be more able in his use of corruption. He was always good-natured and tolerant, never cruel. His children loved him, — even that youngest child, so unlike him in every particular, and who is calmly described, with the incredible composure of the time, as not his son at all but somebody else's — the puny and famous Horace. There is something in the way in which that inexhaustible letter-writer says "my father" which conciliates the critic in spite of himself. A man spoken of with that indescribable softening of tone, must have been a lovable father, could not have been a bad man; but yet, we repeat, Sir Robert is a thankless subject for biography, and it is very doubtful how far any distinct idea of his strange personality and want of personality can be conveyed.

The comparison is perhaps a whimsical one, and it may strike some readers even as irreverent; but yet there is something in the position occupied by Shakespeare as playwright and caterer for the Globe Theatre, which is recalled to us by the position of Walpole as steward and house-manager, so to speak, of the big establishment of England. No doubt the conscious motive in the mind of our greatest of poets was less the development of all those noble and splendid figures with which he has enriched the world, than the immediate necessity of keeping up his theatre, supplying the needful variety, providing for his company and his audience, and his own daily bread.

* No. I. The Queen. *Living Age*, No. 1239.

His greatness grows by the way. He is not without a certain half-divine delight in the excellence of his work, such as belongs to the modesty of genius, but it is the daily work and not the greatness for which he consciously labours. Walpole, with his inferior capabilities, does in a kind of shadow what Shakespeare did. He works for his daily needs; his office is to keep things going, to avert war and expense, to hold a certain balance of faction and national passion. Now it is one danger, now another, that menaces his charge. Sometimes fear of dismissal hangs over him, sometimes fear of internal mutiny. His practical instinct keeps him alert and with his eyes open, and by dint of doing his work, though there is no exalted motive in it, a certain greatness falls upon the diligent soul by the way. Perhaps his determination to keep his place and to retain power in his own hands, was in reality the highest intention he had; but in his struggle for this, what patience, what force of labour, what infinite resource and genuine wisdom is in the man! It is a curious contradiction to all the higher theories of human existence, and yet there is more in it than meets the eye. It is, in its way, a fulfilment of that promise to him who was faithful in little, notwithstanding the curious sense one has of the inapplicability of a scriptural promise to such an unspiritual character as that of Walpole. He is not a great patriot, aiming consciously at the prosperity and honour and peace of his country. He is a man in office, zealously determined to keep there, to keep his party in power, his dynasty on the throne, his people solvent and moderately content; and by dint of following this purpose steadfastly through every opposition, the greater end for which he had not striven falls upon him by the way. England was the stronger, the greater, the happier for Walpole; and yet Walpole meant nothing higher than to secure his own position, and do his own work. He was more honest, true, and worthy than he meant to be. With no other conscience to speak of, he had a conscience for his individual trade, that it should be well done, whatever might be neglected. Such a principle carries the labouring man through his difficulties when many a higher motive fails.

Robert Walpole, the third son of a Norfolk country gentleman, was born at Houghton, which he afterwards took so much pleasure in embellishing, in August, 1676. He was "naturally indolent, and disliked application," says his biographer; but being a younger son, and continually

reminded by his father that his fortune depended on his own exertions, he "overcame the natural inertness of his disposition." He was educated at Eton on the foundation, and following the use and wont of that noble institution, in a manner still happily practicable by younger sons, went from Eton to King's. Of neither period is there any particular incident of interest recorded. He was "an excellent scholar" Archdeacon Coxé assures us, and loved Horace. And while at Cambridge he had small pox badly, and was so near coming to an abrupt end in that malady, that his physician considered his "singular escape" as a sure indication that great things were to be expected from him. At Eton he was the contemporary of Bolingbroke; and when the latter and other Etonians of his time began to distinguish themselves in Parliament, one of their old masters is reported to have expressed himself impatient to hear whether Robert Walpole had spoken, "for I am convinced he will be a good orator." Such prognostications prove that there was promise in his youth. Other training of a less humanising kind was not wanting. His elder brothers died, and at twenty-two he became the heir and resigned his scholarship. Before this he had been, save the mark! destined for the Church; but when these sad events happened, he went home to the jovial Norfolk Manor, where agriculture and conviviality were the only pursuits thought of. There the young man, fresh from the University, with whatever ambitions he might have had in him, was set "to superintend the sale of the cattle in the neighbouring towns," and in the evenings plunged into what was considered festive enjoyment in these days. His father filled his glass twice for every time he filled his own, and gave him paternal encouragement. "Come, Robert," said the jovial squire, "you shall drink twice while I drink once; for I cannot permit the son in his sober senses to be witness to the intoxication of his father." This edifying precaution had evidently full effect; and the son faithfully carried out the traditions of the house. He was throughout his life one of the men upon whom dissipation has no apparent effect. He feasted high and drank deep, and did all that in him lay to ruin his constitution; but, with the marvellous health which belongs to the species, was as clear-headed the morning after a carouse as if he had been an anchorite. His health stood the trial of these and worse vices. The morning air blew away the fumes of the night's debauch; with nerves of iron,

and the strength of a rock, he reappeared out of all the muddy waves of dissipation with no apparent harm done to him. There are such men at all times, and they abounded in the eighteenth century; perhaps because the race was then more vigorous, perhaps because the man capable of continual self-indulgence of this description, who survives it, is the strong specimen, the selected one of modern science. But he was very good-natured, tolerant, and genial, and helped the old squire to make Houghton pleasant to the Norfolk gentry. When he was about four-and-twenty he married the daughter of a city knight, "a woman of exquisite beauty and accomplished manners," says the Archdeacon, and soon after reigned in the stead of his father, with a rent-roll of £2,000 a-year, and everything handsome about him. It was then, when set free from the old squire's agriculture and his claret, that the young squire bethought himself of the big world outside of Norfolk. Probably such a robust nature had been able to accept the bucolic episode with little annoyance, and perhaps even found pleasure in it. But it says something for the higher instincts of his mind that one of his first impulses on coming to his kingdom was to throw himself into public life, and resume a higher career.

He entered Parliament in the year 1700, two years before the death of William III., a young man of twenty-four, of good family, good fortune, and good hopes, but not distinguished in any extraordinary degree by nature or Providence. It was while England was still in the throes of a transition period. William, the strong embodiment of a successful revolution, was about over, and there were some fifteen years to come of relapse, as it were, into a period of anticipation and suspense, until the new dynasty, the modern race which was doomed to fix itself so firmly upon the throne of the Stuarts, should enter on the scene. Such an interregnum as that of Queen Anne's reign could not be otherwise than a painful trial of the national temper and strength. William had cut violently the thread of succession. Anne made a weak reunion of the separated strands. Though she could not by any legitimist be considered the rightful sovereign, she was yet of the dispossessed family, a Stuart, though it is hard to identify her with the name, and the sister of the undoubted heir by right divine. Nothing but a strong individuality could have given to such a reign any other character than that of a period of suspense and possible com-

promise. And Anne had no individuality to speak of, some feeble family affection, and a natural horror of her German cousin, rich in sons and grandsons, whose family was to succeed her on her father's throne. During the first part of her reign these facts were neutralized by the sway of Marlborough and Godolphin; but when the weak queen fell into other hands, all the doubtful influences natural to her position returned with double force. Nothing was certain, and every thing unsettled. At a moment the country, smitten with confusion, and always very doubtful whether it most loved or hated its ancient master, might have changed its mind in such a sudden caprice as once before had seized it, and thrown up its cap for King James. The Protestant succession might have collapsed altogether; or the young James, burdened by no antecedents, might have turned Protestant; a hundred things might have happened to turn the waters back into their ancient channel. It is evident that, though the noble old Electress with a woman's hopefulness looked forward confidently to her splendid inheritance, her descendants, more matter-of-fact, considered the great windfall as still doubtful. The politicians of the time stood upon their watch-towers straining their eyes to note all the comings and goings, and throwing a thousand straws into the air to see how the wind blew. On the whole, it is clear that most of them felt the slumbrous wind from Whitehall breathing faintly and fitfully towards the little peevish court under the trees at St. Germain's. The reign of that faintest of Stuarts was an anachronism — it was like putting back the hands of the national clock, and making a weak postponement of everything that ought to be settled. It was a time of vain proposals, of abortive acts, of pretended statesmanship. Those who were scheming the restoration of a Catholic monarch played for popularity with a Protestant mob by such villainous means as that of the Schism Act, a piece of paltry intolerance never carried into execution. Real national action and internal rearrangement were paralysed. It was a pause between the new and the old. The episode of William's energetic but alien sway had been cut short. Was it the ancient rule that was to return? was it the new which was to be insisted on, and brought in over all resistance? Doubt was in every man's mind. It was the Augustan age, so called, of England. Amid the babble of wits who claimed to confer this character upon their time rose the silvery voice

of Addison, the ringing tones of Steele, the first accents of Pope, the deep diapason of Swift, the fine eloquence of Bolingbroke, noble of style and poor of heart. But it was not a time of great genius or originality of thought. The distinction of the period was one not unnatural to such a moment of suspense in the serious march of ages. An exquisite perfection of style and skilful management of words were its prevailing characteristic. No burden of prophecy was on the national heart. There was no special message to deliver either from God or man. The passing flutter of little doings came into unusual note in the silence through which men listened for the big breathless events which needs must come sooner or later. The hoop, the powder, the rustle of the silken robes, the lace on the fine gentleman's fine clothes, the tie of his hair, the jingle of his sword, are all audible in the hush of more important affairs. If "town" was the world then, the world was more like a village than any imagination of the present time could conceive. Marlborough, who had sent the echo of his guns to freshen the air in the first half of the reign, died off into the factious silence of exile in its latter part, and the self-absorption of suspense swallowed up all the nobler activities of national life. Literature pointed its subtle pen, and played its dainty pranks, and called the moment of anxious leisure an age of gold; and "good Queen Anne," one cannot tell how, became the proverbial title of the heavy, sad, and desolate woman upon whose life so many issues hung. Poor soul! she was no more a "good" than she was a bad queen. The mother of many children, yet heirless, on her melancholy throne — swayed and insulted by one imperious and too much favoured friend, swayed and cajoled by another — her life little more than an obstruction in the way of national progress, her death anxiously waited and looked for by eager claimants — Heaven knows, her lot was little to be envied! It is the most pitiful ghost of power that ever wore ermine and purple. Her father him-self, banished to the hamlet-court by the Seine, is scarcely so sad a spectre as Anne in St. James's, Queen of England, fought over by her favourites, unloved, uncourted, and alone, with hungry successors on either side of her contending for her crown.

Walpole appears to have made his *debut* as a speaker and rising man in his party at a very early period. He had been, as has been said, the schoolfellow at Eton of the

brilliant Bolingbroke, and a rivalry at once of character and politics naturally existed between them. "St. John soon distinguished himself in the House of Commons, and became an eloquent debater," says Coxe. "Repeated encomiums bestowed on his rival roused the ardour of Walpole, and induced him to commence speaker sooner than he at first intended." But at the outset this impulse of competition did not serve him in great stead. His gifts were of another kind from those of his rival. His steadiness and tenacity, and close knowledge of his subject, were not qualities to be made evident in a maiden speech, like the splendid diction and natural oratory of St. John. "He was," his partial biographer admits, "confused and embarrassed, and did not seem to realise those expectations which his friends had fondly conceived." This hesitating commencement, however, had small effect upon his career. He was not a man to sink under the discouragement of a partial failure. By degrees his name found a place in all the debates, and his powers of labour told with still more effect in the business of the country. He was no unimportant acquisition to any party. He came to his political leaders not only with the great undeveloped powers afterwards so fully made use of, but with the palpable and unmistakable advantage of three boroughs in his pocket, a recommendation which no minister could resist. In 1705 he had already received a political appointment of secondary importance. In 1708 he became Secretary at War. From that time until 1742, when he fell, or rather until the moment of his death, which was not much later, he never ceased to exercise a powerful influence on the affairs of the country. For the greater part of the time they were entirely in his hand; and even during the short period which he spent in opposition, his place was prominent in the public eye. He was a Whig as parties were known in those days; but not a Whig after the fashion of recent times. The Tories of Queen Anne's day were the disaffected party. Their eyes were bent over the seas, in hope of change. They were allied with the Irish Papists and the Highland clans, and in sympathy with revolutionaries in general. Septennial Parliaments, which nowadays every true Tory would fight for to the death, were then instituted in the face of their most strenuous opposition — short parliaments being, Archdeacon Coxe tells us, one of their principles. "The two great contending parties," says Lord Mahon, "were distinguished as at

present by the nicknames of Whig and Tory. But it is very remarkable that, in Queen Anne's time, the relative meaning of these terms was not only different but opposite to that which they bore at the accession of William IV. In theory indeed the main principle of each continues the same. The leading principle of the Tories is the dread of popular licentiousness. The leading principle of the Whigs is the dread of royal encroachment. It may thence perhaps be deduced that good and wise men would attach themselves either to the Whig or Tory party, according as there seemed to be greater danger at that particular period from despotism or from democracy. The same person who would have been a Whig in 1712, would have been a Tory in 1830. For on examination it will be found that in nearly all particulars a modern Tory resembles a Whig of Queen Anne's reign, and a Tory of Queen Anne's reign a modern Whig."

Sir Robert Walpole may therefore be described both at the beginning of his career and during all its course as a Conservative. But he was above all things Parliamentary. His confidence in the people was about as small as his confidence in the sovereign. Of human nature, indeed, except under strictly Parliamentary restrictions, he had evidently but a small opinion. His end and source of all things was the House of Commons. His policy was in all its characteristic features a strictly domestic policy. He makes his appearance before us like the *maître d'hôtel* of a great, comfortable, wasteful, ill-regulated house. He has an eye open upon his neighbours that they may not take him at a disadvantage, but for themselves, as neighbours, he cares next to nothing. His aim is to reform his outgoings and incomings, to make both ends meet, to establish and raise the credit of the vast and disturbed household. Avoiding all radical changes such as might still more upset the unsteady balance of affairs, he watches closely where he can introduce an improvement, and how he can regulate an abuse. He has to humour the master, and keep the servants contented, not denying by times a piece of lavish expenditure to the one, or a sacrifice of principle to the other—but fighting his way gradually through all his yieldings to a more entire sway over both, binding them in with rule and limit on one side and the other. Such a government can scarcely be formed upon any lofty ideal. It is the reign of a practical intelligence very far removed from optimism, and indeed actuated by a low opinion of mankind in general.

It is as different as can be conceived from that noble but visionary traditionalism which fixes its eyes upon the glories of the past, and devotes itself to their emulation; and from that splendid hope in the future, that dream of Utopian perfection with which young genius so often sets out in the world, Walpole was unmoved by either of these ideals. He had no worship for the past, no special hope in the future. The thing that hath been is that which will be. Such is the burden of his philosophy; and his work is to do the best he can, in practical unheroic fashion, to set his country into a more comfortable path, to prop up her weakness, to drag her through day after day of special necessity. Not to do supreme good and put down all evil—but to do as little harm as was inevitable, and as much good as was possible, seems to have been the secret of his system. Such a matter-of-fact mode of dealing with national necessities has evidently an attraction for the Anglo-Saxon mind.

The reign of Anne was divided into two periods, as most readers of history are aware,—the first of which was the reign of Sarah of Marlborough, with the great Duke as general abroad, and Godolphin as minister at home. It was during this period that Walpole took part for the first time in the administration of the country. He shared the power, and he also shared the overthrow, when Mrs. Masham wrought her bedchamber triumph, and Harley and Bolingbroke came into office. At this period of party overthrow Walpole's conduct in opposition was natural and unexaggerated. He "defended his patron (Godolphin) with great spirit" from the assault of Bolingbroke. He indignantly refused to be influenced either by the overtures or the threats of Harley. He put forth expositions of the financial policy which proved him, according to contemporary writers, "the best master of figures of any man of his time," and gradually made himself so formidable to his opponents that a charge of corruption was trumped up against him, apparently on no serious ground. "It is quite certain," says Lord Mahon, who was at no time favourable to Walpole "from the temper of his judges, that even the most evident innocence or the strongest testimonies would not have shielded him from condemnation, and that had he made no forage contracts at all, or made them in the spirit of an Aristides or a Pitt, he would have been expelled with equal readiness by that House of Commons." He was, accordingly, condemned, sent to the Tower, and declared incapable of again sitting in that

Parliament, which, as the Parliament lasted only a year and a half, was no very serious deprivation.

This period of imprisonment seems on the whole to have been a very pleasant little episode in Walpole's life. "His apartments exhibited the appearance of a crowded levee," says Coxe. Marlborough and his duchess, Godolphin, the venerable Somers, heads and oracles of his party, did honour to its martyr; and his own colleagues and future opponents, Sunderland and Pulteney, were among his constant visitors. He had leisure to write and vindicate himself in the historical calm of the place where so many a more heroic prisoner has languished; and his seclusion was the subject of popular ballads, one of which his biographer has preserved in the narrative of Walpole's life. The "Jewel in the Tower" is here dwelt upon with the lofty hyperbole common to the popular muse. "If," says the enthusiastic ballad-singer —

"If what the Tower of London holds
Is valued far more than its power,
Then counting what it now enfolds
How wondrous rich is this same Tower."

"Lady Walpole," Coxe informs us, "who had a pleasing voice, used to sing this ballad with great spirit and effect, and was particularly fond of dwelling on the last verse, at the time when the prophecy was fulfilled." The last verse was as follows: —

"The day shall come to make amends;
This jewel shall with pride be wore,
And o'er his foes and with his friends,
Shine glorious bright out of the Tower."

This little touch of nature conciliates the spectator notwithstanding the bad grammar and bathos by which both ballad and sentiment are distinguished. Walpole and his wife were far from being a model pair, if stories are true. But they were still young at this period, and the exultation of excitement, the flutter of sympathy, the sense of martyrdom and its laurels, give the position a certain interest. No doubt there were many jibes less delicate than pungent, much laughter and merriment in the pathetic state-prison, with which its jovial tenant was so much out of place; but yet Lady Walpole's song sung with "her pleasing voice," "with great spirit and effect," breaks in with a touch of human feeling into the too exclusively political tale.

The same strain was probably roared or screamed by popular songsters under Harley's windows, and within hearing of the

plotters in office as they concocted their treacherous devices. They had discovered no doubt by this time that dishonesty was bad policy, but they had nothing to expect from the exasperated Whig leaders, and not much from the Hanoverian monarch, between whom and King James England hung suspended. As for Walpole, "his imprisonment," Archdeacon Coxe informs us, "was called the prelude to his rise." During his confinement he wrote his name on his window, like so many prisoners; and Lansdowne, who afterwards occupied the same apartment, added the following lines to his predecessor's autograph: —

"Good unexpected, evil unforeseen,
Appear by turns, as fortune shifts the scene:
Some raised aloft come tumbling down
again,
And fall so hard they bound and rise again."

The accession of George I. put an end to the humiliation of the Whigs. This great event, for and against which all England, not to say all Europe, had schemed and struggled, took place quietly enough at last as if in the most natural order of things. Anne was consigned to the royal vault, and George and the Protestant Succession reigned in her stead, and none of all the conclusions that had been anticipated disturbed the quiet of the nation. Perhaps it was the extreme state of excitement and roused expectation with which the country awaited this event which got it after all accomplished so quietly. Every man held his breath and strained his eyes to watch what his neighbour was about to do, and consequently lost the opportunity of himself doing any thing in the emergency. George came over, on the death of the Queen, not precipitately, but with a certain dignified half-reluctance, not half believing in his own good fortune, while the nation stood like an astounded bumpkin, not able on its side to believe at all that the crisis it had been looking for so long was thus summarily disposed of and got over. After the first moment of breathless suspense, there ensued a sudden flurry and scattering of all the holders of power which was little to the credit of England and her Government. Queen Anne's ministers had all been tampering in a half-hearted way with the banished Stuarts, thinking of bringing them in again, thinking of making Protestants of them, thinking perhaps some miracle might happen to execute their plans without risking their heads. But they were refused the aid of miracle, and natural overthrow fell

upon them instead with a haste and completeness which must have taken away their breath. Bolingbroke and Ormond fled to France. Harley, who would not fly, was impeached, and sent to the Tower. They had ruled badly, and betrayed the national trust. They had concluded the disgraceful peace of Utrecht, and they had coquetted with the Pretender. But yet the hunting out of one entire Administration by its successors was neither dignified nor seemly; and an unusual stroke of poetic justice ere long overtook the victors.

The constitution of this Ministry, the first under the new dynasty, is for the moment only interesting to us in consequence of the curious state-intrigue which tore it asunder. Walpole at first occupied only a secondary post. The leaders of the Cabinet were Townshend, his close friend and brother-in-law, and Stanhope, who seem to have held equal rank, the one presiding over Home affairs, the other, a soldier and diplomatist, managing the Foreign department. The Ministry seems to have been a model of what a Ministry ought to be — composed of the best men in their different developments, men of the same standing, each other's brothers in arms. Yet this well-assorted band, united by every link that should keep men together — sympathy, common opinions, gratitude, and friendship — speedily fell off from each other, and made as violent a disruption of their forces as ever tore a party asunder, or set the temper of brethren on edge.

There are moments when History marches slowly, elaborating her great efforts, and there are times when she goes so fast that events hurry upon each other too quickly almost to be identified. At such periods it often happens that a fact of secondary importance thrusts forward into the first place and keeps it, throwing matters of great magnitude into the background. Such a tragic episode as that of the Rebellion of 1715 is no doubt of much more national importance than the cabals of the Cabinet or changes of Ministry; but while we are told, like a romance, the short and thrilling and melancholy tale, the conspiracy on the next page to unseat a Minister lingers about our ears somehow with a smack of the true tedium and heaviness of a real event. The Rebellion sweeps like a storm across the country. We know beforehand its fatal devotion, its knight-errantry, its ill-timed chills of prudence, all the woeful tragic story. Its interest wrings our hearts and touches us to the quick, but as a romance would touch us. It comes, it goes, it is over, a strain of wild

passion sinking into the wilder wail of an inevitable catastrophe. The reader hastens, with the sobbing sigh of a sympathy which is too painful to have any pleasure in it, to an exhibition of human passions less trying and touching; and, with a curious force of contrast, the scene lies ready to his hand. It is but a step, but the turning of a page, brings him back to statecraft and chicanery, from the primitive outbursts of loyalty, valour, and despair.

It was not more than a year after the Rebellion of 1715, when the little *coup d'état* of which Stanhope was the author, and which drove Walpole into violent opposition, took place. A calm like that which succeeds a storm had fallen on the country. Though it is hard for us, in our peaceful days, to understand how such a serious matter could be so quietly got over, yet it is apparent that things had resumed their usual course in England (so far, indeed, as that routine had ever been disturbed) before the head of young Derwentwater fell on the scaffold, or Nithsdale had taken advantage of that favourable breeze, which could not have been better "had some one been flying for his life." As soon as it was all settled, King George, glad to be released, set off for his native realm of Hanover, taking with him his Foreign Secretary, Stanhope. Townshend stayed at home with his share of the work, and with him Walpole, who had been raised to the post of Chancellor of the Exchequer. It is easy to perceive in the situation, not only the calm, but the feeling of refreshment which naturally comes after such a tempest. The danger had been hanging over them for a long time, discouraging all their efforts; now it was safely over, the air was cleared, and a new period begun. The Home Ministers entered energetically into the task before them. For Walpole there was the still more special attraction in it, that he now found himself for the first time in his natural place. The finance and practical management of the national affairs were at last in his hands, and he threw himself with genuine relish into the congenial labour. As became his office, the debt with which the country was burdened, and for which all statesmen had then a kind of insane terror, occupied his chief attention. He had just "matured a very able and well-considered scheme for its reduction" when trouble arose. The manner in which the overturn came was as follows.

King George, who was much more at home as Elector of Hanover than he ever managed to be as King of England, was naturally at the same time more keenly affected

by the politics and commotions of the Continent than an English Prince could have been, or that it quite suited his insular dignity to be. Stanhope, who accompanied him, was an unquestionably able and honest statesman; but it is evident that the temptation common to diplomatists was powerful with the Foreign Secretary. He could not understand how any thing in domestic affairs, any thing in heaven or earth, could be so important as the conclusion of a certain treaty which he himself had painfully negotiated. At this moment things were in a state of wild confusion on the Continent. There were, heaven knows how many, treaties afloat, triple and quadruple alliances, broken or half made, by which everybody guaranteed the succession to everybody else's throne. The young King of France, Louis XV., was sickly and unlike to live, and the Regent Orleans was bent upon having the succession confirmed to his branch of the royal family. The Emperor was moving heaven and earth to secure his daughter after him on his imperial throne. As for England, with her bran-new dynasty, and the principle of the Protestant succession, which was periodically and violently menaced by one Pretender and another, her policy was to guarantee and support everybody in like difficulties. At no moment could she be safe from possible invasion in the name of her ancient kings. Spain, which looked on with plaudits when the boy who was afterwards Prince Charlie threw his hat on the soft Mediterranean waves, with the cry, "To England," might be moved to give the fallen family more effectual help. France, who sheltered them in her dominions, might send her armies any fine morning across the Channel. Even Sweden, in which Charles XII., the last of knights-errant, still reigned, turned her eyes ominously towards our unprotected northern Coast; and Russia, big, savage, and mysterious, stood behind ready to back her. There was not a royal house or ancient government in Europe which had not the sympathy of like for like with the Stuarts. Under such circumstances, a close alliance with France, our nearest and most dangerous neighbour, was undoubtedly of the first importance to England; and it was natural that Stanhope, surrounded by Continental politicians, and separated from all the assuring influences of home, should have keenly felt its necessity, all the more after he had expended his most strenuous efforts in bringing this alliance about. After all the vicissitudes of a long negotiation, the

treaty was finally agreed upon. Then there came a moment of delay. Townshend at home, comfortable in the shelter of the four seas, and in the sense that one rebellion had happily and completely blown over, was, though equally convinced of the advantage of an alliance with France, in no such hurry as his colleague; and the matter was complicated by a personal point of honour raised by the Plenipotentiary whose signature was necessary to the treaty, but who had pledged himself not to sign it except in concert with the Dutch, the old allies of England. Such a little pause in the completion of an important piece of business might have reasonably occasioned a momentary misunderstanding between colleagues, or even division in the Cabinet; but it seems utterly inadequate as a reason for the dismissal of a Minister. This, however, was what it came to. Without any reference to Parliament, or indeed deliberation of any kind, and with an appearance of treachery which excited universal indignation, the King and Stanhope, in the irritation of the moment, dismissed Townshend, and overturned the entire Administration. Lord Mahon in his valuable history does manful battle for his ancestor. But the facts are not favourable to Secretary Stanhope, who was at the King's side, and who was personally wounded by the delay which occurred in concluding his treaty. His colleagues at home, who were working diligently at the internal renovation of the country, had no warning of the sudden disgrace, which fell upon them like an earthquake. They were in a state of perfect repose and security, nay, even of self-congratulation, believing the little mist of disagreement to have blown happily over, when the thunderbolt fell. It is not wonderful if a certain bitterness mingled with their humiliation. Walpole, who was at once the relation and chief colleague of Townshend, though not absolutely dismissed with him, followed his chief after a short interval. The Chancellor of the Exchequer closed his books, and laid down his calculations, and gave up his office. It would be taking but a very poor view of human nature to conclude that it was leaving office alone which moved him. He was leaving a very great piece of work, of work well worthy to be accomplished, behind him. He was giving up the vocation natural to him; leaving others not so competent, not so full of resource as he was, in his place. And he was compelled to do all this without any sufficient reason, because there had been a little unintentional delay

about the signing of a treaty, and because the Ministers at home were falsely accused to the King of being his son's friends. This was the sole cause why their work was interrupted and their party rent asunder. The position was very trying to bear.

Walpole did not bear it well, as might be supposed. He went into the most violent opposition. Against the Tories he had been energetic, yet not unamiable; but it was different when his opponents were his own familiar friends—men whom he had trusted. Against them his virulence knew no bounds. The unequivocal fury of his antagonism brings down upon his head not only the condemnation of more recent historians, but even the ponderous thunders of his own biographer. The ejected Minister contradicted without hesitation all his own antecedents, his expressed opinions, his very actions. "When Walpole asserted in the House," says Archdeacon Coxe, "that he never intended to embarrass the affairs of Government, he either was not sincere in his professions, or, if he was, did not possess that patriotic and disinterested firmness which could resist the spirit of party; for almost from the moment of his resignation to his return into office we find him uniform in his opposition to all the measures of Government." He leagued himself with those who up to this moment had been his bitterest adversaries. He opposed the most necessary and inevitable devices of legislation. He resisted the repeal of the Schism Act, though he had declared it on a former occasion to be more like a decree of Julian the Apostate than a law enacted by a Protestant Parliament. He enlarged, assuming a prejudice which his mind was much too enlightened to entertain, against a standing army. And finally, he gave up and allowed to drop the investigation into the character of Oxford, which he had himself most energetically begun. In short, he left no stone unturned to discomfit and dishearten the members of his own party who now formed the Ministry. They had his own measures to carry through and his own policy to support; and yet the originator of these very measures put every possible obstacle in their way. "No regard for the public, no feeling for his own consistency, ever withheld him," says Lord Mahon. "In short, his conduct out of office is indefensible, or, at least, is undefended even by his warmest partisans; and in looking through our Parliamentary annals I scarcely know where to find any parallel of coalitions so unnatural, and of opposition so factious."

This conduct, bad as it is, was perfectly characteristic of the man, who had evidently no rule of principle or high purpose to guide him. He was conscientious only in doing his work when it was left in his own hands; and it was almost with the rage of an unreasoning creature that he saw that occupation taken from him; nor could he allow that any other mind but his own could carry out the necessary labours. Nothing, however, could have been a greater test of his influence and power in the House of Commons. Notwithstanding the evident factiousness of his opposition, he lost none of the weight with which his previous services had endowed him. He carried some measures by his individual influence alone, in opposition to the Ministry; and Coxe, having satisfied his conscience by lecturing his hero, cleverly draws an argument in his favour from the evident power so uncomfortably exhibited. "Thus," he says, "it appears that Walpole, even when in opposition, almost managed the House of Commons; and being in opposition, he could not gain that ascendancy by the means of corruption and influence which were afterwards so repeatedly urged against him, and which the same virulent author calls 'some SECRET MAGIC, of which he seemed to have been a perfect master.' In fact, the magic which he applied was derived from profound knowledge of finance, great skill in debate, in which perspicuity and sound sense were eminently conspicuous, unimpeached integrity of character, and the assistance of party."

The argument is sound enough, and well applied; and the episode is one of the most curious which has ever occurred in the life of a political leader. Few happily have been so destitute of that sense of personal as well as party honour which should have kept him at least no worse than silent, when the measures he had himself originated were carried out by others. But Walpole was not endowed with a fine sense of what was fit. He was rabid when he was driven from his post, notwithstanding the steadiness, the wisdom, the good sense and moderation which he displayed when in it. This is a paradox of which we do not pretend to offer any explanation. It is one of the subtleties of individual character which it is most difficult to understand. In short, it is character alone which can explain it at all: no principle nor motive which we can suppose to have moved Walpole could have led him to such a course of action. It was his nature, and he could not go beyond the limits which that nature had fixed. He could be almost great in power. He was

capable of honest work, of real exertions for the good of his country. But he could not stand by, a magnanimous spectator. Any violence, any meanness, was more possible to him. After two years of a factious and violent opposition, varied by sparks of enlightened antagonism to such measures as the Peerage Bill, which was defeated chiefly by his exertions, he who had been dismissed from the important post of First Lord of the Treasury, crept humbly back into office as Paymaster of the Forces. How he managed to eat his own words, and bely his own actions by this miserable submission, it would be hard to tell. He did it, drawn back, it seems, by some irresistible attraction in office simply as office, which is half ludicrous and half touching. Office was his only safety, his best means of making himself honest and true. He escaped from the greatest dangers to which his temperament subjected him when he stole back, though in an ignominious way. A poor man who knows he would be better were he rich, and steals a heap of money to bring himself into more favourable circumstances for the development of his character, would be in something of a similar position. And yet Walpole was right in getting back, almost by any means. He was wanted in England: unprincipled, unexalted as he was, he was the most able craftsman in the matter of government that existed in his country. And the means of his re-entry upon his natural career were very soon banished from public recollection by the great piece of business which nobody but he could have managed, and which was then growing into disastrous magnitude and importance, in preparation for his skilful hand.

This was the extraordinary South Sea Scheme, the first memorable outbreak of that singular and gigantic system of gambling which has never since quite died out of England, and from which we suffer in periodical spasms. The South Sea Company was one which had been originated long before by Harley, by way of paying off a certain portion of the National Debt. The statesmen of the time of all parties lived in a kind of insane panic of the National Debt. It went "between them and their wits," according to the Scotch saying. Shares in the newly formed Company were allotted to the proprietors of the floating debt in payment of their claim upon the nation, and the monopoly of a trade to the South Sea, or coast of Spanish America, was given to them. It was something like giving them the monopoly of a trade to El Dorado, in the ideas of the time. The riches won by the pirate-adventurers of Elizabeth's day had left an

uneffaced tradition behind; "a rumour industriously circulated that four ports on the coasts of Peru and Chili were to be ceded by Spain, inflamed the general ardour; the prospect of exchanging gold, silver, and rich drugs for the manufactures of England, was a plausible allurement for a rich and enterprising nation; and the mines of Potosi and Mexico were to diffuse their inexhaustible stores through the medium of the new Company."

Though all these foundations turned out to be delusive, though the privileges accorded by Spain dwindled to a horrible "assiento," conferring upon the English merchants the right of supplying the Spanish colonies for thirty years *with negroes*, and the privilege of sending one ship laden with ordinary merchandise yearly, the English mind, so slow to depart from its first impression, still held the grant as a charter of profit; and in the year 1720, the Government, left, by Walpole's absence from office, to its own devices in the way of finance, received renewed proposals from this Company, "to buy up and diminish the burden of the irredeemable annuities granted in the two last reigns, for the term mostly of 99 years, and amounting at this time to nearly £800,000 a-year."

When this scheme was stated to the House of Commons, "a profound silence ensued, and continued for nearly a quarter of an hour." The magnitude of the proposal took away the breath of honourable members. To Walpole's clear eyes the weakness of the Scheme was immediately evident. He was not so much superior to his age as to be easy in his mind about the National Debt; in short, he had himself brought forward, and with the aid of Stanhope succeeded in passing, bills which had for their object the reduction of a certain portion of it by the legitimate means of a sinking fund. It was not to the principle of the South Sea Scheme he objected, but to its magnitude. He desired that there should be no monopoly, but that the Bank of England should be allowed to compete in the subscription. He urged that to throw so much power into the hands of one company, would place the nation itself as good as under its feet, that "it would countenance the penurious practice of stock-jobbing," and that, "as the whole success of the Scheme must chiefly depend on the rise of stock, the great principle of the project was an evil of the first magnitude; it was to raise artificially the value of the stock, by exciting and keeping up a general infatuation, and by promising dividends

out of funds which would not be adequate for the purpose. . . . He closed his speech by observing that such would be the delusive consequences that the public would conceive it a dream." With this solemn warning Walpole had to stand aside and suffer the evil to be accomplished. Great as his influence was, it stopped short at that point where all influence and all wisdom fails. His good sense could not convince the folly of the crowd. All that he could gain was, that the Bank should be permitted to compete for the advantages of the new scheme. But the Bank, though willing to engage in the competition, faltered before the prodigality of the South Sea Company, and retired from the field. The bill was carried accordingly amid the joy of the nation. Immediately there occurred the strangest scene. The country went wild over this gigantic speculation. In imitation of the French enthusiasm for Law's equally wild inventions, all London rushed to subscribe. Clerks sat in the streets with their tables to receive the names; and the neighbourhood of the Bank was occupied by mobs of eager capitalists. "It is impossible to tell you," says Mr. Secretary Craggs (who paid with his life very shortly after for the failure of the vast speculation) to Lord Stanhope, "what a rage prevails here for South Sea subscriptions at any price. The crowd of those that possess the redeemable annuities is so great, that the Bank, who are obliged to take them in, has been forced to set tables, with clerks, in the streets." Not merchants alone, but, as in every scheme of the kind, the helpless classes of the community, poor women, poor clergymen, country folks, embarked their all in the Company which was to make everybody rich. Excitement gave voice and expression to the decorous English crowd. The "actions du Sud et les galions d'Espagne," were the only subjects, according to a French traveller, quoted by Lord Mahon, on which Englishmen could talk. And the fever of speculation once excited did not even confine itself to the South Sea Company. Nearly two hundred other "bubbles" are enumerated in Anderson's "History of Commerce," some of them being of the wildest character. One of those, which has been often quoted, evidently reached the furthest limits to which human credulity could stretch. "The most imprudent and barefaced delusion was that of a man who advertised that upon payment of two guineas the subscribers should be entitled to a hundred pound share, in a project which *would be disclosed in a month.*

The extreme folly of the public was such, that he received a thousand of those subscriptions in one day, and then went off."

The folly of the public was encouraged and sustained by the example set them in high places. Not only had all the leaders of society embarked in the South Sea Scheme, but the Prince of Wales himself lent the sanction of his name, notwithstanding the remonstrances of the few sane bystanders, to a company for smelting copper, of which he became governor. "The Speaker and Mr. Walpole could not dissuade him from it," says Craggs, "though they told him he would be prosecuted, mentioned in Parliament, and cried in the alley, upon the foot of Onslow's insurance, Chetwynde's bubble, Prince of Wales's bubble, &c." To this is added the significant sentence, "He has already gained £40,000 by it." What is still more extraordinary is the fact that Walpole himself, though strenuously disapproving of the great Scheme, speculated in it like the rest of the world, but with greater prudence and discernment, managing his affairs so as to sell out when the stock was at its highest, viz., £1000 per cent. His biographer, though attributing this wonderful good luck in great part to "his own sagacity and the judgment and intelligence of his agents," yet allows that these alone were not enough to have saved him from the universal overthrow. "His good fortune was still greater than his own discernment or the intelligence of his agent's, for he narrowly escaped being a great sufferer in the last subscription by the precipitate fall of stock. Some orders which he had sent from Houghton to Sir Harry Bedingfield, together with a list of his friends who wished to be subscribers, came too late to be executed; and the delay prevented his participating in the general calamity." One, at least, of his friends profited by his judgment. The Earl of Pembroke consulted him as a financial authority, whether he should sell out or wait? Walpole answered, "I will only acquaint you with what I have done myself. I have just sold out at £1000 per cent, and I am fully satisfied." The grateful Earl took his friend's advice, and some years after sent to Houghton a fine cast in bronze of the "Gladiator"—an acknowledgment after the statesman's own heart of his word in season. Whimsically enough, Walpole's wife either did not receive or did not profit by his advice, but held her stock and lost her money. There can be no doubt that Walpole's participation in these unparalleled profits must have neutralised the effect of his wise opposition

to the Scheme, and cast an equivocal light upon all his virtuous severities towards it. But, at the same time, what can be said for the general infatuation which could believe in the maintenance of such a fictitious rate of value, or the greed which still hoped for more than even this £1000 per cent? A high-minded and stainless hero would have kept himself clear of the bubble altogether, as Stanhope alone of all the statesmen of the day seems to have done; but it was precisely one of the occasions in which Walpole's worldly wisdom, robust self-regard, and contempt for the folly of mankind in general, would most effectually tell. And it is clear that it did not go against his conscience to turn a penny by the way, even while condemning with a fervour more honest than his actions the delusive character of the Scheme, and warning against it a mad world which would not be warned. He advised them wisely for their good, and they took no heed. He was not the man to be restrained by any feeling of consistency from a sagacious throw of the dice for his own advantage by the way.

When this frenzy was at its height, and the whole nation intoxicated with dreams of fortune, the two divided halves of the Whig party began to draw together. It is in the same breath with his intimation of the wonderful popularity of the South Sea Scheme that Craggs adds, "There dined yesterday at Lord Sunderland's, the Dukes of Devonshire and Newcastle, Lord Carlisle, Lord Townshend, Lord Lumley, the Speaker, Walpole, and I; and we got *some very drunk and others very merry*." At this dignified symposium the preliminaries of the treaty by which Townshend and Walpole returned sullenly to office were arranged; and, as good fortune would have it, the only man who could extricate the country from the frightful collapse which was at hand was thus brought back to the spot and prepared for the emergency. In August the stock had risen, as we have said, to 1000, and the excitement was at its height; a dividend of 60 per cent was announced; groundless and mysterious reports were circulated concerning valuable acquisitions in the South Sea and hidden treasures. Again the popular muse burst into song, thrilling the jubilant crowds in Change Alley. "Our South Sea ships have golden shrouds," she sang half joyous, half satirical. Everything swelled the hopeful tide. The Jacobites were crushed, and all thoughts of rebellion made an end of. Who would rebel, when, without risk of trade or fatigue of person, all the chances of a golden Utopia were

opening before him? Such was the state of the popular mind in August 1720. In the month of September, stock was at 400, and half England was ruined.

So sudden, so great, and so overwhelming a catastrophe has perhaps never occurred in the history of civilization, except indeed the cognate ruin of the Mississippi Scheme in France. We have had catastrophes enough in our own day to know the effects of such a crash; but in the present time enterprise is so many-sided, and its resources so boundless, that one disaster, however great, cannot make the same impression on the world which was made by the collapse of the great Company which had beguiled all England. "Despair pervaded all ranks of the people." "At this awful moment the clamour of distress was irresistible." "England had never experienced so total a destruction of credit; never was any country in so violent a paroxysm of despondency and terror." Such are the usual terms in which the catastrophe is described. "Thousands of families will be reduced to beggary," says Thomas Brodrick, writing to the Lord Chancellor of Ireland, Middleton. "The consternation is inexpressible, the rage beyond expression, and the case so desperate that I do not see any plan or scheme so much as thought of for averting the blow, so that I cannot pretend to guess at what is next to be done."

This pause of utter consternation and misery endured for several months. With a vain idea of getting some comfort out of his presence, the King was summoned back from Hanover, but was himself too much frightened to be of any service. "In this alarming crisis," says Coxe, "the King was pensive and desponding, uncertain how to act and by whom to be directed." His German counsellors, in a still greater panic, "suggested the rashest measures." Whispers of abdication on the one side, and of such a *coup d'état* as we have become familiar with in recent days on the other, circulated among the Hanoverian coterie. Sulen rage and despair were in the heart of the nation. A more appalling emergency has scarcely ever occurred in popular story; and it was not one of those primitive difficulties which could be solved by a change of government or even a change of dynasty. The first complex crisis of over-civilization seemed to have developed at once in the bosom of a society still bearing many traces of its primitive character, and unacquainted with the necessary expedients to meet it. But there was still one man in the country

in whom everybody had confidence, in matters of finance at least. He had been snubbed and discountenance in higher quarters, but everybody remembered him when the necessity came, and there could not be any more striking testimony to his character. "In this moment of suspense and agitation, the public voice called forth Walpole as the only man calculated to free the nation from impending destruction." It was just after his return to a secondary office, but he had taken little part in the affairs of government as yet, and was at the time at Houghton among his pictures and his trees. It is evident that he did not hesitate for a moment to come to the help of his country; and his biographer naturally takes the opportunity of pointing out his public virtue. But this was not one of the temptations under which he was likely to fall. To desert his post at a time of danger, or to refuse to do his best when called upon, was clearly not a kind of weakness to which Walpole was liable. He went to the rescue promptly and simply with manful quietness and composure. He had to deal not only with a nation in despair, but with a nation enraged and revengeful. He had to re-establish the faltering balance of national credit; he had to punish and yet to save the men by whose agency the mind of the country had been thus frightfully unsettled, and to give what relief was possible to unprecedented and general distress. That tide had come in his personal affairs which it is the highest test of manhood to seize and take advantage of, and he was not wanting either to his country or to himself.

In the midst of many letters full of melancholy gossip about friends and families overthrown, such as passed from house to house during that winter of panic and dismay, we come at last and suddenly without any preparation upon Walpole's statement of his plan to mend matters, in a letter addressed to the King. It begins with a declaration that "it was with great reluctance, and in obedience only to your Majesty's commands, that I was prevailed upon to undertake anything relating to the South Sea Scheme;" but, after a few paragraphs, goes on to set his proposal before the alarmed and startled monarch. The proposal was summarily to divide the South Sea stock, "amounting in the whole to 38 millions or thereabouts," into three parts, 20 millions of which was to remain to the credit of the South Sea Company, while the rest was to be divided between the Bank and the East India Company. Each proprietor of South Sea stock was to have his proportion in the

new ingrafted capital stock of each of the respective companies. All the profits which had hitherto arisen by sale of stock by subscription were to remain for the benefit of the 20 millions South Sea stock, as well as all future privileges and advantages to be granted by the public. "This," Walpole argues, "puts an end to the great demand for money that arises from time to time by sale of stock by subscription, which alone has put the town under such constant distress for money, upon every payment, that whilst that subsisted it was impossible for credit to revive." It was also designed "to put every proprietor in possession of his just share, arising from the profits of the whole without waiting for annual dividends, subject to the management of directors, and the sundry chances and hazards that payments to be received in a long course of time were liable to," besides giving "a further advantage by the ingraftment of one-half of his increased capital into the Bank and East India Company." Besides these practical advantages, it also remedied "some of the greatest mischiefs which attended the Scheme" by reducing the capital of the Company into manageable limits. "A capital of 40 millions," he explains, "is from its bulk alone impracticable, and if raised to an advanced price in any high degree cannot possibly be negotiated, not only for want of sufficient specie or paper money, but for want of property. Suppose a capital of 40 millions raised to 1000 per cent, the value is 400 millions: it is not to be conceived that all the property of England can answer such an immense imaginary value, much less that any sort of money can be found to negotiate one-half of it. It is as impossible to find any profits that can supply a dividend upon so large a capital at any advanced price: but the capital being reduced to one-half, all profits and advantages that can be reasonably given to support the scheme are double upon the half to what they would be on the whole."

"This measure, framed with great financial ability and supported by commensurate powers of debate," says Lord Mahon, was passed by both Houses of Parliament, but satisfied neither of the three Companies, and was suspended shortly afterwards by another more decisive and effectual measure; but the mere fact that Walpole was at work on the difficulty seems to have had a soothing effect on the country. His intervention to a certain extent restored popular confidence, but it did not moderate the rage of the nation against the unfortunate

men, many of them great losers in their own persons, who had been at the head of the Company. "Parliament met in a mood like the people's, terror-stricken, bewildered, and thirsting for vengeance." Summary justice upon the directors was demanded on all sides. "The Roman law-givers had not foreseen the possible existence of a parricide," said one speaker; "but as soon as the first monster appeared he was sewn in a sack and cast headlong into the Tiber; and as I think the contrivance of the South Sea Scheme to be the parricides of their country, I shall willingly see them undergo the same punishment." Another, with grim jocularity, which raised still more grim laughter in the furious assembly, referred to the special need of hemp at that crisis! Petitions poured in from all parts of the country praying for condign punishment on these "monsters of pride and covetousness," "the cannibals of Change Alley, the infamous betrayers of their country." "Let them not only be hanged, but hanged speedily," exclaimed a furious letter-writer in the newspapers. The sneer of Steele at these unfortunate men, as "a few ciphering cits, a species of men of equal capacity in all respects (that of cheating a deluded people only excepted) with those animals who saved the Capitol!" sinks into gentle comment before the blood and vengeance demanded by other contemporaries. When the committee of investigation began its labours, it "exposed," says Coxo, "a scene of fraud and iniquity almost unparalleled in the annals of history." Fictitious stock to a large amount had been created for distribution among different members of the Ministry and influential persons to secure the passing of the South Sea bill. Sunderland himself, the head of the Government, was credited with £50,000 worth of these false shares; and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Aislaby, was also deeply involved. The latter was committed to the Tower, while the city blazed with bonfires. Secretary Craggs died suddenly of smallpox and excitement. Some of the directors fled; all of them had their fortunes confiscated, with the exception of some miserable remnant allotted to each to save them from downright beggary. Sunderland was acquitted, not because of any innocence on his part, but from his party's need of him, and Walpole's strenuous support. During all this period of vindictive fury, the man who alone could bring any order out of the chaos was compelled to stand aside and look on while the infuriated multitude wrought

its will. "Mr. Walpole's corner sat mute as fishes," says Brodrick, while describing to the Irish Chancellor the badgering to which the unfortunate directors were subjected. He could no more stem the tide of popular rage than he could, not quite a year before, stem by his solemn warning the resistless eagerness for gain which had swept everybody to the feet of these same directors. He seems to have stood by with the only wisdom practicable under the circumstances, and permitted the wild storm to rage itself out. Confiscations, impeachments, disabilities, rained down out of the angry skies without any possibility of restraint. And the passive opposition with which Walpole met these violent measures, as well as his ardent defence of Sunderland, a man whom he had no occasion to love, gained him the name of the *Screen* among his political enemies. Under the circumstances, it was a creditable title.

The final settlement of this melancholy business was made by a second bill "for the restoration of public credit," which was passed in the early part of the year 1721, by which the proprietors of South Sea stock received on the whole a composition of about 40 per cent of their debts. This is the last of the ill-fated Scheme. Various ruined lords had to seek for themselves colonial governorships and other poor posts by way of escape. One member of the Government lay in the grave of a suicide; another languished in the Tower. Oddly enough, except Walpole himself, building galleries and collecting pictures in his Norfolk manor, and the one lucky lord who sent him that "Gladiator" from Rome, no single shadow of good fortune appears among all the spectres of this universal and overwhelming disaster.

With this strange scene all possibility of permanent opposition to the autocracy and genial despotism of Robert Walpole, the only man who had nerve, steadiness, and capacity sufficient for the occasion, seems to have been at an end. Death, too, and ruin aided him in a sad but effectual way. Stanhope, his only real rival, was so far one of the victims of the South Sea business that in the passion and fury of debate he was seized by violent illness, and died suddenly. The younger Craggs, Secretary of State, died, as we have said, while the report of the committee of investigation was being given in, of smallpox, to which no doubt his anxiety and excitement had rendered him specially liable. His father committed suicide. Aislaby went to the Tower; and in a very few months after,

the name of Lord Sunderland was added to this melancholy bill of mortality. He died of disease of the heart. Thus the complaint of one of the sufferers that the whole matter was to be settled *without blood* was tragically contradicted. It is evident that, guilty or innocent, or rather guilty and innocent, — Stanhope for one being above even the touch of suspicion, — these unfortunate statesmen were as much the victims of the South Sea Scheme as if their heads had fallen on the scaffold.

Over these ruins and graves Walpole stepped quietly into power. In face of so serious an emergency the factious heat of his period of opposition had entirely disappeared. He had done his best, evidently with all honesty and zeal, for the colleagues and adversaries with whom he had worked and fought, who had used him harshly enough in their day of power, and to whom he had been in his turn a very bitter adversary. Fortunately for his reputation no one can accuse him of having taken any unfriendly advantage of the great calamity which overwhelmed them. He was Lord Sunderland's *Screen*. He took no part in the violent proceedings against the directors, except to moderate, when he could, the popular fury. His triumph, therefore, was one with no sting of self-reproach in it. Nor was Walpole a man of delicate feeling to be cast down by this strange and tragic sweeping away of his predecessors. He stepped into power to the head of a unanimous Cabinet and a large majority. "In the session of 1724, for example," says Lord Mahon, "there was only one single public division in the House of Commons." The Minister had it all his own way henceforward for twenty years. From unanimous his Cabinet became dutiful; his colleagues, even those whose beginnings in public life had been anterior and superior to his own, yielded to his sway, or were in their turn cast aside by his irresistible influence. Now and then, it is true, a shadow passed across his career. At one time, on the accession of George II., it seemed doomed to a summary conclusion, but only came forth from the momentary trial stronger and more fully established than ever. Even his failures did not affect him as they affected other men. He threw the whole country into commotion with his Excise Bill, and was all but sacrificed to the fury of the mob, yet kept his seat, and next day stood on the fragments of the abandoned measure as strong and supreme as ever. Though English society still heaved and fermented throughout its depths with Jac-

obite plots; though it was still possible that such a man as Atterbury in the midst of his career should be suddenly cut short, impeached, and banished as a traitor though there was a Drapier in Ireland rousing the nation to such sturdy and unanimous opposition as nowadays seems a kind of miracle; though there was a Porteous Mob in Scotland setting Government a bold defiance; though every kind of jarring element still existed in the three kingdoms, and there were perpetual war and tumults abroad — yet neither domestic rebellion nor foreign conflict disturbed Great Britain. "The twenty years of Walpole's administration, to their high honour be it spoken," says Lord Mahon "afford comparatively few incidents to his story." A strong and wise rule, powerful to resist, yet knowing when to yield; a consistent home policy, in which every thing gave way to the interest of the nation, and the as yet undeveloped doctrine of non intervention abroad was pushed as far as was possible; a practical tolerance, in complete yet silent contradiction to many in tolerant and unchristian laws, which the Minister, while eluding them, was too judicious to awaken into life by any agitation for their repeal, — such was the reign of Robert Walpole. It was such a reign a could have existed in no other country, for nowhere else is practice permitted to contravert theory, and Government to ignore the letter of the law. By times, when there are men capable of it, such a sway seems to suit England. But it is not a lofty fashion of government, nor one of which we can be proud. No doubt, what would be simple selfishness if practised by an individual becomes a kind of patriotism when it is the internal welfare of a nation which is pressed at all hazards, and by every shift and expedient. Yet at the same time it is apparent enough that policy which would be worldly, contracted, and ungenerous in a private family cannot become noble, dignified, and great by being translated to a bigger area. Sir Robert's policy was perfectly adapted to the time in which he found himself. It was of incalculable use in consolidating the new régime and knitting the nation together. It strengthened our credit and united our forces at home — it set the throne upon surer foundations than could have been hoped for — it made the nation prosperous beyond its dreams. It was, in short, the government best adapted for the time. And yet it was not a government either lofty or pure.

We have so lately sketched the earlier incidents of Sir Robert Walpole's rule as Minister of George II., with reference to the distinguished and remarkable princess * who entered with so much insight and interest into all his projects, that it is unnecessary to repeat the tale. The intercourse between Caroline and Walpole is one of the most striking features in his life. He seems to have recognised in her, as she recognised in him, a counsellor really fit to deliberate upon the greatest of national affairs, and to work at that kingly work of reconstruction and consolidation to which our modern England owes so much. The two who in their day were the most fit governors to be found in the country, evidently entertained no mean jealousies of each other. Caroline was the only coadjutor of whom Walpole seems to have been entirely patient. He spoke to her with a frankness which to us in a different phase of society seems brutal and disgusting. He ventured to discuss with her her most private affairs, the relations between herself and her husband, and to do it with the entire want of delicacy and refinement of feeling which was natural to him; and there must have been a certain visible weight of good intention in the man, and friendship, honest in its way, or Caroline never could have tolerated his nauseous counsels. She must have appreciated that curious truth to his trade, and honesty in his work, which stood him in stead of high principle and a sensitive conscience. She was not a trustful or confiding woman, nor one likely to err in judgment from too favourable an estimate of the motives of those about her. Yet it is evident that she had real *trust* in the man who was capable of wounding every delicacy of her nature, yet who stood up with unflinching steadfastness and courage in defence of her husband's throne and the rights of her descendants. She who went into all the details of business with him, and was, in short, his colleague in the government of the country, must have known what she was doing when on her deathbed she commended the King and her family to the Minister's care. So unelevated a soul was he that, even while receiving that supreme commendation, his mind was at sufficient leisure to tremble and think of how the King would take it; but it does not the less prove a confidence beyond all price — the highest testimony that one human creature could give to another. Nor was

this high trust influenced by any personal prepossession. Lord Hervey records for us more than one outbreak in which Caroline, so often stung by his personal advices, betrays her lively appreciation of the great Minister's individual deficiencies. She bursts forth, on one occasion, with a certain sore contempt, yet half compassion, to wonder how any woman could tolerate such a lover — "*avec ce gros corps, ces jambes enflées, et ce vilain ventre!*" cries Caroline, with the coarse freedom of the time, and a bitter secret self-reflection which even her keen biographer does not seem to have divined. She was fond of her courtier chamberlain, who amused and helped, and even had an affection for her in his way; but it was not to him, though he too had political ambitions, that Caroline confided her dying charge. It was to Walpole, with all his brutality, coarse, unsympathetic, and immoral, that she left this last trust. He was, as we have just said, so unworthy to receive it, that in that awful chamber of death, and with the eyes of the dying Queen upon him, he was seized with a selfish panic lest the King should be angry and dismiss him in consequence. But yet she knew that her trust was safe in Walpole's hands; and Caroline was right.

When the Queen died who had been so faithful to him, it was supposed that Walpole's power would break down with the same certainty as his downfall had been looked for on the death of George I.; but his enemies were again deceived. In fact, it seldom happens that immediate results, however closely calculated upon, follow upon any such public event. In public as in private life, the most valuable and necessary existence, the life upon which all hopes hang, and at whose conclusion the very sun in heaven seems as if it must pale — when it actually ends at last, leaves the bystanders lost in amaze that it should be so little missed. The world which God has taken the trouble to make gets on moderately well, and takes its own way, whoever may die or be overthrown. Queen Caroline was no exception: she died, and yet things continued as before. The King, in that one point showing a touch of human feeling, was moved rather than irritated by the fact that his dying wife had confided him to the care of her Minister. And things went calmly on without Caroline as they had done in her lifetime. But though the storm had not immediately broken upon Walpole, it was not long before his practical eye detected the gathering clouds, and heard the growl of the rising wind. The tempest that was to sweep

* See ante, No. DCXXVIII., p. 202 [Living Age, No. 1220].

him out of public favour rose in a cloud no bigger than a man's hand. It was a quarrel about merchandise and trading-vessels which at last disturbed the serenity which England had so long enjoyed. To all appearance it was something not unlike the offence by which Spain not very long ago provoked our contemptuous choler. In those days people were not contemptuous of Spain; but England was then, as now, more sensitive to a petty insult to her merchants and their ships than to great political questions. The yearly South Sea ship had been followed by others freighted with English manufactures, which established themselves within reach, and poured in their goods to swell the only legal cargo as it was exhausted, so that the hold of the vessel became a very widow's cruise, always emptied yet never decreased. Naturally the Spaniards resented this barefaced smuggling; and they insisted on a right of search, and took possession of ships and cargoes with probably insufficient warrant, as happens when such international discussions are afloat. A certain Jenkins, the captain of one of these vessels, whose ear was asserted to have been cut off, and who carried the severed member, wrapped up in cotton, about with him, for the establishment of his arguments, came in with great effect at this moment of irritation, and an outburst of popular fury helped the cabals of the politicians who were leaguering themselves against Walpole. The country seems to have grown tired of him on the whole. The King, notwithstanding the lingerings of Caroline's influence, was a little tired of him. His vigour was giving way. He was over sixty, unwieldy, corpulent, threatened with disease. He had not been self-denying or severely virtuous. He had been magnificent and prodigal. His homely paternal house at Houghton had given way to a splendid mansion, in which twice a-year the convivial Minister held open house. His private morals were utterly beyond excuse. Ere his beautiful wife (herself, as we have said, not *sans reproche*) had been dead a month, he had married his mistress, Miss Skerrett. Everything was against him in these days, as everything had been in his favour at an earlier period. The quarrel with Spain, partly by its nature, which was one specially irritating to England, and partly by means of party plots, grew hotter and hotter. There was a weak and abortive treaty proposed which made things worse. And at last it became evident that nothing short of war would content the nation. The King was, and had been for years, painfully held in the leash of Walpole, and now was to be

restrained no longer. His faithful co had broken their bonds of allegiance. The Minister, and went each his several way. The people were furious and unreasonable in their desire for war. It would also indeed, as if war at any price placed the peace-at-any-price theorist the great Minister, without putting words, had steadily maintained.

It is the evident deduction from that Walpole, the Minister of peace had retired, which he could have gracefully enough, from his laborious office. This was the opinion both of our friends and foes. His very historians and pamphleteers repeats in this respect everything his best opponent could say. "Thus situated thus embarrassed," says Coxe, "told by the King, counteracted by the reviled by the nation, and compelled to declare war against his own opinion, and natural question arises, Why did he resign? Why did he still maintain exposed to so many difficulties, and so much obloquy? His intimate friends urged him to take this step when the motion was carried in the House of Commons by a majority of twenty-eight. . . he came forward on this occasion, declared that he had opposed the war as and contrary to the interests of his country finding that the voice of the people was in favour of hostilities, he had therefore chosen a station which he could not preserve for himself, as he was unwilling to conceal the helm of Government when he could guide it at his discretion, and to be responsible for measures which he did not prove, — had he acted this noble and self-sacrificed part, he would have risen in the estimation of his own age, and have secured the plause of posterity. . . . The truth is he had neither resolution nor inclination to persevere in a sacrifice which circumstances seemed to require, and to quit a station which long possession had endeared. But Ministers are but men: human nature does not reach to perfection: and we must quit power without a sigh, or look back to it without regret?"

To this explanation there may be added one we have already noted, and which is of a different character from the sentiments of the Archdeacon. There is an instinct of nature which moves a man to the service of himself, to continue in the post if he feels himself the man most qualified for it. This instinct very noble in its essence, and which enables many to hold to their duty in the face of standing much fainting of the flesh and the selfishness of spirit. Walpole was a bet

ister than he was a man; no doubt in the depths of his nature, in the silence which a character prone to superficial and coarse expression of itself could never put into any words, he felt that his work was the best part of him, and that any salvation there could be for him lay in it. With such a dumb sense of the necessity of the effort, something touching and pathetic is in his pertinacity. He was rich, he was old, he was suffering — he could not gain more reputation, greater advancement, than he had already won. What worldly motive had the man to cling to his tedious, laborious profession, to keep himself in the way of constant assaults and rivalry? He clung to his work — it is the only interpretation which seems to us to throw any light upon his persistence. He felt not only that he could do it best, but that he was better in doing it. Therefore he stooped and yielded as he had seemed to do before. War was proclaimed, though it was against his judgment, and the nation was wild with delight. The joy-bells were rung in London, and the procession of the heralds into the city with the proclamation was accompanied by a joyous escort, headed by the Prince of Wales himself. When Sir Robert heard the peal, he said bitterly that the ringing of the bells would soon be followed by a wringing of hands. He did not attempt to disguise his dislike either from the public or his friends, but stood at his post, and yielded to the measure against his conscience, and laid himself open to all the insults that could be heaped upon him. By this ignoble, yet, when one thinks of it, pathetic sacrifice, he added two years to his administration, and a million libels to himself.

It was within five years from Caroline's death that all this happened to her favourite Minister. In the Cabinet to which he had once dictated, he found himself contradicted on all sides. Admiral Vernon, who was appointed to the command of the squadron sent out, was "personally obnoxious" to him. When he took Porto Bello, the victory was flaunted in Walpole's face as a thing calculated to vex him. Yet when the expedition went astray and came to harm, the blame was thrown, like every other, upon the Minister's overlaid shoulders. The opposition against him was led by Pulteney, the acquaintance and ally of his youth. Here and there he found a little capricious and uncertain support. The King, when he requested leave to resign, refused it. "What! will you desert me in my greatest difficulties?" said George. Some of his old political opponents, men

who had grown gray in a continual combat with himself and his party, gave him a magnanimous moral support by moments. But yet the clouds were gathering round the setting sun, and it is impossible not to refuse him a certain sympathy. When he was badgered about the squadron so unluckily sent out, the old statesman burst into a pathetic and indignant complaint. "I oppose nothing, I give in to everything, am said to do everything, am to answer for everything; and yet, God knows, I dare not do what I think right," he cries. "The war is yours," he says on another occasion, in the King's antechamber, to the angry Newcastle. "You have had the conduct of it; I wish you joy of it." To such a pass had the autocrat of Great Britain come.

The last scene of all was one rendered necessary apparently by the custom of the time. After carrying a statesman triumphant over a greater or lesser number of years, backing him in every party measure he cared to enter into, and luring him on often beyond his depth, it was the pleasant fashion of the day to impeach him when his term of office was over, and put him at the bar to plead, if not for his life, yet for his honour and fortune. To this humiliation also Walpole was exposed. There is a little incident in the beginning of this scene which makes a curious vignette to the graver story. In replying briefly to a notice given him that he was to be formally attached, Walpole quoted the line —

"Nil conscire sibi, nulli pallescere culpæ,"

a quotation which Pulteney immediately corrected, declaring it to be *Nulla pallescere culpa!* The assailed Minister and the leader of the Opposition, who sat, as was usual at the time, on the same bench, instantly proceeded to a bet on their respective correctness. The question was referred on the spot to Nicholas Hardinge, the Clerk of the House, a fine scholar, and given against Walpole, who tossed the guinea to his adversary. Pulteney caught it and held it up to the House. "It is the only money which I have received from the Treasury for many years," he said, with significant insolence, "and it shall be the last."

For the final accusation made against Walpole was that of corruption. It is true he was accused of everything from the peace of Utrecht until the current moment. He was held responsible for all as the sole Minister, sharing responsibility with no

one; but the final particulars into which the charge settled was that of corruption. On the first motion, that he was unfit to serve his Majesty, Sir Robert, however, had a majority in his favour, chiefly procured by one curious incident. His old and constant opponent Shippen, one of the heads of the Jacobite party, a man with whom Walpole had fought more or less during the whole course of his political life, got up abruptly in the progress of the debate. He said the motion appeared to him a plan for turning out one minister and bringing in another, a matter which he would give himself no trouble about; upon which he left the House, followed by thirty-four of his friends. Harley, brother to the Earl of Oxford, took a similar step. The enemies of the falling man were kinder to him than his former supporters. "Robin and I are two honest men," said the sturdy old Jacobite who did this manful bit of opposition. "He is for King George, and I for King James; but those men with long cravats only desire places, either under King George or King James." Of the same stout old Tory, Walpole is reported to have said, that he would not say who was corrupt, but he would say who was not corruptible, and that was Shippen. The honest man was a consistent, treasonable, scheming Jacobite, working all his life in King George's Parliament on the forlorn hope of the Stuarts. Amid all the wickedness and baseness of the time, there is a certain consolation in this glimpse of him, and in his voluntary parallel of "Robin and I."

After this victory there is a fluctuating record of majorities, sinking to the very lowest ebb of numbers. "One or two more such victories will be the death of us," says Horace Walpole, though he records them with a young man's levity. His letters afford us a picture of the Minister himself at this trying moment. A few months before the meeting of parliament Sir Robert's anxieties seem to have been at their height. The King was absent, the Continent was in a blaze, the Minister was unsupported and alone. He, "who was asleep as soon as his head touched the pillow, for I have frequently known him snore ere they had drawn his curtains, now never sleeps above an hour without waking; and he who at dinner always forgot he was Minister, and was more gay and thoughtless than all his company, now sits without speaking, and with his eyes fixed for an hour together." It was in the silence that his heart burned. When Parliament met again, and Walpole

had the daily struggle before him, which was the breath of his nostrils, he shook off his depression. "Sir Robert is as well as ever," Horace writes at Christmas, "and spoke with as much spirit as ever at four o'clock (in the morning). This way they will not kill him. I will not answer for any other. . . . Sir Robert is very sanguine. I hope, for his sake and for his honour, and for the nation's peace, that he will get the better; but the moment he has the majority I shall be very serious with him to resign." "It is a most shocking sight," he proceeds a few days later, speaking of the extraordinary efforts made to increase the division lists, "to see the sick and dead brought in on both sides. Men on crutches, and Sir William Gordon from his bed with a blister on his head and flannel hanging out from under his wig."

Notwithstanding these exertions, Sir Robert never had a majority again. He persisted, notwithstanding everything — the entreaties of his friends and the attacks of his foes; but at last, by dint of repeated defeat, the hard lesson was learnt. A majority of *one* enforced the conviction which all the sermons in the world could not have produced; and with reluctant steps, the Minister went to his last official audience. "When he kissed the King's hand to take his first leave, the King fell on his neck, wept, and kissed him, and begged to see him frequently," says Horace. "I sit here writing to you, and receiving all the town, who flock to this house. Sir Robert has already had three levees this morning, and the rooms still overflowing! You will think this the prelude to some victory. On the contrary, when you receive this there will be no longer a Sir Robert Walpole; you must know him for the future by the title of the Earl of Orford. That other envied name expires next week with the Ministry. . . . There were a few bonfires last night, but they are very unfashionable, for never was fallen Minister so followed."

"The fear of ill exceeds the ill we fear." The Minister who had held office with so tenacious a grasp recovered his balance, it is evident, and felt his foot firm on common earth again the moment he had thrown down the fatal seals. It is a kind of transformation scene, which suddenly dazzles the amazed spectator. One day he is overwhelmed with reproach and in gratitude, torn with anxiety, struggling for very life, the object of everybody's abuse; the next, and the jovial figure has regained its force, the "heart's laugh" rings out, the house is crowded with applauding guests, and Sir Robert is himself, and more

than himself, again. The reader pauses in amazement, feeling half defrauded of his sympathy. Under the influence of the storm that raged round him, and the steady valour with which the persecuted Minister lifted his head against it, the looker-on had come to feel a certain interest in him which his prosperous burly figure does not excite by nature. The courage and constancy of the badgered statesman, his loneliness among those factious colleagues, between the peevish King and the irritated country, had awakened a real sympathy. But lo, a touch of the wand, a pull of the string, and the mist clears away, and the storm is over. It is Antæus who has touched the earth and is refreshed. Sir Robert Walpole's day was over; but the Earl of Orford tacks on a brilliant little postscript to that long existence. Suddenly he glides into a position more important still. He is the secret adviser of his sovereign — he is the courted of "town" — his house overflows — his disaster has turned into a triumph. The change is as startling as a change in a play, and scarcely seems more real. Yet it was not only real but natural. In the moment when his tenacity, his love of his work, his estrangement from all support, seemed to bring him out of the conventional round, and restore him to the region of human sentiment, one's heart expanded towards the fallen man. But it was an unnecessary stretch of sympathy. Sir Robert probably would have laughed at the uncalled-for emotion. In presence of the Earl of Orford the shadow of possible feeling dies away, the incipient tear dries up. A man whose levices are more crowded than ever, whom the King desires to see frequently, and whom his very rival consults, touches our feelings and our tenderness no more.

Nor did what we may call the posthumous secret committee of inquiry into his past conduct do any further harm to the dethroned statesman. When a man is virtually dead and has come to the end of his career, it is vain to rake up the past particulars of his conduct. Posterity and the world judge him in the abstract, but not in detail; and such an inquiry, however hotly begun, cannot but languish, the object being attained to commence with, and no practical result remaining to be achieved. Even to his reputation, however, the inquiry did good rather than harm. Lord Mahon is so preoccupied with the comparison between Walpole and his own ancestor, Lord Stanhope, that he gives less attention to the question on its own merits than might be

desired; but even he, always prejudiced against Sir Robert, frankly declares his good fame to be to a great degree cleared by the investigation.

"If Walpole's acts of bribery and corruption had been of such common and daily occurrence as his enemies had urged — nay, even if they approached in any degree to the representations of them — it is impossible that a band of determined enemies, armed with all ordinary powers, should have failed to bring to light a considerable number. Instead of the Report can only allege that during one election at Weymouth, a place had been promised to the Mayor and a living to his brother; and that some revenue officers who refused to vote for the Ministerial candidate had been dismissed. It denounces a contract with Messrs. Boston and Buller as fraudulent, because the contractors had gained 14 per cent, forgetting that large profit in one case is often required to counterbalance total loss in another. It then proceeds to express some loose suspicions as to the applications of the sum for secret and special services. . . . But if corruption had been common, flagrant, or unblushing, I ask again why should not the committee have been able to trace and expose it? . . . On the whole, this Report of the Committee from which so much had been expected, instead of exciting indignation against the Minister, rather drew ridicule upon themselves, and, as we are told by a contemporary, was received by the public with contempt."

Three years later, Robert Earl of Orford died — a comparatively insignificant incident in his history. He had virtually ended when he took his leave of his master, at that interview in which a certain human emotion struggles against the unheroic features of the external scene. The unwieldy old Minister on his knees kissing the King's hand, and the little old monarch crying over him, and "unable to raise him from the ground," as in Coxe's account of the transaction, is a sight which divides the reader between an impulse to smile and an impulse to be sympathetic. The two men had worked faithfully in their way, side by side for fifteen years; they had backed each other steadily, not with much refinement of friendship or mutual respect, but with a practical support not too common in this world; and when they thus parted, though there seems but little capacity for sentiment in either, no doubt these were real tears. All the possibility of feeling that was in Walpole indeed appears at this emergency. "Last week there passed a scene between him and me," writes Lord Morton, "which affected me more than anything I ever met

with in my life. . . . He has been sore hurt by flatterers, but has a great and undaunted spirit, and a tranquillity something more than human." This tranquillity only seems to have returned to him when he had accepted the position, and got over the bitterness of political death.

If the reader has melted a little, as the writer has done, towards this Minister in his overthrow, he will be glad to learn that a certain Dominichino from the Zambeccari Palace at Bologna was just then secured to Walpole for his Houghton Gallery to comfort his discomfiture. Nor were other comforts wanting in that splendid retirement. His youngest son, at least, attended him dutifully. His pictures smiled upon him. Among other consolatory visits, an old, old clergyman from Walsingham came to visit the old Minister, telling him he had been his first master, and had predicted that he would be a great man. When asked why he had never made his appearance when his pupil was in power, the patriarch answered, "I knew that you were surrounded with so many petitions asking preferment, and that you had done so much for Norfolk people, that I did not wish to intrude. But," he added in a strain of good-natured simplicity, "I always inquired how Robin went on, and was satisfied with your proceedings."

It would be difficult to find a better conclusion. "Old Robin," whose dethronement the ballad-singers after a while began to lament, is very much like himself in his postscriptal life as Earl of Orford. The reader cannot refuse to share the satisfaction with which, when he meets his opponent and pitiless persecutor, Pulteney, in that "house of invalids," the Chamber of Peers, Lord Orford facetiously congratulates Lord Bath that they are "a couple of as insignificant fellows as any in England." Nor is it without a sense of satisfaction that we find our Minister privately consulted by the King; moving behind the throne those secret springs which affect the nation, and keeping his wisdom, his cool judgment, his cynical sagacity to his last breath. But the end of a life is always tragic. Houghton has other features than its pictures. There are the Norfolk gentry whom young Robert Walpole had to entertain at the outset of his career, and whom his son Horace daintily sickens at; "mountains of roast-beef, roughly hewn out into the outlines of human form," who "brandish their knives in act to carve," and look "like

savages that devour one another, don't know what to do with, don't know what to say to then open the windows and fancy I and when I get by myself I unself, and seem to have had peopockets, in my plait, and on ders," Horace cries with a w haps Sir Robert, not so daintless. But he felt the tortures of he became "altogether unwieldy less." The curtain drops pitifully waning life. "With the possess greatest understanding in the w the least impaired, to lie without of it!—for, to keep him from restlessness, he takes so much of he is never awake four hours of four-and-twenty. But I will say of this," adds Horace, with that intolerable pity which is in all once a tribute of affection and nostic of decay. We say no m him. Robert Walpole ended in St when he kissed his gracious a hand, and was kissed and moiste the royal tears. Poor, old, unlov —why should the fact of one and unwieldy, and the other a "strutting," turn the sentiment into for after all it was truisa sent its way.

We have omitted to touch upon as notable a point as any in Wal and reign—to wit, his utter in to literature and contempt of an indifference which met with punishment in his lifetime, and need not be now brought up ag Swift and Gay * revenged their c ciently,—we will not repeat t geance. But yet it is worth notice the fact that intellect of a b may be purely unliterary, and is apparent often is so. The on taste visible in the great Ministe love of pictures which his doubt Sea gains, and possibly some of lets of profit, which in the pr would seem still less justifiable him to indulge in. A man may

* It may be remarked, however, that upon "Bob the poet's foe," which were apparent to his contemporaries in G and in "Gulliver's Travels," are only painfully discernible by the modern reader was prohibited by the Lord Chamberlain's Playhouse Act passed in consequence of libels contained in that very indifferent performance upon the Minister; one reads ancient chronicle nowadays, and one out wherein the libel lies.

sensual; and worldly, and yet love his Guides, and be comforted in his downfall by the opportune arrival of a Dominichino. But neither his love of art, nor his lack of literature, had any special effect upon the character of Robert Wal-

pole. It is a particular not unworthy of the notice of that popular school of philosophy which identifies all intellect, and every high mental development, with literature and art.

LIFE PEERAGES.

THE hereditary legislator, observes the *Pall Mall Gazette* (March 9), should make a business of what is now little more than a privilege. Then the institution of life peerages would pour new blood into the House of Lords, and would in no long time completely and most beneficially alter its character. Men might then afford to sit in it who are not in a position to enrich an eldest son, and whose career has not brought them into the House of Commons. It often happens that a man displays in official or professional life the highest abilities, and gains invaluable special knowledge and experience which no constituency would appreciate, even if circumstances enabled him to contest a borough with anything like a chance of success. Such a man would often make an excellent member of such a body as we have been supposing the House of Lords to become, though he might be very unlikely to sit in the House of Commons at all. Take, for instance, such a man as Sir John Lawrence. Whether he will seek a seat in Parliament when he returns to England we cannot, of course, judge, nor could any one say how, if he had a seat, he would succeed there; but it is pretty certain that he knows as much about India as any living man, and that it will be a great pity if his knowledge is not made in some way or other beneficial to the world at large. A peerage would very probably be a mere burden and nuisance to him; but a life peerage might be exactly suitable to his position.

A MAN HIS OWN GRANDFATHER.—The following remarkable coincidence will be read with interest: Sometime since it was announced that a man at Titusville, Pennsylvania, committed suicide for the strange reason that he had discovered that he was his own grandfather. Leaving a dying statement explaining this singular circumstance, we will not attempt to unravel it, but give his own explanation of the mixed-up condition of his kinsfolk in his own words. He says, "I married a widow who had a grown-up daughter. My father visited our house very often, fell in love with my step-daughter, and married her. So my father became my son-in-law, and my step-daughter my mother, because she was my father's wife. Some time afterwards, my wife gave birth to a son; he was my father's brother-in-law, and my uncle, for he was the brother of my step-mother. My father's wife — i. e. my step-daughter — had also a son he; was, of course, my brother, and in the mean time my grandchild, for he was the son of my daughter. My wife was my grandmother, because she was my mother's mother. I was my wife's husband and the grandchild at the same time. And as the husband of a person's grandmother is his grandfather, I was my own grandfather." After this logical conclusion, we are not surprised that the unfortunate man should have taken refuge in oblivion. It was the most married family and the worst mixed that we ever heard of. To unravel such an entangling alliance could not have resulted otherwise than in an aberration of mind and subsequent suicide. — *Montgomery Mail*.

CHAPTER XIII.

LINDA TRESSEL, before she had gone to bed on that night which she had passed at Augsburg, had written a short note which was to be delivered, if such delivery should be possible, to Ludovic Valcarm. The condition of her lover had, of course, been an added trouble to those which were more especially her own. During the last three or four hours which she had passed with him in the train her tenderness for him had been numbed by her own sufferings, and she had allowed herself for a while to think that he was not sufficiently alive to the great sacrifice she was making on his behalf. But when he was removed from her, and had been taken, as she well knew, to the prison of the city, something of the softness of her love returned to her, and she tried to persuade herself that she owed to him that duty which a wife would owe. When she spoke to Fanny on the subject, she declared that even if it were possible to her she would not go back to Ludovic. "I see it differently now," she said; "and I see how bad it is." But, still, — though she declared that she was very firm in that resolve, — she did not like to be carried back to her old home without doing something, making some attempt, which might be at least a token to herself that she had not been heartless in regard to her lover. She wrote therefore with much difficulty the following few words, which Fanny promised that her husband should endeavour to convey to the hands of Ludovic Valcarm:

"DEAR LUDOVIC, — My aunt has come here for me, and takes me back to Nuremberg to-morrow. When you left me at the station I was too ill to go to the place you told me; so they sent to this house, and my dear, dear friend Fanny Heisse got her husband to come for me, and I am in their house now. Then my aunt came, and she will take me home to-morrow. I am so unhappy that you should be in trouble! I hope that my coming with you did not help to bring it about. As for me, I know it is best that I should go back, though I think it will kill me. I was very wicked to come. I feel that now, and I know that even you will have ceased to respect me. Dear Ludovic, I hope that God will forgive us both. It will be better that we should never meet again, though the thought that it must be so is almost more than I can bear. I have always felt that I was different from other girls, and that there never could be any happiness for me in this world. God bless

you, Ludovic. Think of me sometimes, — but never, never, try to come for me again.
L. T."

It had cost her an hour of hard toil to write this little letter, and when it was written she felt that it was cold, ungrateful, unloving, — very unlike the words which he would feel that he had a right to expect from her. Nevertheless, such as it was, she gave it to her friend Fanny, with many injunctions that it might, if possible, be placed in the hands of Ludovic. And thus, as she told herself repeatedly on her way home, the romance of her life was over. After all, the journey to Augsburg would have been serviceable to her, — would be serviceable although her character should be infamous for ever in the town that knew her, — if by that journey she would be saved from all further mention of the name of Peter Steinmarc. No disgrace would be so bad as the prospect of that marriage. Therefore, as she journeyed homeward, sitting opposite to her aunt, she endeavoured to console herself by reflecting that his suit to her would surely be at an end. Would it ever reach his dull heart that she had consented to destroy her own character, to undergo ill-repute and the scorn of all honest people, in order that she might not be forced into the horror of a marriage with him? Could he be made to understand that in her flight from Nuremberg her great motive had been to fly from him?

On the second morning after her return even this consolation was taken from her, and she learned from her aunt that she had not given up all hope in the direction of the town-clerk. On the first day after her return not a word was said to Linda about Peter, nor would she have had any notice of his presence in the house had she not heard his shoes creaking up and down the stairs. Nor was the name of Ludovic Valcarm so much as mentioned in her presence. Between Tetchen and her there was not a word passed, unless such as were spoken in the presence of Madame Staubach. Linda found that she was hardly allowed to be for a moment out of her aunt's presence, and at this time she was unable not to be submissive. It seemed to her that her aunt was so good to her in not positively upbraiding her from morning to night, that it was impossible for her not to be altogether obedient in all things! She did not therefore even struggle to escape the long readings, and the longer prayers, and the austere severity of her aunt's presence. Except in prayer, — in prayers delivered out loud by the aunt

in the niece's presence, — no direct mention was made of the great iniquity of which Linda had been guilty. Linda was called no heartrending name to her face; but she was required to join, and did join over and over again, in petitions to the throne of mercy "that the poor castaway might be received back again into the pale of those who were accepted." And at this time she would have been content to continue to live like this, to join in such prayers day after day, to have her own infamy continually brought forward as needing some special mercy, if by such means she might be allowed to live in tranquillity without sight or mention of Peter Steinmarc. But such tranquillity was not to be hers.

On the afternoon of the second day her aunt went out, leaving Linda alone in the house with Tetchen. Linda at once went to her chamber, and endeavoured to make herself busy among those possessions of her own which she had so lately thought that she was leaving for ever. She took out her all, the articles of her wardrobe, all her little treasures, opened the sweet folds of her modest raiment and refolded them, weeping all the while as she thought of the wreck she had made of herself. But no; it was not she who had made the wreck. She had been ruined by the cruelty of that man whose step at this moment she heard beneath her. She clenched her fist, and pressed her little foot against the floor, as she thought of the injury which this man had done her. There was not enough of charity in her religion to induce her even to think that she would ever cease to hate him with all the vigour of her heart. Then Tetchen came to her, and told her that her aunt had returned and desired to see her. Linda instantly went down to the parlour. Up to this moment she was as a child in her aunt's hands.

"Sit down, Linda," said Madame Staubach, who had taken off her bonnet, and was already herself stiffly seated in her accustomed chair. "Sit down, my dear, while I speak to you." Linda sat down at some distance from her aunt, and awaited dumbly the speech that was to be made to her. "Linda," continued Madame Staubach, "I have been this afternoon to the house of your friend Herr Molk." Linda said nothing out loud, but she declared to herself that Herr Molk was no friend of hers. Friend indeed! Herr Molk had shown himself to be one of her bitterest enemies. "I thought it best to see him after what — has been done, especially as he had been with you when you were ill, before you

went." Still Linda said nothing. What was there that she could possibly say? Madame Staubach paused, not expecting her niece to speak, but collecting her own thoughts and arranging her words. "And Peter Steinmarc was there also," said Madame Staubach. Upon hearing this Linda's heart sank within her. Had all her sufferings, then, been for nothing? Had she passed that terrible night, that terrible day, with no result that might be useful to her? But even yet might there not be hope? Was it not possible that her aunt was about to communicate to her the fact that Peter Steinmarc declined to be bound by his engagement to her? She sighed deeply and almost sobbed, as she clasped her hands together. Her aunt observed it all, and then went on with her speech. "You will, I hope, have understood, Linda, that I have not wished to upbraid you."

"You have been very good, aunt Charlotte."

"But you must know that that which you have done is, — is, — is a thing altogether destructive of a young woman's name and character." Madame Staubach's voice, as she said this, was tremulous with the excess of her eagerness. If this were Peter Steinmarc's decision, Linda would bear it all without a complaint. She bowed her head in token that she accepted the disgrace of which her aunt had spoken.

"Of course, Linda," continued Madame Staubach, "recovery from so lamentable a position is very difficult, — is almost impossible. I do not mean to say a word of what has been done. We believe, — that is, I believe, and Herr Molk, and Peter also believes it" —

"I don't care what Peter Steinmarc believes," exclaimed Linda, unable to hold her peace any longer.

"Linda, Linda, would you be a thing to be shuddered at, a woman without a name, a byword for shame for ever?" Madame Staubach had been interrupted in her statement as to the belief entertained in respect to Linda's journey by herself and her two colleagues, and did not recur to that special point in her narrative. When Linda made no answer to her last appeal, she broadly stated the conclusion to which she and her friends had come in consultation together in the panelled chamber of Herr Molk's house. "I may as well make the story short," she said. "Herr Molk has explained to Peter that things are not as bad as they have seemed to be." Every muscle and every fibre in Linda's body was convulsed when she heard this, and she shud-

dered and shivered so that she could hardly keep her seat upon her chair. "And Peter has declared that he will be satisfied if you will at once agree that the marriage shall take place on the thirtieth of the month. If you will do this, and will make him a promise that you will go nowhere without his sanction before that day, he will forget what has been done." Linda answered not a word, but burst into tears, and fell at her aunt's feet.

Madame Staubach was a woman who could bring herself to pardon any sin that had been committed, — that was done, and, as it were, accomplished, — hoping in all charity that it would be followed by repentance. Therefore she had forgiven, after a fashion, even the last tremendous trespass of which her niece had been guilty, and had contented herself with forcing Linda to listen to her prayers that repentance might be forthcoming. But she could forgive no fault, no conduct that seemed to herself to be in the slightest degree wrong, while it was in the course of action. She had abstained from all hard words against Linda, from all rebuke, since she had found that the young man was gone, and that her niece was willing to return to her home. But she would be prepared to exercise all the power which Linda's position had given her, to be as severe as the austerity of her nature would permit, if this girl should persist in her obstinacy. She regarded it as Linda's positive duty to submit to Peter Steinmarc as her husband. They had been betrothed with Linda's own consent. The banns had been already once called. She herself had asked for God's protection over them as man and wife. And then how much was there not due to Peter, who had consented, not without much difficult persuasion from Herr Molk, to take this soiled flower to his bosom, in spite of the darkness of the stain. "There will be no provoking difficulties made about the house?" Peter had said in a corner to the Burgomaster. Then the Burgomaster had undertaken that in the circumstances as they now existed, there should be no provoking difficulties. Herr Molk understood that Linda must give up something on receiving that position of an honest man's wife, which she was now hardly entitled to expect. Thus the bargain had been made, and Madame Staubach was of opinion that it was her first duty to see that it should not be again endangered by any obstinacy on behalf of Linda. Obstinate, indeed! How could she be obstinate after that which she had done? She had now fallen at her aunt's feet, was weeping, sob-

bing, praying for mercy. But Madame Staubach could have no mercy on the girl in this position. Such mercy would in itself be a sin. The sin done she could forgive; the sin a-doing must be crushed, and put down, and burnt out, and extinguished, let the agony coming from such process be as severe as might be. There could be no softness for Linda while Linda was obstinate. "I cannot suppose," she said, "that you mean to hesitate after what has taken place."

"Oh, aunt Charlotte! dear aunt Charlotte!"

"What is the meaning of this?"

"I don't love him. I can't love him. I will do anything else that you please. He may have the house if he wants it. I will promise; — promise never to go away again or to see anybody." But she might as well have addressed such prayers to a figure of stone. On such a matter as this Madame Staubach could not be other than relentless. Even while Linda was kneeling at her feet convulsed with sobs, she told the poor girl, with all the severity of language which she could use, of the vileness of the iniquity of that night's proceedings. Linda had been false to her friend, false to her vows, false to her God, immodest, unclean, had sinned against all the laws by which women bind themselves together for good conduct, — had in fact become a castaway in very deed. There was nothing that a female could do more vile, more loathsome than that which Linda had done. Madame Staubach believed that the time had come in which it would be wicked to spare, and she did not spare. Linda grovelled at her feet, and could only pray that God might take her to Himself at once. "He will never take you; never, never, never," said Madame Staubach; "Satan will have you for his own, and all my prayers will be of no avail."

There were two days such as this, and Linda was still alive and still bore it. On the third day, which was the fifth after her return from Augsburg, Herr Molk came to her, and at his own request was alone with her. He did not vituperate her as her aunt had done, nor did he express any special personal horror at her sin; but he insisted very plainly on the position which she had made for herself. "You see, my dear, the only thing for you is to be married out of hand at once, and then nobody will say anything about it. And what is the difference if he is a little old? girls forget to think about that after a month or two; and then, you see, it will put an end to all your troubles, — to all your troubles." Such were the

arguments of Herr Molk; and it must be acknowledged that such arguments were not looking in strength, nor were they altogether without truth. The little story of Linda's journey to Augsburg had been told throughout the city, and there were not wanting many who said that Peter Steinmarc must be a very good-natured man indeed, if, after all that had passed, he would still accept Linda Tressel as his wife. "You should remember all that of course, my dear," said Herr Molk.

How was it possible that Linda should stand alone against such influence as had been brought to bear against her? She was quite alone, for she would not admit of any intimacy with Tetchen. She would hardly speak to the old woman. She was quite aware that Tetchen had arranged with Ludovic the manner of her elopement; and though she felt no anger with him, still she was angry with the servant whose duplicity had helped to bring about the present misery. Had she not fled with her lover she might then, — so she thought now, — have held her ground against her aunt and against Peter. As things had gone with her since, such obstinacy had become impossible to her. On the morning of the seventh day she bowed her head, and though she did not speak, she gave her aunt to understand that she had yielded. "We will begin to purchase what may be necessary to-morrow," said Madame Staubach.

But even now she had not made up her mind that she would in truth marry the man. She had simply found it again impossible to say that she would not do so. There was still a chance of escape. She might die, for instance! Or she might run away again. If she did that, surely the man would persecute her no further. Or at the last moment she might stolidly decline to move; she might refuse to stand on her legs before the altar. She might be as a dead thing even though she were alive, — as a thing dead and speechless. Oh! if she could only be without ears to hear those terrible words which her aunt would say to her! And then there came another scheme into her mind. She would make one great personal appeal to Steinmarc's feelings as a man. If she implored him not to make her his wife, kneeling before him, submitting herself to him, preferring to him with all her earnestness this one great prayer, surely he would not persevere!

Hitherto, since her return from Augsburg, Peter had done very little to press his own suit. She had again had her hand placed in

his since she had yielded, and had accepted as a present from him a great glass brooch which to her eyes was the ugliest thing in the guise of a trinket which the world of vanity had ever seen. She had not been a moment in his company without her aunt's presence, and there had not been the slightest allusion made by him to her elopement. Peter had considered that such allusion had better come after marriage, when his power would, as he thought, be consolidated. He was surprised when he was told, early in the morning after that second hand-pledging, by Linda herself, that she wanted to see him. Linda came to his door and made her request in person. Of course he was delighted to welcome his future bride to his own apartment, and begged her with as soft a smile as he could assume to seat herself in his own arm-chair. She took a humbler seat, however, and motioned to him to take that to which he was accustomed. He looked at her as he did so, and perceived that the very nature of her face was changed. She had lost the plumpness of her cheeks, she had lost the fresh colour of her youth, she had lost much of her prettiness. But her eyes were brighter than ever they had been, and there was something in their expression which almost made Peter uneasy. Though she had lost so much of her prettiness, he was not on that account moved to doubt the value of his matrimonial prize; but there did come across his mind an idea that those eyes might perhaps bring with them some discomfort into his household. "I am very glad to see you, Linda," he said. "It is very good of you to come to me here. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"There is one thing, Peter Steinmarc, that you can do for me."

"What is that, my dear?"

"Let me alone." As she spoke she clenched her small fist and brought it down with some energy on the table that was close to her. She looked into his face as she did so, and his eyes quailed before her glance. Then she repeated her demand, "Let me alone."

"I do not know what you mean, Linda. Of course you are going to be my wife now."

"I do not wish to be your wife. You know that; and if you are a man you will not force me." She had intended to be gentle with him, to entreat him, to win him by humility and softness, and to take his hand, and even kiss it if he would be good to her. But there was so much of tragedy in her heart, and such an earnestness of purpose

in her mind, that she could not be gentle. As she spoke it seemed to him that she was threatening him.

"It is all settled, Linda. It cannot be changed now."

"It can be changed. It must be changed. Tell her that I am not good enough. You need not fear her. And if you will say so, I will never be angry with you for the word. I will bless you for it."

"But, Linda, you did nothing so very much amiss;—did you?" Then there came across her mind an idea that she would lie to him, and degrade herself with a double disgrace. But she hesitated, and was not actress enough to carry on the part. He winked at her as he continued to speak. "I know," he said, "it was just a foolish business, but no worse than that."

Oh heavens, how she hated him! She could have stabbed him to the heart that moment, had the weapon been there, and had she possessed the physical energy necessary for such an enterprise. He was a thing to her so foul that all her feminine nature recoiled from the closeness of his presence, and her flesh crept as she felt that the same atmosphere encompassed them. And this man was to be her husband! She must speak to him, speak out, speak very plainly. Could it be possible that a man should wish to take a woman to his bosom who had told him to his face that he was loathed? "Peter," she said, "I am sure that you don't think that I love you."

"I don't see why you shouldn't, Linda."

"I do not;—not the least; I can promise you that. And I never shall;—never. Think what it would be to have a wife who doesn't love you a bit. Would not that be bad?"

"Oh, but you will."

"Never! Don't you know that I love somebody else very dearly?" On hearing this there came something of darkness upon Peter's brow,—something which indicated that he had been touched. Linda understood it all. "But I will never speak to him again, never see him, if you will let me alone."

"See him, Linda! He is in prison, and will be sent to the quarries to work. He will never be a free man again. Ha! ha! I need not fear him, my dear."

"But you shall fear me. Yes; I will lead you such a life! Peter Steinmarc, I will make you rue the day you first saw me. You shall wish that you were at the quarries yourself. I will disgrace you, and make your name infamous. I will waste everything that you have. There is nothing so

bad I will not do to punish you. Yes; may look at me, but I will. Do you think that you are to trample me under foot, that I will not have my revenge? You it was a foolish business that I did. I make it worse than foolish." He stood with his hands in the pockets of his broad flannel trousers, looking at her, not knowing how to answer her. He was no coward,—not such a coward as to be intimidated at the moment of the girl's violence. And being now thoroughly angry, her words had not worked upon him as she had intended that they should work. His desire was to conquer her and get the best of her; but his thoughts worked slowly, and he did not know how to answer her. "Well, what do you say to me? If you will let me escape, I will always be your friend."

"I will not let you escape," he said.

"And you expect that I shall be your wife?"

"I do expect it."

"I shall die first; yes,—die first. I shall be your wife! Oh, there is not a beggar in the streets of Nuremberg whom I would not sooner take for my husband." He paused, but again he was at a loss for words. "Come, Peter, think of it. Do not let me be a poor weak girl to desperation. I have been very unhappy,—very; you do know how unhappy I have been. Do not make it worse for me." Then the courage which had been strung so tightly was broken asunder. Her strength failed her, and she burst into tears.

"I will make you pay dearly for all one of these days, fraulein," said Peter with his hands still in his pockets, he left the room. She watched him as he crept down-stairs, and went into her aunt's apartments. For a moment she felt disposed to go and confront him there before her aunt. Together, the two of them could not have forced her to marry him. But her courage failed her. Though she could face Peter Steinmarc without flinching, she feared the woman which her aunt could say to her. She did not scruple to threaten Steinmarc with her own disgrace, but she could not endure to be told by her aunt that she was degraded.

CHAPTER XIV.

PETER STEINMARC, when he went to Madame Staubach's parlour, found her sitting on her knees in prayer. He had entered the room without notice, having been urged to this unwonted impetuosity by the severity of the provocation which he

received. Madame Staubach raised her head; but when she saw him she did not rise. He stood there for some seconds looking at her, expecting her to get up and greet him; but when he found that such was not her purpose, he turned angrily on his heel, and went out of the house, up to his office in the town-hall. His services were not of much service to the city on that day—neither on that day nor on the two following days. He was using all his mental faculties in endeavouring to decide what it might be best for him to do in the present emergency. The red house was a chattel of great value in Nuremberg,—a thing very desirable,—the possession of which Peter himself did desire with all his heart. But then even in regard to the house, it was not to be arranged that Peter was to become the sole and immediate possessor of it on his marriage. Madame Staubach was to live there, and during her life the prize would be but a half-and-half possession. Madame Staubach was younger than himself; and though he had once thought of marrying her, he was not sure that he was now desirous of living in the same house with her for the remainder of his life. He had wished to marry Linda Tressel, because she was young, and was acknowledged to be a pretty girl; and he still wished to marry her, if not now for these reasons, still for others which were quite as potent. He wanted to be her master, to get the better of her, to punish her for her disdain of him, and to bring her to his feet. But he was not a man so carried away by anger or by a spirit of revenge as to be altogether indifferent to his own future happiness. There had already been some among his fellow-citizens, or perhaps citizenesses, kind enough to compliment him on his good-nature. He had been asked whether Linda Tressel had told him all about her little trip to Augsburg, and whether he intended to ask his cousin Ludovic Valcarm to come to his wedding. And now Linda herself had said things to him which made him doubt whether she was fit to be the wife of a man so respectable and so respected as himself. And were she to do those things which she threatened, where would he be then? All the town would laugh at him, and he would be reduced to live for the remainder of his days in the sole company of Madame Staubach as the result of his enterprise. He was sufficiently desirous of being revenged on Linda, but he was a cautious man, and began to think that he might buy even that pleasure too dear.

He had been egged on to the marriage by Herr Molk and one or two others of the city pundits,—by the very men whose opposition he had feared when the idea of marrying Linda was first suggested to him. They had told him that Linda was all right, that the elopement had been in point of fact nothing. "Young girls will be young before they are settled," Herr Molk had said. Then the extreme desirability of the red house had been mentioned, and so Peter had been persuaded. But now, as the day drew near, and as Linda's words sounded in his ears, he hardly knew what to think of it. On the evening of the third day of his contemplation, he went again to his friend Herr Molk.

"Nonsense, Peter," said the magistrate; "you must go on now, and there is no reason why you should not. Is a man of your standing to be turned aside by a few idle words from a young girl?"

"But she told me— You can't understand what she told me. She's been away with this young fellow once, and she said as much as that she'd go again."

"Pshaw! you haven't had to do with women as I have, or you would understand them better. Of course a young girl likes to have her little romance. But when a girl has been well brought up,—and there is no better bringing up than what Linda Tressel has had,—marriage steadies them directly. Think of the position you'll have in the city when the house belongs to yourself."

Peter, when he left the magistrate, was still tossed about by an infinity of doubts. If he should once take the girl as his wife, he could never unmarry himself again. He could not do so at least without trouble, disgrace, and ruinous expense. As for revenge, he thought that he might still have a certain amount of that pleasure in repudiating his promised spouse for her bad conduct, and in declaring to her aunt that he could not bring himself to make a wife of a woman who had first disgraced herself, and then absolutely taken glory in her disgrace. As he went along from Herr Molk's house towards the island, taking a somewhat long path by the Rothe Rosse where he refreshed himself, and down the Carls Strasse, and by the Church of St. Lawrence, round which he walked twice, looking up to the tower for inspiration,—he told himself that circumstances had been most cruel to him. He complained bitterly of his misfortune. If he refused to marry Linda he must leave the red house altogether, and would, of course,

be ridiculed for his attempt at matrimony; and if he did marry her — Then, as far as he could see, there would be the very mischief. He pitied himself with an exceedingly strong compassion, because of the unmerited hardness of his position. It was very dark when he got to the narrow passage leading to the house along the river, and when there, in the narrowest and darkest part of the passage, whom should he meet coming from Madame Staubach's house, — coming from Linda's house, for the passage led from the red house only, — but Ludovic Valcarm his cousin?

"What, uncle Peter?" said Ludovic, assuming a name which he had sometimes used in old days when he had wished to be impertinent to his relative. Peter Steinmarc was too much taken aback to have any speech ready on the occasion. "You don't say a word to congratulate me on having escaped from the hands of the Philistines."

"What are you doing here?" said Peter.

"I've been to see my young woman," said Ludovic, who, as Peter imagined, was somewhat elated by strong drink.

"She is not your young woman," said Peter.

"She is not yours at any rate," said the other.

"She is mine if I like to take her," said Peter.

"We shall see about that. But here I am again, at any rate. The mischief take them for interfering old fools! When they had got me they had nothing to say against me."

"Pass on, and let me go by," said Peter.

"One word first, uncle Peter. Among you, you are treating that girl as cruelly as ever a girl was treated. You had better be warned by me, and leave off. If she were forced into a marriage with you, you would only disgrace yourself. I don't suppose you want to see her dead at your feet. Go on now, and think of what I have said to you." So Ludovic had been with her again! No; he, Peter Steinmarc, would not wed with one who was so abandoned. He would reject her; — would reject her that very night. But he would do so in a manner that should leave her very little cause for joy or triumph.

We must now go back for a while to Linda and her aunt. No detailed account of that meeting between Linda and Steinmarc, in Steinmarc's room, ever reached Madame Staubach's ears. That there had

been an interview, and that Linda asked Steinmarc to absolve her from troth, the aunt did learn from the n and most angry she was when she le: it. She again pointed out to the s the terrible sin of which she was guil not submitting herself entirely, in not icating and casting out from her bosom her human feelings, in not crushing he as it were, upon a wheel, in token o repentance for what she had done. cloth and ashes, in their material s were odious to the imagination of Ma Staubach, because they had a savo Papacy, and implied that the poor s who bore them could do something to his own salvation by his own works that moral sackcloth, and those ashes o heart and mind, which she was ever scribing to Linda, seemed to her to none of this taint. And yet, in what difference? The school of religio which Madame Staubach belonged very like that early school of the C of Rome in which material ashes wer used for the personal annoyance of th ner. But the Church of Rome in Ma Staubach's day had, by the force o human nature of its adherents, ma way back to the natural sympathi mankind; whereas in Madame Staul school the austerity of self-punishmen still believed to be all in all. Durin days of Steinmarc's meditation, Lind prayed for and was preached to wi unflagging diligence which, at the e that time, had almost brought the madness. For Linda the worst ci stance of all was this, that she had as yet brought herself to disbeliev aunt's religious menaces. She had b educated that what fixed belief she h the subject at all was in accordance her aunt's creed rather than again. When she was alone, she would tell h that it was her lot to undergo that e condemnation with which her aunt t ened her; though in telling herself s would declare to herself also that wh that punishment could be, her Creat Him be ever so relentless, could inflict ing on her worse than that state of with which His creatures had torment in this world.

She was in this state when Tetcher up to her room, on that evening on Peter had been with Herr Molk. "lein," said Tetcher, "you are very i to me."

"Never mind," said Linda, not l up into the woman's face.

"I have done everything in my power for you, as though you had been my own."

"I am not your own. I don't want you to do anything for me."

"I love you dearly, and I love him, — Ludovic. Have I not done everything in my power to save you from the man you hate?"

"You made me go off with him in the night, like a — like a —! Oh, Tetchen, was that treating me as though I had been your own? Would you have done that for your own child?"

"Why not, — if you are to be his wife?"

"Tetchen, you have made me hate you, and you have made me hate myself. If I had not done that, I should not be such a coward. Go away. I do not want to speak to you."

Then the old woman came close up to Linda, and stood for a moment leaning over her. Linda took no notice of her, but continued by a certain tremulous shaking of her knee to show how strongly she was moved. "My darling," said Tetchen, "why should you send away from you those who love you?"

"Nobody loves me," said Linda.

"I love you, — and Ludovic loves you."

"That is of no use, — of none at all. I do not wish to hear his name again. It was not his fault, but he has disgraced me. It was my own fault, — and yours."

"Linda, he is in the house now."

"Who, — Ludovic?"

"Yes; Ludovic Valcarm."

"In the house? How did he escape?"

"They could do nothing to him. They let him go. They were obliged to let him go."

Then Linda got up from her seat, and stood for a minute with her eyes fixed upon the old woman's face, thinking what step she had better take. In the confusion of her mind, and in the state to which she had been reduced, there was no idea left with her that it might yet be possible that she should become the wife of Ludovic Valcarm, and live as such the life of a respectable woman. She had taught herself to acknowledge that her elopement with him had made that quite impossible; — that by what they had done they had both put themselves beyond the pale of such gentle mercy. Such evil had come to her from her secret interviews with this man who had become her lover almost without her own acquiescence, that she dreaded him even though she loved him. The remembrance of the night she had passed with him, partly in the warehouse and partly in the railway

train, had nothing in it of the sweetness of love, to make her thoughts of it acceptable to her. This girl was so pure at heart, was by her own feelings so prone to virtue, that she looked back upon what she had done with abhorrence. Whether she had sinned or not, she hated what she had done as though it had been sinful; and now, when she was told that Ludovic Valcarm was again in the house, she recoiled from the idea of meeting him. On the former occasions of his coming to her, a choice had hardly been allowed to her whether she would see him or not. He had been with her before she had had time to fly from him. Now she had a moment for thought, — a moment in which she could ask herself whether it would be good for her to place herself again in his hands. She said that it would not be good, and she walked steadily down into her aunt's parlour. "Aunt Charlotte," she said, "Ludovic Valcarm is in the house."

"In this house, — again!" exclaimed Madame Staubach. Linda, having made her statement, said not a word further. Though she had felt herself compelled to turn informant against her lover, and by implication against Tetchen, her lover's accomplice, nevertheless she despised herself for what she was doing. She did not expect to soften her aunt by her conduct, or in any way to mitigate the rigour of her own sufferings. Her clandestine meetings with Ludovic had brought with them so much of pain and shame, that she had resolved almost by instinct to avoid another. But having taken this step to avoid it, she had nothing further to say or to do. "Where is the young man?" demanded Madame Staubach.

"Tetchen says that he is here, in the house," said Linda. Then Madame Staubach left the parlour and crossed into the kitchen. There, standing close to the stove and warming himself, she found this terrible youth who had worked her so much trouble. It seemed to Madame Staubach that for months past she had been hearing of his having been constantly in and about the house, entering where he would and when he would, and in all those months she had never seen him. When last she had beheld him he had been to her simply a foolish idle youth with whom his elder cousin had been forced to quarrel. Since that, he had become to her a source of infinite terror. He had been described to her as one guilty of crimes which, much as she hated them, produced, even in her breast, a kind of respect for the criminal. He was a rebel of whom the

magistrates were afraid. When in prison he had had means of escaping. When arrested at Nuremberg he would be the next day at Augsburg; when arrested at Augsburg he would be the next day at Nuremberg. He could get in and out of the roofs of houses, and could carry away with him a young maiden. These are deeds which always excite a certain degree of admiration in the female heart, and Madame Staubach, though she was a Baptist, was still a female. When, therefore, she found herself in the presence of Ludovic, she could not treat him with the indignant scorn with which she would have received him had he intruded upon her premises before her fears of him had been excited. "Why are you here, Ludovic Valcarm?" she said, advancing hardly a step beyond the doorway. Ludovic looked up at her with his hand resting on the table. He was not drunk, but he had been drinking; his clothes were soiled; he was unwashed and dirty, and the appearance of the man was that of a vagabond. "Speak to me, and tell me why you are here," said Madame Staubach.

"I have come to look for my wife," said Ludovic.

"You have no wife;—at any rate you have none here."

"Linda Tressel is my true and lawful wife, and I have come to take her away with me. She went with me once, and now she will go again. Where is she? You're not going to keep her locked up. It's against the law to make a young woman a prisoner."

"My niece does not wish to see you;—does not intend to see you. Go away."

But he refused to go, and threatened her, alleging that Linda Tressel was of an age which allowed her to dispose as she pleased of her person and her property. Of course this was of no avail with Madame Staubach, who was determined that, whatever might happen, the young man should not force himself into Linda's presence. When Ludovic attempted to leave the kitchen, Madame Staubach stood in the doorway and called for Tetchen. The servant, who had perched herself on the landing since Linda had entered the parlour, was down in a moment, and with various winks and little signs endeavoured to induce Valcarm to leave the house. "You had better go, or I shall call at once for my neighbour Jacob Heisse," said Madame Staubach. Then she did call, as lustily as she was able, though in vain. Upon this Ludovic, not knowing how to proceed, unable or unwill-

ing to force his way further into the house in opposition to Madame Staubach, took departure, and as he went met Peter Steinmarc in the passage at the back of Heisse's house. Madame Staubach was still in kitchen asking questions of Tetchen, who did not answer with perfect truth when Peter appeared among them. "Name Staubach," he said, "that vagabond Ludovic Valcarm has just been here, in house."

"He went away but a minute since," Madame Staubach.

"Just so. That is exactly what I mean. This is not a thing to be borne,—not to be endured, and shows that your niece Linda altogether beyond the reach of any good impressions."

"Peter Steinmarc!"

"Yes, that is all very well; of course I expect that you will take her part;—though, with your high ideas of religion and all that sort of thing, it is almost unbelievable that you should do so. As far as I am concerned there must be an end of it. I am not going to make myself ridiculous to all Nuremberg by marrying a young woman who has no sense whatever of self-respect. I have overlooked a great deal too much already,—a great deal too much."

"But Linda has not seen the young man. It was she herself who told me that he was here."

"Ah, very well. I don't know anything about that. I saw him coming away from here, and it may be as well to tell you that I have made up my mind. Linda Tressel is not the sort of young woman that I took her to be, and I shall have nothing more to say to her."

"You are an old goose," said Tetchen.

"Hold your tongue," said Madame Staubach angrily to her servant. Though she was very indignant with Peter Steinmarc, still it would go much against the grain with her that the match should be broken off. She had resolved so firmly that this marriage was proper for all purposes, that she had almost come to look at it as though it were a thing ordained of God. Then, too, she remembered, even in this moment, that Peter Steinmarc had received great provocation. Her immediate object was to persuade him that nothing had been done to give him further provocation. No fault had been committed by Linda which had not already been made known to him and been condoned by him. But how was she to explain all this to him in privacy, while Tetchen was in the kitchen, and Lin-

da was in the parlour opposite? "Peter, on my word as an honest truthful woman, Linda has been guilty of no further fault."

"She has been guilty of more than enough," said Peter.

"That may be said of all us guilty, frail, sinful human beings," rejoined Madame Staubach.

"I doubt whether there are any of us so bad as she is," said Peter.

"I wonder, madame, you can condescend to argue with him," said Tetchen; "as if all the world did not know that the fraulein is ten times too good for the like of him!"

"Hold your tongue," said Madame Staubach.

"And where is Miss Linda at the present moment?" demanded Peter. Madame Staubach hesitated for an instant before she answered, and then replied that Linda was in the parlour. It might seem, she thought, that there was some cause for secrecy if she made any concealment at the present moment. Then Peter made his way out of the kitchen and across the passage, and without any invitation entered the parlour. Madame Staubach followed him, and Tetchen followed also. It was unfortunate for Madame Staubach's plans that the meeting between Peter and Linda should take place in this way, but she could not help it. But she was already making up her mind to this, — that if Peter Steinmarc ill-treated her niece, she would bring all Nuremberg about his ears.

"Linda Tressel," he said; — and as he spoke, the impetuosity of indignation to which he had worked himself had not as yet subsided, and therefore he was full of courage; — "Linda Tressel, I find that that vagabond Ludovic Valcarm has again been here."

"He is no vagabond," said Linda, turning upon him with full as much indignation as his own.

"All the city knows him, and all the city knows you too. You are no better than you should be, and I wash my hands of you."

"Let it be so," said Linda; "and for such a blessing I will pardon you the unmanly cruelty of your words."

"But I will not pardon him," said Madame Staubach. "It is false; and if he

dares to repeat such words, he shall rue them as long as he lives. Linda, this is to go for nothing, — for nothing. Perhaps it is not unnatural that he should have some suspicion." Poor Madame Staubach, agitated by divided feelings, hardly knew on which side to use her eloquence.

"I should think not indeed," said Peter, in triumph. "Unnatural! Ha! ha!"

"I will put his eyes out of him if he laughs like that," said Tetchen, looking as though she were ready to put her threat into execution upon the instant.

"Peter Steinmarc, you are mistaken in this," said Madame Staubach. "You had better let me see you in private."

"Mistaken, am I? Oh! am I mistaken in thinking that she was alone during the whole night with Ludovic? A man does not like such mistakes as that. I tell you that I have done with her, — done with her, — done with her! She is a bad piece. She does not ring sound. Madame Staubach, I respect you, and am sorry for you; but you know the truth as well as I do."

"Man," she said to him, "you are ungrateful, cruel, and unjust."

"Aunt Charlotte," said Linda, "he has done me the only favour that I could accept at his hands. It is true that I have done that which, had he been a man, would have prevented him from seeking to make me his wife. All that is true. I own it."

"There; you hear her, Madame Staubach."

"And you shall hear me by-and-by," said Madame Staubach.

"But it is no thought of that that has made him give me up," continued Linda. "He knows that he never could have got my hand. I told him that I would die first, and he has believed me. It is very well that he should give me up; but no one else, no other man alive, would have been base enough to have spoken to any woman as he has spoken to me."

"It is all very well for you to say so," said Peter.

"Aunt Charlotte, I hope I may never be asked to hear another word from his lips, or to speak another word to his ears." Then Linda escaped from the room, thinking as she went that God in His mercy had saved her at last.

CHAPTER XXIV.

DOUBTS AND FEARS.

"AND here is the letter, Julia," said L'Estrange, as they sat at tea together that same evening. "Here is the letter; and if I were as clever a casuist as Colonel Bramleigh thought me, I should perhaps know whether I have the right to read it or not."

"Once I have begun to discuss such a point, I distrust my judgment; but when I pronounce promptly, suddenly, out of mere woman's instinct, I have great faith in myself."

"And how does your woman's instinct incline here?"

"Not to read it. It may or may not have been the writer's intention to have sealed it; the omission was possibly a mere accident. At all events, to have shown you the contents would have been a courtesy at the writer's option. He was not so inclined."

"Stop a bit, Julia," cried he, laughing. "Here you are arguing the case, after having given me the instinctive impulse that would not wait for logic. Now, I'll not stand 'floggee and preachee' too."

"Don't you see, sir," said she, with a mock air of being offended, "that the very essence of this female instinct is its being the perception of an inspired process of reasoning, an instinctive sense of right, that did not require a mental effort to arrive at."

"And this instinctive sense of right says, Don't read?"

"Exactly so."

"Well, I don't agree with you," said he, with a sigh. "I don't know, and I want to know, in what light Colonel Bramleigh puts me forward. Am I a friend? am I a dependant? am I a man worth taking some trouble about? or am I merely, as I overheard him saying to Lord Culduff, 'a young fellow my boys are very fond of?'"

"Oh, George. You never told me this."

"Because it's not safe to tell you anything. You are sure to resent things you ought never to show you have known. I'd lay my life on it that had you heard that speech, you'd have contrived to introduce it into some narrative or some description before a week went over."

"Well, it's a rule of war, if the enemy fire unfair ammunition, you may send it back to him."

"And then," said L'Estrange, reverting to his own channel of thought, "and then it's not impossible that it might be such a

letter as I would not have stooped to present."

"If I were a man, nothing would induce me to accept a letter of introduction to any one," said she, boldly. "It puts every one concerned in a false position. 'Give the bearer ten pounds' is intelligible; but when the request is, 'Be polite to the gentleman who shall deliver this; invite him to dine; present him to your wife and daughters; give him currency amongst your friends;' all because of certain qualities which have met favour with some one else; why, this subverts every principle of social intercourse; this strikes at the root of that lends a charm to intimacy. I want to find out the people who suit me in life, just as I want to display the traits that may attract others to me."

"I'd like to know what's inside this," said L'Estrange, who only half followed what she was saying.

"Shall I tell you?" said she, gravely.

"Do, if you can."

"Here it is:—'The bearer of this is a young fellow who has been our parson for some time back, and now wants to be yours at Albano. There's not much harm in him; he is well-born, well-mannered, preaches but twelve minutes, and rides admirably to hounds. Do what you can for him; and believe me yours truly.'"

"If I thought"—

"Of course you'd put it in the fire," said she, finishing his speech; "and I'd have put it there though it should contain something exactly the reverse of all this."

"The doctor told me that Bramleigh said something about a reparation that he owed me; and although the phrase, coming from a man in his state, might mean nothing, or next to nothing, it still keeps recurring to my mind, and suggesting an eager desire to know what he could point to."

"Perhaps his conscience pricked him, George, for not having made more of you while here. I'd almost say it might with some justice."

"I think they have shown us great attention—have been most hospitable and courteous to us."

"I'm not a fair witness, for I have no sort of gratitude for social civilities. I think it's always the host is the obliged person."

"I know you do," said he, smiling.

"Who knows," said she warmly, "if he has not found out that the 'young fellow the boys were so fond of' was worthy of favour in higher quarters? Eh, George, might not this give the clue to the reparation he speaks of?"

"I can make nothing of it," said he, as he opened the letter on the table with an impatient movement. "I'll tell you what I'll do, Julia," cried he, after a pause. "I'll take the letter over to Castello to-morrow, and ask Augustus if he feels at liberty to read it to me; if he opine not, I'll get him to seal it then and there."

"But suppose he consents to read it, and suppose it should contain something, I'll not say offensive, but something disagreeable, something that you certainly would not wish to have said; will you be satisfied at being the listener while he reads it?"

"I think I'd rather risk that than bear my present uncertainty."

"And if you'll let me, George, I'll go with you. I'll loiter about the grounds, and you can tell Nelly where to find me, if she wishes to see me."

"By the way, she asked me why you had not been to Castello; but my head being very full of other things, I forgot to tell you; and then there was something else I was to say."

"Try and remember it, George," said she, coaxingly.

"What was it? Was it? — no — it couldn't have been about Lord Culduff carrying away the doctor to his own room, and leaving him there full half-an-hour in consultation before he saw Colonel Bramleigh."

"Did he do that?"

"Yes. It was some redness, or some heat, or something or other that he remarked about his ears after eating. No, no; it wasn't that. I remember all about it now. It was a row that Jack got into with his Admiral; he didn't report himself, or he reported to the wrong man, or he went on board when he oughtn't; in fact, he did something irregular, and the Admiral used some very hard language, and Jack rejoined, and the upshot is he's to be brought before a court martial; at least he fears so."

"Poor fellow; what is to become of him?"

"Nelly says that there is yet time to apologize; that the Admiral will permit him to retract or recall what he said, and that his brother officers say he ought — some of them at least."

"And it was this you forgot to tell me?" said she, reproachfully.

"No. It was all in my head, but along with so many things; and then I was so badgered and bullied by the cross-examination they submitted me to, and so anxious and uneasy, that it escaped me till now."

"Oh, George, let us do a good-natured thing; let us go over and see Nelly; she'll have so many troubles on her heart, she'll

want a word of advice and kindness. Let us walk over there now."

"It's past ten o'clock, Julia."

"Yes; but they're always late at Castello."

"And raining heavily besides; — listen to that!"

"What do we care for rain? Did bad weather ever keep either of us at home when we wished to be abroad?"

"We can go to-morrow. I shall have to go to-morrow about this letter."

"But if we wait we shall lose a post. Come, George, get your coat and hat, and I'll be ready in an instant."

"After all, it will seem so strange in us presenting ourselves at such an hour, and in such a trim. I don't know how we shall do it."

"Easily enough. I'll go to Mrs. Eady the housekeeper's room, and you'll say nothing about me, except to Nelly; and as for yourself, it will be only a very natural anxiety on your part to learn how the Colonel is doing. There, now, don't delay. Let us be off at once."

"I declare I think it a very mad excursion, and the only thing certain to come of it will be a heavy cold or a fever."

"And we face the same risks every day for nothing. I'm sure wet weather never kept you from joining the bounds."

This home-thrust about the very point on which he was then smarting decided the matter, and he arose and left the room without a word.

"Yes," muttered he, as he mounted the stairs, "there it is! That's the reproach I can never make head against. The moment they say, 'You were out hunting,' I stand convicted at once."

There was little opportunity for talk as they breasted the beating rain on their way to Castello; great sheets of water came down with a sweeping wind, which at times compelled them to halt and seek shelter ere they could recover breath to go on.

"What a night!" muttered he. "I don't think I was ever out in a worse."

"Isn't it rare fun, George?" said she, laughingly. "It's as good as swimming in a rough sea."

"Which I always hate."

"And which I delighted in! Whatever taxes one's strength to its limits, and exacts all one's courage besides, is the most glorious of excitements. There's a splash; that was hail, George."

He muttered something that was lost in the noise of the storm; and though from time to time she tried to provoke him to speak,

now by some lively taunt, now by some jesting remark on his sullen humour, he maintained his silence till he reached the terrace, when he said, —

"Here we are, and I declare, Julia, I'd rather go back than go forward."

"You shan't have the choice," said she laughing, as she rang the bell. "How is your master, William?" asked she, as the servant admitted them.

"No better, miss; the Dublin doctor's upstairs now in consultation, and I believe there's another to be sent for."

"Mind that you don't say I'm here. I'm going to Mrs. Eady's room to dry my cloak, and I don't wish the young ladies to be disturbed," said she, passing hastily on to the housekeeper's room, while L'Estrange made his way to the drawing-room. The only person here, however, was Mr. Harding, who, with his hands behind his back and his head bowed forward, was slowly pacing the room in melancholy fashion.

"Brain fever, sir," muttered he, in reply to the curate's inquiry. "Brain fever, and of a severe kind. Too much application to business — did not give up in time, they say."

"But he looked so well; seemed always so hearty and so cheerful."

"Very true, sir, very true; but as you told us on Sunday, in that impressive discourse of yours, we are only whited sepulchres."

L'Estrange blushed. It was so rare an event for him to be complimented on his talents as a preacher that he half mistrusted the eulogy.

"And what else, indeed, are we?" sighed the little man. "Here's our dear friend, with all that the world calls prosperity; he has fortune, station, a fine family, and" —

The enumeration of the gifts that made up this lucky man's measure of prosperity was here interrupted by the entrance of Ellen Bramleigh, who came in abruptly and eagerly.

"Where's Julia?" cried she; "my maid told me she was here."

L'Estrange answered in a low tone. Ellen, in a subdued voice, said, —

"I'll take her up to my room. I have much to say to her. Will you let her remain here to-night? — you can't refuse. It is impossible she could go back in such weather." And without waiting for his reply, she hurried away.

"I suppose they sent for you, sir?" resumed Harding. "They wished you to see

him?" and he made a slight gesture, to point out that he meant the sick man.

"No; I came up to see if I could say a few words to Augustus — on a matter purely my own."

"Ha! indeed! I'm afraid you are not likely to have the opportunity. This is a trying moment, sir. Dr. B., though only a country practitioner, is a man of much experience, and he opines that the membranes are affected."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; he thinks it's the membranes; and he derives his opinion from the nature of the menal disturbance, for there are distinct intervals of perfect sanity — indeed, of great mental power. The Colonel was a remarkable man, Mr. L'Estrange; a very remarkable man."

"I've always heard so."

"Ah, sir, he had great projects — I might call them grand projects, for Ireland, had he been spared to carry them out."

"Let us still hope that he may."

"No, no, sir, that is not to be; and if Belton be correct, it is as well, perhaps, it should not be." Here he touched his forehead with the top of his finger, and gave a glance of most significant meaning.

"Does he apprehend permanent injury to the brain?"

The other pursed his mouth, and shook his head slowly, but did not speak.

"That's very dreadful," said L'Estrange, sadly.

"Indeed it is, sir; take this from us," and here he touched his head, "and what are we? What are we better than the beasts of the field? But why do I say this to you, sir? Who knows these things better than yourself?"

The curate was half inclined to smile at the ambiguity of the speech, but he kept his gravity, and nodded assent.

"Nobody had the slightest conception of his wealth," said Harding, coming up, and actually whispering the words into the other's ear. "We knew all about the estimated property; I did at least, I knew every acre of it, and how it was let; but of his money in shares, in foreign securities, on mortgages, and in various investments; what he had out at venture in Assam and Japan, and what he drew twenty-five per cent from in Peru; — of these, sir, none of us had any conception; and would you believe it, Mr. L'Estrange, that he can talk of all these things at some moments as collectedly as if he was in perfect health? He was giving directions to Sim-

about his will, and he said, 'Half a sheet of note-paper will do it, Simcox. I'll make my intentions very clear, and there will be nobody to dispute them. And as to details of what little — he called it little! — I possess in the world, I want no notes to aid my memory.' The doctor, however, positively prevented anything being done to-day, and strictly interdicted him from hearing any matters of business whatsoever. And it is strange enough, that if not brought up before him, he will not advert to these topics at all, but continue to wander on about his past life, and whether he had done wisely in this, or that, or the other, mixing very worldly thoughts and motives very oddly at times with those that belong to more serious considerations. "Poor Mr. Augustus," continued he, after a short breathing moment. "He does not know what to do! He was never permitted to take any part in business, and he knows no more of Bramleigh and Underwood than you do. And now he is obliged to open all letters marked immediate or urgent, and to make the best replies he can, to give directions, and to come to decisions, in fact, on things he never so much as heard of. And all this while he is well aware that if his father should recover, he'll not forgive him the liberty he has taken to open his correspondence. Can you imagine a more difficult or painful situation?"

"I think much of the embarrassment might be diminished, Mr. Harding, by his taking you into his counsels."

"Ah! and that's the very thing I'll not suffer him to do. No, no, sir, I know the Colonel too well for that. He may, when he is well and about again, he may forgive his son, his son and heir, for having possessed himself with a knowledge of many important details; but he'd not forgive the agent, Mr. Harding. I think I can hear the very words he'd use. He said once on a time to me, 'I want no Grand Vizier, Harding; I'm Sultan and Grand Vizier too.' So I said to Mr. Augustus, 'I've no head for business after dinner, and particularly when I have tasted your father's prime Madeira.' And it was true, sir; true as you stand there. The doctor and I had finished the second decanter before we took our coffee."

L'Estrange now looked the speaker fully in the face; and to his astonishment saw that signs of his having drank freely — which, strangely enough, had hitherto escaped his notice — were now plainly to be seen there.

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"No, sir, not a bit tipsy," said Harding, interpreting his glance; "not even what Mr. Cutbill calls 'tight!' I won't go so far as to say I'd like to make up a complicated account; but for an off-hand question as to the value of a standing crop, or an allowance for improvements in the case of a tenant-at-will, I'm as good as ever I felt. What's more, sir, it's three-and-twenty years since I took so much wine before. It was the day I got my appointment to the agency, Mr. L'Estrange. I was weak enough to indulge on that occasion, and the Colonel said to me, 'As much wine as you like, Harding — a pipe of it, if you please; but don't be garrulous.' The word sobered me, sir — sobered me at once. I was offended, I'll not deny it; but I couldn't afford to show that I felt it. I shut up; and from that hour to this I never was 'garrulous' again. Is it boasting to say, sir, that it's not every man who could do as much?"

The curate bowed politely, as if in concurrence.

"You never thought me garrulous, sir?"

"Never, indeed, Mr. Harding."

"No, sir, it was not the judgment the world passed on me. Men have often said Harding is cautious, Harding is reserved, Harding is guarded in what he says; but none have presumed to say I was garrulous."

"I must say I think you dwell too much on a mere passing expression. It was not exactly polite; but I'm sure it was not intended to convey either a grave censure or a fixed opinion."

"I hope so; I hope so, with all my heart, sir," said he pathetically. But his drooping head and depressed look showed how little of encouragement the speech gave him.

"Mr. Augustus begs you'll come to him in the library, sir," said a footman, entering, and to L'Estrange's great relief, coming to his rescue from his tiresome companion.

"I think I'd not mention the matter now," said Harding, with a sigh. "They've trouble and sickness in the house, and the moment would be unfavourable; but you'll not forget it, sir, you'll not forget that I want the expression recalled, or at least the admission that it was used inadvertently."

L'Estrange nodded assent, and hurried away to the library.

"The man of all others I wanted to see," said Augustus, meeting him with an outstretched hand. "What on earth has kept you away from us of late?"

"I fancied you were all a little cold towards me," said the curate, blushing deeply as he spoke; "but if I thought you wanted

me, I'd not have suffered my suspicion to interfere. I'd have come up at once."

"You're a good fellow, and I believe you thoroughly. There has been no coldness; at least, I can swear, none on my part, nor any that I know of elsewhere. We are in great trouble. You've heard about my poor father's seizure — indeed you saw him when it was impending, and now here am I in a position of no common difficulty. The doctors have declared that they will not answer for his life, or, if he lives, for his reason, if he be disturbed or agitated by questions relating to business. They have, for greater impressiveness, given this opinion in writing, and signed it. I have telegraphed the decision to the Firm, and have received this reply, 'Open all marked urgent, and answer.' Now, you don't know my father very long, or very intimately, but I think you know enough of him to be aware what a dangerous step is this they now press me to take. First of all, I know no more of his affairs than you do. It is not only that he never confided anything to me, but he made it a rule never to advert to a matter of business before any of us. And to such an extent did he carry his jealousy — if it was jealousy — in this respect, that he would immediately interpose if Underwood or the senior clerk said any thing about money matters, and remark, 'These young gentlemen take no interest in such subjects; let us talk of something they can take their share in.' Nor was this abstention on his part without a touch of sarcasm, for he would occasionally talk a little to my sister Marion on bank matters, and constantly said, 'Why weren't you a boy, Marion? You could have taken the helm when it was my watch below.' This showed what was the estimate he had formed of myself and my brothers. I mention all these things to you now, that you may see the exact danger of the position I am forced to occupy. If I refuse to act, if I decline to open the letters on pressing topics, and by my refusal lead to all sorts of complication and difficulties, I shall but confirm him, whenever he recovers, in his depreciatory opinion of me; and if, on the other hand, I engage in the correspondence, who is to say that I may not be possessing myself of knowledge that he never intended I should acquire, and which might produce a fatal estrangement between us in future? And this is the doubt and difficulty in which you now find me. Here I stand surrounded with these letters — look at that pile yonder — and I have not courage to decide what course to take."

"And he is too ill to consult with?"

"The doctors have distinctly forbidden one syllable on any business matter."

"It's strange enough that it was a ~~condition~~ ^{operation} which bore upon all this brought me up here to-night. Your father had promised me a letter to Lady Augusta at Rome, with reference to a chaplaincy I was looking for, and he told Belton to inform me that he had written the letter and sealed it, and left it on the table in the library. We found it there, as he said, only not sealed; and though that point was not important, it suggested a discussion between Julia and myself whether I had or had not the right to read it, being a letter of presentation, and regarding myself alone. We could not agree as to what ought to be done, and resolved at last to take the letter over to you and say, 'If you feel at liberty to let me see what is in this, read it for me; if you have any scruples on the score of reading, seal it, and the matter is ended at once. This is the letter.'"

Augustus took it, and regarded it listlessly for a moment.

"I think I need have no hesitation here," said he. "I break no seal, at least."

He withdrew the letter carefully from the envelope, and opened it.

"Dear Sedley," read he, and stopped. "Why, this is surely a mistake; this was not intended for Lady Augusta;" and he turned to the address, which ran, "The Lady Augusta Bramleigh, Villa Altieri, Rome." "What can this mean?"

"He has put it in a wrong envelope."

"Exactly so, and probably sealed the other, which led to his remark to Belton. I suppose it may be read now. 'Dear Sedley — Have no fears about the registry. First of all, I do not believe any exists of the date required; and secondly, there will be neither church, nor parson, nor register here in three months hence.'" Augustus stopped and looked at L'Estrange. Each face seemed the reflex of the other, and the look of puzzled horror was the same on both. "I must go on, I can't help it," muttered Augustus, and continued: "'I have spoken to the dean, who agrees with me that Portshandon need not be retained as a parish. Something, of course, must be done for the curate here. You will probably be able to obtain one of the smaller livings for him in the Chancellor's patronage. So much for the registry difficulty, which indeed was never a difficulty at all till it occurred to your legal acuteness to make it such.'"

"There is more here, but I am unwilling to read on," said Augustus, whose face was

upon, "and yet, L'Estrange," added, "may be that I shall want your counsel in the very matter. I'll finish it." And I, "The more I reflect on the plan of compromise the less I like it, and I cannot see how it secures finality. The charge is to be revived in my son's life; it will certainly not be met with more or more knowledge than I can contribute to it. Every impostor gains the lapse of years — bear that in mind. Doubtless which environ explanations variably in favor of the rogue, just a fiction is more plausible often than the truth. It is not pleasant to admit, but I am so, own that there is not one amongst us who has either the stamina or the nerve to confront such a peril; so that, better be really to be fought, let it be while I am yet here, and in health, than to engage in it. There are abundant reasons why I confide the matter to any of my sons — one will suffice: there is not one except my eldest daughter who will not be crushed by the tidings, and she has head enough, she has not a word for a very exciting and critical time. That you tell me of Jack and his income will serve to show you how safe I am in the hands of my sons, and he is as wise as his brothers, less pretentious than the diplomatist; for Augustus, I have great misgivings. Some time should ever come when he will have convinced himself that this is good, — and sentimental reasons always have more weight with him than either law or logic, — I say, if such a time should arrive, he's just the sort of man who would prefer the martyrdom of registry to the assertion of his right, and the vanity of being equal to the sacrifice would repay him for the ruin. There are two of this stamp, and I have terrible doubts as to I have one of them for a son." Augustus laid down the letter and tried to read, but his lip trembled hysterically, his voice was broken and uncertain as he said: "This is a hard sentence, George, but I had never read it. What can it mean?" cried he, after a minute or more; "seemed cruel suffering. 'What is it?' Who is this rogue? and what charge that can be revived and in another generation? Have you heard of this before? or can you make any sense out of it now? Tell me, for mercy, and do not keep me longer in any of doubt and uncertainty."

"I have not the faintest clue to the meaning of all this. It reads as if some one was about to prefer a claim to your father's estate, and that your lawyer had been advising a compromise with him."

"But a compromise is a sort of admission that the claimant was not an impostor, — that he had his rights?"

"There are rights, and rights! There are demands, too, that it is often better to conciliate than to defy, — even though defiance would be successful."

"And how is it that I never heard of this before?" burst he out indignantly. "Has a man the right to treat his son in this fashion? to bring him up in the unbroken security of succeeding to an inheritance that the law may decide he has no title to?"

"I think that is natural enough. Your father evidently did not recognize this man's right, and felt there was no need to impart the matter to his family."

"But why should my father be the judge in his own cause?"

L'Estrange smiled faintly: the line in the Colonel's letter, in which he spoke of his son's sensitiveness, occurred to him at once.

"I see how you treat my question," said Augustus. "It reminds you of the character my father gave me. What do you say then to that passage about the registry? Why, if we be clean-handed in this business, do we want to make short work of all records?"

"I simply say I can make nothing of it."

"Is it possible, think you, that Marion knows this story?"

"I think it by no means unlikely."

"It would account for much that has often puzzled me," said Augustus, musing as he spoke. "A certain self-assertion that she has, and a habit, too, of separating her own interests from those of the rest of us, as though speculating on a time when she should walk alone. Have you remarked that?"

"I! I," said L'Estrange, smiling, "remark nothing! there is not a less observant fellow breathing."

"If it were not for those words about the parish registry, George," said the other, in a grave tone, "I'd carry a light heart about all this; I'd take my father's version of this fellow, whoever he is, and believe him to be an impostor; but I don't like the notion of foul play, and it does mean foul play."

L'Estrange was silent, and for some minutes neither spoke.

"When my father," said Augustus — and

there was a tone of bitterness now in his voice — “when my father drew that comparison between himself and his sons, he may have been flattering his superior intellect at the expense of some other quality.”

Another and a longer pause succeeded.

At last L'Estrange spoke: —

“I have been running over in my head all that could bear upon this matter, and now I remember a couple of weeks ago that Longworth, who came with a French friend of his to pass an evening at the cottage, led me to talk of the parish church and its history: he asked me if it had not been burnt by the rebels in '98, and seemed surprised when I said it was only the vestry-room and the books that had been destroyed. ‘Was not that strange?’ asked he; ‘did the insurgents usually interest themselves about parochial records?’ I felt a something like a sneer in the question, and made him no reply.”

“And who was the Frenchman?”

“A certain Count Pracontal, whom Longworth met in Upper Egypt. By the way, he was the man Jack led over the high bank, where the poor fellow's leg was broken.”

“I remember; he of course has no part in the story we are now discussing. Longworth may possibly know something. Are you intimate with him?”

“No, we are barely acquainted. I believe he was rather flattered by the very slight attention we showed himself and his friend; but his manner was shy, and he is a diffident, bashful sort of man, not easy to understand.”

“Look here, L'Estrange,” said Augustus, laying his hand on the other's shoulder. “All that has passed between us here to-night is strictly confidential, to be divulged to no one, not even your sister. As for this letter, I'll forward it to Sedley, for whom it was intended. I'll tell him how it chanced that I read it; and then — and then — the rest will take its own course.”

“I wonder if Julia intends to come back with me?” said L'Estrange after a pause.

“No. Nelly has persuaded her to stay here, and I think there is no reason why you should not also.”

“No. I'm always uncomfortable away from my own den; but I'll be with you early to-morrow; good-night.”

Nelly and Julia did not go to bed till day-break. They passed the night writing a long letter to Jack — the greater part being dictated by Julia while Nelly wrote. It was an urgent entreaty to him to yield to

the advice of his brother officers, and withdraw the offensive words he had used to the Admiral. It was not alone his station, his character, and his future in life were pressed into the service, but the happiness of all who loved him and wished him well, with a touching allusion to his poor father's condition, and the impossibility of asking any aid or counsel from him. Nelly went on — “Remember, dear Jack, how friendless and deserted I shall be if I lose you; and it would be next to losing you to know you had quitted the service, and gone heaven knows where, to do heaven knows what.” She then adverted to home, and said, “You know how happy and united we were all here, once on a time. This has all gone: Marion and Temple hold themselves quite apart, and Augustus, evidently endeavouring to be neutral, is isolated. I only say this to show you how, more than ever, I need your friendship and affection; nor is it the least sad of all my tidings, the L'Estranges are going to leave this. There is to be some new arrangement by which Portahandon is to be united to Lisconnor, and one church to serve for the two parishes. George and Julia think of going to Italy. I can scarcely tell you how I feel this desertion of me now, dearest Jack. I'd bear up against all these and worse — if worse there be — were I only to feel that you were following out your road to station and success, and that the day was coming when I should be as proud as I am fond of you. You hate writing, I know, but you will, I'm sure, not fail to send me half-a-dozen lines to say that I have not pleaded in vain. I fear I shall not soon be able to send you pleasant news from this, the gloom thickens every day around us, but you shall hear constantly.” The letter ended with a renewed entreaty to him to place himself in the hands and under the guidance of such of his brother officers as he could rely on for sound judgment and moderation. “Remember, Jack, I ask you to do nothing that shall peril honour; but also nothing in anger, nothing out of wounded self-love.”

“Add one line, only one, Julia,” said she, handing the pen to her and pushing the letter before her; and without a word Julia wrote: — “A certain coquette of your acquaintance — heartless of course as all her tribe — is very sorry for your trouble, and would do all in her power to lessen it. To this end she begs you to listen patiently to the counsels of the present letter, every line of which she has read, and to believe that in yielding something — if it should be so — to the opinion of those who care for

you, you acquire a new right to their affection, and a stronger title to their love."

Nelly threw her arm round Julia's neck and kissed her again and again.

"Yes, darling, these dear words will sink into his heart, and he will not refuse our prayer."

CHAPTER XXV.

MARION'S AMBITIONS.

COLONEL BRAMLEIGH'S malady took a strange form, and one which much puzzled his physicians: his feverish symptoms gradually disappeared, and to his paroxysm of passion and excitement there now succeeded a sort of dreary apathy, in which he scarcely uttered a word, nor was it easy to say whether he heard or heeded the remarks around him. This state was accompanied by a daily increasing debility, as though the powers of life were being gradually exhausted, and that, having no more to strive for or desire, he cared no more to live.

The whole interest of his existence now seemed to centre around the hour when the post arrived. He had ordered that the letter-bag should be opened in his presence, and as the letters were shown him one by one, he looked them, unopened and unread, in a despatch-box, so far strictly obedient to the dictates of the doctor, who had forbidden him all species of excitement. His family had been too long accustomed to the reserve and distance he observed towards them to feel surprised that none were in this critical hour admitted to his confidence, and that it was in presence of his valet, Dorose, the letters were sorted and separated, and such as had no bearing on matters of business sent down to be read by the family.

It was while he continued in this extraordinary state, intermediate as it seemed between sleeping and waking, a telegram came from Sedley to Augustus, saying, — "Highly important to see your father. Could he confer with me if I go over? Reply at once." The answer was, — "Unlikely that you can see him; but come on the chance."

Before sending off this reply, Augustus had taken the telegram up to Marion's room, to ask her advice in the matter. "You are quite right, Gusty," said she, "for if Sedley cannot see papa, he can certainly see Lord Cuduff."

"Lord Cuduff," cried he, in amazement. "Why what could Lord Cuduff possibly know about my father's affairs? How

could he be qualified to give an opinion upon them?"

"Simply on the grounds of his great discrimination, his great acuteness, joined to a general knowledge of life, in which he has admittedly few rivals."

"Grant all that; but here are special questions, here are matters essentially personal; and with all his lordship's tact and readiness, yet he is not one of us."

"He may be, though, and very soon too," replied she, promptly.

"What do you mean?" asked he, in a voice of almost dismay.

"Just what I say, Augustus; and I am not aware it is a speech that need excite either the amazement or the terror I see in your face at this moment."

"I am amazed; and if I understand you aright, I have grounds to be shocked besides."

"Upon my word," said she, in a voice that trembled with passion, "I have reason to congratulate myself on the score of brotherly affection. Almost the last words Jack spoke to me at parting were, 'For God's sake, shake off that old scamp;' and now you — that hold a very different position amongst us — you, who will one day be the head of the family, deliberately tell me you are shocked at the prospect of my being allied to one of the first names in the peerage."

"My dear Marion," said he, tenderly, "it is not the name, it is not the rank, I object to."

"Is it his fortune, then? I'm sure it can't be his abilities."

"It is neither. It is simply that the man might be your grandfather."

"Well, sir," said she, drawing herself up, and assuming a manner of intense hauteur, "and if I — I conclude I am the person most to be consulted — if I do not regard this disparity of years as an insurmountable obstacle, by what right can one of my family presume to call it such?"

"My dear sister," said he, "can you not imagine the right of a brother to consult for your happiness?"

"Happiness is a very large word. If it were for Nelly that you were interesting yourself, I've no doubt your advice and counsel ought to have great weight; but I am not one of your love-in-a-cottage young ladies, Gusty. I am, I must own it, excessively worldly. Whatever happiness I could propose to myself in life is essentially united to a certain ambition. We have as many of the advantages of mere wealth as most people; as fine equipage, as many footmen, as

good a cook, and as costly silver; and what do they do for us? They permit us simply to enter the lists with a set of people who have high-stepping horses and powdered lacqueys like ourselves, but who are no more the world, no more society, than one of papa's Indiamen is a ship of the Royal Navy. Why do I say this to you, who were at Oxford, who saw it all,—ay, and felt it all,—in those fresh years of youth when these are sharp sufferings? You know well—you told me your griefs at the time—that you were in a set without being 'of it'; that the stamp of inequality was as indelibly fixed upon you as though you were a corporal and wore coarse cloth. Now, these things are hard to bear for a man, for a woman they are intolerable. She has not the hundred and one careers in life in which individual distinction can obliterate the claims of station. She has but one stage—the *salon*; but, to her, this narrow world, soft-carpeted and damask-curtained, is a very universe, and without the recognised stamp of a certain rank in it, she is absolutely nothing."

"And may not all these things be bought too dearly, Marion?"

"I don't know the price I'd call too high for them."

"What! Not your daily happiness? not your self-esteem? not the want of the love of one who would have your whole heart in his keeping?"

"So he may, if he can give me the rank I care for."

"Oh, Marion! I cannot think this of you," cried he, bitterly.

"That is to say, that you want me to deceive you with false assurances of unbought affection and the like; and you are angry because I will not play the hypocrite. Lord Cuduff has made me an offer of his hand, and I have accepted it. You are aware that I am my own mistress. Whatever I possess, it is absolutely my own; and though I intend to speak with my father, and, if it may be, obtain his sanction, I will not say that his refusal would induce me to break off my engagement."

"At all events, you are not yet this man's wife, Marion," said he, with more determination than he had yet shown; "and I forbid you positively to impart to Lord Cuduff anything regarding this telegram."

"I make no promises."

"You may have no regard for the interests of your family, but possibly you will care for some of your own," said he, fiercely. "Now, I tell you distinctly, there are very grave perils hanging over us at this mo-

ment—perils of which I cannot measure the amount nor the consequences. I can only dimly perceive the direction from which they come; and I warn you, for your own sake, make no confidences beyond the bounds of your own family."

"You are superbly mysterious, Gusty; and if I were impressionable on this kind of matter, I half suspect you might terrify me. Papa ought to have committed a forgery, at least, to justify your dark insinuations."

"There is no question of a forgery; but there may be that which, in the end, will lead to a ruin as complete as any forgery."

"I know what you mean," said she, in a careless, easy tone; "the bank has made use of private securities and title-deeds, just as those other people did—I forget their names—a couple of years ago."

"It is not even that; but I repeat the consequences may be to the full as disastrous."

"You allude to this unhappy scrape of Jack's."

"I do not. I was not then thinking of it."

"Because as to that, Lord Cuduff said there never yet grew a tree where there wasn't a branch or two might be lopped off with advantage. If Jack doesn't think his station in life worth preserving, all the teaching in the world won't persuade him to maintain it."

"Poor Jack!" said he, bitterly.

"Yes, I say, poor Jack! too. I think it's exactly the epithet to apply to one whose spirit is so much beneath his condition."

"You are terribly changed, Marion. I do not know if you are aware of it?"

"I hope I am. I trust that I look at the events around me from a higher level than I have been accustomed to hitherto."

"And is my father in a state to be consulted on a matter of this importance?" asked he, half indignantly.

"Papa has already been spoken to about it; and it is by his own desire we are both to see him this evening."

"Am I the only one here who knew nothing of all this?"

"You should have been told formally this morning, Augustus. Lord Cuduff only waited for a telegram from Mr. Cutbill to announce to you his intentions, and his—hopes." A slight hesitation delayed the word.

"These things I can't help," said he bitterly, and as if speaking to himself. "They have been done without my knowledge, and regardless of me in every way; but I do protest, strongly protest, against Lord Cul-

duff being introduced into matters which are purely our own."

"I never knew till now that we had family secrets," said she, with an insolent air.

"You may learn it later on, perhaps, and without pleasure."

"So, then; these are the grave perils you tried to terrify me with a while ago. You forget, Augustus, that I have secured my passage in another ship. Personally, at least, I am in no danger."

"I did forget that. I did indeed forget how completely you could disassociate yourself from the troubles of your family."

"But what is going to happen to us? They can't shoot Jack because he called his commanding officer an ugly name. They can't indite papa because he refused to be high-sheriff. And if the world is angry with you, Gusty, it is not certainly because you like the company of men of higher station than your own."

He flushed at the sarcasm that her speech half revealed, and turned away to hide his irritation.

"Shall I tell you frankly, Gusty," continued she, "that I believe nothing—absolutely nothing—of these impending calamities? There is no sword suspended over us; or if there be, it is by a good strong cord, which will last our time. There are always plenty of dark stories in the City. Shares fall and great houses tumble; but papa told me scores of times that he never put all his eggs into one basket: and Bramleigh and Underwood will be good names for many a day to come. Shall I tell you, my dear Augustus, what I suspect to be the greatest danger that now hangs over us? And I am quite ready to admit it is a heavy one."

"What is it?"

"The peril I mean is, that your sister Nelly will marry the curate. Oh, you may look shocked and incredulous, and cry impossible, if you like; but we girls are very shrewd detectives over each other, and what I tell you is only short of certainty."

"He has not a shilling in the world; nor has she, independently of my father."

"That's the reason. That's the reason! These are the truths that are never broken. There is nothing aids fidelity like beggary."

"He has neither friends nor patrons; he told me himself he has not the vaguest hope of advancement."

"Exactly so; and just for that they will be married! Now it reminds me," said she, aloud, "of what papa once said to me. The man who wants to build up a name and a family, ought to have few children. With a

large household, some one or other will make an unhappy alliance, and one deserter disgraces the army."

"A grave consideration for Lord Cuduff at this moment," said he, with a humorous twinkle of the eye.

"We have talked it over already," said she.

"Once for all, Marion, no confidences about what I have been talking of." And so saying he went his way.

CHAPTER XXVI.

MR. CUTBILL ARRIVES AT CASTELLO.

ON the eve of that day on which the conversation in the last chapter occurred, Mr. Cutbill arrived at Castello. He came full of town news: he brought with him the latest scandals of society, and the last events in politics; he could tell of what was doing in Downing Street, and what was about to be done in the City. In fact, he had the sort of budget that was sure to amuse a country audience, and yet, to his astonishment, he found none to question, none even to listen to him. Colonel Bramleigh's illness had thrown a gloom over all. The girls relieved each other in watches beside their father, and Augustus and Temple dined together alone, as Lord Cuduff's gout still detained him in his room. It was as the dinner drew to its close that Mr. Cutbill was announced.

"It ain't serious, I hope? I mean, they don't think the case dangerous?" said he, as he arranged his napkin on his knee.

Augustus only shook his head in silence.

"Why, what age is he? not sixty?"

"Fifty-one—fifty-two in June."

"That's not old; that's the prime of life, especially when a man has taken nothing out of himself."

"He was always temperate; most temperate."

"Just so: even his own choice Mouton didn't tempt him into the second bottle. I remember that well. I said to myself, 'Tom Cutbill, that green seal wouldn't fare so well in your keeping.' I had such a bag of news for him! 'All the rogueries on 'Change, fresh and fresh. I suppose it is quite hopeless to think of telling him now?'"

"Not to be thought of."

"How he'd have liked to have heard about Hewlett and Bell! They're gone for close on two millions; they'll not pay over sixpence in the pound: and Rinker, the Bombay fellow that went in for cotton, has caught it too! Cotton and indigo have ru-

ined more men than famine and pestilence. I'd be shot, if I was a Lord of the Council, if I wouldn't have a special prayer for them in the Litany. Well, Temple, and how are you, all this while?" said he, turning abruptly to the diplomatist, who sat evidently inattentive to the dialogue.

"What, sir; did you address me?" cried he, with a look of astonishment and indignation.

"I should think I did; and I never heard you were Premier Earl, or that other thing of England, that you need look so shocked at the liberty! You Foreign Office swells are very grand folk to each other; but take my word for it, the world, the real world, thinks very little of you."

Temple arose slowly from his place, threw his napkin on the table, and turning to Augustus, said, "You'll find me in the library," and withdrew.

"That's dignified, I take it," said Cutbill; "but to my poor appreciation, it's not the way to treat a guest under his father's roof."

"A guest has duties, Mr. Cutbill, as well as rights; my brother is not accustomed to the sort of language you address to him, nor is he at all to blame if he decline to hear more of it."

"So that I am to gather you think he was right?"

Augustus bowed coldly.

"It just comes to what I said one day to Harding: the sailor is the only fellow in the house a man can get on with. I'm sorry, heartily sorry for him." The last words were in a tone of sincere feeling, and Augustus asked, — "What do you mean by sorry? what has happened to him?"

"Haven't you seen it in *The Times* — no, you couldn't, though — it was only in this morning's edition, and I have it somewhere. There's to be a court-martial on him; he's to be tried on board the *Ramsay*, at Portsmouth, for disobedience and indiscipline, and using to his superior officer — old Colthurst — words unbecoming the dignity of the service and the character of an officer, or the dignity of an officer and the character of the service — it's all the one gauge, but he'll be broke and cashiered all the same."

"I thought that if he were to recall something, if he would make some explanation, which he might without any peril to honour" —

"That's exactly how it was, and when I heard he was in a scrape I started off to Portsmouth to see him."

"You did?" exclaimed Augustus, looking now with a very different expression at the other.

"To be sure I did; I went down by the mail-train, and stayed with him till the one-forty express started next day, and I might have saved myself the trouble."

"You could make no impression upon him?"

"Not a bit — as well talk to that oak sideboard there; he'd sit and smoke and chat very pleasantly too, about anything, I believe; he'd tell about his life up in town, and what he lost at the races, and how near he was to a good thing on the Riddlesworth; but not a word, not so much as a syllable would he say about his own hobble. It was growing late; we had had a regular bang-up breakfast — turtle steaks and a devilled lobster, and plenty of good champagne — not the sweet stuff your father gives us down here — but dry 'Mum,' that had a flavour of Marcobrunner about it. He's a rare fellow to treat a man, is Jack; and so I said — not going about the bush, but bang into the thicket at once — 'What's this stupid row you've got into with your Admiral? what's it all about?'"

"It's about a service regulation, Master Cutbill," said he, with a stiff look on him. "A service regulation that you wouldn't understand if you heard it."

"You think," said I, "that out of culverts and cuttings, Tom Cutbill's opinion is not worth much?"

"No, no, not that, Cutbill; I never said that," said he, laughing; "but you see that we sailors not only have all sorts of technicals for the parts of a ship, but we have technical meanings for even the words of common life, so that though I might call you a consummate humbug, I couldn't say as much to a Vice-Admiral without the risk of being judged by professional etiquette."

"But you didn't call him that, did you?" said I.

"I'll call you worse, Cutty," says he, laughing, "if you don't take your wine."

"And now, Jack," said I, "it's on the stroke of one; I must start with the express at one-forty, and as I came down here for nothing on earth but to see if I could be of any use to you, don't let me go away only as wise as I came; be frank, and tell me all about this business, and when I go back to town it will push me hard if I can't do something with the Somerset House fellows to pull you through."

"You are a good-hearted dog, Cutty," said he, "and I thought so the first day I saw you; but my scrape, as you call it, is just one of those things you'd only blunder in. My fine brother Temple, or that much

finer gentleman Lord Culduff, who can split words into the thinnest of veneers, might possibly make such a confusion that it would be hard to see who was right or who was wrong in the whole affair; but you, Cutty, with your honest intentions and your vulgar good sense, would be sure to offend every one. There, don't lose your train; don't forget the cheroots and the punch, and some pleasant books, if they be writing any such just now.'

"If you want money,' said I — 'I mean for the defence.'

"Not sixpence for the lawyers, Cutty; of that you may take your oath,' said he, as he shook my hand. 'I'd as soon think of sending the wardroom dinner overboard to the sharks.' We parted, and the next thing I saw of him was that paragraph in *The Times*."

"How misfortunes thicken around us! About a month or six weeks ago, when you came down here first, I suppose there wasn't a family in the kingdom could call itself happier."

"You *did* look jolly, that I *will* say; but somehow — you'll not take the remark ill — I saw that, as we rail-folk say, it was a capital line for ordinary regular traffic, but would be sure to break down if you had a press of business."

"I don't understand you."

"I mean that, so long as it was only a life of daily pleasure and enjoyment was before you, — that the gravest question of the day was what horse you'd ride, or whom you'd invite to dinner, — so long as that lasted, the machine would work well, — no jar, no friction anywhere; but if once trouble — and I mean real trouble — was to come down upon you, it would find you all at sixes and sevens, — no order, no discipline anywhere, and what's worse, no union. But you know it better than I do. You see yourself that no two of you pull together; ain't that a fact?"

Augustus shook his head mournfully, but was silent.

"I like to see people jolly, because they understand each other and are fond of each other, because they take pleasure in the same things, and feel that the success of one is the success of all. There's no merit in being jolly over ten thousand a year and a house like Windsor Castle. Now, just look at what is going on, I may call it, under our noses here: does your sister Marion care a brass farthing for Jack's misfortunes, or does he feel a bit elated about her going to marry a viscount? Are you fretting your heart to ribbons because that fine

young gent that left us a while ago is about to be sent envoy to Bogota? And that's fact, though he don't know it yet," added he, in a chuckling whisper. "It's a regular fair-weather family, and if it comes on to blow, you'll see if there's a storm-sail amongst you."

"Apparently, then, you were aware of what was only divulged to me this evening?" said Augustus. "I mean the intended marriage of Lord Culduff to my sister."

"I should say I was aware of it. I was, so to say, promoter and projector. It was I started the enterprise. It was that took me over to town. I went to square that business of old Culduff. There was a question to be asked in the House about his appointment that would have led to a debate, or what they call a conversation — about the freest kind of after-dinner talk imaginable — and they'd have ripped up the old reprobate's whole life — and I assure you there are passages in it wouldn't do for the *Methodists' Magazine* — so I went over to negotiate a little matter with Joel, who had, as I well knew, a small sheaf of Repton's bills. I took Joel down to Greenwich to give him a fish-dinner and talk the thing over, and we were right comfortable and happy over some red Hermitage — thirty shillings a bottle, mind you — when we heard a yell, just a yell, from the next room, and in walks — whom do you think? — Repton himself, with his napkin in his hand — he was dining with a set of fellows from the Garrick, and he swaggered in and sat down at our table. 'What infernal robbery are you two concocting here?' said he. 'When the waiter told me who were the fellows at dinner together, I said, "These rascals are like the witches in Macbeth, and they never meet without there's mischief in the wind."'

"The way he put it was so strong, there was something so home in it, that I burst out and told him the whole story, and that it was exactly himself, and no other, was the man we were discussing."

"And you thought," said he, 'you thought that, if you had a hold of my acceptances, you'd put the screw on me and squeeze me as flat as you pleased. Oh, generation of silkworms, ain't you soft!' cried he, laughing. 'Order up another bottle of this, for I want to drink your healths. You've actually made my fortune! The thing will now be first rate. The Culduff inquiry was a mere matter of public morals, but here, here is a direct attempt to coerce or influence a member of Parliament. I'll have

you both at the Bar of the House as sure as my name is Repton.'

"He then arose and began to rehearse the speech he'd make when we were arraigned, and a spicier piece of abuse I never listened to. The noise he made brought the other fellows in from the next room, and he ordered them to make a house, and one was named speaker and another black rod, and we were taken into custody and duly purged of our contempt by paying for all the wine drank by the entire company, a trifle of five-and-thirty pounds odd. The only piece of comfort I got at all was getting into the rail to go back to town, when Repton whispered me, 'Its all right about Cuduff. Parliament is dissolved; the House rises on Tuesday, and he'll not be mentioned.'"

"But does all this bear upon the question of marriage?"

"Quite naturally. Your father pulls Cuduff out of the mire, and the viscount proposes for your sister. It's all a contract business the whole world over. By the way, where is our noble friend? I suppose, all things considered, I owe him a visit."

"You'll find him in his room. He usually dines alone, and I believe Temple is the only one admitted."

"I'll send up my name," said he, rising to ring the bell for the servant; "and I'll call myself lucky if he'll refuse to see me."

"His lordship will be glad to see Mr. Cutbill as soon as convenient to him," replied the servant on his return.

"All my news for him is not so favorable as this," whispered Cutbill, as he moved away. "They won't touch the mine in the City. That last murder, though it was down in Tipperary, a hundred and fifty miles away from this, has frightened them all; and they say they're quite ready to do something at Lagos, or the Gaboon, but nothing here. 'You see,' say they, 'if they cut one or two of our people's heads off in Africa, we get up a gun-brig, and burn the barracoons and slaughter a whole village for it, and this restores confidence; but in Ireland it always ends with a debate in the House, that shows the people to have great wrongs and great patience, and that their wild justice, as some one called it, was all right; and that, sir, *that* does not restore confidence.' Good-night."

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE VILLA ALTIERI.

THERE is a short season in which a villa within the walls of old Rome realizes all that is positive ecstasy in the life of Italy.

This season begins usually towards the end of February and continues through the month of March. This interval — which in less favoured lands is dedicated to storms of rain and sleet, east winds and equinoctial gales, tumbling chimney-pots and bronchitis — is here signalized by all that Spring, in its most voluptuous abundance, can pour forth: vegetation comes out, not with the laggard step of northern climes — slow, cautious, and distrustful — but bursting at once from bud to blossom as though impatient for the fresh air of life and the warm rays of the sun. The very atmosphere laughs and trembles with vitality, from the panting lizard on the urn to the myriad of insects on the grass: it is life everywhere, and over all sweeps the delicious odour of the verbena and the violet, almost overpowering with perfume, so that one feels, in such a land, the highest ecstasy of existence is that same dreamy state begotten of sensations, derived from blended sense, where tone and tint and odour mingle almost into one.

Perhaps the loveliest spot of Rome in this loveliest of seasons was the Villa Altieri. It stood on a slope of the Pincian, defended from north and east, and looking westward over the Campagna towards the hills of Albano. A thick ilex grove, too thick and dark for Italian, though perfect to English taste, surrounded the house, offering alleys of shade that even the noonday's sun found impenetrable; while beneath the slope, and under shelter of the hill, lay a delicious garden, memorable by a fountain designed by Thorwaldsen, where four Naiades splash the water at each other under the fall of a cataract; this being the costly caprice of the Cardinal Altieri, to complete which he had to conduct the water from the Lake of Albano. Unlike most Italian gardens the plants and shrubs were not merely those of the south, but all that the culture of Holland and England could contribute to fragrance and colour were also there, and the gorgeous tulips of the Hague, the golden ranunculus and crimson carnation, which attain the highest beauty in moister climates, here were varied with chrysanthemums and camellias. Gorgeous creepers trailed from tree to tree or gracefully trained themselves around the marble groups, and clusters of orange-trees, glittering with golden fruit, relieved in their darker green the almost too glaring brilliancy of colour.

At a window which opened to the ground — and from which a view of the garden, and beyond the garden the rich

woods of the Borghese villa, and beyond these again, the massive Dome of St. Peter's, extended — sat two ladies, so wonderfully alike that a mere glance would have proclaimed them to be sisters. It is true the Countess Balderoni was several years older than Lady Augusta Bramleigh, but whether from temperament or the easier flow of an Italian life in comparison with the more wearing excitement of an English existence, she certainly looked little, if anything, her senior.

They were both handsome, — at least they had that character of good looks which in Italy is deemed beauty, — they were singularly fair, with large deep-set blue-grey eyes, and light brown hair of a marvellous abundance and silkiest fibre. They were alike soft-voiced and gentle-mannered, and alike strong-willed and obstinate, and of an intense selfishness, and very capricious.

"His eminence is late this evening," said Lady Augusta, looking at her watch. "It's nigh eight o'clock."

"I fancy, 'Gusta,' he was not quite pleased with you last night. On going away he said something, I didn't exactly catch it, but it sounded like 'leggierezza'; he thought you had not treated his legends of St. Francis with becoming seriousness."

"If he wanted me to be grave he oughtn't to tell me funny stories."

"The lives of the saints, Gusta!"

"Well, dearest, that scene in the forest where St. Francis asked the devil to flog him and not to desist even though he should be weak enough to implore it — wasn't that dialogue as droll as anything in Boccaccio?"

"It's not decent, it's not decorous, to laugh at any incident in the lives of holy men."

"Holy men then should never be funny, at least when they are presented to me, for it's always the absurd side of everything has the greatest attraction for me."

"This is certainly not the spirit which will lead you to the Church!"

"But I thought I told you already, dearest, that it's the road I like, not the end of the journey. Courtship is confessedly better than marriage, and the being converted is infinitely nicer than the state of conversion."

"Oh, Gusta! what are you saying?"

"Saying what I most fervently feel to be true. Don't you know better even than myself, that it is the zeal to rescue me from the fold of the heretics, surrounds me every evening with monsignori and vescovi, and attracts to the sofa where I happen to sit, purple stockings, and red, a class of adorers, I am free to own, there is nothing in the

lay world to compare with; and don't you know too, that the work of conversion accomplished, these seductive saints will be on the look-out for a new sinner?"

"And is this the sincerity in which you profess your new faith? is it thus that you mean to endow a new edifice to the honour of the Holy Religion?"

"Cara mia! I want worship, homage, and adoration myself, and it is as absolute a necessity of my being, as if I had been born up there, and knew nothing of this base earth and its belongings. Be just, my dearest sister, and see for once the difference between us. You have a charming husband, who never plagues, never bores you, whom you see when it is pleasant to see, and dismiss when you are weary of him. He never worries you about money, he has no especial extravagance, and does not much trouble himself about anything, — I have none of these. I am married to a man almost double my age, taken from another class, and imbued with a whole set of notions different from my own. I can't live with his people; my own won't have me. What then is left but the refuge of that emotional existence which the Church offers, — a sort of pious flirtation with a runaway match in the distance, only it is to be Heaven, not Gretna Green?"

"So that all this while you have never been serious, Gusta?"

"Most serious! I have actually written to my husband — you read the letter — acquainting him with my intended change of religion, and my desire to mark the sincerity of my profession by that most signal of all proofs — a monied one. As I told the Cardinal last night, Heaven is never so sure of us as when we draw on our banker to go there!"

"How you must shock his eminence when you speak in this way."

"So he told me, but I must own he looked very tenderly into my eyes as he said so. Isn't it provoking?" said she, as she arose and moved out into the garden. "No post yet! It is always so when one is on thorns for a letter. Now when one thinks that the mail arrives at daybreak, what can they possibly mean by not distributing the letters till evening? Did I tell you what I said to Monsignore Ricci, who has some function at the Post Office?"

"No, but I trust it was not a rude speech; he is always so polite."

"I said that as I was ever very impatient for my letters I had requested all my correspondents to write in a great round legible

hand, which would give the authorities no pretext for delay, while deciphering their contents."

"I declare, Gusta, I am amazed at you. I cannot imagine how you can venture to say such things to persons in office."

"My dear sister, it is the only way they could ever hear them. There is no freedom of the press here; in society nobody speaks out. What would become of those people if they only heard the sort of stories they tell each other. Besides, I'm going to be one of them. They must bear with a little discipline. The sergeant always pardons the recruit for being drunk on the day of enlistment."

The countess shook her head disapprovingly and was silent.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" sighed Lady Augusta. "I wonder what tidings will the post bring me. Will my affectionate and afflicted husband comply with my prayer, and be willing to endow the Church, and secure his own freedom? or will he be sordid, and declare that he can't live without me? I know you'd laugh, dear, or I'd tell you that the man is actually violently in love with me. You've no notion of the difficulty I have to prevent him writing tender letters to me."

"You are too, too bad, I declare," said the other, smothering a rising laugh.

"Of course I'd not permit such a thing. I stand on my dignity, and say, 'Have a care, sir.' Oh, here it comes! here's the post! What! only two letters after all? She's a dun! Madame La Ruelle, Place Vendôme — the cruellest creature that ever made a ball-dress. It is to tell me she can't wait; and I'm so sick of saying she must, that I'll not write any more. And who is this? The postmark is 'Portshandon.' Oh! I see; here's the name in the corner. This is from our eldest son, the future head of the house. Mr. Augustus Bramleigh is a bashful creature of about my own age, who was full of going to New Zealand and turning sheep-farmer. True, I assure you; he is an enthusiast about independence. Which means he has a grand vocation for the workhouse."

"By what strange turn of events has he become your correspondent?"

"I should say, Dora, it looks all as regards the money. I'm afraid that this bodes a refusal."

"Would not the shorter way be to read it?" said the other simply.

"Yes, the shorter, but perhaps not the sweeter. There are little events in life

which are worse than even uncertainties; but here goes:—

"Castello.

"MY DEAR LADY AUGUSTA,—

("A very pretty beginning from my son — I mean my husband's son; and yet he could not have commenced 'Dearest Mamma.')

"I WRITE my first letter to you in a very painful moment. My poor father was seized on Tuesday last with a most serious and sudden illness, to which the physician as yet hesitates to give a name. It is, however, on the brain or the membranes, and deprives him of all inclination, though not entirely of all power, to use his faculties. He is, moreover, enjoined to avoid every source of excitement, and even forbid to converse. Of course, under these afflicting circumstances, everything which relates to business in any way is imperatively excluded from his knowledge; and must continue to be so till some change occurs.

"It is not at such a moment you would expect to hear of a marriage in the family, and yet yesterday my sister Marion was married to Lord Viscount Culduff."

Here she laid down the letter, and stared with an expression of almost overwhelmed amazement at her sister. "Lord Culduff! Where's the *Peerage*, Dora? Surely it must be the same who was at Dresden when we were children; he wasn't married — there can be no son. Oh, here he is: 'Henry Plantaganet de Lacey, fourteenth Viscount Culduff; born 9th February, 17—' Last century. Why, he's the patriarch of the peers, and she's twenty-four! What can the girl mean?"

"Do read on; I'm impatient for more."

"The imperative necessity for Lord Culduff to hold himself in readiness for whatever post in the diplomatic service the Minister might desire him to occupy, was the chief reason for the marriage taking place at this conjuncture. My father, however, himself was very anxious on the subject; and, indeed, insisted strongly on being present. The ceremony was accordingly performed in his own room, and I rejoice to say that, though naturally much excited, he does not appear to have sustained any increase of malady from this trying event. I need not tell you the great disparity of age between my sister and her husband: a

disparity which I own enlisted me amongst those who opposed the match. Marion, however, so firmly insisted on her right to choose for herself, and her fortune being completely at her own disposal, that all continued opposition would have been not alone unavailing for the present, but a source of coldness and estrangement for the future.

"'The Culduffs'—(how sweetly familiar)—'the Culduffs left this for Paris this day, where I believe they intend to remain till the question of Lord Culduff's post is determined on. My sister ardently hopes it may be in Italy, as she is most desirous to be near you.'"

"Can you imagine such a horror as this woman playing daughter to me and yet going into dinner before me, and making me feel her rank on every possible occasion! All this here I see is business, nothing but business. The Colonel, it would seem, must have been breaking before they suspected, for all his late speculations have turned out ill. Penstyddin Copper Mine is an utter failure; the New Caledonia Packet Line a smash! and

there's a whole list of crippled enterprises. It's very nice of Augustus, however, to say that though he mentions these circumstances, which might possibly reach me through other channels, no event that he could contemplate should in any way affect my income, or any increase of it that I deem essential to my comfort or convenience; and although in total ignorance as he is of all transactions of the house, he begs me to write to himself direct: 'when any question of increased expense should arise—which I certainly will. He's a *buon figliuolo*, Dolly—that must be said—and it would be shameful not to develop such generous instincts.

"'If my father's illness should be unhappily protracted, means must be taken, I believe, to devolve his share in business matters upon some other. I regret that it cannot possibly be upon myself; but I am totally unequal to the charge, and have not, besides, courage for the heavy responsibility.'"

"That's the whole of it," said she, with a sigh; "and all things considered, it might have been worse."

Mrs. SIDDONS.—Mr. and Mrs. Kemble, parents of this eminent actress, resided in Bye Street, Hereford, where their house was burnt down, when a female servant lost her life in the flames. The house, when rebuilt, was called "The Burnt House," and is still standing. It was occupied twenty-five years ago as an office by Mr. James Day, solicitor. Mrs. Kemble (the mother of Mrs. Siddons) was on a visit to a friend at Brecon when Miss Kemble was born. The writer has seen, thirty years ago, on the penthouse of a blacksmith's shop at Kington, Herefordshire, a handbill (under glass) of one of her early performances in

a neighbouring barn. The theatre at Hereford, now destroyed, was in its day celebrated as the nursing place of Powell, Betterton, and other celebrated actors. It stood in Broad Street, on the site of a part of the ground occupied by the present Corn Exchange. Within five hundred yards of it was the birthplace of Nell Gwyn, whose grandson, Lord James Beauchamp, was Bishop of Hereford for forty years. The cottage in which she was born was part of the wall of the Episcopal Palace garden.

ALPHA.

Middle Temple.

N. & Q.

From Fraser's Magazine.
TURN AGAIN!

[*Talmud Jerusalem, Tract. Haggada* ii. *Halacha* i. with variations; also in *Talmud Babyl. Tract. Haggada* ii. f. 15; also in *Midrash Rabba, Ruth* iii. 13. I have taken a few liberties with the original. — S. B. G.]

ELISHA BEN ABUJA, deeply skilled
In mysteries of science, and a rabbi filled
With wisdom high and with great power of
speech,
And able mightily to expound and teach,
Fell into doubt about the Sacred Law,
And from the child-like faith he had before
Sank past first doubt to doubting more and
more.
Then broke the bonds, and cast the cords aside
That bound him in the Covenant to abide,
And changed his name, and lived a Gentile life.

Then to the rabbi weeping came his wife,
Who said, 'When on my youth still hung the
dew,
Elisha ben Abuja well I knew;
But Gentile Acher cannot be the same
Without the fathers' creed, with foreign name.
I must depart from him to whence I came!'

Then drew his father nigh, with silvery head
Bent low, and bending lower, said:
'I had a son of Levi's sacred line,
Elisha was he hight; but none of mine
Is he named Acher. Woe! I had a son,
But my grey hairs bow to the grave with none
To close my eyes for me when I am gone.'

And next his mother, with a bitter cry,
Rent out her hair and strewed it to the sky,
Wailing, 'As these thin locks from me have
sprung
And now are torn away, and from me flung,
So is my child. He to these eyes was light
In days of old, and now I see but night.'

His pupil Meir alone to him remained.
He, by the master's learning, was restrained
From leaving; for he said, 'He teacheth well,
His equal is not found in Israel.
I eat the nut and cast away the shell.'

And thus, for five long years, did Meir his seat
Retain, to listen at this teacher's feet;
And all the while the holy law of God
Was as a lanthorn to the way he trod.
It came to pass one Sabbath day they went
Together forth on mutual converse bent;
The apostate Acher on a horse did ride,
With his disciple treading at his side.
And thus they fared, till Acher turned his head,
And glancing at his pupil walking, said:
'I reckon by the pacing of thy feet
That thou hast reached the limit that is meet
To journey on the Sabbath; so refrain
From going further with me. Turn again!'

Then halted Meir; and looking in the face
Of his old master, said: 'Do thou retrace
The journey thou hast made. Why shouldst
thou roam,
An exile from thy faith, from thy true home?
A rabbi thou, and thou a reprobate!
Turn thee, Elisha Ben Abuja, turn again!'
'I cannot,' answered, with a spasm of pain,
The apostate Acher; 'it is all too late.
As I was riding by the prostrate wall
Of Salem, in the moonlight, I heard call
A doleful voice, that to my people cried,
"Return to God, ye sinners, — but abide
Thou, Acher, in thy sin. Thou knewest well
The way to Me, and witting, from Me fell."
Hearing that voice, I knew that I was lost,
And, in uncertainty no longer tossed,
Have burst through all restraints unto the last,
And hope is dead, my son — dead as the past.'

Then cried the pupil, with distilling tear,
'Oh listen but one moment, master dear!
Here is a school, come with me through the
door
And hear the boys repeat the holy law
That they have learned; perchance some word
may be
Levelled with hopeful promise ev'n at thee.'
Then Acher from his saddle leapt, awhile
Stood at the school door with a mournful smile
Upon his lips. But Meir, he entered in,
And elder boys addressing, said: 'Begin,
Recite the lessons ye this day have learn'd
Each in your order, and in order cease.'
Then to the eldest of the scholars turned,
Who spake: 'Thus saith my God, There is
no peace
Unto the wicked.' *

And the shadow fell
Deeper upon the Apostate's soul. 'Ah, well,
Thou second scholar,' said Meir, with his rod
Pointing. He answered: 'Master, thus saith
God,
Why dost thou preach my laws, and wherefore
take
My statutes in thy mouth, my law to break, -
And cast my words behind thee!'

Then a moon
Escaped him standing on the threshold stone,
And Meir, who heard it, with a faltering hand
Marked out a third. Then answered him
the boy:
'False tongue that speakest lies! God shall
destroy
Thee from thy dwelling; from the living land
Shall root thee out!'

A loud and bitter cry
Burst from the Apostate, and with haggard eye
And staggering feet he turned him feebly round
To leave, and caught the door post, — to the
ground
Else had he fallen.

Then a little child
Came bounding up, with ruddy lips that smiled,

* Is. lvii. 21. † Ps. i. 16. ‡ Ps. xli. 5, 6.

And said, 'I know my lesson, master, let me
run
Forth to the butterflies, the flowers, the sun.'
And so to Acher, in a chanted strain
Repeated timidly, with bated breath,
'He bringeth to destruction; then he saith,
Children of men, I bid you TURN AGAIN.'*

Lo! when these words sank down in Acher's
ears,
Forth from his heart leaped up a rush of tears;
And stretching out his hands, as he did yearn
For something, — with a glitter on his cheek,
Sobbing, and struggling in distress to speak,
Gasped forth at last — 'I will, I will return.'

Then unto him went Meir, and whispered low,
'Elisha ben Abuja, do not go.
Tarry this night, and it shall be at morn
That He who is thy kinsman shall for thee
Accomplish what thou wouldst and set thee
free.

As the Lord liveth, lie thee down till dawn!'†

And so Elisha, with his hands outspread
Towards the ruined temple, fell. Into the
sun,
His task accomplished, had the scholar run,
Leaving Elisha on the threshold, dead!

THE BURIAL OF WILLIAM THE CON- QUEROR.

1087.

In bed of dole King William lies; three months
he there hath lain;
All gross of body, sick he lies, nor seeks to rise
again;
The horse champs idle in the camp; sleep the
good lance and sword;
And France may laugh to scorn his ire, till
leeches heal their lord.

"Now, by my faith!" King Philip laughed, his
Frankish lords among,
"Our cousin England's lying in, methinks it
lasts full long;
If ever it be over, at his churching sure there'll
be
Full store of jests and merriment, great thank-
fulness and glee."

"By the splendour and the birth of God!"
'twas thus King William swore
When Philip's bitter mocking to his bed his
Normans bore,
"In Notre-Dame de Paris I'll be church'd, and,
at the sight,
Ten thousand Norman lances this Philip's
church shall light."

* Pa. xz. 3.

† Bath iii. 13.

And he hath leapt from forth his couch, and he
hath armed in wrath,
And, through the summer fields of France, a
desert tells his path;
The wheat waved fair; the vines rose green;
they withered in his frown;
Fruit-tree and vine and grain beneath his
charger's hoofs go down.

Woe unto Mantel-sur-Seine! how gay and glad
the fair town stood;
He comes; its homes are red with flames, are
soaked with steaming blood;
And, through the crash of roofs, with heart all
pitiless rides he;
Through all its woes, its groans and shrieks, he
shouts in savage glee.

"Vengeance is mine," so saith the Lord; his
charger plants its feet
Upon the fiery embers that smoke along the
street;
It springs; its heavy rider forgets his cruel
mirth,
As, rearing high, his war-horse flings his ruth-
less lord to earth.

Full lightly recked he evermore of dying sob
and groan;
He drains the cup he loved to deal; God makes
the draught his own;
He rode in joy through Hastings' field, and
now in pain and dole,
Its weight of woe afflicts him sore, its blood is
on his soul.

O weeks of leeches and of priests! his weary
hours are spent
In thoughts of deeds he would undo, that he
can but sore repent;
"Rebuild," he groans, "God's churches, the
good towns burnt by me;
"Deal my treasures out to England's poor, and
set my captives free.

"I may not bid a son of mine the land I won
to heir;
"Blood-bought, to none, but God alone, to give
that land I dare;
"O Mary, holy mother of God, my soul take
thou!
"Wash thou its soiling sins away, its sins that
crush me now!"

He dies; but while St. Mary's bells, at prime,
his life ring out,
What love salutes his glazing eyes? who stand
his couch about?
Nor son, nor friend, nor Baron leal, weeps for
his parting breath,
Nor soothes, with loving looks, his soul, to the
great calm of death.

Son, courtman, leech, "To horse! to horse!"
 why should they lingering stay?
 Off! off! with arms, with gold, with robes;
 none spoilless ride away;
 Now serf and villain strip the form so late they
 shook before;
 There lies their mighty lord, all lone, all naked
 on the floor.

"Who evil doth shall evil rue;" all lonely
 there he lies;
 Not one to straight his stiffening corpse, to close
 his staring eyes;
 Till monks, in Christian pity, come, beside the
 dead to pray;
 And Rouen's Bishop fain, to Caen, would have
 it borne away.

"For ruth and love of God," at last the stranger
 Herlin said,
 "Be mine the cost, since none are here to tend
 and tomb the dead;"
 Lo, God is just; to stranger's hands, broad Eng-
 land's lands he gave,
 Now, unto him a stranger's hands give at the
 last, a grave.

In Stephen's Minster, in the church he built,
 there shall he lie;
 Beside the altar gapes the grave; stand monk
 and abbot by;
 The mass is done; lower down the corpse; but
 then from out the crowd,
 Stept Aseclin Fitz-Arthur, and, I wot, his cry
 was loud.

"Ye shall not tomb the robber here; he, priests,
 for whom ye pray,
 This earth, in which his grave ye make, he
 siezed by force away;
 My father's house stood here; this land is mine;
 my glebe I claim;
 Ye shall not tomb the spoiler here; I bar it in
 God's name."

"God knows it; priests, he speaketh truth;
 we know it this man's ground!"
 So, one and all, out cry the crowd, the burghers
 standing round;
 Then thirty pence the Bishops tell, and pledge
 its worth to pay
 To him who owns the land, ere in its grave
 the dead they lay.

Uncoffined, wrapt in royal robes, they thrust
 him down the tomb,
 To front God's awful judgment-seat, to hear
 God's awful doom;
 Now, would I not be he, who goes to doom at
 at God's dread hands
 For all his hant renown and rule, for all broad
 England's lands.

— *St. James' Magazine.*

ON THE MOON.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

THE wind is shrill on the hills, and the culver
 Wheels up and down with a windy gleam;
 The birch has unloosened her locks of silver,
 And shaken them down on the pools of the
 stream; —

Yet here I linger in London city,
 Thinking of meadows where I was born, —
 And over the tiles, with her haunting pity,
 Glimmers the Moon with her dripping horn.

O Moon, pale syren, with wild eyes drinking
 The light of the sun as she sweepeth by,
 I am looking straight in those eyes, and think-
 ing

Of one who has loved you longer than I;
 I am asking my heart if you pity, or cherish,
 The souls that you witch with a harvest call —
 If the dream must die when the dreamer per-
 ish —
 If it be idle to dream at all.

The waves of the city roll hither and thither,
 The tumult deepens, the days go by;
 The dead men vanish, — we know not whither;
 The live men anguish, — we know not why;
 The cry of the stricken is smothered never;
 The shadow passes from street to street;
 And — overhead — forever and ever,
 Goes the still white gleam of thy constant
 feet.

The hard men struggle, the students ponder,
 The world rolls round on its western way;
 The gleam of thy beautiful night up yonder
 Is pale on the dreamer's cheek all day;
 The old earth's voice is a sound of weeping,
 All round her shores the waters cry;
 There is no calm and there is no sleeping;
 But thy still white presence goes nightly by.

Another summer, new hopes departed,
 Yet here we are lingering, you and I;
 I on the earth, with my hope proud-hearted,
 You, through the silence of stars, in the sky!
 You are there! I am here! and the reaping and
 sowing
 Of the year of harvest is over and done,
 And the hoary snow-drift will soon be blowing
 Under the wheels of the whirling sun.

White tower and turret lie silvered under,
 When eyes are closed and the lips are dumb;
 In the nightly pause of the human wonder,
 From dusky portals, I see thee come;
 And whose wakes, and beholds thee yonder,
 Is witch'd by thee till his days shall cease,
 For over his eyes wheresoever he wander,
 Dwelleth the vision of God's white peace!

— *London Society.*

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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New Book —

STEPHEN LAWRENCE, YEOMAN. A Novel. By Mrs. Edwards. Elegantly Illustrated. Sheldon & Co. : New York.

The Talmud seems to emerge into life. The Rev. J. S. Matthews, D.D. (whom we understand to be a Sadducee), is to give a course of eight lectures thereon, in Boston, beginning May 12. Tickets for the course (\$3) for sale at bookstores.

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 THE BRAMLEIGHTS OF BISHOP'S FOLLY. By Charles Lever.
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 A SEABOARD PARISH. By George McDonald.
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A GERMAN TRUST SONG.

Just as God leads me, I would go;
I would not ask to choose my way;
Content with what he will bestow,
Assured he will not let me stray.
So as he leads, my path I make,
And step by step I gladly take,
A child in him confiding.

Just as God leads I am content;
I rest me calmly in his hands;
That which he has decreed and sent—
That which his will for me commands.
I would that he should all fulfill;
That I should do his gracious will
In living or in dying.

Just as God leads, I all resign;
I trust me to my Father's will;
When reason's rays deceptive shine,
His counsel would I yet fulfill;
That which his love ordained as right,
Before he brought me to the light,
My all to him resigning.

Just as God leads me, I abide
In faith, in hope, in suffering true;
His strength is ever by my side—
Can aught my hold on him undo?
I hold me firm in patience, knowing
That God my life is still bestowing—
The best in kindness sending.

Just as God leads, I onward go,
Oft amid thorns and briars seen;
God does not yet his guidance show—
But in the end it shall be seen
How, by a loving Father's will,
Faithful and true, he leads me still.
Lampertus, 1625.

ANOTHER CHANCE.

I STAND on the shore of the swift blue river,
And watch the winds and the waves at play;
And still as I watch, the waves for ever
Slip from my gaze, and glide away.
"Stay, soft wind, and stand, fair river,
And leave me never, thou perfect day;"
And, still as I ask, the hours for ever
Slip from my life, and glide away.

The waves go by till my eyes are weary,
They will not tarry nor turn again;
"Life, new life," is their chorus cheery,
"That strange new life in the vast blue
main."
My days go by till I stand despairing,
For those were evil and these are vain;
Yet hope, my heart, for the time is nearing
When I may try my life again.

—Argosy.

THE CLEAR VISION.

BY JOHN. G. WHITTIER.

I DID but dream, I never knew
What charms our sternest season
Was never yet the sky so blue,
Was never earth so white before.
Till now I never saw the glow
Of sunset on yon hills of snow,
And never learned the bough's design
Of beauty in its leafless lines.

Did ever such a morning break
As that my eastern windows see
Did ever such a moonlight take
Weird photographs of shrub and
Rang ever bells so wild and fleet
The music of the winter street?
Was ever yet a sound by half
So merry as yon schoolboy's laugh

O Earth! with gladness overfrangt
No added charm thy face hath won
Within my heart the change is wrought
My footsteps make enchanted ground
From couch of pain and curtained grove
Forth to thy light and air I come,
To find in all that meets my eyes
The freshness of a glad surprise.

Fair seem these winter days, and so
Shall blow the warm west winds
To set the unbound rills in tune,
And hither urge the bluebird's wing
The vales shall laugh in flowers, the
Grow misty green with leafing buds
And violets and windflowers away
Against the throbbing heart of May

Break forth, my lips, in praise, and
The wiser love severely kind;
Since, richer for its chastening grove
I see, whereas I once was blind.
The world, O Father! hath not won
With loss the life by thee prolonged
But still, with every added year,
More beautiful Thy works appear!

As Thou hast made thy world with
Make Thou more fair my world
Shine through its lingering clouds
Rebuke its haunting shapes of sin
Fill, brief or long, my grained spar
Of life with love to Thee and man;
Strike when Thou wilt the hour of
But let my last days be my best!

—Atlantic

From The Sunday Magazine.

THE HYMNS OF THE ENGLISH NON-CONFORMISTS.

SINCE that famous enactment of Nebuchadnezzar, which elicited the protest of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, *religious uniformity* has been a favourite hobby of kings. No monarch has accounted himself absolute who has not ruled over the consciences and souls of men — every empire has been divided against itself so long as any have refused to bow the knee to the Baal of the reigning sovereign. In no country did this passion for supremacy produce more important consequences than in England, between the Reformation and the reign of William III. The actual Headship of an undivided Church, to be acquired alone by the repression of diversities of opinion as heresy, and of diversities in worship as schism, was the dazzling prize which tempted the ambition both of Tudors and Stuarts. The leanings of those princes towards ecclesiastical absolutism were fostered by their ecclesiastical advisers, some from ambitious views of their own, some from mere sycophancy, and a few from the belief that the enforcement of uniformity would bring about, for England at least, the fulfilment of that much-misinterpreted prayer of our Lord, "That they all may be one." We all know that this high-handed exercise of regal authority in religious matters, this intrusion into regions into which neither king nor priest may lawfully enter, this trespass upon that realm of Conscience of which the King Eternal and Invisible alone is Lord, was not quietly submitted to, and a long struggle ensued. Though the banner inscribed with "Liberty of Conscience and Worship" was borne by the *Nonconformists* in the day of victory, a motley host to whom religious liberty was not less dear, fought and bled around it during five reigns. These fighting men, in common speech, were termed "Sectaries," and in their brave but disorderly ranks were found Vanists, Ranters, Seekers, Behmenites, Fifth Monarchy Men, Quakers, and Anabaptists. Some of these sects did not survive to reap the fruit of the victory which their persistency had done much to win — the heritage of peace which they bequeathed to ourselves.

The temper of the times was too stern for hymn-singing. The solitary hymn which descends to us from these evil days is the exquisite one, "Lord, it belongs not to my care," wrung from the bruised spirit of Bax-

ter. Robes of gladness would not have been seemed the Church of that period. It needed the long dark years which brightened only with the Revolution, and a hotter furnace than that by which the *Nonconformists* of Babylon were tried, to purify the Reformation Christianity of England from the stain which rested on its origin.

The impetus which the Toleration Act of William III. gave to the section of the *Nonconformists* known as Independents, expended itself much in the building of churches and the organizing of congregations. When the grave closed over Owen, Baxter, Howe, Flavel, and the other Puritan heroes, the religious life which they had fostered began to wane. Soon after the opening of the eighteenth century, Arianism began its ravages, withering many congregations not positively infected by its errors. Dissent appeared to be undergoing a process of disintegration. There were few conversions, a low standard among professors, an ambitious intellectualism among preachers: the sermons were very long and the prayers very short. Many among themselves queried as to the reason of this change, but "wist not that the Lord had departed from them." Watts and Doddridge probed the wound to the bottom, each demonstrating, in a striking volume, that the decline of Dissent was the result of the decline of piety, and that it was curable only by a revival of practical godliness. The event proved the correctness of this diagnosis of the disease, but the revival was not brought about by dissenting instrumentality.

It was a dismal prospect, turn where you would. It was not an heroic time in any sense, and the heroic age of *Nonconformity* had passed away. While Dissent was declining, the Church of England was not advancing. She was learnedly dignified, rigidly formal, drearily dull; the paradise of a frigid moderatism, with scarcely energy enough to originate a vigorous heresy.* Both in the Establishment and among Dissenters, evangelical preaching was very much out of fashion. The doctrines of the atonement, justification by faith, and renewal by the Holy Ghost, were hidden away. Presbyterian congregations in numbers slid from Arianism into Socinianism, and Congregational Churches into formalism and death.

A Christianity thus palsied could scarcely be otherwise than voiceless. Dull and dismal indeed must have been most of the

* Yet it was from her arid soil that, a few years later, gushed forth those living waters of Methodism which have fertilized England ever since.

public worship of the early part of the eighteenth century. A dead orthodoxy or a pestilential heterodoxy occupied the pulpits, and no swell of evangelical truth rose from the pews, as in the glorious hymns of the *Gesangbuch* in Germany, to counteract and rebuke. The poems of Quarles and Herbert were still cherished in pious homes, and the few hymns of Ken and Baxter were treasured by devout souls; but the church psalmody was wretched. In the Episcopal Church, the "weak, washy, everlasting flood" of the authorized version by Tate and Brady was droned to tunes without melody, while the Dissenters sang the psalter in the more vertebrated versions of Rouse and Barton. It was in this dismal winter of religion that the eldest of the huge family of English hymn-books was born, in the year 1707.

The two men who in the eighteenth century stood a head and shoulders above the pigmy race on whom the mantle of the Nonconformist fathers had not fallen, were Watts and Doddridge. Both these divines inherited traditions of ancestral sufferings for Christ and conscience-sake. A Huguenot ancestor of Watts fled from France to England for his life: the grandfather of Doddridge escaped from persecution in Bohemia, with no other possessions than Luther's Bible and the gold pieces in his girdle. And there were nearer memories of wrongs which had scarcely yet become historical. Watts's father had been in prison more than once for Nonconformity, and Watts himself had been rocked on his mother's knee as she sat outside the prison-door. Both had learned the difficult lesson of toleration. They lived in quiet days, and their lives were undisturbed by great sorrows or violent controversies. Watts never married, and, after labouring for fifty years in the gospel, during thirty-six of which the cheerful family circle of his friend Sir T. Abney was his home, he was carried to the grave amidst a concourse of mourners of all denominations. Doddridge combined the training of young men for the ministry with a pastorate in the quiet town of Northampton, surrounded by a devoted family and attached pupils, and when he died at Lisbon, three years after Watts, his loss was equally lamented.

Of the prose writings of Watts, which still occupy a high position, it would be out of place to speak; it is enough to say that he bequeathed to Doddridge the design of his most famous work. It is as a hymnist that he has gained universal fame, and his memory universal love, as associated with the most sacred hours of our childhood and

maturity. His piety was deep, and his character remarkable for gentleness and consistency. His great failing was incorrigible spiritual curiosity. He never acquired that habit of mind which reposes as quietly before an insurmountable difficulty as before ascertained truth. His speculative tendencies were fruitful of disquietudes to himself, and in later years he repented of their indulgence. In his prolonged and abstruse inquiries concerning the future state of the soul, the anti-mundane existence of the soul of Christ, and the tremendous mystery of the Trinity, he involved himself in the deepest distress, and his "solemn address to the great and ever-blessed God," drawn up after a review of what he had written on these subjects, is an agonized and passionate supplication of the most extraordinary kind. It gives a deeper interest to some of his hymns when we know that the hymnist who has heightened the devotion of all our worshipping congregations learned peace only through suffering, entreating in his later days that "the Father of mercies would not suffer the remnant of his short life to be wasted in such endless wanderings in quest of Him and his Son Jesus, as a great part of his past days had been." His prayer was heard, and with childlike simplicity he writes, —

"Jesus, my great High Priest,
Offer'd His blood and died;
My guilty conscience needs
No sacrifice beside:
I shall behold His blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness."

Watts was brought up in rigidly Calvinistic tenets, but those of his hymns which are strongly tinged with them have fallen into complete disuse; otherwise, his catholicity of expression is remarkable, and has rendered his hymns capable of transference into the hymn-books of all parties. Watts and Doddridge have been accused of Sabellian views on the Trinity, and Watts of having laid the emphasis of our salvation rather upon the compassion of Christ than upon the love of Him who delivered Him up freely for us all; but this last accusation is worthless, for in many more of his hymns he ascribes our redemption in the most unambiguous terms to the eternal love of God. There is nothing for the most rigid orthodoxy to take fright at in those of his hymns which the Church has with one consent agreed to approve.

The first people's hymn-book was published in 1707, and Watts's version of the Psalms in 1719. Watts was really the in-

ventor of English hymns. In this work he had no model. He introduced a new species of poetry, and succeeding hymnists have only been able to introduce *variations* according to their individual genius and peculiarities. The publication of this volume began a new era. Watts not only published hymns, but it was by his personal prowess solely that the deep-rooted objection to their use in public worship was overcome. The doggerel words drawled to tuneless tunes, which were the "praise" in vogue at the Southampton meeting-house, which he attended with his father, stirred his spirit at once with disgust, and the desire to produce something better. He writes afterwards, "Of all our religious solemnities, psalmody is the most unhappily managed. That very action which should elevate us to the most delightful and divine sensations, doth not only flatten our devotion, but too often awakens our regret and touches all the springs of uneasiness within us." His earliest attempt to reform the language of praise, was made in extreme youth, at Southampton. One Sabbath (and it was a memorable day), his hymn, "Behold the glories of the Lamb," was sung at the conclusion of worship. We can imagine the dismay of some of the stern-faced deacons at this audacious innovation, which does not appear to have been made with their consent, while some with their will, and others against it, wept as the spirit-stirring strains touched their hearts. This is now the first hymn in that hymn-book which for one hundred and sixty years has furnished the staple of all Evangelical English hymnody.

In this day, when "every man hath a psalm," and the language of many of Watts's hymns comes up among our earliest memories, it is hard to realise the effect produced upon the England of our ancestors, by the putting forth of a people's hymn-book, and the introduction of hymnody into public worship. It was as if the Lord had made a new thing on the earth. Here were hymns for the vulgar as well as for the learned; hymns for the fireside and the closet; hymns in which men could pray and think, and feel and hope, and tremble, in words so simple, that all felt that they might have been their own. Christians were no longer compelled to "wrap up the shining glories of the Redeemer" in the shadowy language of types and figures, but came to God in praise, as they had long come to Him in prayer, by a new and living way, with the name of the Lord Jesus on their lips. Watts's hymns provided the Independents with a metrical liturgy from

which the pulpit could not remain long in dissonance, the family with household hymns, infancy with its earliest lisplings of religious truth, the sick and sorrowful with consolation, the dying saint with his last utterances of faith and trust.

In ten years from their publication, six large editions were published and sold; and even before the poet's death, his "Psalms and Hymns" were not only the "use" of numberless Dissenting chapels, but were finding their way into congregations in the Establishment, and so the reproach which had rested on the Reformation Christianity of England for two hundred years at last rolled away. At the present time it would be difficult to find a hymn-book in the English tongue which is not indebted to Watts. No sect, or section of sect, has been able to frame a shibboleth which can exclude his hymns.* In addition to the exclusive use of his hymn-book in some churches, the New Congregational Hymn-book has retained 391; to the Wesleyan Hymn-book he contributes half of the number contributed by others than Wesley; to the English Presbyterian Hymn-book, one-fourth; to the authorised collection of the American Episcopal Church, one-fourth; and about a half of the whole hymnody of the United States. The Church of Scotland has included 11 of his hymns among her so-called "paraphrases," and the Free Church, which still closes the door against hymns and the spiritual influences which they bring, accepts the same, though, with three exceptions, they are among the least evangelical and least poetical of his productions. The United Presbyterian Church, which recently opened her arms wide to hymns good and bad, has included 63 in her selection. The innumerable collections in use in parish churches in England are largely indebted to Watts. Kemble's,† which is now used in one thousand churches, has 127 of his hymns: in that deservedly popular and tasteful volume, "Hymns, Ancient and Modern," put forward by the *Anglican* section of the English Church, Watts finds a place beside St. Bernard, Venantius Fortunatus, Thomas Aquinas, and Keble; and the "People's Hymnal," accredited by the *Ritualistic* section, has placed his hymns among invocations to the saints and the

* Judging from the results of an examination of 750 hymn-books, it is safe to assign to Watts the authorship of two-fifths of the hymns which are used in public worship in the English-speaking world.

† In this hymn-book, which has the endorsement of several of the acknowledged leaders of the Evangelical body, thirty-three hymns by Doddridge are also to be found.

Virgin, adorations of the Real Presence, hymns processional, and prayers for the dead. Great would be the wonderment of the worthy divine at some of these extraordinary juxtapositions!

Without doubt his hymns are the most popular in the world. Wesley is the only hymn-writer who can enter into competition with him; but there are many who can neither climb nor descend with Wesley, or enter into his mystical experiences, who can express their whole souls in the simpler verse of Watts. Wherever the flag of Britain or America floats forth upon the breeze, or the missionaries of either land plant Christ's banner among the heathen, there the familiar strains are heard. Their sound is gone out into all the earth, and it may almost be said of them, that there is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard. The influence which they exercise now, and exercised in a remarkable degree before and after the Wesleyan revival, is unquestionable. As vestals in those dark days, they kept the sacred flame alight; and when the Spirit of the Lord breathed upon the land, they were the first songs of awakened Christianity. Warning cold devotions, rebuking lifeless orthodoxy, testifying against Arian error, they performed, in the eighteenth century, that service which evangelical hymns have performed in other periods for the Church. As in the very dawn of church history the Arian bishop, Paul of Samosata, banished from the churches the hymns which had been in use since the second century, because they were addressed "to Christ as God," and interfered with the progress of Arian error: * as Frederic the Great and his clique found the *Gesangbuch* bar the progress of Rationalistic tenets, and sought to tone down its rich evangelism to the neutral tint of a negative theology, so the Arianism of the eighteenth century, finding a formidable obstacle in the Trinitarian doxologies then attached to the Psalter, and an invincible foe in Watts's hymns, demanded that nothing should be sung in worship but the Psalms of David. Many independent congregations, it is believed, were preserved from the infection of Arian error by nothing else than the introduction of this hymn-book.

Watts, with all his merits, was not a great poet. Of the six hundred and ninety-seven

hymns which he wrote, good taste and Christian feeling have dropped more than half altogether out of use. No hymnist is more unequal. Some of his best hymns contain stanzas from which correct taste must utterly revolt. From his version of the hundredth psalm, his finest composition, common consent has discarded the first verse for its meanness. The favourite hymn —

"Let me but hear my Saviour say,
Strength shall be given thee as thy day,"
&c.,

concludes in the original with a verse which probably few who are familiar with the hymn have ever seen.*

Examples as grotesque might be multiplied, but it would be a thankless and a useless task. It is enough to say that very few of his hymns are so well sustained throughout as not to be better for some judicious omissions. A number of them are on the future state of the impenitent, and these are open to very serious objection, as they are expressed in such a fashion as apparently to justify the supposition that, conscious of his own security, he rejoiced in the death of him that dieth. This was far from being the case in reality, for his writings evidence that his gentle nature shrank from the practical application of some parts of the theological system which he held. It is hard to believe that the hymn, of which a fragment given below is a specimen, was ever sung. †

His mode of stating truth was often singularly unhappy, and calculated to revolt some sincere seekers after light. The following is a most repulsive verse:—

"Go preach my gospel (saith the Lord),
Bid the whole earth my grace receive;
He shall be saved that trusts my word,
He shall be damn'd that won't believe."

His hymns on the Canticles are very sensuous, and soon fell into disuse, and many

* "So Samson when his hair was lost,
Met the Philistines to his cost;
Shook his vain limbs with sad surprise,
Made feeble fight, and lost his eyes."

† "My thoughts on awful subjects roll,
Damnation and the dead;
What horrors seize the guilty soul
Upon a dying bed!

"Lingering about these mortal shores,
She makes a long delay;
Till like a flood with rapid force,
Death sweeps the wretch away."

"Then swift and dreadful she descends
Down to the fiery coast;
Amongst abominable fiends,
Herself a frightful ghost." &c.

* This bishop calls the psalms to our Lord Jesus Christ, "innovations, and the compositions of modern men." — *Euseb. Hist. Ecclesiast.*, lib. vii., cap. 33. This appears to be the origin of the term "innovations" as applied to Christian hymns.

others emulate the materialism of the mediæval Latin hymnists. He was often negligent, tame, prosy, prosaic, and especially careless as to his rhymes. There is almost a grotesqueness in the bathos of some of his lines. A paraphrase of a part of Psalm cxix. begins thus:—

"Let all the heathen writers join
To form one perfect book;
Great God, if once compared with Thine,
How mean their writings look!"

By reason of these and other blemishes the Church has only set the seal of her approval on about one hundred and twenty of his hymns. Watts never claimed to be a poet, but the most ambitious dream that ever floated through a poet's brain has been fulfilled to the hymnist. For these one hundred and twenty hymns have become the language of Christianity throughout the world; they defy all criticism, they are familiar as Bible words in all pious homes, they have surmounted the barriers of sect and party, and have woven themselves into the speech of tribes who have never heard of Milton or Shakspeare. We are hardly aware how many of the stereotyped phrases used in sermons and prayers are borrowed from them, or how many of our associations with common things are derived from the same quarter. The earliest lessons of our infancy come to us in his "Divine and Moral Songs for Children,"* and in maturer years the industry of the bee, the forethought of the ant, the mists of sunrise, the golden glories of sunset, and the snarling and wrangling of pugnacious curs suggest the thoughts to which Watts has linked them. It is possible that only a few of his hymns would meet the requirements of the canons of criticism laid down by Montgomery or Sir Roundell Palmer, but it would be as profane to submit them to this test as to apply the rules of rhetoric to those sweet, simple sentences in which the story of the Man of Sorrows fell from our mothers' lips upon our childish ears. We cannot separate the hymns from the associations which cluster round them, and to the number of which each year is adding.

Watts is emphatically the "poet of the sanctuary." All his best hymns are fitted for public worship, and are the language of worshipping congregations all the world over. Like Moore's melodies, they are most fully appreciated when sung—the feelings are carried away by the melody even when the

mind fails to be arrested by the thoughts. Probably the most popular hymn in the world is—

"Come, let us join our cheerful songs,
With angels round the throne," &c.

It is spirited and well sustained, and the idea of a fellowship in praise with all created intelligences has much force, but it does not claim high poetic merit. Yet no hymn kindles greater enthusiasm than this when sung to the tune to which custom has wedded it. I heard it so sung at Richmond, Va., by three thousand negro voices, and the emotion produced was almost irrepressible, finding vent, contrary to custom and precedent, in an immediate transition to another of Watts's hymns, "Jesus shall reign where'er the sun," which postponed the sermon for ten minutes. Its effect is not much less upon the less emotional races. There are few English readers who cannot recall somnolent congregations of stolid rustics warmed by this hymn into a perfect storm of song. The memory and consciousness of all readers must attest the extraordinary and enduring popularity of Watts. Even in Scotland, where views concerning hymns akin to those of Paul of Samosata are still extant, thousands of pious souls are lifted heavenward by, "Behold the glories of the Lamb," and other hymns of the great English hymnist. The secret of a popularity so universal cannot be discussed here: it is enough to say that every hymn to which general currency has been given is full of Him who bore our sins in his own body on the tree, and that this one truth which meets human needs, is that to which human hearts perennially turn.

Although many of Watts's paraphrases of the psalms have come to be classed with the hymns, he attached far greater importance to them, and on their appearance in 1719, the volume attracted as much attention as any literary production of its day. In this work he had hosts of competitors and rivals, among whom were Sternhold, Hopkins, Tate, Brady, Rouse, Barton, Milbourn, Denham, and Sandys, but the principle of his version, which is stated in the preface, with great brevity and perspicuity, places it in another category from theirs, for Watts has undertaken to be not only the *versifier*, but the *expositor* of the psalms. His version is the Psalter read in the light of the New Testament, with its prophecies fulfilled and its types interpreted. It has fewer blemishes, truer poetry, and more classical finish than the hymn-books. His paraphrases of the

* The sale of these in England and America is from 80,000 to 100,000 copies annually.

hundredth psalm, as slightly amended by Wesley, the seventeenth, the ninety-second, and the seventy-second, will be sung till the earth and heavens pass. The seventy-second is second in merit only to the version by Montgomery, "Hail to the Lord's anointed," incomparably the finest poetic rendering of that psalm in our language. This Psalter spiritualised, was one of the boldest innovations ever made, and produced a perfect storm of criticism. It is but just to the great hymnist to add that he considered the use of the Psalter a most important part of worship. The element of pure adoration of God as our Creator and Preserver, and worthy for that alone to receive our highest homage, so abundant in the psalms, is somewhat lost sight of even by our best hymn writers.

The fast dwindling space precludes any attempt to examine Watts's hymns in detail, to point out their many beauties, or to gather any of the rich fruits of anecdote and narrative which have clustered round them. The only criticism on a hymn which is worth anything is that which the universal voice of the Church pronounces by accepting or rejecting it. The judgment of the great heart of Christianity is ever sound, and it has placed the following hymns (among others) above the reach of the puny praise or blame of individuals. *

After Watts had invented the modern hymn, and had made it a part of public worship, his friend Doddridge composed nearly four hundred hymns, which were published in a volume soon after his death.

* From Watts's Hymn Book. Book I. — 1. Behold the glories of the Lamb. 10. How beautiful are their feet. 62. Come let us join our cheerful songs. 64. Behold what wondrous grace. 97. Buried in shadows of the night. 103. I'm not ashamed to own my Lord. 125. With joy we meditate the grace. 140. Go worship at Immanuel's feet. 150. Join all the glorious names. Book II. — 3. Why do we mourn departing friends? 7. Dread Sovereign! let my evening song. 9. Alas! and did my Saviour bleed? 14. Welcome, sweet day of rest. 30. Come we that love the Lord. 31. Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove. 64. My God, the spring of all my joys. 66. When I can read my title clear. 66. There is a land of pure delight. 79. Plunged in a gulf of dark despair. 90. How sad our state by nature is! 139. My dear Redeemer and my Lord. 142. Not all the blood of beasts. Book III. — 7. When I survey the wondrous cross, &c.

From the version of the Psalter. 17. What sinners value, I resign. 19. The heavens declare thy glory, Lord. 20. Thou that hear'st when sinners cry. 72. Jesus shall reign where'er the sun. 84. Lord of the worlds above. 90. Our God, our help in ages past. 92. Sweet is the work, my God, my King. 98. Joy to the world, the Lord is come. 100. Before Jehovah's awful throne. 103. My soul repeat his praise. 117. From all that dwell below the skies. 118. This is the day the Lord hath made. 122. How did my heart rejoice to hear. 136. Give to our God immortal praise.

Though Doddridge's hymn-book as a whole never gained extensive popularity, partly owing to the ground having been pre-occupied, and partly owing to a deficiency of poetic talent in the hymnist, there are about twenty of his hymns known and loved in all the churches, and which merit encomiums as high as have been passed upon the best of Watts's. A far larger number have been prized for private use, but the day for these has nearly gone by. There is a feebleness and formality of expression about most of them, and with certain noble exceptions it must be admitted that the sentiments are superior to the poetry, although it never sinks into grotesque doggerel. Often tame and prosaic, they always breathe the gentle, self-forgetful spirit of the true disciple of Christ. Love to God, his people, and his service, with a tender concern for the souls of men, are their prominent characteristics. Watts loved to dwell on the judgment throne, and the righteous sentence of condemnation; the gentler spirit of his friend was ever weeping over the enemies of the cross.

Doddridge's hymns are singularly devotional; two or three of them singularly poetic. Among the twenty on which the Church has set the seal of her approval, there are several of a very high order; sung wherever our tongue is spoken, and there is probably not a hymn-book in the English language which is not indebted to Doddridge as well as to Watts. Among those which the Church delights to sing are the Communion Hymn, "My God, and is thy table spread;" the Advent Hymn, one of the most justly popular in the language, "Hark, the glad sound, the Saviour comes;" the Sabbath Hymn, "Lord of the Sabbath, hear our vows;" "Oh, happy day that fixed my choice," the Confirmation Hymn of the American Episcopal Church; and, "O God of Bethel, by whose hand," one of the most popular of the "Scotch" paraphrases. His Evening Hymn, "Interval of grateful shade," has a tenderness and poetic beauty not to be found elsewhere in his hymn-book, or in any effort of Watts's, and may challenge comparison with Keble's exquisite Evening Hymn, best known as beginning with, "Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear."

When the strains of Watts's first hymn rose in the bald meeting-house at Southampton, little the timid hymnist thought that before two centuries had passed those same strains, with glories of surpliced choir and organ swell, would peal through the stateliest shrines of that Church to whose

liturgies he could not conform, that his songs would lead the praises of congregations all round the world, and that wherever Christ's name is worshipped, his own would be had in endless remembrance. Still less did the gentle Doddridge dream that a time would come when his Christmas and Communion Hymns would appear on the last page of the Prayer-Book, * beside the Morning and Evening Hymns of the nonjuror Ken, and that words of his would be forever associated with "the fair white linen cloth," the consecrated emblems, and the ancient anthems and doxologies of the English Communion Service. Of the greater triumphs which the Nonconformist hymns have won, of the souls they have led to Christ, of the perplexed whom they have guided, of the mourners whom they have comforted, of the dying whom they have cheered, the ages of eternity alone can speak, for we may devoutly believe that the pilgrim songs so dear to "Christ's church militant here on earth," are not forgotten by the victorious multitude in heaven. For all that time has told, and yet will tell concerning them, believers may "glorify God which has given such power unto men." With the praise of Watts and Doddridge in all the churches, with their language the common speech of the Church universal, with their memory dear to the whole family in heaven and earth, the highest eulogy which we can pronounce upon their hymns is this, that they are "THE HYMNS OF THE NONCONFORMISTS" no longer.

ISABELLA J. BIRD.

From Fraser's Magazine.

VOLCANOS.

In a paper on earthquakes published in this Magazine, No. 360, we endeavoured to show that they are undeveloped volcanos, the latter being, so to speak, the complement of the former: both earthquakes and volcanos being manifestations of a common subterranean force, but acting under different conditions. For while the latter are caused by the inability of the force to break through overlying rocky matter, when the force is

* About fifty years ago a university printer, who was a Dissenter, filled up the blank leaves at the end of the Prayer-Book with six hymns which he thought would be acceptable. The authorities did not interfere, and so they took their place. The other Christmas hymn is by C. Wesley, and the remainder are probably by Marbley.

either greater, or the superincumbent strata less impenetrable, gaseous matters find vents at one or more points, and a volcano is produced. Thus, while earthquakes are uncompleted efforts to establish volcanos, volcanos lessen the power and sometimes prevent earthquakes by acting as safety valves for setting free the expansive force exerted by the heated interior of the earth on its external covering or crust.

At all times, volcanic phenomena possess great interest, and, at this period when the volcanos of the old and new world are in a remarkable state of activity, some account of their phenomena as seen by the most recent lights of science, will probably be acceptable.

If earthquakes have always been regarded with awe, volcanos are even more fearful manifestations of the powers attributed in the fabulous mythology of antiquity to the infernal earth-shaking sovereign 'Ennorigæus.' An examination of a map of the world showing the volcanic and earthquake districts renders it evident that there is an intimate relation between the two classes of phenomena. Both develop themselves mainly along the same zones, and earthquakes are invariably rarer and more feeble as they recede from the centres of volcanic action. According to the most recent investigations, the known active volcanos or habitual vents of volcanic energy exceed 400. These do not, however, include mud volcanos, the phenomena of which are very distinct from those of true volcanos.* Ordinary volcanos are thus classified:

	Now active	
Europe	7	4
Atlantic Islands	14	8
Africa	3	1
Continental Asia	25	15
Asiatic Islands	189	110
Indian Ocean	9	5
South Sea	40	26
America	120	56
Antarctic Land	3	3
	410	228

The largest proportion of these volcanos are situated in tropical regions, very few more than 30° from the equator. But they are by no means dependent on climate, many in Iceland being on the grandest scale, and others in full blast in the antarctic regions. The loftiest eruptive cones are Sa-

* Mud volcanos are now, according to the highest geological authorities, considered to represent the declining stage of volcanic activity, but under conditions by no means universal.

hama in Bolivia, 22,350 ft.; and Aconcagua in Chili, 23,004 ft. It is a noteworthy fact with regard to volcanoes that the greater number occur either in islands or on coast-lines near the sea. Indeed the proximity of the ocean seems to be a necessary condition for the manifestation of great volcanic phenomena. The sea water probably finds access to the foci of the subterranean fires, and thereby produces enormous volumes of vapour and occasionally water, which frequently accompanies eruptions on a great scale. It was indeed suggested by Sir H. Davy that if the interior of the earth contains large quantities of the unoxidated metalloids, all the phenomena of volcanoes might be occasioned by the penetration of sea water through deep fissures. Though abandoned by its distinguished author, this hypothesis with some important modifications was entertained by the late Dr. Daubeny and other geologists. It is certain that water plays a most important part in volcanic phenomena, elastic vapours supplying the principal motive force of upheavals. Although upwards of 400 volcanoes have been noted it is probable that many more exist. For, independently of the fact that a large portion of the earth's subaërial surface has not yet been explored, the far more extensive subaqueous area doubtless contains several volcanic vents which have not yet raised an eruptive orifice visibly above the surface of the ocean. Graham's Island, which rose out of the sea from a depth of 100 feet in a few days, and attained a height of 200 ft. and a circumference of three miles, is an illustration on a large scale of one of these sea volcanoes.

One of the most striking features of volcanoes is their remarkable linear distribution. They traverse both hemispheres in a great arched curve, commencing at Terra del Fuego (the land of fire), running up the entire western fringe of that continent, almost to Behring's Straits, crossing the North Pacific through the Aleutian chain of isles, and descending thence southwardly along the peninsula of Kamtschatka, Japan, and the Philippine Islands, to the Moluccas, from which two lines branch, one enclosing Borneo in a semicircular sweep to the west and north, and continuing through Java and Sumatra to the Andaman Islands, and into Burmah, in which last 'wrath of islands' there are no less than 109 lofty fire emitting mountains—the other threading Papua and the Saloman and New Hebrides Islands to New Zealand, whence it seems continued in Victoria Land almost to the South Pole.

Thus, not a day passes on our globe without witnessing volcanic phenomena. Heaving volcanoes are in full blast throughout Japan; the normal state of that country is indeed that of chronic convulsion, and there is no sign of diminishing vigour in the volcanic centres. The Japanese islands may be said to rest on treacherous ribs of granite which crust over a mighty sea of molten lava, and so tremendous is the subterranean force in that region that during the eruptions in 1854, men-of-war at anchor were spun round, and the harbours were scoured out to their bottoms. Mr. Scrope, who has made volcanoes his special study, distinguishes their phenomena by three general phases:

1. That in which the volcano exists incessantly in outward eruption—phase of permanent eruption.
2. That in which eruptions, rarely of any excessive violence, continue in a comparatively tranquil manner for a considerable time, and alternate with brief intervals of repose—phase of moderate activity.
3. That in which eruptive paroxysms of intense energy alternate with lengthened periods of complete external inertness—phase of prolonged intermissions.

Very few volcanoes are in a state of permanent eruption; the most remarkable example is that of Stromboli, which has been in constant activity since Homeric days. The more common condition of volcanoes is the intermittent, such as is presented by Vesuvius; the most terrible that coming under the phase of prolonged intermissions and paroxysmal eruptions.

When geological research was in its infancy, volcanic action was generally ascribed to some adventitious union of substances, whose combination resulted in the development of intense heat and violent eruptive action. This hypothesis has long been abandoned by those who have carefully studied volcanoes. Nor does the upheaval theory of Humboldt and Von Buch now find supporters. This supposed that some upheaving force raised a portion of the earth's crust in a dome-like shape, and that upon this, volcanic products were cast. Far more probable is the theory propounded by Mr. Darwin, who has had peculiar facilities for observing volcanic phenomena. He maintains that volcanoes are caused by subterranean forces, and says in his highly interesting work on coral reefs:

It may be considered as almost established that volcanoes are often (not necessarily always)

present in those areas where the subterranean motive power has lately forced, or is now forcing outwards the crust of the earth, but that they are invariably absent in those where the surface has lately subsided, or is still subsiding.

Sir C. Lyell conceives that aqueous and igneous agents may be regarded as antagonistic forces labouring incessantly to reduce the inequalities, and he adds:

I have come to the conviction that upheaval has nowhere played such a dominant part in the cones and crater-making process, as to warrant the use of the term 'Elevation Craters,' instead of cones and craters of eruption. Such a designation, as well as the theory implied by it, would be alike inappropriate in the case of all the igneous mountains which I have seen, whether in Sicily or in the volcanic district of Naples, central France, or, lastly, Madeira and the Canaries.*

The prodigious quantity of matter ejected from volcanos is amazing. We have only to look at the vast extent and depth of the scoræ and of lava cast forth by one eruption of magnitude, to realise the formation of cones and craters and the accumulation on volcanic mountains of enormous layers of matter. During the famous eruption of Cotopaxi in 1533, witnessed by the Spaniards under Sebastian de Belekazar, the plain around the foot of the mountain was strewn through a radius of fifteen miles and more, with great fragments of rock, many of which measured as much as nine feet in diameter; and Humboldt tells us of one rock weighing upwards of 200 tons, as having been launched into the air to a height of several hundred feet during an eruption of this volcano. The force required to produce these results is almost bewildering to our senses; it may be explained however by the power of heat. Bacon long ago cast considerable light on the phenomena of volcanos as connected with heat in his *Novum Organum*, where he says:

Heat is a motion expansive, restrained and acting in its strife upon the smaller particles of bodies. But the expansion is thus modified; for while it expands all ways, it has at the same time an inclination upwards. And the struggle in the particles is modified also; it is not sluggish but hurried and with violence.†

Now, when we bear in mind that a mere scratch on the surface of our globe, which

is nearly 8,000 miles in diameter (for so the depth of only one mile must be considered) brings us to a temperature of 105°, we have only to descend in imagination to the still comparatively slight depth of twenty miles to find the earth's crust red-hot, while, if the temperature continues to increase regularly according to the same law, we should come at no very great depth beyond on a liquid sea of fire.* But it is probable that this molten mass is at a greater distance from us than this theory would place it. Astronomical calculations tend to prove that the crust of the earth is at least 800 miles thick, and that the coating of our globe must be extremely solid and rigid to enable our planet to preserve its figure. But the further we remove the seat of the subterranean force from us, the more must we be struck by its great power. Earthquakes are indeed terrific evidence of mysterious dynamic laws; but it is only when the subterranean expansive force breaks through the earth's crust, and after violent earth throes a volcano becomes active, that we obtain a just idea of the forces at work in nature's secret laboratory.

A grand example of the tremendous action of this force may be seen in the Monte Nuovo of the Phlegrean fields, which was formed, in September 1538, on the site of the Lucrine Lake, once famous for its oysters. The eruption continued without intermission two days and two nights, and on the third day people climbed to the top of the new hill 440 feet high, and looked into the crater 421 feet deep, within which stones were boiling up. The mountain has remained quiescent ever since that period. On the other hand, the volcano of Izalco in Central America rose suddenly to the height of 1,600 feet on February 23, 1770, and has remained since in such constant activity as to serve as a beacon to mariners. The volcano of Tomboro, in Sumbawa, is another amazing

*The most elaborate and reliable observations on the temperature of the earth's crust are those undertaken by Mr. W. Fairbairn during the sinking of the Astley Pit of the Dukinfield Colliery in Cheshire. The observations were carried on over a period of ten years, and were conducted with great care. The total depth attained was 2,151 feet, and the results are as follows:

The invariable temperature at a depth of 16½ ft., 51°.

Between 693 ft. and 710 ft. the temperature was 58°.

Between 710 and 927 ft. the rate of increase was 1° for every 62½ ft.

Between 927 and 1,257 ft. the rate was 1° for 60 ft.

Between 1,257 and 1,839 ft. the rate was 1° for 86° 91 ft.

Between 1,839 and 2,055 ft. the rate was 1° for 66½ ft.

And the mean of the whole series of observations gives 1° for every 83.2 ft.

* *Principles of Geology*.

† Bacon's Works, vol. xiv. — Spedding's translation.

evidence of subterranean force. In 1815 it yielded ashes and scorïæ sufficient to form three mountains, each equal in cubic contents to Mont Blanc, or to cover the whole of Germany with scorïæ two feet deep.

But even more tremendous is the volcano of Mauna Loa, a huge domed-shaped mountain in Hawaii, nearly 14,000 feet above the sea, formed chiefly by the repeated outflows of a highly liquid lava boiling up and cascading over the lips of a central vent at its summit. The phenomena of this volcano are on the most stupendous scale. The highest crater, which is circular, 8,000 feet in diameter, and 830 feet deep, is frequently filled by the welling up of the lava from the vents at its bottom. During one of the latest eruptions the lava stream extended sixty-five miles, and averaged four miles in width, and twelve feet in depth. Its discharge was accompanied by columns of fire, scorïæ of filamentous lava (called *Pele's hair*), and dense vapour which towered over the crater to the height of 800 feet for twenty days, darkening the sun and obscuring every object a few yards distant; while from the surface of the lava currents, clouds of steam rolled upwards. On this occasion it is calculated that within ten months 15,400,000,000 cubic feet of molten matter were blown out of the crater, and that the lava overflowed an area of 200,000 acres in the same period of time. The lava in this gigantic crater rarely remains long at the same level. It sometimes rises to the lip of the crater, at other times sinks entirely out of sight. The subsidence leaves irregular shelves or ledges around the walls of the crater. The eruption in 1840 of Kilawea, fifteen miles from Mauna Loa, was if possible, more appalling.

The wonderful crater of this volcano is of an irregular elliptical figure, seven miles round, and 1,430 feet deep. It became full in the latter part of 1839 of boiling lava more or less crusted over, and suddenly in 1840 the tremendous caldron was emptied by means of lateral vents. A lava stream four miles wide and thirty miles in length was formed in seventy hours, and for the space of fourteen days plunged in a vast fiery cataract one mile wide over a precipice fifty feet in height into the sea, where it formed three islands; and killed immense numbers of fish.

Vast, however, as is this crater, it is but a tiny cup compared to those craters with which the moon's surface is crowded. The crater of Copernicus is forty-five miles in diameter, and its depth, according to computations made by aid of the most powerful modern telescopes, is no less than 11,300

feet, while the height of the wall above the general surface of the moon is 2,650 feet. The tremendous energy of the eruptive forces which created such a volcano as this, staggers our senses, and those who have enjoyed a good telescopic survey of this lunar phenomenon doubtless well remember its unearthly grandeur. It is very remarkable, too, how greatly certain areas on the moon's surface resemble terrestrial volcanic regions. The lunar mountain Gassendi is very similar to the extinct volcanic district of Auvergne, and there is even a greater resemblance between the volcanic region of Vesuvius and the Phlegrean fields, and the Mount Maurolycus, with its numerous adjoining craters. The moon indeed, at least as respects the hemisphere which alone we are able to contemplate, presents the appearance of a burnt-out globe once imbued with volcanic life and an intense outward activity, probably with seas and an atmosphere now dried up and extinct. Strange that this orb of whose brilliance poets so sweetly sing, and whose reflected light is the charm of our nights should in reality be a burnt-out globe. Thinking thus, may we not imagine that if our world should not be destroyed in the manner pointed out by the new meteoric theory of the sun's heat,* but become a dead planet, it may too, like the moon, shine brilliantly to other worlds, the inhabitants of which will perhaps gaze curiously on the craters and ridges — the bones, so to speak — of our globe, and speculate on what manner of people once lived upon it.

The recent eruption of Leon may be cited as a strong instance of the apparently undiminished power of subterranean force. The phenomena commenced on November 27, 1867, by a series of explosions which shook the earth throughout a large area. The volcano then discharged vast quantities of black sand, and a column of flame and smoke which appeared from Leon to be sprinkled by meteor-like spots, rose to a height of 3,000 feet. These spots proved to be rocks from four to five feet in diameter. The discharge of sand continued until the morning of November 30, and was of such density that the surrounding country to a distance of above fifty miles from the volcano was covered by it. The forest for leagues around the volcano is represented as being scarred and maimed by the swift falling showers of keen edged sand and stones, and for half a mile from the cone trees are levelled with the ground. The volcano was prodigiously active for sixteen days, and now in its repose is a most instructive field for

* See Mayer's *Dynamik des Himmels*, 1848.

the geologist. Indeed no volcanic region presents a more interesting study than the plain of Leon. Twenty volcanic cones may be seen from the town, and the entire country rises up, as it were, in terrible evidence of what Nature can do in her hottest and fiercest wrath. No wonder that the Mexicans invoked the aid of their gods against the mysterious power of the numerous volcanoes which desolated their country. It is related that Tezozomoc, the high priest of the Mexicans, gave aloe leaves inscribed with sacred characters to persons who had to journey among the volcanoes, which were supposed to have the effect of protecting them from injury. The legend has been used by Southey in his *Madoc*:

So may ye safely pass
Between the mountains, which in endless war,
Hurtle with horrible uproar, and frush
Of rocks, that meet in battle.

But though we must go far from our country to witness volcanic phenomena on a stupendous scale, in these days of facile travel it may be said that we have a volcano almost at our door, second to few in physical interest, and surpassing all others in historical associations. Do the wells dry up, or does the earth quake in the south of Italy, you are sure to be told that the agent is Vesuvius, and indeed this volcano occupies a large and important chapter in the history of Italy. The *ἄρος Ὀρεοσίτου* of Strabo and the *Vesēvus* of the Romans, its volcanic character is recognised by ancient geographers. But though Diodorus Siculus, who was born on the flanks of Etna about 50 B.C., writes of Vesuvius as volcanic, and Vitruvius, who lived in the Augustan age, mentions a tradition in his day that the mountain had emitted flames; Strabo, who wrote a few years later, describes it as having a truncated cone with a barren and ashy aspect full of cavern-like hollows, produced apparently by fire which had now become extinct. All trustworthy evidence points to the conclusion that before the tremendous eruption that destroyed Pompeii and Herculaneum, Vesuvius was quiescent. Velleius Paterculus, and Plutarch, in his life of Crassus, give a curious account of the escape of the Thracian general Spartacus from the Romans, which incidentally throws considerable light on the condition of the mountain, A.U.C. 681. It is to the effect that Spartacus and his followers having encamped within the crater, Clodius besieged him in his strange retreat by occupying the pass leading within the crater, and

thus cutting off as he supposed the only means of escape. The gladiators, however, made ladders of the vines which they found growing within the crater of such a length and so strong that they were enabled to descend 'from the top of the hill to the very bottom,' which we must assume to mean from the lip of the crater, which must have been nearly vertical, to the base of the cone. The Romans, adds the account, 'having no suspicion of this movement, were assailed in the rear by the gladiators, who had marched round the mountain, and were put to flight, with the loss of their whole camp.' This relation further leads to the inference that Somma, which now forms the north peak of the mountain, was a part of the wall of the original crater outside which the gladiators descended.

It was during the reign of Nero, A.D. 63, that Vesuvius first began to show signs that the subterranean fires were not extinguished. In that year the earth around the mountain was convulsed to such a degree that portions of Pompeii and Herculaneum were destroyed. The following year another violent earthquake injured Naples, and destroyed the theatre where Nero had been acting a few minutes before its overthrow. A succession of earthquakes followed extending over sixteen years, increasing in violence until the year 79, when they gave place to the tremendous eruption which destroyed Pompeii and Herculaneum. The younger Pliny in his celebrated letter on this occasion, gives an account of his uncle's death by this eruption. He tells us that the court in Pompeii adjoining the room in which his uncle was sleeping became so quickly filled with ashes that had the sleeper tarried longer he could not have been got away alive. And when he escaped from the doomed city, the stones and ashes fell in such prodigious showers, occasioning a deeper darkness than that of the blackest night, that he and his companions became perplexed, and being further affected by the noxious vapours that poisoned the air, he fell down and died. A notable feature of this memorable eruption was the enormous volumes of steam which were blown off from the crater and which, mixed with lapillæ, fell on the surrounding country. The result was the formation of mud or volcanic alluvium which penetrated into places where neither scoræ nor stones could enter, and by which Herculaneum was destroyed. The effect of this tremendous eruption was to break down the western wall of the crater and to destroy the entire side of the mountain next to the sea, leaving as the on-

ly remains of the ancient crater the little ridge on the south flank known to visitors as *La Pedimentina*, and that portion of the wall which under the name of *Somma* encircles about two-fifths of the present cone. After this tremendous paroxysm an interval of tranquillity seems to have ensued, which lasted until 203, when a second eruption took place.* Fifty-six other eruptions have occurred at various intervals ranging from one year to nearly three hundred, from the date of that which destroyed *Pompeii* to the present time. The most notable of these were in 472, when the villages erected on the site of *Pompeii* and *Herculaneum* were destroyed, and the ashes fell as far as *Constantinople* and *Tripoli*; in 1036 when a broad and deep stream of lava reached the sea; in 1631 when 1,800 persons were killed; in 1737 when the volcano emitted an enormous quantity of white ashes, and vapours issued from the crater and fissures of so noxious a nature that many men and beasts were killed by them; in 1766, when the mountain was in a state of tremendous activity from March until December, vomiting enormous volcanic bombs and vast lava streams; in 1779 when the destruction of *Naples* was apprehended; and in 1793, when the eruption continued with scarcely any intermission, from February in that year until July 1794. This eruption was remarkable for the extraordinary height to which rocks emitted from the crater were carried, many attaining the elevation of 2,000 ft., and also for the enormous streams of lava that flowed from fifteen different sources, and joining in one stream from 12 to 40 ft. in thickness advanced 380 ft. into the sea. This current, which may still be examined at *Torre del Greco*, was only six hours passing from the crater to the sea, and the heat was so great that the sea water was boiling one hundred yards from the termination of the new lava promontory. Considerable loss of life occurred at *Torre del Greco*, which was destroyed, but although the Neapolitan Government did all in their power to induce the inhabitants to rebuild their town on a safer site, they refused to abandon the old locality. Indeed, so rooted are the citizens of *Torre del Greco* to their unfortunate town, that the Neapolitans have a joke on their own ex-

* During this period of tranquillity we are informed that the sides of the crater became overgrown with brushwood, and forest trees, and that the crater itself became the haunt of wild boars. It will be remembered by those who visited *Naples* some years ago that the crater of the extinct volcano of *Astroni* was selected by the ex-King of *Naples* as a preserve for his wild boars and other animals.

emption from the misfortunes of their neighbours: '*Napoli fa li peccati, e la Torre li paga.*'

The most imposing eruption during this century occurred in October 1822. For nearly twelve days ashes and stones fell in one continued shower. The atmosphere was so filled with these and by augitic sand, that day was converted into night. Darkness prevailed as far even as *Amalfi*, where the ashes fell to a depth of several inches. One mass of lava, many tons in weight, was thrown into the gardens of the Prince of *Ottaviano*, three miles distant. The hot aqueous vapour which issued from the crater during the eruption, diffused itself through the atmosphere, and formed, on cooling, a dense cloud which enveloped the column of ashes and fire that rose 10,000 ft. above the level of the sea. The formation of the cloud and the sudden condensation of vapour greatly increased the electric tension. Flashes of forked lightning darted in all directions from the column of ashes, while the rolling thunder might be clearly distinguished from the deep rumbling sounds within the volcano. In no known and recorded eruption has the play of the electric forces been so powerfully manifested as on this occasion. In the middle of the eruption the great cone suddenly fell in with a loud crash, causing the crater to assume the form of an irregular gulf three miles in circumference, and nearly 2,000 ft. in depth, the sides of which were so steep, and the quantity of hydro-sulphuric, and hydrochloric acid gas emitted from them so great, that descent to the bottom of the crater was impossible.

A notable fact in the history of *Vesuvius* is that, with few exceptions, when it has been quiescent, *Etna* has been more or less active. Indeed, during the whole of the eighteenth century, the two volcanoes appear to have alternated in their actions, leading to the unavoidable inference that subterranean channels of communication exist between them. It also appears that *Ischia*, which, with the exception of emitting sulphur, may be said to have been tranquil for the last two thousand years, had been active during the repose of *Vesuvius* before the Christian era, and that the volcanic district near *Naples*, known as the *Phlegrean fields*, is always more or less active when *Vesuvius* is dormant. *Naples*, indeed, lies between two dangerous neighbours. A straight line drawn between *Vesuvius* and the *Solfatara* cuts a portion of the city, and thus were the volcanic vents of *Vesuvius* and the *Phlegrean fields* to

be closed the capital of South Italy would be seriously imperilled.

The principal facts established by the eruptions of Vesuvius are that when the crater is nearly full, the volcano may be expected to be soon active, while, on the other hand, when the crater is nearly empty, no immediate eruption is to be apprehended. The diminution of the water in the springs and wells around Vesuvius also indicates an approaching eruption.

M. Claire Deville, who has made volcanic phenomena his special study, states that there exists a constant and certain relationship between the degree of intensity of an eruption and the nature of the gaseous elements ejected from volcanic apertures. According to this theory, in an eruption of maximum intensity, the predominant volatile product is chloride of sodium accompanied by other products of soda and potassium; in those of a second degree hydrochloric acid and chloride of iron predominate; in a third class of eruption hydro-sulphuric acid and the salts of ammonia prevail, and in the last class of all nothing is found but steam, carbonic acid, and combustible gases. Thus complete eruptions are of four degrees of intensity. When a great eruption like the present one of Vesuvius, follows in its ordinary decreasing march it passes successively through these four different phases in proportion as it becomes weaker and weaker.

The height of the eruptive cone of Vesuvius varies considerably; the most authentic measurements made at various times vary from 3,400 to 4,327 feet. It was formerly asserted that upwards of eighty distinct minerals were to be found in the products of the great subterranean laboratory of this volcano, and though recent careful researches have reduced the number to about forty, the fact remains 'that in an area of three square miles round Vesuvius a greater number of simple minerals have been found than in any spot of the same dimensions on the surface of the globe.* The minerals thrown out by Vesuvius are hornblende, augite, mica, breislakite, sodalite, magnetic iron, and leucite. Somma produces, in addition to these, many others. Mr. Sorby, well known for his microscopic examination of rocks, states that all the lavas which he has examined contain water, which leads to the inference that the vapour which they held at the time of their formation was that of water.

It has been observed that the lava ejected from Vesuvius during the eruptions of

* Lyell's *Principles of Geology*.

this century, and especially that of 1822, contains a very large proportion of augite.* In 1845 crystals of this mineral as large as nuts, having a vitreous lustre, were ejected, which were probably formed within the volcanic vents previous to the eruption.† There is perhaps no class of telluric phenomena which has more deeply engaged the attention of geologists than the mineral characteristics and constitution of lavas, but viewed by the strongest and most penetrating lights of science how little do we know of these and of the interior of a volcano. We may peer curiously down the deepest crater, but between us and our fellow-creatures at the Antipodes is a great gulf which no man can fathom, and respecting which no philosopher, however much he may yearn to discover that great 'hidden ocean of truth,' can give us tidings. We can only come back baffled from the feeblest flight to make the most that we can of the commonplace facts actually within our ken. Were it in the power of geologists to crack this round world of ours nut fashion, or to sever it in twain, we might increase our knowledge, though probably at the cost of our lives, but as happily these practical inquiries are impossible we can only speculate on the nature of the matter which exists beneath the crust of our planet. Dr. Daubeny, who devoted a large portion of his scientific life to researches in volcanic phenomena, brought forward the important fact of the gradual advance in the intensity of chemical processes from lesser to greater depths in the interior of the earth. However much theories may clash and speculation be at fault respecting the precise nature of the interior of our globe, we can hardly err in believing that the floods of molten lava ejected by volcanoes are portions of what was once the condition of our globe in its early igneous state. This belief not only adds greatly to the intense interest of a volcano, especially when it is vomiting fiery floods and volcanic bombs, but enables us to understand in a great measure physical phenomena on the surface of our globe, which, without this light, would be very dark and perplexing. Nor is it probable that all the matter ejected from one volcano proceeds from its own bowels alone. The covering of the three cities, Stabiae, Pompeii, and Herculaneum

* This mineral was thus named by Pliny from the Greek *αὐγίη*, *lustre*.

† Mr. Darwin defines the specific gravity of the usual component minerals of lavas as ranging, in felspar from 2 to 2.74; hornblende, or augite, 2.4 to 3.4; olivin, 3.3 to 3.4; quartz, 2.6 to 2.8; and, lastly, in oxides of iron, from 4.8 to 5.2. — *Volcanic Islands*.

under a heap of ashes and mud from 60 to 112 feet in depth, seems an effort almost too gigantic for the power of a single volcano if we did not take into consideration the vast depths and areas at which volcanic operations take place. Vesuvius has on more than one occasion ejected in a short space of time matter far exceeding in bulk the whole of the mountain, and yet the volcano was not diminished in size, for when the cone falls in, it is built up again by eruptions, and thus whatever changes may be effected in the condition of the mountain by the eruption of this winter, they will be only temporary. This eruption commenced on November 12, 1867, and to the present time, appears to have attained its greatest violence about the middle of February, when vast sheets of lava rolled down the mountain, and the thundering of the cone shook the windows in the houses of Torre del Greco.

The most remarkable feature of this eruption is however not excessive violence, but the periodicity of the paroxysms. Indeed, so regular is this periodicity, that Professor Palmieri, head of the observatory on Vesuvius, states that he can confidently give notice at what hours the mountain may be ascended without incurring danger.

According to the most trustworthy observations Vesuvius shows the greatest activity twice daily, varying each day about half an hour; and so uniform is this variation as to have led some persons to advance the theory that the volcano acts under lunar influence. Though not absolutely endorsing this view, Professor Palmieri goes far to justify it. In one of his most recent official accounts of the eruption he observes:

The eruption of Vesuvius maintains the remarkable periodicity to which I have already drawn attention. Thus there are no novel features to be described. The hours of recurrence and duration and intensity of activity cannot fail to greatly interest the scientific world. Sir William Hamilton was the first person who drew attention to the diurnal period in a protracted eruption of this mountain. In 1855 we had an excellent opportunity of studying this phenomenon, and the daily retardation of each outflow of lava was proved beyond all doubt. The present eruption has given us an opportunity of still further confirming what was then observed.

Another remarkable feature is that the outflow of the lava has not been confined to mouths which have opened on the sides or base of the cone. In the latter part of

January the lava issued from the apex of the mountain 3,450 feet above the level of the sea, and is represented to have flowed over as from a boiling cauldron as tranquilly as water from a basin which could hold no more. While frequent periodicity of outbreaks has undoubtedly had the effect of rendering the eruption of this winter less imposing than many eruptions during the past century, the result has also been the preservation of much property from destruction. All through the eruption earthquake shocks have been very frequent in and around Naples. The seismograph has registered three or four every twenty-four hours; and on January 28, when this instrument was extremely agitated, the great fall of rock at Santa Lucia occurred. Unhappily the warnings of this valuable and highly sensitive instrument were unheeded by those who occupied houses beneath the rock. Neapolitans are notorious for their contempt of volcanic dangers, and in a moment death came and claimed his victims. No wonder, bearing in mind the frequency of earthquakes at Naples, that many of the houses are propped up, crutch fashion, for without such support they would certainly fall.

It is abundantly evident that the subterranean forces in this part of Europe are not apparently on the decline, or, if they are, and that our globe is indeed cooling, the process is so slow that many generations will pass away before any appreciable change will be noted.

Certainly a volcano in a state of eruption seems a very dangerous neighbour, but when we look at the compensation afforded by the marvellous richness of the volcanic soil, we can hardly regard it in this light. We have seen how the gladiators under Spartacus found the crater of Vesuvius clothed with wild vines; at a later period, the inhabitants of Pompeii gathered chestnuts from the same locality without dreaming of their proximity to a volcano which was to give the first notice of its existence by burying their city under the products of its eruptions; and who that has visited Vesuvius forgets the flanks of Somma, covered with the rich vineyards which produce the celebrated *Lacrima Christi* and wheat crops six feet high? Indeed, so astonishingly productive is volcanic soil, that no lurking danger can drive the inhabitants of the towns and villages on the flanks and base of this great fire-mountain from their homes.

Although it is only when a volcano is in a state of violent eruption, that its magnifi-

cence, as one of the grandest spectacles on earth, can be appreciated; yet immediately after great paroxysmal activity, a volcano can often be studied to more advantage, as access to the summit of the cone, and occasionally to the bottom of the crater, is then possible. The writer saw Vesuvius under the latter favourable circumstances. An eruption had cleared out the crater which had sunk to a great depth. Understanding that it was feasible to descend within a short distance of the bottom, and that the fires were very grand at night, the writer and a friend made arrangements to encamp on the mountain. With this view the services of two trustworthy guides were engaged, and also of four porters, who carried up provisions. Immediately after passing the observatory, which during all eruptions seems to bear a charmed existence,* we came upon the beds of recently discharged lava which had divided into two streams near the Crocelle Hill. The lava was tossed into weird shapes, and was still hot, while puffs of vapour issued from holes in its surface. Our progress upwards over the vast slope which might be compared to immense rugged steps of lava, seemed a realisation of Milton's description of the archfiend floundering over chaos on his journey of evil to Eden. It was very interesting to observe the remarkable similarity between the lava falls and a glacier. In both cases the middle portion moves faster than the sides, and here the lava was to be seen swelling in the centre of the currents, and often presenting the appearance of gigantic coils of cable. There were cracks and fissures too, very like those in a glacier, but with this difference — that while the crevasses of a glacier run generally parallel to each other, those in lava, being due to the splitting asunder of the parts in cooling, twist and twine in all directions. Between these lava falls and the old rocks, we came occasionally on curious caves locally called *ventarole*, from whence blasts of cold air issued. These *ventarole* are frequently found in connection with volcanos. After

* The inhabitants of the villages on the flanks of Vesuvius, ignorant of all physical laws, invariably attribute the preservation of the hermitage and observatory to San Gennaro's miraculous power, a statue of whom is kept in Resina. On the Fête of Pentecost, or, as it is poetically called, the Passover of Roses in May, the statue is carried in procession through the principal vineyards, until it arrives at the Hermitage. There it is kept during the night, and on the following morning it is borne with much solemnity to the neighbouring cross, where prayers are offered up, and the mountain is invoked to remain quiet during the year. And it is to the intervention of San Gennaro that the Neapolitans believe their city has frequently been saved from destruction by Vesuvius.

the great eruption of 1779, several large caves or tunnels of this description existed in the grounds adjoining the *Palazzo Ottaviano*, above the town of that name. From these caves Sir William Hamilton states in his account of Vesuvius at this period, extremely cold wind issued with great force, which was used for cooling provisions and wines.

At length, but not without much stumbling over the rough lava beds and the charring of our boot soles, we stood on the lip of the crater. The scene was extremely grand. Our guides with wise forethought had conducted us up the cone on the windward side, a necessary precaution, as volumes of sulphurous exhalations rolled from the crater which would have suffocated us had we come within their influence. Occasionally as the wind swirled within the crater it scooped out the dense vapours and left the vast void nearly unobscured. We now made the circuit of the crater, a long and arduous tramp, as the lip, which averaged only six feet in width, consisted of heaped up scorise and lava, rendering locomotion extremely difficult, while in many places the treacherous crust was so hot as to burn our feet. The scene was one indeed of the wildest desolation, and yet though all around bore evidence of untamable fierceness, it was not without its beauties. Many of the fumarole or smoke holes presented a beautiful appearance, their edges glowing with brilliant yellows, whites and greens, produced by the condensation of sulphuric, muriatic, and carbonic acids, combined with various alkaline, earthy, or metallic bases.

But the difficulties of proceeding round the edge of the crater were trifling compared to those attendant on the descent into it, and the climb upwards. This was choking work. More than once when eddying winds drove the sulphuretted hydrogen into our nostrils, or when we trod incautiously on the edges of fumarole, we apprehended that the crater would be our tomb. At length, half suffocated and blinded, we stood on the edge of the mysterious tube which formed the funnel of the crater. The sides were vertical, enabling us to peer far down; but no bottom was visible. The guides, however, declared that the tube was upwards of 1,000 feet deep, and judging by the time that bolies were falling before they came to rest, it is probable that the depth of this great fire-tube was not exaggerated. It was easy to detach large masses of lava and scorise from the edge of the tube which went thundering down until they seemed to fall in water. Columns of

vapour came fitfully growling up from the tube at a velocity when unaffected by the wind of about seventy-eight feet a minute. Having remained as long as possible in what might not be unaptly likened to the jaws of hell, we scrambled out of the crater, delighted to be able to inhale comparatively pure air on its edge. Here in a state of great physical exhaustion we reposed, enjoying the magnificent view of Naples, the bay and surrounding country rendered, if possible, more lovely by a gorgeous sunset, while the guides and porters were engaged in cooking our suppers. And what a supper it was! Even Brillat-Saverin, under the circumstances, would have appreciated it. The fowls were delicious, the cutlets — cooked *à la victime* — were most tender and succulent; and our *lacrima Christi* — white be it observed — merited the high eulogy passed on this wine by the poet Chiabrera.* We lingered lovingly over it, until the evening deepened into night, and the sky above the cone glowed with a lurid light.

What a change had come over the scene! In Italy, where there is but little twilight, for —

The sun's rim dips, the stars rush out,
At one stride comes the dark —

night follows close on evening.

The lava, which in bright sunshine appeared of a dull black or dark brown, was now in many places incandescent, while, where it had cooled more, great red fissures like writhing fire-snakes seemed to twine amidst it. No wonder that our boot-soles had been completely charred; indeed it was only by stepping cautiously on the top of the scorix that locomotion without being seriously burnt was possible. In many places the fissures were at white-heat, while all round the crater the fires were more or less active. The scene was so novel and interesting that we wandered long around the crater, and over the lava slopes beneath the cone. At length, fairly worn out by fatigue and excitement, we reposed on a kind of mattress, which the guides had cleverly propped up on comparatively cool scorix, on the windward side of the cone. Here, while the porters kept watch in order to awake us if the wind shifted, we slept — not soundly, however — for all through the

night thunder-like noises came up from the crater, occasioned by vast masses of lava and scorix plunging into the tube, while steam blasts hissed and seethed as they issued from deep-seated cavities — the unquiet spirits of this great fire-mountain.

C. R. WELD.

IMMORTALITY.

BY FRANCIS DE HAES JANVIER.

"O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."
[I. Corinthians, xv., 55-57.]

Who deems the Saviour dead?
And yet He bowed His head;
And while in sudden night the sun retired,
And, through thick darkness hurled,
Reeled on the shuddering world,
The mighty Son of God, in blood, expired!

Expired — but, in the gloom
And silence of the tomb,
Death's mystery unveiled to mortal sight:
Triumphant o'er His foes,
A conqueror He rose,
And from the grave commanded life and light!

And shall we count those dead
For whom the Saviour bled,
And died, and rose and lives for evermore?
And were the grief, and loss,
The shame, and scourge, and cross,
Endured in vain by Him whom we adore?

And shall His children fear,
When that great hour draws near,
Which gives them immortality with God?
Should not our souls rejoice
To hear our Father's voice,
And gladly take the path the Saviour trod?

Through death's deep shadow lies
Our journey to the skies,
And all beyond is light, and life, and love;
The dead whom we deplore
Have only passed before,
And wait to greet us in the world above!

Then let the summons come
Which calls our spirits home,
From sin, and pain, and sorrow, ever free;
Where weary ones may rest
Upon that Saviour's breast,
Whose death revealed our immortality!

* Chi fu de' contadini il sì indiscreto,
Ch' a bigottir la gente
Diede nome dolente
Al vin, che sovra gli altri il cuor fa lieto?
Lacrime dunque appellarassi un riso
Parto di nobilissima vendemmia?

CHAPTER VI.

MR. MARTEN PREACHES AT SOMEBODY.

THE next day we accompanied our pastor to see the proposed Refuge, and Miss Herbert did not fail to join us. The meeting between her and the clergyman was quite of the civil, distant order — so much so, that I wondered if the young man's exercise of his ministerial functions had ever extended to a visit at the Great Farm. I expected that he and Ruth would lead the way, and leave the young lady in my charge, but as Miss Herbert attached herself to my sister, Mr. Marten and I had no alternative but to follow.

Our destination was a large old cottage at the quieter end of the row, which Upper Malloes honoured as its "High Street." There was a narrow strip of garden in front, cut in twain by a flagged path, leading to the door. At each side of this door was a wide, latticed window, and there were three casements on the upper story. The rector had armed himself with the key — a very primitive instrument — and in a moment we were all rambling over the place, opening doors, and discovering cupboards and shelves, and such-like appliances of domestic comfort.

"I think it will do," said Ruth.

"You must not say so yet, Miss Garrett," returned Mr. Marten; "for you have not seen its chief beauty." And he ushered us into a long low room at the back, evidently an addition to the original building; for it had no chambers above it. "There!" said he, "I think that will make such a capital — what shall we call it, ma'am? — feeding-room — *salle à manger*?"

"So it will," responded Ruth: "the other two rooms can be male and female dormitories, and the floor above will do nicely for the housekeepers' home."

"But there are three upper rooms," said Mr. Marten, mounting the stairs, and rapidly opening their doors. "See! two will suffice for the housekeepers, and we shall have one superfluous."

"A great comfort for an ailing woman or a sick child," I said.

"Certainly," answered Ruth; "and now, Mr. Marten, can you tell us the rent?"

"The landlord has always asked sixteen pounds a year," replied he; "but the cottage has this disadvantage: it is too large and expensive for the poorer class of tenants, and too rough for any others, and so he says he will part with it entirely for one hundred and twenty pounds. What do you think of that offer, Mr. Garrett?"

"I will accept it," I answered; "and then the remaining expenses will be a small salary for the housekeepers, who will have their rooms rent free, and who need not be wholly without other work, and a little fund for meals, and general assistance for the poor wanderers."

"And furniture?" suggested Miss Herbert, timidly.

"Oh, every bit of that must be begged," said my sister.

The Reverend Lewis Marten put on a very wry face.

"Come, come," said I, "you have made a good beginning already, and you know I am pledged to help you."

"You two look after the money," advised Ruth. "Do you suppose the village mothers will promise *you* old pans, and kettles, and pillows? Leave those things to us."

"I have read of a very good plan," said that sweet voice, which only spoke too seldom. "When some good German wished to furnish an orphan house, he made a little blank book, and wrote on each leaf such headings as 'bedding,' 'earthenware,' and so on. Then he sent the book about, and every one wrote in it what they would give, and thus each might be quite sure they were not giving what was already had."

"Thank you very much, Miss Herbert," returned my sister: "that is a good idea. Whenever anything like that strikes you, mind you tell us."

"Of course I shall," said Miss Herbert.

"No 'of course' about it," replied Ruth; "you hesitated before you said that. And you'll have other wise thoughts come; but you'll be so afraid they're foolish, that you'll let us old folks go blundering on without their help. Now, promise me you won't?"

"I'll try," said the dear girl.

And Ruth looked at her, and gave her head a queer little shake which I could not understand.

"Well, I think we are getting on very well," remarked the clergyman. "I'll just get my memorandum-book, and take a note of our position. But, dear me, I have not a pencil!"

"Oh, I have one," answered Miss Herbert, producing a dainty "lady's companion." Its fastening was a little intricate, and she drew off her gloves to undo it. In the course of this action, I saw something I had not noticed before. On the "engaged" finger she wore a broad, richly-chased gold ring — one of the kind known as "guards."

"Thank you," said Mr. Marten, accept

ing the proffered pencil. "Now, 'Edward Garrett, Esq., £120' — that looks handsome! Then, 'Miss Ruth Garrett' — what did I understand?" and he glanced archly at my sister.

"You did not understand anything," Ruth retorted. "I've got very little, and I mean to keep it to fill up odd corners where Edward's grand subscription won't go."

"Well, I've written your name," returned Mr. Marten, "and I shall let it stay. Then there's the two old ladies to whom I named the Refuge — Mrs. Withers, one pound one; and Miss Tabitha Vix, five shillings — that's all for the present. Total, one hundred and twenty-one pounds six shillings, and an unknown blank, you see, Miss Garrett."

"Uncle says he will give five pounds," whispered Agnes Herbert.

"Oh, come! this is famous!" said the rector, resuming his notes; "and may I put down anything from you?"

"Half-a-crown, if it's worth while," she said, softly; "and one shilling from Sarah — that's our servant, Sarah Irons, you know. Perhaps we may get something better out of the lumber-room. Uncle lets us give away anything we find there; but I haven't looked over it for a long time."

"The first thing we have to do," said Ruth, as we left the house, "is to get a good housekeeper, and then we can say, 'Gifts thankfully received at the Refuge.'"

"And who is to hire this housekeeper?" asked Mr. Marten.

"I will, please," responded Ruth. "If you like, you may set that down as my subscription. It may prove worth more than Edward's."

Both the clergyman and Miss Herbert resisted our pressing invitation to lunch. So we returned home alone, and Alice admitted us — red-eyed, but smiling, after the parting from her brother.

In the course of the day Ruth paid another visit to the Refuge. She and Alice went there in the twilight, and stayed some time. I half guessed the mischief they were plotting, and I was not mistaken. Alice and her grandfather were appointed hostess and host at the Refuge.

"It will be so nice to tell in my first letter to Ewen!" said Alice.

Now you may be sure the opening of this Refuge made quite a commotion in our sleepy village of Upper Mallowe, — more sensation even than the sudden curtailment of chanting in St. Cross. The two events happened simultaneously. Before gossip could circulate any particulars about the

new "charity," it was announced that the Reverend Lewis Marten was to preach a sermon thereon. Out of curiosity, some of the people who usually walked to the Ritualistic church at Hopeleigh, turned their steps to St. Cross. Also, out of curiosity, some of the old farmers laid down the local paper, and went to hear the local discourse. They found the creaking doors set wide open to receive them, and the bereaved pew-opener's temper was all the sweeter for being spared the trial of the singing-boys in the vestry. The lads, themselves, conspicuous by their absence in an official capacity, occupied seats about the church, either under the surveillance of their parents, or steadied by the charge of junior relatives.

The service began. Neither Mr. Marten nor I had exchanged a word on the subject beyond what I have related. He read the sentences and exhortation in his usual clear ringing tone, and there followed a brief expectant silence. Then he lifted up his voice without the intonation with which he was wont to accompany the chanting. The scattered choir boys, previously instructed, were the first to join, but by the third or fourth petition of our glorious old confession the whole congregation responded. The farmers looked approvingly at each other, and I think the Ritualistic strangers were too surprised to be displeased. The same reform went on throughout the service, and the old people, too blind to read, had the full benefit of those beautiful reassuring psalms, which so marvellously suit every circumstance and experience.

It was the Twenty-second Sunday after Trinity, and the rector took his text from the Gospel for the day. "Shouldest not thou have had compassion on thy fellow-servant, even as I had pity on thee?" His heart was warm with the subject; and his words were eloquent in proportion. As usual, he dwelt strongly on the spiritual wickedness of the world, but only to show the depth of misery from which Christ had saved it. And his closing remarks struck me so much, that I can recall them almost word for word: —

"Christ has forgiven us the ten thousand talents, that dreadful debt which Adam contracted, and which descends to us with accumulating interest. The greatest saint and the greatest sinner are both included in the bond which His mercy remits.

"Yet people rarely realise this brotherhood in evil and misery, this participation in proffered forgiveness. God draws no distinction between sin and crime. The world does. It must. But do not let us say this is

because crime injures society, while sin may be left to God, as a matter wholly between Him and the sinner. Crime grows from sin, as the tree springs from its root. Law only punishes crime, simply because sin is too subtle for it. Why, brethren, the sins that really injure society, and from which issue the crimes which fill our prisons and reformatories, are sins to which none of us could truly plead 'Not guilty.' First and foremost is the little seed of self sprouting into wilfulness, and sloth, and apathy. Who has never preferred his own weal to another's, never driven his own will over another's comfort, never held back his hand when he should have stretched it out, or kept silence when he ought to have spoken? If these questions were pressed upon us, who would not be convicted by his own conscience?

"Justice can punish the murderer or the thief, but human justice cannot reach the influences which may have raised his hand against his fellows. Do not suppose these influences excuse his crime. No one need be a victim to circumstance. Circumstance is only given us to conquer. But neither does circumstance excuse the man from whom proceeded the evil influence. Ah, my brethren, when the shadow of a great crime darkens the length and breadth of the land, who of us can safely say, 'I have had no share in this'? A mere want of punctuality or promptitude, by souring tempers, and embittering hearts, may be the first step on the dark road which ends with a gallows! The devil takes care that sin shall be a maze, wherein nobody knows where each path may lead.

"But you will answer, 'Christ came to deliver us from sin.' Truly He came to redeem us from its bondage. He came to show us what we were in Eden, and what we may be again in Paradise. He came to throw the mantle of His own spotless righteousness over the ragged holiness which clothes the purest earthly saint. He came to hold up before us that perfect humanity which fell in fragments round the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. Yes, my brethren, He came to do all this, and what is the result? Those, whom He draws closest to Himself — those, whose purblind souls are so anointed with the balm of His forgiveness, that henceforth they can see clearly — those are the very ones who cry with St. Paul, 'The good that I would, I do not; but the evil which I would not, that I do.' Such walk in humility and gentleness, ever watchful lest some unwary stumble of theirs crush a soul 'for whom Christ died,' ever praying, 'Lord, pardon

us for the sins which we mistake for virtues!'

"Yes, Christ Himself tells us that 'it must needs be that offences come.' The world is God's work, but Satan's tangle is in it. Every one of us — you and I — have done our little share to perpetuate that tangle. And so long as we carry about our mortality, the devil will sometimes catch our fingers, and set them at the old mischievous work. But in the meantime we must put our hands to labour on God's side. There is always a task ready for us. Wherever we see pain, or sorrow, or poverty, or death, let us remember we confront suffering born of sin, *our* sin.

"My brethren, I am about to suggest a solemn thought. It has been said of some holy men, that they never knew how much good they did. It may be truly said of all of us, that we know not what evil we have caused. You, the regular worshipper and communicant, some permanent inconsistency in your life may have given a forgotten acquaintance a lasting prejudice against religion. You, parents, bewailing rebellious children, perhaps you 'provoked' them to wrath and sin. You, neglected wives, by your own peevishness and self-consideration may have alienated the love which you should have held next to God's. I, myself, lamenting over the empty seats I too often see in this temple, may have driven my flock away by my own coldness and apathy! And alas! alas! my brethren, the evil our own hands have done, our own hands cannot always undo. Those whom we injure, die or go beyond our influence. There are words and deeds which we cannot recollect without remorse, yet which can never be cancelled. Then, as we pray that other hands may efface our wrong-doing, let us remember that some may be so praying on behalf of one whom we can succour, either in mind or body. How happy we should be to hear that God had permitted a good man to destroy our evil work! So, let us be up and doing, that in our turn, with God's blessing, we may confer that happiness on others. Let it no more be said that the homeless, the erring, or the miserable, pass among us unsheltered, uncounselled, and uncheered. Christmas again draws near — to some of us it will be brighter than ever before; to others its earthly brightness may be departed. But the gayest, as well as the poorest and the saddest, and the utterly bereaved, will be none the worse for winning 'the blessing of those that were ready to perish.'"

Mr. Marten spoke so earnestly and point-

edly, that the interest of the most sluggish was aroused, and the church was solemn with the breathless silence of rapt attention. There was but one interruption. When the rector's warning touched on family miseries, Mr. Herbert suddenly rose, left his seat, and walked down the aisle. At the font, however, he paused, passed his hand reflectively over his whiskers, and returned to his pew. But immediately after the final benediction, and before any one had risen from prayer, he and his niece both left the building.

There was a collection made at the door, and when we passed out, the "plates" seemed in a tolerably prosperous condition. The rough church-path was not so clear as on my first visit to St. Cross, for neighbours were lingering to greet other neighbours whom they had not seen there for a long time. As we went through the crowd I heard many remarks such as these:—

"Parson gave us a mighty fine sermon. He seems quite awakened up."

"Ay, you may say that! He spoke as if he meant it."

"A'most as if he wor preachin' to some 'un there, and knew ezactly what they wanted."

"Perhaps he wor'."

Next day when Mr. Marten came to confess his mistake, and to own that the people of Upper Mallowe had proved liberal beyond his hopes, I told him this. He smiled at the rough criticism, but his reply was—

"They were right. I was preaching at some one,—at myself. All the time I bore in mind my miserable blunder with that poor fellow, Ewen."

"Ah, you had a visit from him before he left for London," said Ruth.

"So I had," he answered.

"And what did you say?" inquired my sister.

"We each begged the other's pardon," returned the rector, "and I think he'll count me among the friends he has left at Upper Mallowe,—or at least not among the enemies. He is not at all an ordinary chip of humanity. You did a great work in saving him, Mr. Garrett."

"Edward just did a common Christian duty," said Ruth; "if God bless it, to Him be all the glory!"

"And you think the people felt my sermon last Sunday?" queried Mr. Marten, presently.

"Yes, just because your heart was in every word," I answered.

"I feared I was, as usual, too gloomy and severe," he remarked.

"No, no," said I; "you own you were preaching at yourself,—therefore you loved the sinner, understood his errors, and felt a human pity for his remorse. Now, you must ask God to enlarge your sympathies till you can do the same in every case, and then your severity will be only truthful love."

"And if your preaching suits your own heart, it will certainly suit somebody else," added Ruth.

CHAPTER VII.

GEORGE WILMOT FROM LONDON.

AND thus Christmas drew near. By that time the Refuge was fairly established, Miss Herbert's "Contribution Book" having secured sundry very useful gifts, which went far to spare our little cash account, and Mr. M'Callum and Alice were settled in their new abode—both made exceedingly happy by punctual and comfortable letters from Ewen. And so Ruth and I jogged on in our quiet way.

But we saw very little of Agnes. She helped my sister in all the Refuge arrangements, yet we could not allure her to our house for a leisurely visit, nor even detain her for such when she made a call. She was always quite anxious to return home, as if it were some post of imperative duty, from which absence was absolute desertion.

"How shall we keep Christmas, Ruth?" I asked one evening in December.

"Just like a Thanksgiving Sunday, I suppose," said she. "There are no children coming home for the holidays."

Now, of course I knew that. But Ruth will say things.

"Christmas is a birthday feast," I remarked, "and so it should be kept."

"Ah, but birthdays are drear times," she answered, "when there's no one to stoop over us and give us a kiss and a keepsake."

"I suppose that is why old people leave off keeping them," I said. "I think they are wrong; let them rather give kisses and keepsakes on the dear date when they used to receive them. So with Christmas. Alas! Ruth, you were mistaken when you said we had no child to gladden us at this season. Is there not a Babe in a manger at Bethlehem which is ours forever?"

Ruth did not reply. She never replies to such remarks. I believe she thinks them more for her silence, for by-and-by she said—

"Then what should you like to do Christmas Day?"

"I want to give as many little bits of pleasure as I can," I replied; "such little bits of pleasure as made me happy when I was a boy, Ruth."

"Ah, you were easy to please, Edward," said she; "and a very good thing, too!"

"Any one who can be pleased at all is as pleased with little as with much," I replied. "A Christmas card gives as much delight as a Christmas-box. A child is as charmed with the discovery of a blackberry bush, as is a miner with his nugget. And perhaps the one 'find' is as valuable as the other."

"To the child, may be; but not to the man," retorted Ruth. "Recollect, grown-up people have no leisure to go blackberry-hunting unless they've first got a nugget of their own, or are degraded enough to live on other people. Don't you pretend to undervalue money, Edward. It's God's gift as much as any thing else. It depends on us whether it be a blessing or a curse."

"That is how you always pull me up when I grow poetical," I said, smiling.

"Talking rubbish is not poetical," she answered. "Sham sentiment is too often mistaken for poetry, and when people find common-life tears off such rags as she goes along, they foolishly fancy they are too fine for every-day wear, and so put aside she tinsel for best occasions. Now real poetry is just naked truth."

"You are far too clever to argue with, Ruth," said I.

"Ah, you see I kept a circulating library, and the best books were always at home," she remarked, dryly.

Presently, being really willing to fall in with my humble plans, she observed —

"But a little consideration makes money go very far in giving pleasure. It prevents your sending coals to a widow at Newcastle, or presenting a farmer with a turkey, or a schoolboy with Euclid, or a blind man with a tract."

"That is to the point, Ruth," I said; "now I just want to give a little bit of genuine delight to every one I know. I wish you had second sight, and could reveal the secret desire of each friend and neighbour."

"Then you would find out you could satisfy none," she returned. "Do you think folks are so shallow as to long for aught you could send as a Christmas gift?"

"No," I answered; "but every one has some dear little wish, whose gratification makes the great want easier to bear."

"You are right there," responded my sister. "If you cannot give a man dinner, you may give him a biscuit for lunch."

"We must send some pretty surprise to every house which has young folks," I said.

"And we must not let them find out where it comes from," added Ruth. "Nobody will set greater value on any thing because sent by you or me, Edward. If they cannot guess the giver, it will make them feel kindly towards all their friends."

"But yet we cannot tell what will please each child," I remarked.

"A book or a picture with a little innocent mystery about it will satisfy all the young people," answered Ruth. "It will be harder to hit the fancy of the elder ones."

"The elder ones will be pleased in the young ones' pleasure," I said; "and as I find there will be cheap railway excursions to and from London at Christmas-time, I shall buy a return-ticket and send it to Ewen, and his arrival on Christmas morning shall be my gift to that family."

"Bravo, Edward," exclaimed my sister; "that is just the right thing. You are cleverer than I am, in your own way."

"Only you think it a small sort of way," I said, laughing.

"As you know my thoughts, I'll not contradict you," said she. "And what shall we do for Mr. Marten?"

"Ask him to dinner?" I queried.

Ruth shook her head. "Very likely he would have somewhere better to go," she said, "though he might come, thinking to please us; while, for my own part, I'd rather have only ghosts at the Christmas-table."

"And yet you have never known the bitter changes which some know," I remarked; "you can only miss our father and our mother, and they were spared till their time was fully ripe."

"I know the changes in myself," Ruth answered. "It's my own ghost that comes to see me on feast-days."

"But you would not object to any guest who had nowhere else to go?" I asked.

"Certainly not," she said; "such a presence would lay the ghost. Not that I wish it laid. I like to see what a fool I was once. I only wish I could be such a fool now!"

"Age is higher and happier than youth," I remarked, harping on my pet theory.

"I know it," she answered; "but yet some folks like climbing mountains better than sitting at rest. You must not judge every one by yourself, Edward."

"I wish I could guess what would please Agnes Herbert," I said, presently.

"If we only knew what ailed the girl!" observed Ruth.

We little dreamed who was then walking across our garden. We heard the back door slammed, and in a moment Phillis appeared in the parlour, announcing that a gentleman had brought a little ragged boy to our gate, and had bidden him ask for Mr. Garrett.

"Is the gentleman in the kitchen? Who is he?" asked Ruth, rising, in astonishment.

"Please, ma'am, I could not see him out in the dark," answered the sapient Phillis, "and he wouldn't wait; but says he to the boy, when I opened the gate, 'You're all right now,' says he. And, please, sir, the boy seems stupefied-like."

"It's only some stranger who has heard of us in connection with the Refuge," said I. "Is the lad in the kitchen, Phillis?"

"I've kept him out in the passage," replied Phillis; "for it's a bad night, and he's awful muddy, and would muck the kitchen-floor, if you please, sir."

"No, I'm not pleased, Phillis," I answered. "If cleanliness is to follow godliness, then kindness must keep between."

"Ask the boy to the fire directly," said practical Ruth; "at the same time let him rub his feet well upon the mat."

"This is a queer adventure," I commented, as the girl obediently departed, and we prepared to follow.

"I daresay it will put your Christmas cards and keepsakes right out of your head," said Ruth.

"A very good suggestion," I retorted. "Your doubt will help me to remember them, my sister."

We found the boy seated by the kitchen-hearth, with his dirty feet tucked up on the rug of the Windsor chair, perhaps by Phillis's directions. He seemed a coarse, vulgar, neglected lad, and he gave an introductory snivel when he saw us. Of course he was a scrap of God's writing, but the divine characters were sadly blurred.

"Do you want to speak with me — Mr. Garrett?" I asked, taking a seat opposite him.

"The gen'lman said so," he answered.

"What have you to say?" I inquired.

"I dunno," he replied, hopelessly, whirling his thick, dirty hands; "only the gen'lman said, 'Then, you're all right now.'"

We had heard as much from Phillis.

"Who was the gentleman?" I questioned.

"I dunno," replied the boy.

"What were you doing when he spoke to you?" asked Ruth. Her clear, quick tones penetrated his thick skull deeper than

mine. I fancy they had a magisterial echo, for he instantly thrust his red forefinger into his bleared eye, and jerked out, whiningly, "I warn't a-doing of no harm. I only ast him for a penny."

"You're a stranger here," remarked Ruth, in the same sharp voice, which seemed to keep his mind awake; "where do you come from?"

"I comed from Lunnon — I tramped it," he answered; "mother only died this day was a week."

He did not look so vulgar and coarse when one heard that history. God help the boy!

"What brought you here?" asked Ruth.

"Mother said father was summat here: he'd run away from her, years ago. She niver wanted to be arter him herself, but she bid me look to him, when she wor gone."

"What is his name?" I inquired.

"George Wilmot," said the lad, "and that's mine too."

"I don't believe there's such a name in the place, sir," said Phillis, aside.

"You say you asked the gentleman for a penny," pursued Ruth; "then what did he answer?"

"Please, he caught me by the shoulder, an' turned me round, an' stared at me for a minute or two, and didn't say nothin'."

"Not at first, perhaps," continued Ruth, "but what did he say when he spoke?"

"He said 'God help us!' just like mother used; and then he asked my name," said the boy.

"And then?" queried Ruth.

"Then he said, 'I havn't anything to give you.' But he kep' hold o' my shoulder, an' I walked along with him, till he says, 'Where are you going to-night?' And I telled him I must sleep under an 'edge or summat. And he says, 'God help us!' again; and fell a-thinking like."

"What made him bring you here?" asked my sister.

"Well, he says, 'By-the-bye, there's a Refuge somewhere near,' and asked if I knew what a Refuge meant, and I said, 'Din't I!' An' then he stood still, and looked about, and says, 'I've never seen it, and don't know where it is, but I'll take you to the good people who opened it;' and then he went on muttering about devils giving kind folk a deal to undo, which I couldn't make out. He telled me this was the house as we came to the gate, but says he, 'We'll go round the other way, for I'm fittest for back-doors now,' and he laughed out, 'Ha! ha! ha!'"

The bright fire was evidently thawing the lad's frozen wits, for he gave his last words in another tone, in imitation of his strange guide.

"Should you know your father if you saw him?" inquired Ruth.

The boy shook his head. "He's not been nigh us sin' I wor a babby," he said.

"What was this gentleman like?" queried my suspicious sister.

"Tall," answered the boy, "and he had on a cloak."

"Was he young or old?" asked Ruth.

"I dunno, ma'am," staring as if the answer was quite beyond his powers. It was the first time he gave my sister a respectful title. I believe he thought her question showed a high opinion of his faculties, and so honoured her accordingly.

"Was he as old as your mother, do you think?" pursued Ruth, after a moment's reflection.

"Oh, no," said the boy, grinning at the idea, "*she* was quite an old woman—she allays said so!"

"What was her age?" inquired Ruth, trying to get at the truth by a side-path.

"Thirty-three," replied the lad succinctly.

Ruth glanced at me with elevated eyebrows; this was her first experience of the statistics of a London street-boy.

"When did you have anything to eat?" I asked.

"A baker gaved me a clump o' bread this morning, it was not a right dinner, to say," he answered; "but coming along past the public, the hostler had a half-empty pot, and he telled me I might drink it up. That was good," he added, smacking his lips at the recollection.

O, thou Father of kings and beggars, which thanksgiving makes the sweetest incense before thy throne,—the formal calling upon thy name of one who is discontented with his venison, or the gladness of another who picketh up the coarsest crumbs of Dives's table, and thanketh Thee ignorantly, as do the beasts and birds?

Phillis instantly brought forth a loaf and some cold meat. I am thankful to say, she understood her master sufficiently to do this without asking direct permission.

I resolved to take the lad to the Refuge myself. The McCallums were old inhabitants, of intelligence far superior to Phillis, and they might know some clue whereby to discover the boy's runaway father. I had a faint idea of my own in this matter, a most unreasonable one, inasmuch as it was attached, not to the cognomen "Wilmot," but to the simple name "George," which

my common sense told me might belong to a dozen men in Upper Mallowe.

The lad made a considerable supper, without taking long in the process, and then we started off together. Ruth's questions had given him the notion that we took some interest in the stranger who had brought him to us. So as we trudged along he suggested, "Mayhap the gentleman will be about yet."

"Whereabouts did you meet him?" I asked.

"Just here," he answered.

Now at that instant we passed the Great Farm.

We were not long in reaching the Refuge, and Alice promptly admitted us, and led us to her little sitting room on the upper floor. From Ruth's accounts, I knew that she used this chamber as her sleeping apartment, the other being occupied by her grandfather, while the third, by Alice's own wish, was kept for such extra use as might arise from the necessities of the Refuge.

"Grandfather is down-stairs," she explained: "there are two poor men here for the night, and he's in the upper room, talking with them. Shall I fetch him, sir?"

"If you please, Alice," I said; "but you may promise that I shall not keep him long."

The old man soon presented himself, with that cheery face, which must have beamed on the poor refugees like a sudden sunrise after a dreary night. I hastened to inquire if he knew any one, in the village called George Wilmot.

Mr. McCallum shook his head.

Alice said "No."

"Do you remember such a name at any time?" I inquired.

Neither of them could. So I called the boy forward, and made him repeat his story.

"Hech, sirs! but it's a waefu', tale," said the good old Scotchman. "I'm thinking the laddie had best bide here the nicht, and look aboot you the morn. He'll maybe hae to bidé here a wee, sae ye'd best mak' his bed i' the little room, Alie. And if he gaes doon stairs, he'll find some warm parritch; and the twa puir callants below are nae sic bad company."

"He's had some supper already," I observed, as the boy seemed disposed to obey with extraordinary alacrity.

"Ou, ay, sir," replied Mr. McCallum; "but a little het parritch canna do him ony harm. Let the laddie gae. Ye see, sir," he continued, when we heard the supper-room door close behind the boy, "I wadna

hint a dispareeing thing afore the bairn's face. Let him think o' his father as weel's he can; but, verra-like, if he were George Wilmot when he married, he wasna George Wilmot after he ran awa'. The man that does ae base thing is fit for anither."

"But was it not strange about the gentleman in the lane?" observed Alice, who was engaged at the cupboard, searching for blankets.

"At first, I wondered whether he were the father," I said. "His strange kindness might be the working of remorse."

Mr. McCallum shook his head.

"Differin' natures hae differin' remorsees," he remarked. "A cauld-bluided scoondrel, wha didna ken gif his bairn had starved or no, would be verra unlikely to fash where the lad passed ae nicht. Maist like, sic a one would say to himself—'Gif the laddie's used to it, the wayside's as guid to him as my bedroom to me.' That's the way the deevil comforts his ain while they're his. He doesna trouble them much, till God gets a grip o' them. An' if God had got a grip o' him—bein', as he waur, the father—I dinna think he'd hae left his lang-lost bairn to strangers, e'en to their tender mercies. Maist like, the gentleman is just some puir misguided callant, wha has gotten the wrang bit in his mouth—else why fittest for back-doors, sir?—but hasna travelled the deevil's road lang eneuch to like to see ithers gangin' the same gait. Sic a one feels anguishies of remorse—and that's just God's grip, sir."

"But Judas himself felt remorse," I observed, getting into the argument.

"And went and hangit himsel'," said he; "and sae do mony mair. Gif they would but bide a wee! Why, sir, ye'll nae say Christ's death hadna poo'r to save the puir traitor? Only the misguided creature went and hangit himsel'."

And so we sat and conversed till George Wilmot came up from his "parritch," and Alice returned from making his bed.

"Now, my boy," I began, "what did your mother say about your father—what did she bid you say when you should see him?"

"She said she was afeared he'd taken her in mighty; but there was no telling," replied the lad; "and if I got to see him, I was to give him this." And he produced a folded paper, dirty and worn, which he handed to me. "Mother took a long whiles a-writin' it," he remarked, "and she used to say perhaps father a-tired of her, because he was a famous scholard. I can't

read what she writ; but may be you will, sir," he added.

I took the letter reverently; for it seemed like a secret between the dead and the living. I paused before I unfolded it; but the boy repeated his request, and, indeed, to peruse it seemed the best way towards fulfilling the deserted woman's wish. This was the contents. I will not translate the strange spelling and bad grammar. They have a pathos with which I dare not meddle.

"MY DERE GEORGE,

"Why did you leve me without a wurd, this is writ to saye that i furgive yu, and hope whe shall meet in Heven, i was not good enuf for yu, but yu dident say so, when yu cam cortin me ovar master's gate, and all the gals grudgin my fortin for yu was a fine gentelman. When yu git this, I am ded and shall not trouble yu never no more. but yu aught luke to your pore boy, wich as bin a good boy to his mother, and fur his sake, i'm niver sorry I maared yu, so don't yu think it. This comes, hopeing yu are well from your luvng wife

"MARY WILMOT."

I took a little time to decipher this letter; indeed, my sight failed over it. But when I had done, the boy said simply, "Won't you read it out, sir? She read it to me, she did, and it'll be like hearin' her speak onct more."

So I read it. And the great rough boy sobbed out loud. God's writing was clear enough upon his heart. I shook hands with him when I came away, but I did not say one word to "deepen the effect" of that letter. As soon would I have interrupted the dead mother had she stood among us in the spirit and spoken to her boy.

Alice conducted me to the door. The moon was shining brightly, and cast its blueness over her face. As she stood on the threshold, she said in a whisper—"Isn't it strange that none of us can recollect a Wilmot in these parts?"

"Not so strange, if your grandfather guesses rightly," I answered.

"His name—you know whose, sir?—was George," she murmured.

I started at this suggestion of my own thought; but reflected in another's mind, I could see its absurdity. So I said, merrily—

"And so is Mr. Smith's the chemist, and Mr. Tozer's the baker. No, no, Alice, it's a bad habit to make out coincidences. It

does no good, for we can't trust them, unless they're based on facts, and if we've got the facts, then we don't want the coincidences. But, by the way, your remark reminds me that I never heard the surname of that unhappy man?"

"It was Roper — George Roper, sir," she answered.

"Thank you — for, considering the interest I feel in Ewen, it was awkward not to know it. But what are these sounds?" — for from the back of the house came a voice singing a spirited song, accompanied by divers notes as from some uncertain and feeble instrument.

Alice laughed — a pleasant, soft laugh — "It's only the two 'refugees' (so we call our pensioners), one is singing and the other is piping with a bit of paper on a comb. They often do it, when they're not over tired with tramping, sir."

I wonder if any rigid Philanthropist would think such doings a breach of "the order and discipline of a charitable institution." I only stood and listened. I have no ear for music, but as I caught the stirring words —

"Hearts of oak are our ships,
Jolly tars are our men;
We always are ready,
Steady, boys! steady!

We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again" —

I was quite satisfied with the performance. Why should we think our kindness best repaid by long faces and dead silence? Is it not unreasonable to forbid a song because we have given a supper? I remembered a great "human naturalist" said it was a happy omen for a country when the beggar was as content with his dish as the lord with his land. Better to keep our charity than to sell it at the price of enjoyment.

"There! that's grandfather gone to them," said Alice.

"He won't stop the song?" I queried.

"Oh, no, sir," she answered; "most likely he'll join in the chorus. He's fond of singing a song himself. But he thinks it's right to go in and out of the room in a friendly way. And when he's told them stories and anecdotes, and talked pleasantly, there's few so hard as to take it unkindly when he gets out the Bible, before going to bed."

I went home with a heart full of pleasant feelings. I had not forgotten my "cards and keepsakes," as Ruth warned me I should. So every time I passed a village

boy, I thought, "Ah, my fine fellow, there's a 'tip' coming for you!" and then the Upper Mallowe boys appeared in my eyes uncommonly nice boys. And it was solemnly sweet to think of true-hearted Mary Wilmot in her London pauper grave — no, not there, but in heaven; for are not our trespasses forgiven, as we forgive those who trespass against us? And it was odd that her boy should come among us like a guest at Christmas time. Have not some "entertained angels unawares?" and in that case, they cannot look as we fancy angels, or they would carry their welcome with them. I don't suppose the lad is any less like an angel, because he knows the price of boy-labour in the docks, and how little one can live upon down Stepney way, and what it is to be hungry and tired — nay, there is One, higher than the angels, who knows all about that, and was a good son to his parents in a carpenter's shop at Nazareth.

But as I entered our house a hearty voice recalled me to the world of snug suppers and warm beds, for Ruth exclaimed, "Here you are at last, Edward. Come to your supper, and don't run all over the world, fancying you are as young as ever!"

CHAPTER VIII.

A CHRISTMAS CONFIDENCE.

GEORGE WILMOT was still in the Refuge when Christmas Day came. There was quite a bustle in our house on the Eve. With Mr. Marten's help I got off my presents, a most miscellaneous heap — tea, tobacco, knick-knacks, pictures, cards, and books; the last three items all so pretty that if I had not wished to give them I should have liked to keep them! The Rector was in high spirits, having an invitation to dine next day at a mansion a few miles off, inhabited by an old naval officer and his only daughter, — a fact from which I drew my own inferences. As Ruth could not let this hospitable season pass without a little delicate meddling in culinary matters, a spicy perfume pervaded the parlour, and contributed to the general feeling of festivity and good-will.

Perhaps that was the gayest bit of our Christmas keeping. The day was a quiet one in our house. Even Phillis was away, for Ruth gave her permission to rejoin her own family; and only our new servant, who was a stranger in the village, remained to

wait upon us. We did not venture to invite any guests. It is cruel to allure family-people from their homes at such a season; and so far as we could ascertain, all the single folk of Upper Mallowe were already happily appropriated.

But as we took our places at the breakfast-table, a sound of sweet singing startled the clear morning-air. Looking from the window, we saw the choir-boys of St. Cross standing round our garden-gate. It was no unfamiliar chorale which they sang, but just the dear Christmas hymn, "Hark, the herald angels sing." There are some old tunes which have such an echo in the universal heart that I sometimes fancy we shall use them in our heavenly praises.

When they ceased I went out and thanked the lads, and wished them a merry Christmas. I singled out the leader, and wanted to give him five shillings to divide among the rest. I hope the moralists will not say I was making them mercenary. Whenever I receive a pleasure I long to do something in return. But the boy said, quite sedately, that Mr. Marten told them to do it, because I was doing so much to the village. Now here was a poser! I must accept their gratuitous service because it was grateful. Yet I could not put away the five shillings. A bright thought came.

"Come, my boys," I said, "I thank you very heartily for your remembrance of an old man; and as you have given me such pleasure, I should like others to have as much. Go to the Great Farm, and sing your hymn again, and take these five shillings in consideration of so employing your valuable time." And as I did not wish to argue through any further remonstrance from that sedate elder boy, I ran back to the house, and the young choristers set up a cheer.

Ruth and I went to church, and found it quite gay with holly and laurel; and the whole service, to the very tones of the rector's voice, was of a jubilant character. So Christmas services should be: especially for the sake of those who may have little rejoicing elsewhere. The sermon was very short and very bright, being from that seasonable text in the eighth chapter of Nehemiah, "Go your way, eat the fat, and drink the sweet, and send portions unto them for whom nothing is prepared: for this day is holy unto our Lord; neither be ye sorry, for the joy of the Lord is your strength."

Somehow (I say this in parenthesis), I fancied that Mr. Marten's Christmas visit

was an unexpected happiness to the young man. But he had been less desponding in his views for some time. And God occasionally rewards our efforts by sending a blessing which makes them easier.

Mr. Herbert and his niece were in their pew. Agnes looked as if she had been crying. I think the very gladness of the hymns and sermon tried her. The old people liked it: the acute agonies had died out of their lives, and then joy is as sunshine on an old, well-remembered grave, which one hopes soon to share. But to sorrowful youth it comes like spring sunlight on the face of yesterday's dead. God help the young!

They hurried out of church before us, though they paused to exchange seasonable wishes over the pew-door. But all the McCallums waited for us in the graveyard—the grandfather and Alice perfectly radiant with delight at Ewen's unexpected arrival. The young man himself seemed much more happy and open-hearted for his residence among people who did not suspect and shun him, and was quite eager to deliver the many kind messages he brought me from the good folks in my old house of business. Now, I knew these worthy people would not have sent these messages by him, if they had not liked him. So I augured well for Ewen.

Ruth and I dined very cheerfully together, and afterwards I amused myself by droning over my holiday-books, by which I mean sundry smart volumes of the poets, that I received as school-prizes in those remote ages when I was a boy. Their glories are rather faded now—like mine! Ruth occupied herself with idleness till tea-time—it must have been hard work for her. Afterwards, being incapable of further exertion in that way, I found her seated opposite me, with linen sleeves drawn over her silk ones, and a grand red and blue china bowl before her, busily cutting up candied peels for the New-Year's cake.

"Is not that the maid's duty?" I asked, heedlessly.

"Household affairs are every woman's study," she replied, cutting energetically.

Now, I like to watch an educated woman at domestic work. She makes it beautiful. So I said, "Women are never more pleasing than when so engaged."

"They are never more dignified," returned Ruth.

"Certainly it is their hereditary empire, where they reign undisputed," I remarked.

"If they leave that throne, they may wish for another!" responded my sister.

"Oh, I think in other spheres, they may at least dispute male pre-eminence," I observed.

"Let them, if they like," said Ruth; "the more simpletons in the world, the better for wise people. Let who likes take pride in working out fantastic problems like any common school-boy, there will still remain some sensible women to get dinner and keep house."

"But should women have no mental discipline?" I queried.

"Mental discipline!" she echoed, "the wise woman, of the Proverbs got hers through her needlework and housewifery. All the 'ologies' in the world will never make greater women than we have had without them."

"But some women are called out of the shelter of home," I remarked.

"Don't say 'called out,'" answered my sister quickly, "the very duty they owe to home sometimes sends them out. A woman may do out-of-the-way tasks for very womanly reasons" (a touch of pathos in her voice, — then, with a spark of satire), "and it's only foolish men who can't understand that!"

"Certainly, I am sorry that the phrase 'strong-minded,' in itself a compliment, is now perverted to describe women who bring contempt on their sex," I observed.

"I'm afraid a strong mind won't support a woman very far," returned Ruth; "but if she have a strong heart, I'll trust her wherever duty calls her."

"I really do not think brave women cry out for their rights," I said.

"I should think not," answered my sister, indignantly. "Courage does not exaggerate wrongs: cowardice does. Only weak women wish to be placed in rivalry with men; and when men accordingly treat them as they would other rivals, they cry, 'Shame! shame!' and wonder what has become of the ancient chivalry."

"Well, I must say I think them greatly mistaken when they aspire to rule rather than to serve," I remarked.

Ruth smiled peculiarly: "Christ set the fashion of ruling by service," she answered; "ICH DIEN," is a royal motto."

And that set me thinking. Certainly in the present, I defer to my sister, and would do anything to gratify her wishes. I am master of the house and the cash-box, yet I like best to hold my dominion as her viceroy. And why? Because I remember how she has toiled for me; how in the old

past she may have sacrificed for my sake far more than I can ever know till all secrets be revealed in heaven. And, oh, when we remember that there all the secrets of holy lives will be made known, we can well understand the perfect love that shall reign among glorified spirits. But that bright picture has also a terrible reverse.

As I looked at Ruth, cutting her candied peel, it struck me that a self-sacrificing life seems an elixir of true youth. I wish more women would try it. I am sure they would find it answer far better than their balms and kalydors.

"I think you would have made an uncommonly good wife, Ruth," I said presently.

"A new discovery, eh, Edward?" — this very drily.

"Well, — you know, — I used to think that as you were such a clever woman of business, perhaps" —

"So long as men think idiots make the best wives, I hope they'll get them," she retorted. "It's a pity you didn't try the experiment yourself."

And there was silence till Ruth finished her peels, put aside the red and blue bowl, and folded her hands on her lap.

"Well, my sister, we have had a happy Christmas Day," I said softly.

"Yes," she answered, with a nod, "we've done with merry ones."

"We've got their memory still," I suggested.

"And don't we remember them well!" she said, eagerly. "I can forget fifty years in a minute, and fancy that we're again at the little parties in the Clockhouse. Half the year we expected those parties, and the other half we talked them over. Boys and girls don't get so much good out of their pleasure now-a-days."

"How few who shared those festivities remain within our reach!" I sighed. "Did you go to those parties long after I left home, Ruth?"

"Never," she answered.

"Why, how was that?" I asked.

"I had grown an old woman," she said, gazing into the fire.

"What! at eighteen?" I queried.

"Yes, at eighteen," she replied, turning to me with a strange smile.

Would I ask any more questions? No. I would as soon startle a sanctuary by noisy importunities. If my sister chose, I could wait for more perfect knowledge of her till our angels stood side by side in a safer home.

"Do you remember the Carewes?" she inquired presently.

"What, the girl with golden locks and the boy with a red shock head, who used to play the piano?" I said.

"I suppose you mean the right pair," she answered; "but Richard Carewe's hair was auburn, not red, and his sister's curls were more like tinsel than gold."

"I remember her. Like all the village boys, I thought her very pretty; but, as I recall her beauty now, I think it was meretricious, like half-spoiled false jewelry. She was no favourite of yours, I recollect. What has put her in your head?"

"Simply because I see by her gravestone at St. Cross that she was our Mr. Herbert's mother," replied Ruth.

"And did you never hear of her marriage," I asked, "when Upper and Lower Mallowe lie so close together?"

"Laura Carewe's friends were not mine," said Ruth. "How such a shallow and selfish girl was her brother's sister, I could never understand."

"And what became of Richard?" I inquired.

"Richard died," said Ruth, quietly; "he died in London on the very day you entered it."

"Dear me!" I said, somehow awed by my sister's tone. "He was a sort of genius, was he not?"

"He was a genius," returned Ruth. "I have no ear for music — no more than you have, Edward, and you know what that means — but he could make me cry the moment he touched the keys."

"I suppose he went to London to try his fortune," I observed.

"Yes," said Ruth; and of course he was unfortunate at first, like everybody else. And it is not in the purest or pleasantest places that musicians often begin their career. And there was wild blood in those Carewes. And Richard got into trouble, and was put into the debtors' prison. Laura was older than he: they were orphans, and their father had willed that all the little family property should go to purchase an annuity for her. But she never went near her brother in his cell, only made sentimental suffering for herself out of his misery. And at last, his creditor was kinder than his sister, and Richard got his liberty; but only to die on a doorstep, Edward — only to die on a doorstep, in the broad light of the sun!"

"But his misfortunes came out of his faults, Ruth," I said very gently, for I quite

understood the solemn monotony of her voice.

"I know they did," she answered; "but if God sent all our faults the misfortunes which they merit, where should we be? And so little might have saved him!"

"There seemed a something familiar in Agnes' face the moment I saw her," added Ruth presently. "I can understand it now. She is Laura Carewe's grand-daughter, but she has Richard Carewe's eyes."

"Did Laura have other children besides our Mr. Herbert and Agnes' father?" I asked.

"I have only heard of those; but she may have had others for aught I know," said Ruth.

And there followed a long, long silence. This, then, was my sister's romance. She would never say so — never do more than tell the common-place story in simple words and solemn tones, — perhaps she had never done so much before. And yet what a new light it shed on all her character! I glanced at her, and it seemed that I must have been blind not to have seen some such history written in her face.

"Was Richard buried in London?" I asked at last.

"Yes," she answered, "and God only knows where! I humbled myself to inquire of Laura, but she could not tell — only she said it was some pauper burial-ground, and she went into hysterics at the idea!"

My proud, patient sister! It was a bitter memory of first love — the fiery, wasted genius in a beggar's grave. How sadly different from mine — that innocent, holy girl, laid with reverent affection in the tomb of her fathers! And so I am happy in the knowledge that those who sleep with Jesus reign with Him in glory, while Ruth takes heart, remembering who said to the dying thief, "This day thou shalt be with me in paradise." Verily God plants some comfort in every soil.

"This has been quite a Christmas talk," exclaimed Ruth, rousing herself, with a dim smile.

"My poor dear sister!" I said, laying my hand upon hers.

She shook it off as if it pained her. "What's the matter with you?" she asked, starting from her seat her old, erect self. "I daresay you want your supper. I'll go and see after it."

And when she returned, the history had vanished from her face, and the whole conversation seemed like a dream!

CHAPTER XXVIII.

CASTELLO.

CASTELLO had now become a very dreary abode. Lord and Lady Culduff had taken their departure for Paris. Temple had gone up to town to try and manage an exchange, if by good luck any one could be found to believe that Bogotá was a desirable residence, and a fine field for budding diplomacies; and none remained but Nelly and Augustus to relieve each other in watches beside their father's sick-bed.

Young and little experienced in life as she was, Nelly proved a great comfort and support to her brother in these trying hours. At first he told her nothing of the doubts and fears that beset him. In fact they had assumed no shape sufficiently palpable to convey.

It was his daily custom to go over the letters that each morning brought, and in a few words—the very fewest he could employ—acquaint Mr. Underwood, the junior partner, of his father's precarious state, and protest against being able in the slightest degree to offer any views or guidance as to the conduct of matters of business. These would now and then bring replies in a tone that showed how little Underwood himself was acquainted with many of the transactions of the house, and how completely he was accustomed to submit himself to Colonel Bramleigh's guidance. Even in his affected retirement from business Bramleigh had not withdrawn from the direction of the weightiest of the matters which regarded the firm, and jealously refused any—the slightest—attempt of his partner to influence his judgment.

One of Underwood's letters completely puzzled Augustus: not only by the obscurity of its wording, but by the evident trace in it of the writer's own inability to explain his meaning. There was a passage which ran thus:—"Mr. Sedley was down again, and this time the amount is two thousand five hundred, and though I begged he would give me time to communicate with you before honouring so weighty a draft, he replied—I take pains to record his exact words:—'There is no time for this; I shall think myself very fortunate, and deem Colonel Bramleigh more fortunate still, if I am not forced to call upon you for four times as much within a fortnight.'" After referring to other matters, there was this at the end of the letter,—"S—has just repaid the amount he so lately drew in the bank;—he appeared chagrined and out of

spirits, merely saying, 'Tell the Colonel the negotiation has broke down, and that I will write to-morrow.'"

The promised letter from Sedley had not come, but in its place was a telegram, saying, "I find I must see and speak with you; I shall go over by Saturday, and be with you on Sunday morning."

"Of course he cannot see papa," said Nelly; "the doctor more strongly than ever insists on perfect repose."

"And it's little worth his while to make the journey to see me," said he dispiritedly.

"Perhaps he only wants your sanction, your concurrence, to something he thinks it wise to do,—who knows?"

"Just so, Nelly; who knows? All these weighty speculations entered into to convert thousands into tens of thousands have no sympathy of mine. I see no object in such wealth. The accumulation of what never spares one a moment for its enjoyment, seems to me as foolish as the man who would pass his life scaling a mountain to obtain a view, and drop down of fatigue before he had once enjoyed it. You and I, I take it, would be satisfied with far humbler fortune?"

"You and I, Gusty," said she, laughingly, "are the ignoble members of this family."

"Then here comes another difficulty; Sedley will at once see that I have not shared my father's confidence, and he will be very cautious about telling me of matters which have not been entrusted to me already."

"Perhaps we are only worrying ourselves for nothing, Gusty. Perhaps there are no secrets after all; or at worst, only those trade secrets which are great mysteries in the counting-house, but have no interest for any not deep in speculation."

"If I only thought so!"

"Have you sufficient confidence in Mr. Cutbill to take him into your counsel? he will be back here to-morrow."

"Scarcely, Nelly. I do not exactly distrust,—but I can't say that I like him."

"I hated him at first, but either I have got used to his vulgarity, or I fancy that he is really good-natured, or, from whatever the cause, I incline to like him better than when he came, and certainly he behaved well to poor Jack."

"Ah, there's another trouble that I have not thought of. Jack, who does not appear to know how ill my poor father is, asks if he could not be induced to write to—somebody,—I forget whom, in his behalf. In fact, Nelly, there is not a corner without its special difficulty, and I verily believe there

never was a man less made to meet them than myself."

"I'll take as much of the load as I have strength for," said she, quietly.

"I know that; I know it well, Nelly. I can scarcely say what I'd do without you now. Here comes the doctor. I'm very anxious to hear what he'll say this evening."

Belton had made a long visit to the sick-room, and his look was graver than usual as he came down the stairs. "His head is full of business; he will give his brain no respite," said he; "but for that, I'd not call his case hopeless. Would it not be possible to let him suppose that all the important matters which weigh upon him were in safe hands and in good guidance?"

Augustus shook his head doubtfully.

"At least could he not be persuaded to suffer some one — yourself, for instance — to take the control of such affairs as require prompt action till such time as he may be able to resume their management himself?"

"I doubt it, doctor; I doubt it much. Men who, like my father, have had to deal with vast and weighty interests, grow to feel that inexperienced people — of my own stamp, for instance — are but sorry substitutes in time of difficulty; and I have more than once heard him say, 'I'd rather lash the tiller and go below, than give over the helm to a bad steersman.'"

"I would begin," continued the doctor, "by forbidding him all access to his letters. You must have seen how nervous and excited he becomes as the hour of the post draws nigh. I think I shall take this responsibility on myself."

"I wish you would."

"He has given me in some degree the opportunity, for he has already asked when he might have strength enough to dictate a letter, and I have replied that I would be guided by the state in which I may find him to-morrow for the answer. My impression is that what he calls a letter is in reality a will. Are you aware whether he has yet made one?"

"I know nothing, absolutely nothing, of my father's affairs."

"The next twelve hours will decide much," said the doctor, as he moved away, and Augustus sat pondering alone over what he had said, and trying to work out in his mind whether his father's secrets involved any thing deeper and more serious than the complications of business and the knotty combinations of weighty affairs.

Wearied out — for he had been up the greater part of the night — and fatigued, he

fell off at last into a heavy sleep, from which he was awoke by Nelly, who, gently leaning on his shoulder, whispered, "Mr. Sedley has come, Gusty; he is at supper in the oak-parlour. I told him I thought you had gone to lie down for an hour, for I knew you were tired."

"No, not tired, Nelly," said he, arousing himself, half-ashamed of being caught asleep. "I came in here to think, and I believe I dropped into a doze. What is he like, this Mr. Sedley? What manner of man is he?"

"He is small and grey, with a slight stoop, and a formal sort of manner. I don't like him. I mean his manner checked and repelled me, and I was glad to get away from him."

"My father thinks highly of his integrity, I know."

"Yes, I am aware of that. He is an excellent person, I believe; rather non-attractive."

"Well," said he, with a half-sigh, "I'll go and see whether my impression of him be the same as yours. Will you come in, Nelly?"

"Not unless you particularly wish it," said she, gravely.

"No; I make no point of it, Nelly. I'll see you again by-and-by."

Augustus found Mr. Sedley over his wine. He had despatched a hasty meal, and was engaged looking over a mass of papers and letters with which a black leather-bag at his side seemed to be filled. After a few words of greeting, received by the visitor with a formal politeness, Augustus proceeded to explain how his father's state precluded all questions of business, and that the injunctions of the doctor were positive on this head.

"His mind is clear, however, isn't it?" asked Sedley.

"Perfectly. He has never wandered, except in the few moments after sleep."

"I take it, I shall be permitted to see him?"

"Certainly; if the doctor makes no objection, you shall."

"And possibly, too, I may be allowed to ask him a question or two? Matters which I know he will be well prepared to answer me."

"I am not so confident about that. Within the last hour Doctor Belton has declared perfect quiet, perfect repose, to be of the utmost importance to my father."

"Is it not possible, Mr. Bramleigh, that I may be able to contribute to this state by

setting your father's mind at rest, with reference to what may press very heavily on him?"

"That is more than I can answer," said Augustus, cautiously.

"Well," said Sedley, pushing back his chair from the table, "if I am not permitted to see Colonel Bramleigh, I shall have made this journey for nothing — without, sir, that you will accede to occupy your father's position, and give your sanction to a line of action?"

"You know my father, Mr. Sedley, and I need not tell you how so presumptuous a step on my part might be resented by him."

"Under ordinary circumstances I am sure he would resent such interference, but here, in the present critical emergency, he might feel — and not without reason, perhaps, — displeased at your want of decision."

"But when I tell you, Mr. Sedley, that I know nothing of business, that I know no more of the share list than I do of Sanscrit, that I never followed the rise and fall of the funds, and am as ignorant of what influences the exchanges as I am of what affects the tides; when I have told you all this, you will, I am sure, see that any opinion of mine must be utterly valueless."

"I don't exactly know, Mr. Bramleigh, that I'd have selected you if I wanted a guide to a great speculation or a large investment; but the business which has brought me down here is not of this nature. It is besides a question as to which, in the common course of events, you might be obliged to determine what line you would adopt. After your father, you are the head of this family, and I think it is time you should learn that you may be called upon to-morrow or next day to defend your right, not only to your property, but to your name."

"For heaven's sake, what do you mean?"

"Be calm, sir, and grant me a patient hearing, and you shall hear the subject on which I have come to obtain your father's opinion, and failing that, yours — for, as I have said, Mr. Bramleigh, a day or two more may make the case one for your own decision. And now, without entering into the history of the affair, I will simply say that an old claim against your father's entailed estates has been recently revived, and under circumstances of increased importance; that I have been for some time back in negotiation to arrange this matter by a compromise, and with every hope of

success; but that the negotiations have been unexpectedly broken off by the demands of the claimant — demands so far above all calculation, and indeed I may say above all fairness — that I have come over to ask whether your father will accede to them or accept the issue of the law as to his right."

Augustus sat like one stunned by a heavy blow, not utterly unconscious, but so much overcome and so confused that he could not venture to utter a word.

"I see I have shocked you by my news, Mr. Bramleigh, but these are things not to be told by halves."

"I know nothing of all this; I never so much as heard of it," gasped out Augustus. "Tell me all that you know about it."

"That would be a somewhat long story," said the other, smiling, "but I can, in a short space, tell you enough to put the main facts before you, and enable you to see that the case is, with all its difficulties of proof, a very weighty and serious one, and not to be dismissed, as your father once opined, as the mere menace of a needy adventurer."

With as much brevity as the narrative permitted, Sedley told the story of Pracontal's claim. It was, he said, an old demand revived; but under circumstances that showed that the claimant had won over adherents to his cause, and that some men with means to bring the case to trial had espoused his side. Pracontal's father, added he, was easily dealt with; he was a vulgar fellow, of dissipated habits and wasteful ways; but his taste for plot and intrigue — very serious conspiracies too at times — had so much involved him that he was seldom able to show himself, and could only resort to letter-writing to press his demands. In fact, it was always his lot to be in hiding on this charge or that, and the police of half Europe were eager in pursuit of him. With a man so deeply compromised, almost outlawed over the whole Continent, it was not difficult to treat, and it happened more than once that he was for years without any thing being heard of him; and, in fact, it was clear that he only preferred his claim as a means of raising a little money, when all other means of obtaining supplies had failed him. At last, news of his death arrived — he died at Monte Video — and it was believed that he had never married, and consequently that his claim, if it deserved such a name, died with him. It was only three years ago, that the demand was revived, and this man, M. Anotole Pracontal as he called himself,

using his maternal name, appeared in the field as the rightful owner of the Bramleigh estates.

"Now this man is a very different sort of person from his father. He has been well educated, mixed much with the world, and has the manners and bearing of a gentleman. I have not been able to learn much of his career; but I know that he served as a lieutenant in a French hussar regiment, and subsequently held some sort of employment in Egypt. He has never stooped to employ threat or menace, but frankly appealed to the law to establish his claim, and his solicitor, Kelson, of Furnival's Inn, is one of the most respectable men in the profession."

"You have seen this Monsieur Pracontal yourself?"

"Yes. By a strange accident, I met him at your brother's, Captain Bramleigh's, breakfast-table. They had been fellow-travellers, without the slightest suspicion on either side how eventful such a meeting might be. Your brother, of course, could know nothing of Pracontal's pretensions; but Pracontal, when he came to know with whom he had been travelling, must have questioned himself closely as to what might have dropped from him inadvertently."

Augustus leaned his head on his hand in deep thought, and for several minutes was silent. At last he said, — "Give me your own opinion, Mr. Sedley — I don't mean your opinion as a lawyer, relying on nice technical questions or minute points of law, but simply your judgment as a man of sound sense, and, above all, of such integrity as I know you to possess — and tell me what do you think of this claim? Is it — in one word, is it founded on right?"

"You are asking too much of me, Mr. Bramleigh. First of all, you ask me to disassociate myself from all the habits and instincts of my daily life, and give you an opinion on a matter of law, based on other rules of evidence than those which alone I suffer myself to be guided by. I only recognize one kind of right, that which the law declares and decrees."

"Is there not such a thing as a moral right?"

"There may be; but we are disputations enough in this world, with all our artificial aids to some fixity of judgment, and for heaven's sake let us not soar up to the realms of morality for our decisions, or we shall bid adieu to agreement for ever."

"I'm not of your mind there, sir. I think it is quite possible to conceive a case in which there could be no doubt on which

side lay the right, and not difficult to believe that there are men who would act, on conviction, to their own certain detriment."

"It's a very hopeful view of humanity, Mr. Bramleigh," said the lawyer, and he took a pinch of snuff.

"I am certain it is a just one. At least, I will go this far to sustain my opinion. I will declare to you here, that if the time should ever come that it may depend upon me to decide this matter, if I satisfy my mind that M. Pracontal's claim be just and equitable — that, in fact, he is simply asking for his own — I'll not screen myself behind the law's delays or its niceties; I'll not make it a question of the longest purse or the ablest advocate, but frankly admit that the property is his, and cede it to him."

"I have only one remark to make, Mr. Bramleigh, which is, Keep this determination strictly to yourself, and, above all things, do not acquaint Colonel Bramleigh with these opinions."

"I suspect that my father is not a stranger to them," said Augustus, reddening with shame and irritation together.

"It is therefore as well, sir, that there is no question of a compromise to lay before you. You are for strict justice and no favour."

"I repeat, Mr. Sedley, I am for him who has the right."

"So am I," quickly responded Sedley; "and we alone differ about the meaning of that word; but let me ask another question. Are you aware that this claim extends to nearly everything you have in the world: that the interest alone on the debt would certainly swallow up all your funded property, and make a great inroad besides on your securities and foreign bonds?"

"I can well believe it," said the other, mournfully.

"I must say, sir," said Sedley, as he rose and proceeded to thrust the papers hurriedly into his bag, "that though I am highly impressed — very highly impressed, indeed, with the noble sentiments you have delivered on this occasion — sentiments, I am bound to admit, that a long professional career has never made me acquainted with till this day — yet, on the whole, Mr. Bramleigh, looking at the question with a view to its remote consequences, and speculating on what would result if such opinions as yours were to meet a general acceptance, I am bound to say I prefer the verdict of twelve men in a jury-box to the most impartial judgment of any individual breathing; and I wish you a very good-night."

What Mr. Sedley muttered to himself as

he ascended the stairs, in what spirit he canvassed the character of Mr. Augustus Bramleigh, the reader need not know; and it is fully as well that our story does not require it should be recorded. One only remark, however, may be preserved: it was said as he reached the door of his room, and apparently in a sort of summing up of all that had occurred to him, — "These creatures, with their cant about conscience, don't seem to know that this mischievous folly would unsettle half the estates in the island; and there's not a man in England would know what he was born to till he had got his father in a madhouse."

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE HÔTEL BRISTOL.

IN a handsome apartment of the Hôtel Bristol at Paris sat Lord and Lady Cuduff, at tea. They were in deep mourning; and though they were perfectly alone, the room was splendidly lighted, — branches of candles figuring on every console, and the glass lustre that hung from the ceiling a blaze of waxlights.

If Lord Cuduff looked older and more careworn than we have lately seen him, Marion seemed in higher bloom and beauty, and the haughty, half-defiant air which had, in a measure, spoiled the charm of her girlhood, sat with a sort of dignity on her features as a woman.

Not a word was spoken on either side; and from her look of intense preoccupation, as she sat gazing on the broad hem of her handkerchief, it was evident that her thoughts were wandering far away from the place she was in. As they sat thus, the door was noiselessly opened by a servant in deep black, who, in a very subdued voice, said, "The Duke de Castro, your Excellency."

"I don't receive," was the cold reply, and the man withdrew. In about a quarter of an hour after he reappeared, and in the same stealthy tone said, "Madame la Comtesse de Renneville begs she may have the honour" —

"Lady Cuduff does not receive," said his lordship sternly.

"The countess has been very kind; she has been here to inquire after me several times."

"She is a woman of intense curiosity," said he slowly.

"I'd have said of great good nature."

"And you'd have said perfectly wrong,

madam. The woman is a political 'intriguante,' who only lives to unravel mysteries; and the one that is now puzzling her is too much for her good manners."

"I declare, my lord, that I do not follow you."

"I'm quite sure of that, madam. The sort of address Madame de Renneville boasts was not a quality that your life in Ireland was likely to make you familiar with."

"I'd beg you to remember, my lord," said she, angrily, "that all my experiences of the world have not been derived from that side of the Channel."

"I'm cruel enough to say, madam, that I wish they had! There is nothing so difficult as unlearning."

"I wish, my lord — I heartily wish — that you had made this discovery earlier."

"Madam," said he, slowly, and with much solemnity of manner, "I owe it to each of us to own that I had made what you are pleased to call this 'discovery' while there was yet time to obviate its consequences. My very great admiration had not blinded me as to certain peculiarities, let me call them, of manner; and if my vanity induced me to believe that I should be able to correct them, it is my only error."

"I protest, my lord, if my temper sustain me under such insult as this, I think I might be acquitted of ill-breeding."

"I live in the hope, madam, that such a charge would be impossible."

"I suppose you mean," said she, with a sneering smile, "when I have taken more lessons, — when I have completed the course of instruction you so courteously began with me yesterday?"

"Precisely, madam, precisely. There are no heaven-born courtiers. The graces of manner are as much matter of acquirement as are the notes in music. A delicate organization has the same disadvantage in the one case that a fine ear has in the other. It substitutes an aptitude for what ought to be pure acquirement. The people who are naturally well-mannered are like the people who sing by ear; and I need not say what an infliction are either."

"And you really think, my lord, that I may yet be able to enter a room and leave it with becoming grace and dignity?"

"You enter a room well, madam," said he, with a judicial slowness. "Now that you have subdued the triumphant air I objected to and assumed more quietness, — the blended softness with reserve, — your approach is good, I should say, extremely

good. To withdraw is, however, far more difficult. To throw into the deference of leave-taking, — for it is always a permission you seem to ask, — the tempered sorrow of departure with the sense of tasted enjoyment, to do this with ease and with elegance, and not a touch of the dramatic about it, is a very high success; and I grieve to say, madam," added he, seriously, "it is a success not yet accorded you. Would you do me the great favour to repeat our lesson of this morning — I mean the curtsy with the two steps retiring, and then the slide?"

"If you do not think me well-mannered, my lord, you must at least believe me very good-tempered," said she, flushing.

"Let me assure you, my lady, that to the latter quality I attach no importance whatever. Persons who respect themselves never visit peculiarities of temperament on others. We have our infirmities of nature, as we have our maladies; but we keep them for ourselves, or for our doctor. It is the triumph of the well-bred world to need nothing but good manners."

"What charming people. I take it that heaven must be peopled with lords-in-waiting."

"Let me observe to your ladyship that there is no greater enormity in manners than an epigram. Keep this smartness for correspondence exclusively, abstain from it strictly in conversation."

"I protest, my lord, your lessons come so thick that I despair of being able to profit by half of them. Meanwhile, if I am not committing another solecism against good manners, I should like to say good-night."

Lord Culduff arose and walked to the door, to be ready to open it as she approached. Meanwhile, she busied herself collecting her fan and her scent-bottle and her handkerchief, and a book she had been reading.

"Hadn't Virginia better come for these things?" said he, quietly.

"Oh, certainly," replied she, dropping them hurriedly on the table; "I'm always transgressing; but I do hope, my lord, with time, and with that sincere desire to learn that animates me, I may yet attain to at least so many of the habits of your lordship's order as may enable me to escape censure."

He smiled and bowed a courteous concurrence with the wish, but did not speak. Though her lip now trembled with indignation, and her cheek was flushed, she controlled her temper, and as she drew nigh the door dropped a low and most respectful curtesy.

"Very nice, very nice, indeed; a thought, perhaps, too formal, — I mean for the occasion, — but in admirable taste. Your ladyship is grace itself."

"My lord, you are a model of courtesy."

"I cannot even attempt to convey what pleasure your words give me," said he, pressing her hand to his heart and bowing low. Meanwhile, with a darkening brow and a look of haughty defiance, she swept past him and left the room.

"Isn't Marlon well?" said Temple Bramleigh, as he entered a few minutes later; her maid told me she had gone to her room."

"Quite well: a little fagged, perhaps, by a day of visiting; nothing beyond that. You have been dining at the Embassy? Whom had you there?"

"A family party and a few of the smaller diplomacies."

"To be sure. It was Friday. Any news stirring?"

"Nothing whatever."

"Does Bartleton talk of retiring still?"

"Yes. He says he is sick of sending in his demand for retirement. That they always say, 'We can't spare you; you must hold on a little longer. If you go out now, there's Bailey and Hammersmith, and half-a-dozen others will come insisting on advancement.'"

"Didn't he say Culduff too? eh, didn't he?" said the old lord, with a wicked twinkle of the eye.

"I'm not sure he didn't," said Temple, blushing.

"He did, sir, and he said more — he said, 'Rather than see Culduff here, I'd stay on and serve these twenty years.'"

"I didn't hear him say that, certainly."

"No, sir, perhaps not, but he said it to himself, as sure as I stand here. There isn't a country in Europe — I say it advisedly — where intellect — I mean superior intellect — is so persistently persecuted as in England. I don't want my enemy to have any heavier misfortune than to be born a man of brains and a Briton! Once that it's known that you stand above your fellow-men, the whole world is arrayed against you. Who knows that better than he who now speaks to you? Have I ever been forgiven the Erzeroum convention? Even George Canning — from whom one might have expected better — even he used to say, 'How well Culduff managed that commercial treaty with the Hanse Towns:' he never got over it, sir, never! You are a young fellow entering into life — let me give you a word of counsel. Always be inferior to the man you are, for the time being, in contact with. Outbid him, out-

jockey him, overreach him, but never forget to make him believe he knows more of the game than you do. If you have any success over him, ascribe it to 'luck' mere 'luck.' The most envious of men will forgive 'luck,' all the more if they despise the fellow who has profited by it. Therefore, I say, if the intellectual standard of your rival is only four feet, take care that with your tallest heels on, you don't stand above three feet eleven! No harm if only three ten and a half."

The little applauding ha! ha! ha! with which his lordship ended, was faintly chorussed by the secretary.

"And what is your news from home; you've had letters, haven't you?"

"Yes. Augustus writes me in great confusion. They have not found the will, and they begin to fear that the very informal scrap of paper I already mentioned is all that represents one."

"What! do you mean that memorandum stating that your father bequeathed all he had to Augustus, and trusted he would make a suitable provision for his brothers and sisters?"

"Yes; that is all that has been found. Augustus says in his last letter, my poor father would seem to have been most painfully affected for some time back by a claim put forward to the title of all his landed property, by a person assuming to be the heir of my grandfather, and this claim is actually about to be asserted at law. The weight of this charge and all its consequent publicity and exposure appear to have crushed him for some months before his death, and he had made great efforts to effect a compromise."

A long, low, plaintive whistle from Lord Culduff arrested Temple's speech, and for a few seconds there was a dead silence in the room.

"This, then, would have left you all ruined—eh?" asked Culduff, after a pause.

"I don't exactly see to what extent we should have been liable,—whether only the estated property, or also all funded monies."

"Everything; every stick and stone; every scrip and debenture, you may swear. The rental of the estates for years back would have to be accounted for—with interest."

"Sedley does not say so," said Temple, in a tone of considerable irritation.

"These fellows never do; they always imply there is a game to be played, an issue to be waited for, else their occupation were gone. How much of all this story was known to your sister Marion?"

"Nothing. Neither she nor any of us ever suspected it."

"It's always the same thing," said the viscount, as he arose and settled his wig before the glass. "The same episode goes on repeating itself forever. These trade fortunes are just card-houses; they are raised in a night, and blown away in the morning."

"You forget, my lord, that my father inherited an entailed estate."

"Which turns out not to have been his," replied he, with a grin.

"You are going too fast, my lord, faster than judge and jury. Sedley never took a very serious view of this claim, and he only concurred in the attempt to compromise it out of deference to my father's dislike to public scandal."

"And a very wise antipathy it was, I must say. No gentleman ever consulted his self-respect by inviting the world to criticize his private affairs. And how does this pleasing incident stand now? In which act of the drama are we at this moment? Is there an action at law or are we in the stage of compromise?"

"This is what Augustus says," said Temple, taking the letter from his pocket and reading: "'Sedley thinks that a handsome offer of a sum down,—say twenty thousand pounds,—might possibly be accepted; but to meet this would require a united effort by all of us. Would Lord Culduff be disposed to accept his share in this liability? Would he, I mean, be willing to devote a portion of Marion's fortune to this object, seeing that he is now one of us? I have engaged Cutbill to go over to Paris and confer with him, and he will probably arrive there by Tuesday. Nelly has placed at my disposal the only sum over which she has exclusive control,—it is but two thousand pounds. As for Jack, matters have gone very ill with him, and rather than accept a court-martial, he has thrown up his commission and left the service. We are expecting him here to-night, but only to say good-by, as he sails for China on Thursday.'"

Lord Culduff walked quietly towards the chimney-piece as Temple concluded, and took up a small tobacco-box of chased silver, from which he proceeded to manufacture a cigarette—a process on which he displayed considerable skill and patience; having lighted which, and taken a couple of puffs, he said, "You'll have to go to Bogotà, Temple, that's clear."

"Go to Bogotà! I declare I don't see why."

"Yes; you'll have to go; every man has to take his turn of some objectionable post,

his Gaboon and yellow-fever days. I myself passed a year at Stuttgart. The Bramleighs are now events of the past. There's no use in fighting against these things. They were, and they are not, that's the whole story. It's very hard on every one, especially hard upon me. Reverses in life sit easily enough on the class that furnishes adventurers, but in my condition there are no adventurers. You and others like you descend to the ranks, and nobody thinks the worse of you. We, — we cannot! that's the pull you have. We are born with our epaulettes, and we must wear them till we die."

"It does not seem a very logical consequence, notwithstanding, to me, that because my brother may have to defend his title to his estate, that I must accept a post that is highly distasteful to me."

"And yet it is the direct consequence. Will you do me the favour to touch that bell. I should like some claret-cup. The fact is, we all of us take too little out of our prosperity! Where we err is, we experiment on good fortune: now we shouldn't do that, we should realize. You for instance ought to have made your 'running' while your father was entertaining all the world in Belgravian. The people couldn't have ignored you, and dined with him; at least, you need not have let them."

"So that your lordship already looks upon us, as by-gones, as things of the past?"

"I am forced to take this very disagreeable view. Will you try that cup? it is scarcely iced enough for my liking. Have you remarked that they never make cup properly in a hotel? The clubs alone have the secret."

"I suppose you will confer with Cutbill before you return an answer to Augustus?" said Temple stiffly.

"I may — that is, I may listen to what that very plausible but not very polished individual has to say, before I frame the exact terms of my reply. We are all of us, so to say, *dans les mauvais draps*. You are going where you hate to go, and I, who really should have had no share in this general disaster, have taken my ticket in the lottery when the last prize has just been paid over the counter."

"It is very hard on you indeed," said the other scornfully.

"Nothing less than your sympathy would make it endurable," and as he spoke he lighted a bed-room candle and moved towards the door. "Don't tell them at F. O. that you are going out unwillingly, or they'll keep you there. Trust to some irregularity

when you are there, to get recalled, and be injured. If a man can only be injured and brought before the House, it's worth ten years' active service to him. The first time I was injured I was made secretary of embassy. The second gave me my K. C. B., and I look to my next misfortune for the Grand Cross. Good-by. Don't take the yellow-fever, don't marry a squaw." And with a graceful move of the hand he motioned an adieu, and disappeared.

CHAPTER XXX.

ON THE ROAD.

L'ESTRANGE and his sister were on their way to Italy. The curate had been appointed to the church at Albano, and he was proceeding to his destination with as much happiness as is permitted to a man who, with a very humble opinion of himself, feels called on to assume a position of some importance.

Wishing, partly from motives of enjoyment, partly from economy, to avoid the route most frequented by travellers, they had taken the road through Zurich and the valley of the upper Rhine, and had now reached the little village of Dornbirn in the Vorarlberg — a spot of singular beauty, in the midst of a completely pastoral country. High mountains, snow-capped above, pine-clad lower down, descended by grassy slopes into rich pasture-lands, traversed by innumerable streams, and dotted over with those cottages of framed wood, which, with their ornamented gables and quaint galleries, are the most picturesque peasant-houses in existence. Beautiful cattle covered the hills, their tinkling bells ringing out in the clear air, and blending their tones with the ceaseless flow of falling water, imparting just that amount of sound that relieved the solemn character of the scene, and gave it vitality.

Day after day found our two travellers still lingering here. There was a charm in the spot, which each felt, without confessing it to the other, and it was already the fourth evening of their sojourn as they were sitting by the side of a little rivulet, watching the dipping flies along the stream, that Julia said, suddenly, —

"You'd like to live your life here, George; isn't that so?"

"What makes you think so, Julia?" said he, colouring slightly as he spoke.

"First tell me if I have not read you aright? You like this quiet dreamy landscape. You want no other changes than in

the varying effects of cloud, and shadow, and mist; and you'd like to think this a little haven against the storms and shipwrecks of life?"

"And if I really did think all this, would my choice of an existence be a very bad one, Julia?"

"No. Not if one could ensure the same frame of mind in which first he tasted the enjoyment. I, for instance, like what is called the world very much. I like society, life, and gaiety. I like the attentions, I like the flatteries one meets with, but if I could be always as happy, always as tranquil as we have felt since we came here, I'd be quite willing to sign a bond to live and die here."

"So that you mean our present enjoyment of the place could not last?"

"I am sure it could not. I am sure a great deal of the pleasure we now feel is in the relief of escaping from the turmoil and bustle of a world that we don't belong to. The first sense of this relief is repose, the next would be ennui."

"I don't agree with you, Julia. There is a calm acceptance of a humble lot in life, quite apart from ennui."

"Don't believe it. There is no such philosophy. A great part of your happiness here is in the fact that you can afford to live here. Oh, hold up your hands, and be horrified. It is very shocking to have a sister who will say such vulgar things, but I watched you, George, after you paid the bill this morning, and I marked the delighted smile in which you pointed out some effect of light on the 'Sentis,' and I said to myself, 'It is the landlord has touched up the landscape.'"

"I declare, Julia, you make me angry. Why will you say such things?"

"Why are we so poor, George? Tell me that, brother mine. Why are we so poor?"

"There are hundreds as poor; thousands poorer."

"Perhaps they don't care, don't fret about it, don't dwell on all the things they are debarred from, don't want this or that appliance to make life easier. Now look there, what a difference in one's existence to travel that way."

As she spoke, she pointed to a travelling carriage which swept over the bridge, with all the speed of four posterns, and, with all the clatter of cracking whips and sounding horns, made for the inn of the village.

"How few travel with post now, in these days of railroad," said he, not sorry to turn the conversation into another channel.

"I hope they are going on. I trust they'll not stop here. We have been the great folk of the place up to this, but you'll see how completely the courier or the femme-de-chambre will eclipse us now," said she, rising. "Let us go back, or perhaps they'll give our very rooms away."

"How can you be so silly, Julia?"

"All because we are poor, George. Let me be rich, and you'll be surprised, not only how generous I shall be, but how disposed to think well of every one. Poverty is the very mother of distrust."

"I never heard you rail at our narrow fortune like this before."

"Don't be angry with me, dear George, and I'll make a confession to you. I was not thinking of ourselves, nor of our humble lot all this while; it was a letter I got this morning from Nelly Bramleigh was running in my mind. It has never been out of my thoughts since I received it."

"You never told me of this."

"No. She begged me not to speak of it; and I meant to have obeyed her, but my temper has betrayed me. What Nelly said was, 'Don't tell your brother about these things till he can hear the whole story, which Augustus will write to him as soon as he is able.'"

"What does she allude to?"

"They are ruined — actually ruined."

"The Bramleighs — the rich Bramleighs?"

"Just so. They were worth millions — at least they thought so — a few weeks back, and now they have next to nothing."

"This has come of over-speculation."

"No. Nothing of the kind. It is a claimant to the estate has arisen, an heir whose rights take precedence of their father's; in fact, the grandfather had been privately married early in life, and had a son of whom nothing was heard for years, but who married and left a boy, who, on attaining manhood, preferred his claim to the property. All this mysterious claim was well known to Colonel Bramleigh; indeed, it would appear that for years he was engaged in negotiations with this man's lawyers, sometimes defiantly challenging an appeal to the law, and sometimes entertaining projects of compromise. The correspondence was very lengthy, and, from its nature, must have weighed heavily on the Colonel's mind and spirits, and ended, as Nelly suspects, by breaking up his health."

"It was almost the very first news that met Augustus on his accession to his fortune, and so stunned was he that he wrote to Mr. Sedley to say, — 'I have such perfect reli-

ance on both your integrity and ability, that if you assure me this claim is well-founded and this demand a just one, I will not contest it.' He added, — 'I am not afraid of poverty, but a public shame and a scandal would be my death.'

"Just what I should expect from him. What did Sedley say?"

"He didn't say he was exactly a fool, but something very like it; and he told him, too, that though he might make very light of his own rights, he could not presume to barter away those of others; and, last of all, he added, what he knew would have its weight with Augustus, that, had his father lived, he meant to have compromised this claim. Not that he regarded it either as well-founded or formidable, but simply as a means of avoiding a very unpleasant publicity. This last intimation had its effect, and Augustus permitted Sedley to treat. Sedley at once addressed himself to Temple — Jack was not to be found — and to Lord Culduff, to learn what share they were disposed to take in such an arrangement. As Augustus offered to bind himself never to marry, and to make a will dividing the estate equally amongst his brothers and sisters, Lord Culduff and Temple quite approved of this determination, but held that they were not called upon to take any portion of the burden of the compromise.

"Augustus would seem to have been so indignant at this conduct, that he wrote to Sedley to put him at once in direct communication with the claimant. Sedley saw by the terms of the letter how much of it was dictated by passion and offended pride, evaded the demand, and pretended that an arrangement was actually pending, and, if uninterfered with, sure to be completed. To this Augustus replied — for Nelly has sent me a copy of his very words — 'Be it so. Make such a settlement as you, in your capacity of my lawyer, deem best for my interests. For my own part, I will not live in a house, nor receive the rents of an estate, my rights to which the law may possibly decide against me. Till, then, the matter be determined either way, I and my sister Eleanor, who is like-minded with me in this affair, will go where we can live at least cost, decided, so soon as may be, to have this issue determined, and Castello become the possession of him who rightfully owns it.'

"On the evening of the day he wrote this they left Castello. They only stopped a night in Dublin, and left next morning for the Continent. Nelly's letter is dated

from Ostend. She says she does not know where they are going, and is averse to anything like importuning her brother by even a question. She promises to write soon again, however, and tell me all about their plans. They are travelling without a servant, and, so far as she knows, with very little money. Poor Nelly! she bears up nobly, but the terrible reverse of condition, and the privations she is hourly confronted with, are clearly preying upon her."

"What a change! Just to think of them a few months back. It was a princely household."

"Just what Nelly says. 'It is a complete overthrow; and if I am not stunned by the reverse, it is because all my sympathies are engaged for poor "Gusty," who is doing his best to bear up well. As for myself, I never knew how helpless I was till I tried to pack my trunk. I suppose time will soften down many things that are now somewhat hard to bear; but for the moment I am impatient and irritable; and it is only the sight of my dear brother — so calm, so manly, and so dignified in his sorrow — that obliges me to forget my selfish grief and compose myself as I ought.'

As they thus talked, they arrived at the door of the inn, where the landlord met them, with the request that the two gentlemen who had arrived by extra-post, and who could not find horses to proceed on their journey, might be permitted to share the one sitting-room the house contained, and which was at present occupied by the L'Estranges.

"Let us sup in your room, George," whispered Julia, and passed on into the house.

L'Estrange gave orders to send the supper to his room, and told the landlord that the salon was at his guests' disposal.

About two hours later, as the curate and his sister sat at the open window, silently enjoying the delicious softness of a starry night, they were startled by the loud talking of persons so near as to seem almost in the room with them.

"English — I'll be sworn they are!" said one. "That instinctive dread of a stranger pertains only to our people. How could it have interfered with their comfort, that we sat and eat our meal in this corner?"

"The landlord says they are young, and the woman pretty. That may explain something. Your countrymen, Philip, are the most jealous race in Europe."

L'Estrange coughed here three or four times, to apprise his neighbours that they were within earshot of others.

"Listen to that cough," cried the first

speaker. "That was palpably feigned. It was meant to say, Don't talk so loud."

"I always grow more indiscreet under such provocation," said the other, whose words were slightly tinged with a foreign accent.

A merry laugh burst from Julia at this speech, which the others joined in by very impulse.

"I suspect," said the first speaker, "we might as well have occupied the same room, seeing in what close proximity we stand to each other."

"I think it would be as well to go to your room, Julia," said George, in a low voice. "It is getting late, besides."

"I believe you are right, George. I will say good-night."

The last words appeared to have caught the ears of the strangers, who exclaimed together, "Good-night, good-night;" and he with the foreign accent began to hum, in a very sweet tenor voice, "*Buona sera, buona notte, buona sera*;" which Julia would fain have listened to, but George hurried her away, and closed the door.

"There is the end of that episode," said the foreign voice. "*Le Mari Jaloux* has had enough of us. Your women in England are taught never to play with fire."

"I might reply that yours are all pyrotechnists," said the other, with a laugh.

The clatter of plates and the jingle of glasses, as the waiter laid the table for supper, drowned their voices, and L'Estrange dropped off asleep soon after. A hearty burst of laughter at last aroused him. It came from the adjoining room, where the strangers were still at table, though it was now night daybreak.

"Yes," said he of the foreign accent, "I must confess it. I never made a lucky hit in my life without the ungrateful thought of how much luckier it might have been."

"It is your Italian blood has given you that temperament."

"I knew you'd say so, Philip; before my speech was well out, I felt the reply you'd make me. But let me tell you that you English are not a whit more thankful to fortune than we are; but in your matter-of-fact way you accept a benefit as your just due, while we, more conscious of our deservings, always feel that no recompense fully equalled what we merited. And so is it that ever since that morning at Furnival's Inn, I keep on asking myself, Why twenty thousand? Why not forty — why not twice forty?"

"I was quite prepared for all this. I think I saw the reaction beginning as you signed the paper."

"No, there you wrong me, Philip. I wrote boldly, like a man who felt that he was making a great resolve, and could stand by it. You'd never guess when what you have called 'the reaction' set in."

"I am curious to know when that was."

"I'll tell you. You remember our visit to Castello. You thought it a strange caprice of mine to ask the lawyer whether, now that all was finally settled between us, I might be permitted to see the house — which, as the family had left, could be done without any unpleasantness. I believe my request amused him as much as it did you; he thought it a strange caprice, but he saw no reason to refuse it, and I saw smiled as he sat down to write the note to the housekeeper. I have no doubt that he thought, 'It is a gambler's whim; he wants to see the stake he played for, and what he might perhaps have won had he had courage to play out the game.' You certainly took that view of it."

The other muttered something like a half assent, and the former speaker continued: "And you were both of you wrong. I wanted to see the finished picture of which I possessed the sketch — the beautiful Flora — whose original was my grandmother. I cannot tell you the intense longing I had to see the features that pertained to one who belonged to me; a man must be as utterly desolate as I am, to comprehend the craving I felt to have something — anything that might stand to me in place of family. It was this led me to Castello, and it was this that made me, when I crossed the threshold, indifferent to all the splendours of the place, and only occupied with one thought, one wish — to see the frescos in the Octagon Tower, — poor old Giacomo's great work, — the picture of his beautiful daughter. And was she not beautiful? I ask you, Philip, had Raphael himself ever such a model for sweetness of expression? Come, come. You were just as wild as myself in your enthusiasm as you stood before her; and it was only by a silly jest that you could repress the agitation you were so ashamed of."

"I remember I told you that the family had terribly degenerated since her day."

"And yet you tried to trace a likeness between us."

"You won't say that I succeeded," said he, with a laugh.

"It was then as I stood there gazing on her, thinking of her sad story, that I bethought me what an ignoble part it was I played to compromise the rights that she had won, and how unworthy I was to be the descendant of the beautiful Enrichetta."

"You are about the only man I ever met who was in love with his grandmother."

"Call it how you like, her lovely face has never left me since I saw it there."

"And yet your regret implies that you are only sorry not to have made a better bargain."

"No, Philip; my regret is not to have stood out for terms that must have been refused me; I wish I had asked for the 'impossible.' I tried to make a laughing matter of it when I began, but I cannot—I cannot. I have got the feeling that I have been selling my birthright."

"And you regret that the mess of pottage has not been bigger."

"There's the impossibility in making a friend of an Englishman! It is the sordid side of everything he will insist on turning uppermost. Had I told a Frenchman what I have told you, he would have lent me his whole heart in sympathy."

"To be sure he would. He would have accepted all that stupid sentimentality about your grandmother as refined feeling, and you'd have been blubbering over each other this half hour."

"If you only knew the sublime project I had. I dare not tell you of it in your miserable spirit of depreciating all that is high in feeling and noble in aspiration. You would ridicule it. Yes, *mon cher*, you would have seen nothing in my plan, save what you could turn into absurdity."

"Let me hear it. I promise you to receive the information with the most distinguished consideration."

"You could not. You could not elevate your mind even to comprehend my motives. What would you have said, if I had gone to this Mr. Bramleigh, and said, Cousin,"—

"He is not your cousin, to begin with."

"No matter; one calls every undefined relation cousin. Cousin, I would have said, this house that you live in, these horses that you drive, this plate that you dine off, these spreading lawns and shady woods that lie around, are mine; I am their lawful owner; I am the true heir to them; and you are nothing—nobody—the son of an illegitimate"—

"I'd say he'd have pitched you out of the window."

"Wait a while; not so fast. Nevertheless, I would have said, Yours is the prescription and the habit. These things have pertained to you since your birth; they are part of you, and you of them. You cannot live without them, because you know no other life than where they enter and mingle; while I, poor and an adven-

turer, have never tasted luxury, nor had any experiences but of trouble and difficulty. Let us each keep the station to which habit and time have accustomed him. Do you live, as you have ever lived, grand seigneur as you are—rich, honoured, and regarded. I will never dispute your possession nor assail your right. I only ask that you accept me as your relation, — a cousin, who has been long absent in remote lands; a traveller, an 'eccentric,' who likes a life of savagery and adventure, and who has come back, after years of exile, to see his family and be with his own. Imagine yourself for an instant to be Bramleigh, and what would you have said to this? Had I simply asked to be one of them, to call them by their Christian names, to be presented to their friends as Cousin Anatole—I ask you now—seriously, what you would have replied to such a noble appeal?"

"I don't know exactly what I should have said, but I think I can tell you what I would have done."

"Well, out with it."

"I'd have sent for the police, and handed you over to the authorities for either a rogue or a madman."

"Bon soir. I wish you a good-night—pleasant dreams, too, if that be possible."

"Don't go. Sit down. The dawn is just breaking, and you know I ordered the horses for the first light."

"I must go into the air then. I must go where I can breathe."

"Take a cigar, and let us talk of something else."

"That is easy enough for you; you who treat everything as a mere passing incident, and would make life a series of unconnected episodes. You turn from this to that, just as you taste of this dish and that at dinner; but I who want to live a life—*entendu*?—to live a life: to be to-morrow the successor of myself to-day, to carry with me an identity—how am I to practise your philosophy?"

"Here come the horses; and I must say, I am for once grateful to their jingling bells, helping as they do to drown more nonsense than even you usually give way to."

"How did we ever become friends? Can you explain that to me?"

"I suppose it must have been in one of your lucid moments, Anatole—for you have them at times."

"Ah, I have! But if you're getting complimentary, I'd better be off. Will you look to the bill? and I'll take charge of the baggage."

From St. James's Magazine.

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD AND HIS PHILOSOPHY.

WHATEVER may be said of the ancient noblesse of France by those who are jealous of their blood, and perhaps a little ignorant of their history, the fact remains, that France owes to them a prodigious part of her great European illustration. Let us take, for instance, the quality on which Frenchmen most pride themselves even now, the brilliant impetuosity, the *furia Francese*, of their troops in attack. This was a quality originally belonging to their noblesse, and which spread from them, and through their example, among the common soldiers. We do not bring this forward as our own theory. It is the statement of one who was neither a Frenchman nor a man of extravagant aristocratic sympathies, but a Swiss of Italian descent, a historian of republican predilections, — the grave, the learned, the critical, the sober-minded Sismondi. Be this doctrine, however, as it may, the French noblesse gave Sully and Richelieu to statesmanship, and Turenne to war, and Fénelon to the Church, and Mirabeau and Talleyrand to the revolution; while in literature they are represented by names like Montaigne, Descartes, La Rochefoucauld, Sévigné, Boulaingvilliers, Chateaubriand, De Musset, and De Tocqueville. Of their thousands of witty and graceful gentlemen, whose talk and manners formed Europe, it is unnecessary to speak. We quote only names which stand out in history, omitting from the list even such as belong less to the nobility of the sword, or the Church, than to the nobility of the gown — such names as those of Pascal and of Montesquieu.

We are about to speak specially, on the present occasion, of one member of this order, who, enjoying universal celebrity, is yet very little known. The fate is a common, though it seems a singular one; it is the fate of Erasmus, and Buchanan, and many another great writer. Everybody knows Rochefoucauld's "Maxims," and scarcely anybody knows Rochefoucauld. The "Maxims" are among the familiar possessions of Europe. Some of them are in school-girls' copy-books, others turn up at frequent intervals in all light literature. They have been blown like thistle-down over the earth, and have sprouted up in prickly epigrams. But, for a thousand readers of the "Maxims," there is scarcely one reader of the "Memoirs," and the pro-

portion is equally small of those who have taken the trouble to inquire what manner of man this famous writer of "Maxims" was. He has represented, with incomparable skill, one whole side of moral speculation, and only a few inquirers have speculated upon him.

The family of La Rochefoucauld derived its name from a village so-called in the Angoumois, five leagues from Angoulême. Here, on the River Tarduerre, in this western province, a land rich with corn and wine, lived in the eleventh century a race of barons. The first of them on record is one Foucaud or Fulcaldus, Seigneur de la Roche, who, with his children, assisted at a gift to the Abbaye d'Uzerche, A.D., 1019, and is called *vir nobilissimus* in a charter of A.D. 1026. The family continued to exist in the regular feudal manner, making occasional donations to religious houses, and now and then at war with their superiors, the Counts of Angoulême. The seventh baron was taken prisoner at Gisors, fighting against the English under Philip Augustus, and afterwards witnessed the marriage contract between Isabel of Angoulême and our King John. His descendants are found engaged in the wars in Flanders, and in those carried on against our own ancestors in Poitou. At last we come to the sixteenth baron, under whom the house took a step in advance. This was François, counsellor and chamberlain to Charles the Eighth and Louis the Twelfth. He had the honour of holding, at the baptismal font, the great king, Francis the First, who received his name, and who, by and by, in 1528, raised the barony of La Rochefoucauld into a *comté*. The La Rochefoucaulds were for two generations Huguenots, and one of them perished in the massacre of St. Bartholomew. This man's grandson, François, the twentieth baron, was made a duke and peer of France, in 1622, by Lewis the Thirteenth. He had married Gabrielle du Plessis-Liancourt, and in 1613 there had been born to him a youngster, whom he christened François, as the family had always christened their heirs since the days of Francis the First. The François of 1613, twenty-first baron and second duke, was the author of the "Maxims." During his father's lifetime, which lasted till 1650, he bore the title of Prince de Marcillac, taken from one of the possessions of the house.

He was by no means well educated, this master of French prose, to whom Voltaire gives the praise of forming the taste of his nation. His father sent him to the camp early, and Marcillac served a campaign in Italy when still in his sixteenth year. At

the time of his entry into public life, his father was "in disgrace," and was living in exile at Blois. The first duke had owed his dukedom to the favour of Marie de Medicis; had adhered to her, when as Queen Mother she quarrelled with Richelieu; and had been implicated in the revolt of Gaston d'Orleans. Hence his absence from court, and hence our Prince de Marcillac was brought up, as he tells us in his Memoirs, in dislike and distrust of Richelieu. The great Cardinal's policy is well known. He was for France centralised at home, and dominant abroad. His hand of iron fell by turns on the Huguenots, the grandees, the house of Austria. So the young Marcillac required to walk warily; yet he came on the stage of affairs with every advantage of nature, as of fortune. He was handsome, high-bred, full of wit and cleverness; and, though at bottom a man of the world, and made for intrigue and the kind of intellectual speculation on character for which such experience affords material, he had one other element of charm suited to the time of his *début*, — we mean a certain flush of romance. It was rather the flush of youth than the reflex of anything deep in his character; the best part of which was a really solid good nature — not a self-sacrificing nobleness, such as distinguished (for instance) his contemporary, Montrose. But it added to his grace of mind in the eyes of the French women of that time, who read romance, and acted romance, and yet were thoroughly women of the world, and of wit too. Bent on shining somewhere, while the cloud of his father's disgrace prevented him from shining much at Paris, Marcillac again went to the wars. He had made a campaign, as we have seen, on the other side of the Alps, in the war of the Mantuan succession, while only a boy. When the war with Spain began, in 1635, he served as a volunteer, and fought in the battle of Avein. It was just about this time that he married Mademoiselle de Vivonne. He tells us somewhere, that his marriage was a happy one; but all that is known of this lady is that she was his wife, and that she had a large family. The fact is characteristic of La Rochefoucauld and of his age. The only female friend of his, and he had many, about whom we are in entire ignorance, is the female friend whom he wedded. Studies the most delightful and elaborate exist of the De Longuevilles, De Sablés, and others. But a veil of obscurity hangs over the face of the mother of his children.

The old Duke appeared again in the world in 1637, and Marcillac went to

Court. Here he attached himself closely to the interests of the Queen, Anne of Austria, a Spanish Hapsburg, half German, half Spanish, comely, sensual, brave, fond of gallantry, which she varied with a little superstitious devotion. Here, too, he had the first of those love-affairs (his love-affair with his wife does not count) which play such a prominent part in his history. He became *épris* of the beautiful Madame de Hautefort, the Platonic mistress of Louis the Thirteenth. It was the peculiarity of that gloomy, cruel, suspicious King, in which he differed markedly both from his father and his son, to have no mistresses but of the Platonic type. One day he insisted on seeing a *billet* which the De Hautefort held in her hand. She hid it in her bosom, and told him that if he wanted it he must come and take it. His Majesty thereupon took up a pair of silver pincers, and delicately extracted the note with that harmless instrument. It does not appear that Marcillac's tenderness for Madame de Hautefort went beyond the sentimental stage. But it must have been real; for we know, from his "Memoirs," that in 1637, when the Queen was in great peril, suspected of conspiring with Spain, and menaced with divorce and imprisonment, he formed a project for carrying her and her friend, Madame de Hautefort, off to Brussels. "I was at the age," he says, "when one likes to do extraordinary and brilliant things, and I could not find anything more so than to take away, at the same time, the Queen from the King, her husband, and from the Cardinal, who was jealous of her, and Madame de Hautefort from the King, who was in love with her." To this may be added that, at a later time, when again serving in the field, he gave a note for her to her brother, to be delivered in case he should fall in the approaching battle.

The romantic adventure contemplated by Marcillac never took place; but he fell into the clutches of "the terrible Cardinal" that year, for assisting his enemy, Madame de Chevreuse, with carriages and horses when she fled to Spain. Richelieu sent him to the Bastille for eight days. When he got his release, he went into retirement for a couple of years, after which he again joined the army. But he could never arrange matters with Richelieu, so he took up his quarters at his fine seat of Vertueil, in his own country. It contradicts many common notions about the French *noblesse* to find that, during those years of obscure tranquillity, the Prince de Marcillac, heir of the Duc de la Rochefou-

could, should have become, in a kind of way, a wine-merchant. He used to ship wines to England from the western ports near his seat, receiving English horses and dogs in exchange.

In 1642, Marcillac assisted the Comte de Montrésor, who had been implicated in the famous Cinq-Mars conspiracy, to escape from France. That year Richelieu died—so feared, says Michelet, in his quaint way, that people hardly dared to believe it, not knowing that he might not choose to come to life again. The Queen's party and the discontented grandees rallied their spirits, and Marcillac was employed by Anne to prepare the way for her Regency. For, the king, too, was now nearing death; and the Regency was the paramount question. Marcillac's mission was to bring into Anne's interests the Duc d'Enghien, afterwards the renowned Condé, the eagle-faced, high-hearted, indomitable Louis de Bourbon, who won a great battle at twenty-two. Marcillac was in his element in such duties, which suited his love of *finesse*, his winning manners, and all those brilliant qualities which made him a typical noble of that society. The king died in 1643; Anne became Regent; and great were the hopes of those who had adhered to her when she was under the double shadow of the late husband's suspicious indifference, and the late Cardinal's far-seeing and watchful hate. But they were all disappointed, and nobody more so than the Prince de Marcillac. The Queen's confidence was given to Richelieu's pupil, Mazarin, a supple, ingenious Italian, of humble birth, who had Richelieu's smaller talents without his greater ones (though with more amiability), and who had, above all, the one talent needful for governing the Queen Regent. Marcillac was bent on being rewarded for his fidelity with some important post. He had also the dignity of his family much at heart; desiring that, like the great houses of Rohan and Tremouille—one sprung from the sovereign princes of Brittany, the other from the sovereign princes of Poitou—he should enjoy *les honneurs du Louvre*—the *tabouret* for his wife, and the right of entering the Louvre in a carriage. But he soon found, as he relates, that the Queen and the new Cardinal were "amusing" him; and he passed the year 1644–45, in what he calls *un état ennuyeux*. He began to draw near those other discontented potentates, who were nicknamed the Importants, and whose chief, the handsome showy Duc de Beaufort, a grandson of Henry the Fourth's,

by the fair Gabrielle, had been sent to prison. They were the forerunners of the Fronde.

The old Duke, however, obtained for his son, thus gradually ripening into a Frondeur, permission to purchase the government of Poitou. This was in 1646, in which year Marcillac went to the Low Countries with D'Enghien, and was badly wounded at the siege of Mardick—so badly, that he had to be carried back to Paris in a litter. As he recovered, he found a general discontent with the Government growing stronger every day. The Parliament of Paris, nothing loth to extend its influence beyond its proper judicial functions, and to be a great power in the state, was grumbling deeply. The finances were in abominable disorder. The taxes were most oppressive. All these circumstances favoured the disappointed patricians, and the Fronde began to form itself into a serious power—a power which made some observers fear or hope, as their inclinations led them, that France was about to have a revolution such as was just completing itself in England. But the difference of conditions was prodigious; the one common element, indeed, being that misgovernment and discontent existed in France in 1647–8, as they had in England in 1637–8. In France, however, there was no cohesion between the interests suffering. The noblesse used the Parliament, the Parliament the bourgeoisie, the bourgeoisie the rabble; but all these different classes cared only for themselves. A duchess, wanting the *tabouret*, might act for a time with a fish-woman wanting a market-tax taken off; but there was nothing religious or historical in a tie of that kind. As for the chiefs, they hardly pretended to have any but personal grievances. The coadjutor of Paris, afterwards the celebrated Retz, desired to be a cardinal and a minister. Marcillac wanted letters of dukedom, his father being still alive. One grandee longed for the governorship of Havre; the other for that of Languedoc. Some joined the movement in obedience to a mistress—who was generally another man's wife. And so things went on. There was infinite courage, brilliance, wit, shown no doubt; the air was alive with pasquinades, as with musketry, while the struggle lasted. Nay, there was a generous nobleness shown, too, worthy of an age which had listened to Corneille, and which (as is now well known) really formed the greatest minds of the more lauded age of Lewis the Fourteenth. But if all the wit had been confined to

albums, and all the powder made into fireworks, the political results would have been very much the same.

Our business, however, is with François de la Rochefoucauld, who was still Prince de Marillac when the war broke out. The crisis was brought on by the rashness of Mazarin, who elated with Condé's victory of Lens, thought he might do anything, and (26th August, 1648) arrested two of the most venerated members of the Parliament. At once Paris rose; invested the Palais Royal, where the Queen Regent was with her son; and forced the Government to release the prisoners. A conference was held at Noisy by the Prince de Conti (Condé's younger brother), the coadjutor of Paris, the Duc de Longueville, and others, and civil war was resolved upon. Marillac, then in his Government of Poitou, received the important intelligence from the Duchess de Longueville, and hastened to Paris, eager for revenge.

The Duchesse de Longueville! What a fate in French literature her's has been! To be loved in her lifetime by Rochefoucauld, — and two centuries afterwards by Victor Cousin! The daughter of a Bourbon, by a Montmorency, the sister of Condé, the wife of the Duc de Longueville, — all that she possessed by birth and condition, was still inferior to the qualities which she derived from nature. Her spirit was high, her soul generous, her intellect fine and highly cultivated. Her beauty was of the richest and most delicate type; at once sweet and stately. Of figure tall and full, without excess in either direction, — she had the softest blue eyes in the world, and abundant light hair, equally charming in colour and texture.

Born in 1619, Anne Geneviève de Bourbon had been much, in her early youth, at the Convent of the Carmelites of the Rue St. Jacques, and her religious impressions returned long before her beauty had withered, and remained with her through life. Introduced into the world in 1635, at a great ball at the Louvre, she became an ornament of the high society of the time. She frequented the Hotel Rambouillet, and ranked amongst the *Précieuses*. But the *Précieuses* of that period were not *Précieuses Ridicules*, any more than the Cavaliers and the ladies of our Charles the First's time were like the men and women of the court of Charles the Second. They were, in intellect and manners, the first ladies in France, and they employed themselves in modifying the old feudal stateliness without destroying its poetry, by the operation of literary

culture, and in refining or adding happy phrases to their native French language. Their analogues in English social history are the Lucy Harringtons, Lady Pembrokes, and that earlier generation, rather than, as might be supposed, the Castlemaines and Shrewsburys, into whose time many of them lived. And if their lives were not always faultless, as is only too well known, why, all that can be said is, that they erred in a somewhat great and generous fashion, and that they repented long.

The first appearance of Madame de Longueville, in Rochefoucauld's "Memoirs," is in the year 1646; but M. Cousin dates their closer intimacy about the year 1647, or the beginning of 1648. Anne de Bourbon had been married, young, to the Duc de Longueville, who was much older than herself, and who did not pay her the compliment of a fidelity which, under the circumstances, was peculiarly due to her. Rochefoucauld seems to have fascinated her, and, from all appearances, the love was greatest on her side. In 1648, as we have just seen, he came to Paris to join her. The Court moved in 1649 to St. Germain, but Madame de Longueville remained in Paris, under pretence of illness, and was joined there by her brother, the Prince de Conti. Other high potentates came into the party. Money was raised, and the different Parliaments communicated with throughout France. Conti took the command, though his elder brother, Condé, remained with the Court. Condé soon forced a post, and raised the price of provisions in the city. Food had to be brought in under convoy, and on one of these occasions, our hero, who held the rank of lieutenant-general, had a narrow escape for his life and was badly wounded. The Comte de Grancy charged his troop, who ran at the first shot. Marillac's horse was killed. He attacked the Comte d'Holach, who fired at him, followed by all the squadron in succession. As he lay on the ground, with half-a-dozen soldiers disputing who should kill and strip him, reinforcements came up, and the future author of the "Maxims" was saved. He got back to Paris, in spite of his wounds, which, however, kept him out of the rest of the war. Peace was signed March 11, 1649. "All the generals," says Rochefoucauld, in his "Memoirs," "were meditating their private means of arrangement, and each of them had secret connexions with the court, in order to have better conditions." * What an account of the Fronde from a Frondeur!

* "Mémoires." [Collection Petitot, tom. 81, p. 466 — the edition we always quote.]

What a hopeful prospect for those good people who hoped some amelioration of the state of things from such leadership!

But if Rochefoucauld tells us this kind of thing about the selfishness of other Frondeurs, he does not conceal his own. He was soon busy again with Mazarin about those unlucky *honneurs du Louvre*; and this time the slippery Italian fairly granted them, and would not adhere to them. Not a doubt in the world, but this was the reason why the injured gentleman was in the next war. Condé having quarrelled with the Court, and after a network of intrigues with which we have nothing to do, Condé and Conti were arrested and imprisoned — 18th January, 1650. Madame de Longueville made for Normandy accompanied by her lover; they parted at Dieppe, — she for Holland, he for Poitou to prepare for war. The old Duc de la Rochefoucauld died at this time, if not (like Agricola) opportunely for himself, most opportunely for his brilliant son. Under pretence of celebrating his funeral with proper splendour, the new Duc de la Rochefoucauld (we shall call him Marcillac no more), assembled 2000 horse and 800 foot, and set off to seize Saumur, followed by 700 gentlemen. This little fact shows the splendour of the family. Rochefoucauld missed his object at Saumur, and joined the Duc de Bouillon (another Frondeur, and elder brother to the great Turenne), at Turenne. Here, three hundred gentlemen joined him; and Bouillon and he entered Bordeaux, where the Princess of Condé (Condé's wife, a niece of Richelieu) and her son, had preceded them. In the siege which followed, La Rochefoucauld showed his usual courage and activity; but Bordeaux had to surrender on the 28th September for all that. In the conditions of peace, as he gloomily notes, no compensation was made for the destruction of his beautiful palace of Vertueil, which had naturally been burnt by the royal troops when its master was in open rebellion. There is a story that when he heard of that catastrophe, he exclaimed, with the grand old grace of the French aristocracy: "Another sacrifice to the adorable Madame de Longueville!" But we can find no trace of this in M. Cousin, who holds that Rochefoucauld dragged the Duchess into these wars for his own selfish purposes. The fact is, that the philosopher was jealous of Rochefoucauld, for having won Madame de Longueville a couple of hundred years before; and he scarcely does him justice under the influence of that base passion!

Now began a new series of intrigues and

combinations, and Rochefoucauld was in Paris in the midst of them — plotting against the Cardinal with his enemies — privately seeing him on the part of Madame de Longueville, to try and effect the release of her brothers, the Princes. Presently, Orleans, the King's uncle, declared for the Princes. Paris broke into a state of excitement, and Mazarin quitted the city. Rochefoucauld started, with the order for their release to Havre, and met them *en route* at Grosménil. They had been set free by Mazarin, who went off to the Rhine, and established himself at Brühl, near Cologne: from which refuge, however, he still directed the Queen's policy.

The reception of the Princes of Condé and Conti in Paris, on the 16th February, 1651, was a triumph. A continued peace might now have been hoped; and it is greatly to the credit of Rochefoucauld, and shows that he was no mere grandee, but in some degree a political noble, which is a different thing, that he was in favour of the convocation of the States-General.* But France was plunged into a third war, from the most paltry personal motives.

We have already mentioned among La Rochefoucauld's early friends, that famous lady of the Fronde, Marie de Rohan, Duchesse de Chevreuse. She it was, who, working in concert with Retz, and through him upon the Parliament and the Duc d'Orleans, had, for her own purposes, enabled Mazarin to seize Condé with impunity. But Mazarin had shown himself ungrateful, and as personal feelings and interests governed everything in France at this period, Madame de Chevreuse formed a new combination. This was "a great aristocratic league," as M. Cousin calls it, which was to unite all the interests of the Fronde together; to keep Mazarin for ever out of France; and to form a Government which should rest on Orleans and Condé jointly, and include or benefit the friends of both. This great plot was hatched during the imprisonment of the princes; and one of the conditions which it involved was a marriage between the chief plotter's daughter, Mademoiselle de Chevreuse, and the Prince of Conti. That this same high-born daughter (for the Duc de Chevreuse was of the house of Lorraine) was all the while the mistress of Retz — the mistress of an ecclesiastic — seems not to have been considered a matter of any moment among the high contracting parties. It was settled that the marriage should take place; and the rupture of the contract by the Condé family plunged France into civil

* *Mémoires*. (Petit. tom. 52, p. 64-5.)

war. All the Chevreuse interest, including Retz, went over to the Court; there was a talk of assassinating Condé—an extremely probable event—and Condé's friends urged him to declare war, and as first prince of the blood, and first soldier of the age, bring his enemies to the dust. Madame de Longueville was keen for this resolution, not merely influenced by her love of, and pride in, her great brother; but because she saw no other way of escaping the necessity of joining her aged husband and a disagreeable step-daughter in Normandy.* La Rochefoucauld, for his part, says that he entered into the new war, "because he was obliged to follow the instructions of Madame de Longueville;" and he gives as the reason for the Duc de Nemours taking part in it, that he wanted to separate Condé from Madame de Châtillon! "It would seem," observes the philosophical Sismondi, "as if the government of a queen regent had handed all power in France over to women." Really, one cannot recal the reasons given for this third war of the Fronde, or the names of Mademoiselle de Chevreuse, Madame de Longueville, and Madame de Châtillon, without involuntarily quoting what honest old Dicaopolis, in the *Acharnians* of Aristophanes, says of the origin of the Peloponnesian war—

"Κάντεθεν ἀρχὴ τοῦ πολέμου κατερράγη
Ἕλλησι πᾶσιν ἐκ τριῶν λακαστρίων."

Condé at first retired to St. Maur, where he held a kind of court, and where, as Rochefoucauld tells us, balls, comedies, plays, hunting, and feasting, attracted swarms of people. He then returned to Paris, and the two factions used to face each other in the Parliament armed, so that bloodshed was only avoided by a miracle. On one of these occasions Rochefoucauld had Retz jammed in a door, and seems to have taken no small credit to himself for not despatching him. Meanwhile, the Princesse de Condé and Madame de Longueville had been sent to Condé's fortress of Montrond in Berri, and here the Prince and Rochefoucauld visited them, after which they passed through the Rochefoucauld country to Bordeaux. Swarms of nobles had joined them in the Angoumois, and war was now considered to have commenced. The Court moved to Bourges, on which Condé's family left Montrond for Guienne. Mazarin now returned to France, and found

the court at Poitiers, moving onwards to hem Condé in, in the claret country.

During the journey of Condé's household from Montrond to Bordeaux, an event happened which broke for ever the *liaison* between Rochefoucauld and Madame de Longueville. The duchess bent her famous soft blue eyes too tenderly on the Duc de Nemours. What the extent of her coquetries was, nobody knows. M. Cousin himself cannot tell us, though they cost him many a pang. Rochefoucauld abandoned her with a decision which made people think that he was glad of the opportunity. Meanwhile the war went on. Bouillon had proved untrustworthy, and the sword of Turenne was drawn on the royal side. Condé and Rochefoucauld now made a celebrated secret expedition and forced march, from Agen on the Garonne, (the elder Scaliger's home in the previous century), across Périgord, the Limousin, Auvergne, and the Bourbonnais, to join the army of Nemours. There were only seven persons in the party. They used the same horses all the way for a hundred and twenty leagues; crossing mountains, avoiding towns, swimming rivers, and never resting more than two hours at a time. They ran the gauntlet of a thousand dangers, and had some comic adventures, too. On one occasion they were put up by a Perigourdin gentleman, who did not know their rank, and entertained Condé at supper with some pleasant scandalous anecdotes about his sister, the Duchess. Another time, having come to a *cabaret* where nothing could be had to eat but eggs, Condé undertook to make an omelette, and on turning it in the pan, contrived to throw it into the fire.* Their fatigue—Condé's always excepted, who was a man of iron,—was excessive. Rochefoucauld was so exhausted, that they had to fling water in his face to rouse him; and at this period first appeared that gout which tormented his old age, and ultimately killed him. But the object was gained. Having crossed the Loire, Condé won the battle of Bleneau, and prevented D' Hocquincourt from joining Turenne. It was fought in April, 1652.

Negotiations were now commenced in Paris, in all of which there was an article providing fresh honours and other advantages for the house of La Rochefoucauld. But they came to nothing; and in July that year was fought, in Paris, the terrible battle of St. Antoine, where the two great-

* Cousin. Madame de Longueville pendant la Fronde (1651-53), pp. 61.

* Mémoires de Gourville. He was one of the party.

est soldiers of France, Condé and Turenne, filled the streets of her capital with blood. La Rochefoucauld was wounded here for the last time. He was fighting at a barricade alongside Nemours, when a musket-ball struck him below the eyes, and at once blinded him. He would have been taken prisoner; but Condé, who, like Turenne on the other side, fought everywhere, sword in hand, — riding bloody amongst the musketry fire, — delivered him by one furious charge. Condé thought his wound mortal; for when Mademoiselle de Montpensier went to see him after the fight, and found him covered with dust and blood, he said, "You see a desperate man. I have lost all my friends: Nemours, La Rochefoucauld, Clinchamp, are wounded to death." And the hero of Rocroy wept, begging the daughter of Orleans to forgive his weakness.

La Rochefoucauld's wound, however, was not to be fatal. His public career was over; but he lived for twenty-eight years, and during those years won with his pen a celebrity which has thrown all the rest of his life into the shade. Had he died at the barricade that summer's day of 1652, he would have been remembered, indeed, as one of the chief illustrations of his great house; as one of the most brilliant and gallant personages of the melodrama of the Fronde. Traditions of his wit and his grace and his *liaison* with Madame de Longueville, would have come down to us in the most readable memoirs in the world; but his fame would have been a fame of the *salon*, and the library only. It is not our concern to tell how the power of Mazarin was re-established more firmly than ever, or to track the dying Fronde to its last lair in Bordeaux. We have to sketch only the tranquil years of a life of letters, and to offer some remarks on the philosophy elaborated in them — elaborated in them, we say, but based on the experience of the active and intriguing life, of which we have given a pale outline. It is a philosophy which has wide relations, no doubt; but as regards its form and colour, and much of its substance, it is emphatically the philosophy of the Fronde.

La Rochefoucauld closes his *Memoirs* with October, 1652. He recovered his health and sight in due time; lived now at Paris, now in his country house; was thoroughly domestic; slid gradually into literature; and formed for himself a select society of gifted and cultivated women, the best remembered of whom are Madame de Sablé, Madame de La Fayette, and Madame de Sévigné. We hear of no more

galanteries, either on his part or that of Madame de Longueville. After the Fronde closed, Anne de Bourbon, still in the prime of life and beauty, became formally "converted," and devoted herself to the Carmelites and to Port-Royal. What religion was to her, letters became to him.

By degrees he made himself a great artist. He had little culture, — so little, that, as Cousin observes, many ladies of his society knew more Latin than he.* But a man of genius, and quality, coming in the wake of Corneille, Balzac, and Voiture, living always with the finest minds of his generation, insensibly learns to embody the sense and grace of his daily conversation, in the happiest forms of his written language. This noble, who made a campaign at sixteen, and who, up to forty, was a weaver of intrigues, and a daring swordsman of civil war, is placed, by Voltaire among the founders of modern French literature, and has been ranked as a prose writer, by men who do not love him, with Pascal himself.

The first edition of the *Memoirs* of La Rochefoucauld was published in 1662. Those who only knew the "Maxims," have probably a very erroneous notion of the "Memoirs." They would, we dare say, expect to find in them a string of acute and brilliant epigrams, decorating satirical portraits of the men of that age. No fancy could be further from the truth. They are, indeed, exceedingly sagacious and penetrating; but they have all the quiet and mellowness of the old masters. The glitter of the modern French literature has no right to call itself distinctively French. It is not the French of Pascal, or La Rochefoucauld, or Madame de Sévigné. Their French is as truly simple as it is clear and strong. The cymbal-clashing, and the bell-ringing, and the rocket-firing, are really modern. Classical French, true to its Latin origin, has sometimes a monumental severity; sometimes a Horatian playfulness. Rochefoucauld would have thought all the finery so fashionable now, *bourgeois*; and no doubt intended his style to be as well-bred as himself, easy, polished, amiable, but shrinking from extravagance, as from pedantry. Such is the tone of the "Memoirs." Their veracity is unimpeached by the most hostile critics; and no one disputes that they are of primary historical authority.

Rochefoucauld's earliest maxims were given to the world in 1665. Their creation was curious. They formed a labour of

* Cousin. Madame de Sablé, p. 108.

love to their author, who made of them an amusement supplementary to the conversation of two or three intellectual saloons. When he had prepared a few, he used to send them to Madame de Sablé and with pleasant *badinage*, demand from her in return some of her favourite receipts—a new carrot-soup, or a *ragoût* of mutton. Madame de Sablé, a surviving *Précieuse* of the old (and good) school, who had lodgings for herself in Port Royal, would circulate a batch of the Maxims without revealing their authorship, and send them back, with selected criticisms, to the workshop of the master. Here they again fell under that skilful hand. If there seemed a flaw in one of them, it was laid aside. If it was sound, the diamond-cutter again laboured on it, till workmanship could do no more. Polish was felt to be of supreme importance; and, indeed, except an ode of Horace, it is difficult to find anything so delicately finished as a maxim of La Rochefoucauld.

That La Rochefoucauld set out with any deliberate intention of expounding a system in his "Maxims," does not appear. Voltaire, who much admired him, has said that there is "almost only one truth in the book—that self-love is '*le mobile de tout*,'" and he gives Rochefoucauld high praise for contriving to make it nearly always piquant. Nevertheless, one does not find any such principle fairly laid down. Rochefoucauld seems to have honestly endeavoured to describe men as he had found them; and it is very well worth notice that when he is most severe in his judgments, he is never cynical. A later and inferior man, who exaggerated some of his views—we mean Mandeville—was cynical, and a buffoon into the bargain. But Rochefoucauld is always cheerful and amiable, and what is more, it must be taken into account how constantly he qualifies his statements. He is always saying that so-and-so is "often" the case; that "most" men will do such-and-such. He does not shut out human nature from the capacity for feeling or doing what, in the busy world, men generally fall below the capacity to feel or do. A few of his most pungent and startling sayings have been allowed to keep more generous ones out of sight. Some people have even accused him of not believing in the existence of virtue. But the hacknied definition of hypocrisy would itself be incompatible with that; and it is only one of a little series of the same purport. "Wicked as men may be," he says, "they dare not appear enemies of virtue; and when they

wish to persecute it, they pretend to believe that it is false, or attribute to it crimes." And, again,— "It must be agreed to the honour of virtue, that the greatest evils of men are those into which they fall by their crimes." Let us proceed to quote a few other maxims which are apt to be overlooked by the searchers after mere piquancy:—

"The too great eagerness that people have to return an obligation is a species of ingratitude."

"It is more disgraceful to distrust one's friends than to be deceived by them."

"It is a proof of little friendship not to perceive the cooling of that of our friends."

"We pardon as long as we love."

"There is only one sort of love, but there are a thousand different imitations of it."

Not only delicacy of observation, but of feeling, is seen in these specimens. On the other hand, some of the less agreeable maxims are very directly inspired by the society in which Rochefoucauld passed his life. Take these, for instance:—

"There are good marriages, but there are no delicious ones."

"When we are tired of loving, we are glad of an infidelity which sets us free."

"People pass often from love to ambition, but few return from ambition to love."

"Reconciliation with our enemies is only a desire to render our condition better, a weariness of war, and a fear of some evil event."

These are such *dicta* as we might expect from a man, accustomed to see his friends marry from interest, and love against law; adopt a policy in the cause of ambition, and abandon it for the sake of gain or vengeance. The reason that it is so necessary to know La Rochefoucauld's life is that without it we lose the key to his writings. Half his merit is in his honesty. If he were a satirist only, it would be a different thing; but he is philosophising on observed facts. He does not seek out materials for laughter. They presented themselves, first, and made him laugh.

But though all this is so indubitably true, that in one sense, La Rochefoucauld might be called the Philosopher of the Fronde, it would be absurd to content ourselves with so describing him. The Fronde, too, had its roots in human nature; and if the "Maxims" had been merely the results of it, they would have long ago been merged in the mass of mazarinades, and fugitive literature generally, which the movement produced. Their popularity shows, that,

though derived from the study of the great French society of the seventeenth century, they have something in them which appeals to universal instinct and observation. A man must be very ignorant, who supposes that whatever was true, in the main, of the world which Rochefoucauld lived in, was not more or less true of all human societies. It only requires that one should live in a second-rate provincial town, to see as much vanity, jealousy, greediness, interested love, and calculating hate, as was ever displayed by the great lords and great ladies, who wrangled about *tabourets*, or whispered innuendoes, in the Paris of Anne of Austria. And, because this is so, thousands of persons who know no more of the pedigree of the Ducs de Longueville, than of that of the Ptolemies, and who would be puzzled to distinguish between the *journée des dupes* and the *veille des rois*, yet read Rochefoucauld, and discuss him, whether they like him or not. His mere wit and style will not account for this. How many average Englishmen, who have a fair knowledge of Rochefoucauld's "Maxims," have ever looked at the "Provincial Letters"? No. Rochefoucauld lives by dint of his truth. He lives because he has said (with unrivalled neatness and point, of course) a great deal that is indisputably true about the nature and character of man.

Are we, then, disciples of La Rochefoucauld, in the sense of believing that he has given a complete and sufficient account of humanity? Certainly not. He has pushed his view of things too far; and some of his "Maxims" are obviously false. Even in these, however, it is absurd to denounce him as a wilful libeller of human nature; he only shared a way of thinking—a special philosophical tendency—belonging to his age. Glance, for example, at what he says of pity:—

"Pity is often a feeling of our own evils in the evils of others; it is a clever provision of the misfortunes into which we may fall," &c.

This is exactly the doctrine of Hobbes, who in his treatise on "Human Nature," published twenty-five years before the "Maxims," had defined pity as "The imagination or fiction of future calamity to ourselves, proceeding from the sense of another man's calamity." It is not likely that Rochefoucauld knew anything of Hobbes—though Hobbes, by the way, was resident in Paris during the whole of the Fronde period. But they both belonged to the new phase of

thought which was succeeding the old religious and romantic way of thinking in Europe. Rochefoucauld sometimes carried it to absurd lengths. We may instance his account of friendship:—

"What men have named friendship is only a society, a reciprocal arrangement of interests, an exchange of good offices; it is, in fact, only a commerce, in which self-love always proposes to gain something for itself."

Anybody who would see doctrines of this kind conclusively demolished, may go to Hume's Essay on "The dignity or Meanness of Human Nature." "In my opinion," says the great David, "there are two things which have led astray those philosophers that have insisted so much on the selfishness of man. In the first place, they found that every act of virtue or friendship was attended with a sense of pleasure; whence they concluded that friendship and virtue could not be disinterested. But the fallacy of this is obvious. The virtuous sentiment, or passion, produces the pleasure, and does not arise from it. I feel a pleasure in doing good to my friend because I love him, but do not love him for the sake of that pleasure." * The second part of Hume's refutation does not so much concern us. But the truth is that these piquant Maxims, like those edible fungi, among which the delightful mushroom holds the first place, require careful examination; it is not always easy to distinguish a mushroom from a toadstool. The following is an undoubted toadstool, and will be readily recognised:—

"In the adversity of our best friends we often find something which does not displease us."

Stated nakedly, and without explanation, this a falsehood. Yet take the maxim which immediately succeeds it in the collection [they are 241, 242], and we shall perhaps find that Rochefoucauld's meaning was not so black as it looks:—

"We console ourselves easily for the disgraces of our friends when they serve to signalise our tenderness for them."

He does not mean that what pleases us in the adversity is the adversity itself; that kind of pleasure would be the pleasure of a fiend. He means that there is some gratification of the vanity in the act of giving the

* See especially, on the same side, the seventeenth and seventeenth of the illustrious Professor Thomas Brown's "Lectures on the Philosophy of the Human Mind."

friendly assistance which the adversity demands. He assumes that there will be a tenderness felt, and that it will be an active tenderness, or how signalise itself? But he says that "in" or mixed up with the fact of the calamity, and our aid in it, a certain agreeable feeling will exist on our part. Of course, he here falls again under such censure as that which we have quoted of the selfish philosophy from Hume. But the maxim is sometimes interpreted in a sense in which it would be devilish.

It must be admitted, no doubt, that La Rochefoucauld dwells too long and too monotonously, on the seamy side of our human nature. But, then, there is a seamy side; and it is to the world's advantage to have it put—not mockingly—not exultingly—but with a certain quiet good-nature, and with a variety of illustration and epigram, such as only a man of genius could have given to his subject. How many fine, brilliant things occur in that little volume which, right or wrong, contains no idle lines:—

"The reason why lovers and their mistresses do not get tired of being together is that they only talk of themselves."

"Everybody complains of his memory, and nobody complains of his judgment."

"The refusal of praise is a desire to be praised twice."

"Few people know how to be old."

"We have allsufficient strength to support the evils of others."

"Neither the sun nor death can be looked at steadily."

What shrewdness in all these terse sayings! What concentration of thinking! What felicity of turn! The philosophy of La Rochefoucauld may not hold good as a whole. But it suggests, it excites, it makes the student think and feel. And if it brings to his consciousness any dark tendency lurking in his soul, surely it has done him good; it has shown him what he has to fight, and has sharpened the faculties by which he has to fight it.

The influence of La Rochefoucauld on Europe has been great. In our own country it can be traced down through Pope and Swift, Chesterfield and Walpole, to Byron and Thackeray. Like Rochefoucauld, Thackeray sought to set men thinking by rebuking the vanity of their conceited virtue; and Rochefoucauld, like Thackeray, while severe in his writings, was privately a kind and affectionate man. Even Retz, his enemy, said that he was the most polished courtier and the honestest man in private life of his age. "The heart of M. de la

Rochefoucauld for his family," writes Madame de Sévigné, "is something incomparable; he declares that it is one of the chains which attach us to each other."* The opinion of Madame de Sévigné was the general one. The man of many epigrams was an epigram himself. He said much evil of mankind, but if all mankind had been like him, they might have dispensed with his book of "Maxims." He ridiculed bravery, but, says Madame de Maintenon, "*il étoit cependant fort brave!*" He maintained that we cannot love except with some relation to ourselves; and he was as much beloved within his household and without it as if he had held the loftiest theories on love that have been held since the age of Plato.

La Rochefoucauld was entitled to the gout by a double right, as a man of blood and as a man of intellect; and he had a double share of it accordingly. As early as 1671 he was unable to walk, and used to be carried to see his friends in a chair, or used to take the air in his carriage. Next year, when Lewis the Fourteenth invaded Holland, his eldest son was wounded, and his youngest son, the Chevalier de Marillac, killed, at the passage of the Rhine. Madame de Sévigné was in his presence at the house of Madame de la Fayette when the news reached him, and saw the tears flow, as she says, from the bottom of his heart.† But there was another loss at that gallant passage which touched him more. The Duc de Longueville, who was really his son by the beautiful lady of whom we have heard so much, was also slain there. The duchess was now living in religious retirement, and she and her old lover met no more. It is strange to think of the father and mother in different parts of Paris, each knowing what the other felt, each mourning their own share of the common loss, yet separated, as we are separated from the dead. "Had they met in those first moments," Madame de Sévigné says, "and had nobody been with them, all other sentiments would have given place to cries and tears, which they would have redoubled with hearty goodwill."‡ But this was never to be. Madame de Longueville had been converted in 1654, at thirty-five years of age. From 1660 she was in close contact with La Rochefoucauld's great friend, Madame de Sablé; but M. Cousin, who had examined their correspondence, declares that she does not once mention his name in the letters of fifteen years.§

* Lettres (4 Mai 1672).

† Lettres (17 June, 1672).

‡ Ib. (20 June, 1672).

§ Victor Cousin. Madame de Sablé, p. 202.

It remains, now, only to be added that the Duc de la Rochefoucauld died in Paris on the 17th March, 1680. A month afterwards a group of illustrious persons went to the Carmelites to hear a funeral oration by Gabriel de Roquette, Bishop of Autun. His text was "*Fallax pulchritudo, mulier timens Deum laudabitur.*" Madame de Sévigné saw there some young ladies—her friends—and left them weeping. They were the Mesdemoiselles de la Rochefoucauld, and their tears were flowing for their father at the funeral sermon of Madame de Longueville. "*Ils sont morts dans la même année,*" writes the charming letter-writer, "*il y avait bien à rêver sur ces deux noms.*"*

From The London Review

CHARLES THE BOLD.†

WE have here the third and concluding volume of Mr. Kirk's life of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy—a work of considerable labor and of some pretensions, with respect to which, however, we are disposed to remark that it gives undue prominence to a figure which, after all, is not of first-rate importance in the history of Europe. For, although Charles the Bold was a man of courage, energy, and ability, and although he passed a life of action and intrigue, in the course of which he was brought into contact or collision with most of the great potentates of the day, he was not the centre of any very remarkable system of events, nor has he exercised any permanent influence on the fortunes of his country. He was a military chieftain of the feudal type, coming at the close of the feudal age, and, while creating much agitation at the time, leaving behind him no lasting results, nor even a special type of character. The interest we feel in him is but transitory, and three thick octavo volumes seem rather too much for a subject of secondary value. In addition to this, we have an objection to make to Mr. Kirk's style. It is ambitious, sentimental, prone to "effect" and mannerism. Sometimes the mode is that of the historical novelist—at others, that of the historical satirist; and here and there an affectation of Carlyleism is disagreeably apparent. Because Charles

the Bold thought fit to make war in the Jura, for instance, we are to be troubled with the following bit of fine writing, which it is not too much to say is nothing to the purpose:—"When the spectators on the Rigi have watched successive groups of giant Alps rise out of the night, and receive on their icy brows warm kisses from the radiant dawn, the eye turns in quest of further marvels to the opposite quarter of the panorama, across table-lands and plains dotted with towns and lakes, and bounded by the distant chain of the Jura. But there the horizon offers none of the grand and entrancing aspects of a mountain range. That long, straight, dusky line, with no variety of form or play of colour, belongs not to the picture, but to the frame. If we transfer our point of view to the Lake of Geneva, and choose for our comparison the evening instead of the morning light, the contrast is still more striking. For then the mountains of the Valais and of Savoy unveil themselves to the declining sun, and, as the mist rolls off, each snowy summit and gray pyramid flushes into soft crimson before his parting glance. The lake, like a conscious witness, trembles and burns. But Jura, wrapping herself in a darker mantle, interposes to cut short the glowing scene. The lingering orb is snatched away. The matchless mirror ceases to reflect. Pallid, yet serene, the majestic Alps recede into the gloom." Now, what has all this to do with the operations of Charles the Bold, in 1474, amongst the mountains in question? To give a general idea of the country in which any of the leading events of a history have taken place, is a very proper exercise of the historian's skill; and the more vivid the picture the better, since it enables the reader to understand all the more clearly the nature of the events themselves, supplies the human action with its appropriate background, and makes us feel that history is not a mere collection of dates, but a drama with life in it, and all the associations of life. But we do not see what is to be gained by merely panoramic writing, studious of atmospheric effects which mean nothing, and abound in colouring laid on for the colour's sake. Quite as little do we like the would-be dramatic style, evinced in such passages as—"It required his strongest efforts to control a burst of passion, &c. The double-dyed traitor! How much longer must vengeance be delayed? But let it not be put to hazard by a premature declaration." Nor do we admire the historico-satirical style which we

* Lettres (12 April, 1680).

† History of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy. By John Foster Kirk. With Portraits. Vol. III. London: John Murray.

find here and there; as — “So effective was this policy that, before half the seven years’ truce had expired, he was enabled to make a new and closer treaty — a treaty of peace and amity — to continue in force during his own and Edward’s life-time, and for a hundred years afterwards. *Triumphant Louis!*” Of the spasmodic manner, take this as a specimen: —

“He [Charles] had his wish; he was alone. Who more alone than he, in all the camp, in all the world? O, misery! Abandoned, betrayed, encompassed by foes — severed by a gulf from the faithful few! Within — the swellings of pride, the hissings of defiance, the goadings of fate! The world against him, God not with him — O, misery, O, misery!”

“Was it, in truth, too late? Lorraine, the Burgundies, were lost beyond redemption. The aspirations of the past must be buried for ever. But might he not, by bending to the storm, still save himself from total shipwreck? Might he not, by protracting the contest, weary down or outlive his antagonist? Might he not — Ah, no! Another might — another who had never soared so high to fall so low; who had never taken between his teeth the bit of destiny and felt its inexorable lash; whose heart, in either fortune, had beat with the steady pulsations of a machine; such a one — not he!”

Or this, towards the close of the book, summing up the character of Duke Charles: —

“Thou art right, Commynes! — with all his faults, his nature was noble. It has been said that no one mourned for him. It is false; many mourned — noble hearts everywhere; enemies who had fought without rancour or baseness, allies who had tested his fidelity, servants and companions who had known him better than the world. When the knights of the Golden Fleece assembled for the first time after his death, in the spring of 1478, and saw his escutcheon draped in black and inscribed with the word ‘Deceased,’ they burst into loud lamentations.

“But many exulted? O, yes! dastards everywhere — the burghers of Alsace, who had feared, wronged, and defamed him; the burghers of Flanders, who had abandoned him to his fate; the French king and his” —

It is a piece of affectation, also, to conclude a history in such a fashion as the following: — “At the head [of Charles’s tomb] is another tablet. It contains the motto which he had adopted at the time of his accession, when the future was radiant with triumphs, to be won, to be enhanced, by arduous struggles. *Je l’ay emprins — bien en arienne!* — ‘I have undertaken it —

may good come of it!’ . . . Alas! Alas!”

When not led astray by these absurdities, however, Mr. Kirk can write vigorously and well — with real instead of false vividness, and with a power of interesting his readers. Here is a good passage describing the treaty of alliance between Charles the Bold and his brother-in-law, Edward IV. of England, for the invasion of France by the latter — an invasion which ended in Edward treacherously going over to the common enemy, after an ignominious parade on French soil: —

“The treaty, with its supplementary provisions, had been signed at Westminster on the 25th, 26th, and 27th of July, 1474. It stipulated that an English army ‘magnificently equipped,’ and led by the king in person, should land in Normandy, or elsewhere, before the next 1st of July. Charles, on his part, was to uphold the pretensions of Edward and support him with his person and power, bringing into the field a force of not less than ten thousand men. In recompense for such assistance, as well as ‘in gratitude for the many favours’ which he had already rendered to his ally, he was to receive the provinces of Champagne, Bar, Brie; the Nivernais — in short, all that part of France which bordered on his present dominions; and he was to hold these conquests, as likewise the several French fiefs which he already possessed, independently of the French crown, by ‘a supreme right,’ to be thereafter acknowledged and confirmed by the States-General. During the prosecution of the war neither of the contracting parties was to treat with the enemy, or even to receive any overtures from him, without first consulting the ally and giving time for his representatives to attend; no arrangement should be entered into except by joint consent; nor was either to abandon the enterprise while the other should choose to persevere.

“The announcement of this scheme was received by the English nation with an unparalleled burst of enthusiasm. All classes united in embracing it, and Edward, whose popularity had been upon the wane, again found himself the darling of the populace. After all his triumphs it needed a career of victory in France to set the seal upon his dynasty. There were happily no meddlesome reformers to declaim against the thirst for conquest, or to preach unwelcome lessons of economy. Every grant proposed in Parliament was voted without demur. The clergy mulcted themselves in a tenth of their income, and the example was followed by both Lords and Commons. The merchants of London and all the principal towns vied with each other in the amount of their ‘benevolences.’ Wealthy widows doubled their gifts after a squeeze of the royal hand or a kiss from the royal lips. Throughout the kingdom there was a bustle

of preparation. Ordinary business was suspended, labour being diverted from its regular channels, and so large a quantity of money withdrawn from circulation that, in some parts of the kingdom, corn and other commodities were unsaleable at half the customary rates. Proclamations were issued directing the impressment of sailors, carters, wheelwrights, and smiths, and the seizure of ships and wagons, of powder, saltpetre, and other munitions. 'Flechers' were ordered to make nothing but 'shefe-arrows,' and 'bowiers' to make their staves into bows with all possible haste. Contracts were entered into with knights and others for the enlistment of so many archers and men-at-arms, to serve for 'one whole year,' during which time there should be 'noon assise general' against the persons engaged. Among the nobles there were not a few who, besides furbishing up their arms and mustering their retainers, dived into the boxes containing their title-deeds, and drew out the worm-eaten parchments which would establish their right to the estates once held by their ancestors within the realm of France."

The character of Charles has, we think, been over-estimated by Mr. Kirk. His was a life of incessant, and often unjustifiable, warfare; and his defeat and death at Nancy, in 1477, brought the independence of his duchy to an end, and led to its incorporation with France. It should not be forgotten that, although by some historians he is called "Charles the Bold," by others he is designated "Charles the Rash."

From The Spectator.

ENGLISH MILLIONAIRES.

MR. WHITWORTH, the well known gun manufacturer, has just presented the nation with 100,000*l.* as a free gift. He proposes to found Thirty Scholarships, at a cost of 3,000*l.* each, to be held for some years by workmen who will go through a thorough course of scientific and artistic training. He, in fact, proposes to establish Thirty Industrial Fellowships, to be obtained by competition in applied science, — a wise extension of the plan which has for so many years fostered the love of scholarship among the middle class. The gift is a most munificent one, and the Duke of Marlborough has acknowledged it on behalf of the State with sufficient grace, but when he expresses his hope that others will be found to imitate

Mr. Whitworth, his words have a faint ring of conventionality. He does not really expect others to imitate him. He knows that the principal reason for astonishment at Mr. Whitworth's gift is the exceeding rarity of such acts of unselfishness in England. No country contains so many millionaires as this, no country gives them so much in the shape of security, of social deference, and of opportunities of exertion, and no country receives so little from them. There are at this moment a hundred enterprises of almost national importance which could be set going by single gifts quite within the power of scores, not to say hundreds, of rich men, and no one expects that any of them will obtain such gifts. In America they are common enough. Gifts of princely amounts, amounts which would yield fortunes in mere interest, have been repeatedly made to great American cities, to colleges, to libraries, and this during the lifetime of the donors, but we can scarcely recall an instance of the kind in Great Britain. The liberality of the country in certain ways is astonishing. It is, we believe, no exaggeration to say that more money is collected in London every year for missions, charities of all kinds, schools, and the relief of calamities abroad, than her whole municipal taxation, and the private almsgiving seems to know no limit. It would not pay an entire criminal class in Paris to live by writing begging letters to Parisians, but it pays their London rivals. Their receipts would hardly supply the necessary stamps. But the gift of a great mass of money by a single individual during his lifetime is in England a very rare occurrence. Mr. Peabody was an American, and we can recall no other single gift of a quarter of a million, though Sir F. Crossley may have given away in the aggregate something like that. The late Duke of Northumberland set a great example, but his benefactions were rather continuous than immense in single instances. One or two cases of great expenditure on churches might be recorded, — Mr. Beresford Hope must have spent a considerable fortune in that way, — and great concessions have been made to municipalities in the way of land. Parks have been given to different cities of very considerable value, parks worth often from 15,000*l.* to 30,000*l.*, — a form of munificence the more creditable, because the last thing a rich Englishman likes to part with is his hold on the soil. But enormous gifts are very rare. No great city owner builds an aqueduct at his own expense, or redeems a town

from taxes, or founds and endows a local university, or erects a popular free theatre, or builds a free quay not near his own property, or does anything on the scale of the old Roman nobles or the princes of Middle-Age Italy. Nobody has ever given a million, or half a million, to anything, and there are many who could. Even in the crisis of the cotton famine, when men's hearts seemed to be stirred, and the aggregate of subscriptions was enormous, no one single gift was large enough even to attract public attention. Colossal fortunes have been made in cotton, but except in the way of "keeping on" workmen, which was not an absolutely self-sacrificing act, the highest sum given by an individual did not greatly exceed 10,000*l*. Had Lancashire and Liverpool been owned by Americans, we should have had to record at least a dozen gifts equal to a year's income of each donor. An English millionaire would think a proposal to give away a year's income in a single cheque the suggestion of insanity. There are a score of men in England who could if they chose try the experiments in tenure so much needed in Ireland, or commence the rebuilding of East London, or improve the cottages of a county, or turn some one of the congeries of brick huts which we are pleased to call a town into a true city, pleasant to live in, and fair to see; but no one will do it. Men with much money keep it.

We rather wonder, absurd as the form of the expression will appear, why. If people with little money also kept it, there would be no reason for surprise, but they don't. For one man with a million who will give 100,000*l*., fifty men with 5,000*l*. will give 500*l*. The stinginess — to use an unfairly harsh but expressive word — only begins at the possessor of 100,000*l*., and there is *prima facie* no particular reason for it. The common notion that people with very great wealth are always hardhearted and selfish is a pure delusion. They are just as good and as bad as other people, perhaps a little more apt to see the disparity between any individual fortune and the work to be done — rich men stretching out tentacula in all directions, and so touching a vast surface of suffering — but they are usually, though not proportionally, as liberal as anybody else. Dives did not grudge Lazarus the crumbs, though he took no especial care to see that he had enough. They give in one particular way, in regular subscriptions paid very much as if they were taxes, to an amount which in the aggregate must be very large. It is

nothing proportionally by the side of the sums given by smaller men, nothing when compared with the amounts which exceptional communities, the Europeans of Calcutta, for example, or the Quakers, will raise, and think nothing about, but it is still positively large. Lord Lytton suggests somewhere — we think in *Pisistratus Caxton*, — that very rich men in England are the victims of a peculiar kind of suspicion, — of an idea that they are everybody's mark, that every charge made to them will be an overcharge, every representation a falsehood; that unless they guard their fortunes as a Chancellor of the Exchequer guards his treasury, they will be pillaged till even their property cannot stand the "loot." There may be something in that suggestion, but, as a matter of fact, they either are or become keen men of business, and of all Englishmen who give, keen men of business give most. No doubt the American absence of fear about money matters is peculiar to America, and arises from two causes, neither of which exists here. Money in America, beyond a certain amount, yield its possessor very little, though a man like Vanderbilt can sometimes, if so inclined, make himself as powerful as a State, — he is fighting one State even now on almost equal terms, — and wealth does not so greatly affect a man's social status; but these facts scarcely account for the extreme difference in the "donations" of the two countries. Then it is said the very rich seldom have any disposable cash. Count's people, we fancy, would give a quite remarkable answer to that assertion, but there is a still better one open to anybody. No rich man ever has the smallest difficulty in raising the sort of sum we speak of, a tithe, say, of his fortune, if he wants it for pleasure, or power, or waste, — ever fails to ruin himself completely if he chooses to do it. He can therefore, if he likes, ruin himself in gifts. "I shall spend my West India property on the election," said old Lord Harewood one day, when he was fighting the Fitzwilliams for the representation of his county, and tradition says he kept his word, spending 100,000*l*. He would have thought it extravagance to give the same sum towards supplying Leeds with water, a thing which has been done, we believe, two or three times in America.

There is much more force in the explanation we once heard offered by the agent of an enormously wealthy Peer, that his employer always seemed to him to look at his property like a King rather than an owner,

to think of it as territory, not money, to have the statesman feeling rather than that of the proprietor. Mr. Gladstone is wretched if anybody starts a demand for a heavy grant from the Exchequer, and yet is personally none the poorer, and we can imagine the head of a great family owning a great estate to have much the same feeling. There was a letter from the late Marquis of Londonderry, published some time since, about an Irish election, in which he expressed very much that feeling, moaning over such a "waste of treasure," not of money, without result. The feeling, however, must be of slow growth, could hardly have existed, for example, in the late Mr. Crawshaw, who must have had one of the first, if not the first of ready-money fortunes in Europe; but we suspect the true explanation of the rarity of gifts like Mr. Whitworth's is a different one. The idea that such gifts would naturally be frequent rests on the arithmetical assumption that what 1,000*l.* is to a man with 10,000*l.*, that 100,000*l.* is to a man with a million. It isn't. We are convinced that after a certain point the influence of proportion ceases altogether, and that the millionaire looks at a specified sum of money just as any educated income-taxpayer does, sees its bigness just as clearly as he sees the bigness of anything else, feels 50,000*l.* as vast a gift as a third person does. Most of our readers can test this gradual decay of proportion for themselves. A man with 1,000*l.* a year will find that he regards a sovereign very differently from a man with 300*l.*, but that they look at 100*l.* with very much the same eyes, — and that is by no means the strongest illustration we could give. The moment money amounts to "treasure" in the eyes of its owner, it passes into an entirely different region of thought, in which the old sense of proportion becomes disturbed or so modified as to have no application. We all see that process in another way, — the extraordinary difference in men's minds between the values they set on capital and income. The man who will lose 500*l.* out of his dividends by the failure of a bank and yet be quite calm, is wretched if the 500*l.* happened to be part of capital, of the put-away money which ought not to go. Yet he has lost no more. We fancy that even to triple millionaires all sums above 10,000*l.* look as they look to others able to estimate them at all, and, therefore, gifts of 10,000*l.* will always be few and far between.

From The Saturday Review.

MR. CHURCH'S NEW PICTURE OF NIAGARA.

MR. CHURCH, the American landscape-painter, whose name is now well enough known in this country to need no further introduction, was not quite satisfied with his famous picture of "Niagara" (exhibited in London some years ago, and recently in the Paris Universal Exhibition), so he has painted the Falls a second time, and now from the opposite side of the St. Lawrence. Mr. Church has frequently revisited Niagara since the appearance of his first picture, and seems to have experienced a kind of fascination very common with landscape-painters, who, when they have painted a subject once, are often drawn to it again and again. Turner often revisited Wharfedale, and loved that vale so much that the sight of it moved him to tears, and we have known several instances, amongst less distinguished painters, of the most intense attachment to places where they have worked, so that they always intend to revisit them, and can never bear to bid them a final adieu. It is very natural that the majesty of Niagara should draw a painter back to it again and again, and though something might be said about the imprudence of attempting to repeat a success on the same ground, Mr. Church, in painting this second great picture of the wonderful Falls, has only given additional proof of the strength of the impression they had originally made upon him.

This brings us to another aspect of the matter. Ought a landscape-painter to return to a place he has once painted, or simply to paint the impression of it which remains on his own mind? It is said to have been the opinion of Turner (setting aside his personal and piscatory affection for the river Wharfe) that painters acted foolishly in going back to the actual place when they wanted to paint it again, and that the image of it best worth copying was not that produced by the material locality upon the retina, but that which the memory had retained and the imagination glorified. We believe, however, that a rule cannot be laid down which would be suitable to all varieties of genius, and that Mr. Church has done rightly in going again to nature rather than trust to his memory and imagination. For it must be admitted that, although Mr. Church is a painter of uncommon ability in his way, he is not at all an imaginative artist. He observes nature with great accuracy, his eye is just and well-trained, and he is very intelligent in the management of

material, but his imaginative power is very moderate. He is not a poet, but a most accomplished student of the phenomena of nature.

Our readers may remember that Mr. Church's former picture of the Falls of Niagara was an oblong, whereas this is an upright one; the other also was in great part a study of the rapid just before the fall, whilst this is mainly a study of the fall itself and of the basin below it. If asked which of the two pictures we should most care to possess, we should be much embarrassed, for each illustrates and supplements the other. The two together are a splendid proof of what landscape-painting may do in a direction which, though secondary to poetical or creative art, is nevertheless equally important, and far more likely to be of service to the generality of mankind.

In saying that Mr. Church is not a poet, we by no means wish to imply any deficiency in those sensibilities which are commonly called poetical; we mean only that he is not a creator. Of course, the creative gift can do nothing without these sensibilities; but, on the other hand, the sensibilities are constantly found in great perfection without the creative gift. The difference is most familiar to us in music, where we find performance separated from invention, and where instrumentalists may earn the most splendid reputation without any originating power beyond that of reading music in their own way. Mr. Church is a landscape-painter of the same rank as the very best men who exhibit in Suffolk Street, but he has an advantage over the Coles and others in the uncommon tact with which he has managed his appearances. It is well known in the book trade that nothing is more favourable to reputation than few but telling strokes for fame; an author ought not to be continually tapping at the door of the Temple, but should beat it open with two or three mighty efforts, as with a battering-ram. Now, as Mr. Church happened to be in independent circumstances — to be, in fact, what people will persist in calling an amateur, that is, an artist not depending upon art for daily bread — he devoted himself to great enterprises, and determined to paint great subjects in the most important manner attainable by him. His fame is due as much to this art as to his pictorial power, though we have no wish to imply any deficiency in the latter. Mr. Church is an eminently skilful and accomplished painter of the second class.

The present picture has what is usually considered a disadvantage, in an exceedingly high horizon. It is, in fact, almost a bird's-eye view of the basin under the fall, the spectator being on the level of the rapid above; and there is what, with regard to any subject less vast than this, might be criticized as an apparent exaggeration of perspective. In speaking of this as exaggerated perspective we may expose ourselves to some misunderstanding. Exaggerated perspective is quite as true as the other, because, in order to bring an object into what is called exaggerated perspective, the spectator has only to put his eye near to it. In this matter every thing depends upon the distance from which we are either accustomed to see things or to conceive of them. The *Great Eastern* may be drawn from a distance which, relatively to her immense length, would be much smaller than that which would be suitable for ordinary vessels, and it is even necessary that she should be drawn so to convey any adequate idea of her size. So with the Falls of Niagara, as the most striking marvel about them is their immensity, it is right to choose a point relatively very near to them, and we are of opinion that, in the selection of his point of view, Mr. Church has proved the soundness of his judgment. The height from which the basin is seen (about 150 feet) increased enormously the difficulty of painting it, but Mr. Church has quite successfully contended with this difficulty, and has produced a study of water in motion which is decidedly the most learned and consummate study of water we have ever met with.

The effect is much the same as that of the preceding picture. The sky is of a dull dusty warm gray, with warm white clouds low on the horizon. The woods on the distant Canadian shore are obscured by the mist rising from the fall, which adds immensely to the artistic availableness of the subject. The reader will remember that the falls are divided by a mass of rock which is crowned by a dense wood; this wood is also obscured by mist, but partially, and much less so than that in the distance; and the effects of mist on these woods are full of interesting study, and surprisingly truthful. Let us now follow the fall from the Canadian shore to the American, from which we see it. First, we have three or four white cascades like a Swiss fall, then a rather broader mass, and then for a space we see no water at all on account of the rising mist. A little to the left of the mist, however, there is a broad

sheet of pure emerald, whose translucent beauty, though it really covers only a few square inches of canvas, leads the imagination to give an ideal splendour to the whole waterfall. It is often wonderful how an explanatory passage of this kind will glorify a whole picture. The painter tells us that under certain conditions the water of Niagara is something between a sapphire and an emerald, and forthwith a great cascade, though broken into foam and dulled by all manner of surface-reflections, seems clear and pure as the deep sea. This transparent passage is followed by one of dull, opaque white, and then we come to the rocks in mid-stream, whose thick vegetation is watered by the ever-ascending mist and trembles at the eternal thunder. From here to the spectator is nothing but the rippling rapid above, and the ragged sheet of heavily-falling water, losing itself below in masses of rolling cloud. In the way of immediate foreground we have a cliff to the left, and before us its scattered *débris*.

The most original passage remains to be described. Below every waterfall there is a pool, whose motion is in great part determined by the continual rising from below of the water which the force of the cascade has driven down to the very bed of the river. A fall like Niagara actually dives and strikes the bottom, from which it continually rebounds. The effects on the surface of the pool are amongst the most curious of all the phenomena of water. One very remarkable result is that, although there may be nothing like what we are accustomed to call a wave, the water is not level; it often perceptibly rises into gentle eminences, flowing away from these in all directions. Sometimes the whole pool is visibly, though slightly domed, and this, from Mr. Church's record, appears to be the case with Niagara. There was no great technical difficulty in rendering this appearance, but Mr. Church has achieved a very great feat in his interpretation of the surface-markings; we have never seen the lines of currents and the stretching streaks of foam more thoroughly studied than in this picture. The difficulty of painting such a large space of water would have been great under any circumstances, but in this case, when it is covered with elaborate markings, every one of which is a result of motions and forces exceedingly difficult to analyze and comprehend, and seen from such a height that all these markings must be thoroughly mapped out, the difficulty is so tremendous that nothing but very extraordinary powers of observation and memory could have overcome it.

Whilst gladly and warmly recognizing these powers of truthful representation, we are, however, compelled to make certain reserves. Mr. Church is not, in our view, an artist of the highest class, and there is no probability that he will ever become one. The art that he produces is highly valuable and interesting, and richly deserves the success that has attended it; but Mr. Church's manner as a painter is not a great manner, nor would it be safe for him to attempt to paint in a great manner. He never reaches any of those marvellously synthetic and concentrated kinds of expression in which the greatest painters have usually excelled. We should doubt whether, in any true and great sense, he is able to sketch. Few artists can sketch, but unless they can there is little chance of their becoming great painters. Mr. Church paints rocks and trees about as well as our English landscape-painters usually paint them, but excels most of them in skies, and nearly all of them in the scientific knowledge of water. His characteristics are those of a devoted student of nature rather than of a votary of art, and nature, rather than art, seems to be the power that fascinates and enslaves him. In this respect he is in close sympathy with many of the best people living in these days; and though it may be occasionally necessary to defend art against the active and enterprising clan of the naturalists, we have a great respect for them, and an especial respect for such a true and brave leader as Mr. Church. The value of his labours must always be scientifically and historically considerable, and if the lamentable news that the waters of Niagara are working out another passage, and that the falls will soon cease to exist, should unhappily prove to be well-founded, future generations may come to this picture as a splendid page of the world's physical history, a true and faithful record of a great marvel of the past.

From The London Review.

THE PRIVILEGES OF ROYALTY.

"If I were only a prince," sighs the youthful schoolboy, "I would come down here this very morning on a white pony, and with my pockets full of money. I would give every boy in the place a full holiday and half a crown; and I should sit on my pony and hear everybody give me a

cheer." As the schoolboy, however, proceeds to study what is called the philosophy of history he is told that it is not so enviable a thing to be a prince. Kings, say the moral instructors of our youth, are placed on a dangerous pinnacle; "that fierce light which beats upon a throne" renders them very uncomfortable; great excellences and severe duties are expected from them, and they are more liable than other men to be caught in the squalls of evil fortune. This is only part of that ethical training which, with respect to such worldly ambitions as fame, riches, position, and what not, endeavours to teach the young fox contentment, by proclaiming, during his infancy, the sourness of grapes; and sometimes the disciple carries these dogmas with him through life. A little independent observation, nevertheless, might easily show our modern student that there is nothing nowadays so easy as to be a good, and respected, and comfortable prince or king. Here in England, at least, a prince, in order to secure our loyalty and devotion, has only to behave decently. He is not troubled with experimental legislation; he is not called upon to risk starvation and rheumatism when we send an unprovided army into the field. We are content—nay, we are rejoiced, to welcome merely negative virtues. If he will only abstain from becoming intoxicated at public dinners, if he will only preserve a semblance of domestic affection and avoid raising public scandals—if he will only, in short, behave with moderation, we consider ourselves lucky, and pay him a handsome price for conducting himself properly. We do not ask him to be a patron of the fine arts, nor a leader of philanthropists, nor a friend to men of science, nor an active helper in any good work whatever; we are glad if he is merely a respectable nobody.

But if our royal person happen to have any quickness of sympathy, or practical benevolence, or intellectual capacity, look at the credit he or she gets for it! It is our good fortune at this moment to have in Europe several exemplary sovereigns, who know the value of little kindnesses in attracting the hearts of a nation, and who are constantly displaying a disinterestedness which we should admire even in a milliner or a drayman. The newspapers teem with such anecdotes of royalty. Here a sovereign chats for half an hour with a poor cottar, and, on leaving, drops a little pecuniary recompense for the pleasure derived from the adventure; and there another sovereign sees a girl crying in the streets,

speaks to her, carries her off, and has her educated. Chance courtesies of phrase addressed to box-keepers or coachmen; small benevolences exercised towards beggars—these are the manifestations of royal benig-nity which we worship. Newspaper writers are puzzled to find adjectives to express their sense of the awful nature of this royal condescension; and go down on their knees before exhibitions of a simple generosity, the absence of which would transform a human being into a monster. We do not at all seek to depreciate these graceful acts. We scarcely think it worth while to insist upon the reflection that the milliner's girl who, out of her 9s. a week, gives a penny to a blind beggar, has done a nobler deed than the prince who tosses a sovereign out of his carriage window to a lot of hurrahing children. We merely wish to point out the extreme ease with which a prince of very average, natural, and acquired qualities may, if he choose, win the regard and admiration of his subjects. A little volume of Recollections has recently been published by the Hon. Amelia Murray, who had many opportunities of coming in contact with Queen Charlotte; and in looking over these little anecdotes and sayings recorded of the pious, well-intentioned, and not very brilliant consort of George III., one is continually called upon to imagine how much more might have been made of even those gifts which the Queen possessed. "On one occasion," says Miss Murray, "the Queen had sent me a smart frock, and I was taken down to the pier to thank her. She said, 'I hope you liked it, my dear?' 'Oh yes, ma'am; it was the first of my own I ever had.' Surprise being expressed, my mother explained that, being the youngest of several daughters, I succeeded to the frocks that my elder sisters had outgrown. 'Poor dear!' exclaimed Queen Charlotte, 'she shall have another frock.' *Was not my heart won from that very hour?*" Now the peculiarity of the anecdote is that no one will think it unnatural or extraordinary that the gift of a frock, coming from a queen should win any one's heart. Who among us would not feel proud, and gratified, and profusely loyal, if we were to receive from the present Queen such a simple, and not extremely useful, garment? When the gift of a frock, therefore, can make a subject loyal for life, we are surprised to find the evil odour in which many of the princes of the present day are content to remain. We do not desire them to give a frock to each of their prospective subjects; but from this little incident may be guessed the pro-

portionate effect which would be produced upon a nation by the most occasional studying of its habits, opinions, and temper. The extravagant value which a nation is willing to set upon any tolerably decent qualities, intentions, or acts on the part of its sovereign ought to be a great inducement to her or him in the way of achieving popularity. We give our princes a life of pleasure: the smallest return they can make is to take that pleasure in grooves which are consonant with the cultivated tastes of society. If we give him sufficient money to have the best artistes in Europe at his private concerts, why should he go out of his way to patronize the vulgarities of the lowest music halls? If he is dissatisfied with indigenous dramatic entertainments, why should he turn to the lowest possible importation from foreign sources—an indecent dance? A certain deference to social decorum being the only duty required at his hands, he ought to submit to that restraint, whether he considered it justifiable or not.

In the volume we have mentioned, there occurs another significant anecdote with regard to this subject. Speaking of the year 1809, Miss Murray says, "There was about this period an extravagant *furor* in the cause of the Princess of Wales. She was considered an ill-treated woman, and that was enough to arouse popular feeling. My brother was among the young men who helped to give her an ovation at the opera. A few days afterwards he went to a breakfast at a place near Woolwich. There he saw the Princess, in a gorgeous dress, which was looped up to show her petticoat, covered with stars, with silver wings on her shoulders, sitting under a tree, with a pot of porter on her knee; and, as a finale to the gaiety, she had the doors opened of every room in the house, and, selecting a partner, she galloped through them, desiring all the guests to follow her example! It may be guessed whether the gentlemen were anxious to clap her at the opera again." Now we hope there is nothing intrinsically wicked in looping up a dress in order to show a petticoat covered with stars, nor yet in a lady's putting silver wings on her shoulders, any more than in her wearing a golden beetle for a bonnet. Neither can there be anything immoral in a pint of porter; and it would puzzle Mrs. Grundy herself to demonstrate the heinousness of a gallop. But these things, sufficiently innocent in themselves, were thought to compromise the then Princess of Wales, who ought to have known the prejudices of society on such points and to have respected them. The

gentlemen of whom Miss Murray speaks may have been illogical jackasses to blame the Princess of Wales for what she did; but their bad logic and their want of charity were the reflection of the current opinion of society, which the Princess of Wales had no right to disregard. And, indeed, the limits we put upon the private conduct of our princes are not very embarrassing. We allow them every latitude which is consonant with the due performance of those extremely slight public duties we demand of them. A prince or king of England has now so many ways of enjoying himself—he can command so much of what is called pleasure—that he ought to be able to bear the yoke of such mild restraint as public opinion finds to be necessary. Then we are always very charitable to him. He may be a fool, and yet we are loyal to him. He may have a peevish childishness of temper, for ever driving away from him the men most fitted to guide him, and yet we are loyal to him. He may neglect every one of the implied duties of royalty—he may withhold his patronage from men of art, science, and literature, and shower it upon mountebanks and parasites, and yet we are loyal to him. He may be guilty of extravagance and run into debt, which he can never hope to pay; we seize every appropriate opportunity to increase his income, and allow him to lead a comfortable life. The least, therefore, that we can expect from him is a becoming consideration for the outward conventionalities of society. He knows that every little effort in this way—every trifling kindness or courtesy—will be estimated at a hundred times its ordinary value; and, knowing this, and having at his command all the possibilities of his position, it must be entirely the fault of his own perverseness if he is disliked or unpopular.

From The Sunday Magazine.

BREWSTER AND FARADAY.

THE almost simultaneous departure of Faraday and Brewster, distinguished as they both were alike for their scientific attainments and their devout character, brings to our mind a favourite notion of the latter—"that the benefactors of mankind labour in groups and shine in constellations. Surrounded with Kepler, and Galileo, and Hook, and Halley, and Flamsteed, and La

Place, Newton completes the seven Pleiades by whom the system of the world was developed. Luther, and Calvin, and Zwingle, and Knox form the group which rescued Christendom from Papal oppression. Watt, and Arkwright, and Brindley, and Bell have made water and iron the connecting links of nations, and have armed mechanism with superhuman strength and almost superhuman skill. By the triple power of perseverance, wisdom, and eloquence, Clarkson, and Wilberforce, and Fox have wrenched from the slave his manacles and fetters; and we look forward with earnest anticipation to the advent and array of other sages who shall unshackle conscience and reason; unlock the world's granaries for her starving children; carry the torchlight of education and knowledge into the dens of ignorance and vice, and with the amulet of civil and religious liberty, emancipate immortal man from the iron grasp of superstition and misrule.* When the sages of the nineteenth century are grouped by some future historian, there is no one with whom Brewster is more likely to be coupled than Faraday. The same simplicity of character, the same delight in science, the same reverence for God's works and for God's Word characterized both. Ordinarily, their religious convictions manifested themselves less in words than in a certain reverential tone, which, however, sometimes came forth with its open utterances. It may be remarked of Sir David Brewster, for example, that he invariably dwells with pleasure on indications of religious earnestness in any of the eminent men of science whom he has occasion to write of. It exalts Kepler in his eyes that he never addressed himself to any scientific labour without prayer for God's blessing; and Cuvier becomes a greater man in his estimation when he finds him engaging in labours of love for Protestant education and Protestant worship. He warmly and triumphantly defends Sir Isaac Newton from the sneering charge of having taken to theology when his mind was enfeebled, and published his views on the Apocalypse to afford some consolation to those who felt themselves outstripped and humbled by his transcendent ability in science. The devout character of Pascal is his great glory in Sir David's eyes. Those who were accustomed to hear his opening addresses to the Royal Society of Edinburgh will remember the sympathetic regret with which he touched on the character of such a man as Dr. Greville; the mournful compassion he showed for "the fallen stars of science, the sappers and

miners of the faith;" and the burning indignation he threw upon the idolaters of physical law, who dared to hurl the Almighty from his throne. Notwithstanding all this, the public were perhaps hardly prepared for those expressions of simple, hearty, holy trust in Christ which fell from him in his last hours, and which showed how wonderfully adapted the old Gospel is at once to the little child and to the most cultivated sage. In his biography of Newton, Sir David remarks that he declined taking orders in the English Church because he believed that he might be more useful to religion as a layman. Probably it was the same conviction that prevented Sir David himself from following out the profession of the ministry in the Church of Scotland; and the singularly valuable testimony of his death-bed enables us to see the soundness of his opinion.

From The Sunday Magazine.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY.

THE removal of the British and Foreign Bible Society, from the premises in Earl Street, which it has occupied since 1816, naturally gives occasion to a review of the changes that half a century has witnessed in connection with the spread of the sacred Scriptures. The contrast is certainly most interesting. The average issue of the society previous to 1816 was little more than 100,000 a year; last year it was 2,383,000. The whole number of copies circulated by the society from the beginning is 54,000,000. In 1816, the number of languages and dialects in which the Bible was printed was 63; in 1867 it was 178. The whole expenditure of the first twelve years was under half-a-million; that of last year alone was nearly a quarter-of-a-million. But the change is even greater and more gratifying when attention is turned to the comparative facilities now existing for the circulation of the Word of God. Even in France, it was by no means certain at the beginning of the period referred to, that the circulation of the Scriptures might not at any moment be stopped. In Austria and Italy it was in vain to make the attempt. But now the Bible is spread freely over these countries. One part at least of the prayer which the Apostle called for has been strikingly fulfilled in our day—the Word of God has "free course:" and the other part may

* "North British Review, I.," 286, 7.

surely be expected to follow — that it may “be glorified.” There is a strangely conflicting tendency in human nature, at once to magnify and to undervalue the importance of work which it sees going on. Some men are for ever exaggerating. They are finding the “two witnesses” of the Apocalypse in some testimony for the faith which they with others may have borne, the battle of Armageddon in some vulgar war, and the sure signs of the end of the world in some social or political convulsion which may be happening around them. But men are hardly less prone to undervalue the significance of other events which can be shown to have a most vital bearing on the history and highest destiny of the whole human race. Such an event is the translation of the Scriptures into 178 languages and versions, an event which is mainly the achievement of the last fifty years. Let the reader only think what a significant and important event the first translation of the Scriptures was — the Septuagint version, or the Latin translation of Jerome, or the Hexapla of Origen! What mighty landmarks these are in the history of the church, and what incalculable influence they had on the religious history of the world! But the work which, done singly, gave such importance to these times, has been done scores of times in our century. It is impossible to exaggerate the importance which this fact may acquire in the future history of the Christian church. And we are not to be too lugubrious over the “confusion of tongues” at Babel, nor look on that event as an unmitigated evil. Like other fruits of man’s sin and folly, it has been over-ruled for good. That concentration of attention on the meaning of God’s Word which has been necessary to produce these 178 versions must have been attended with reflex effects of the most valuable kind. Nor are we to overlook the effect, the vast effect of these versions, in laying the foundation, in many cases, of a local literature, fixing, or even improving the language, and stimulating and developing the intellectual, as well as the moral and spiritual life of nations. The Bible Society has much cause to be thankful, but, we need not add, no cause to rest and be thankful. The next fifty years, we trust, will witness an expansion of its operations corresponding in magnitude and value to that of the last half-century. Fifty-four millions is a large number of copies of the Bible to have circulated, but the population of the globe is said to be twelve hundred millions. At best the Society has as yet produced little more than a Bible for every

twenty-fourth human being. Will it be able, during the next half century, to overtake the remaining twenty-three?

JOHN STUART MILL.

A WRITER in the *Chicago Tribune* describes a visit to Mr. Mill’s residence, at Avignon, in France. He speaks as follows of the cemetery where Mrs. Mill is buried:—

Attracted by its picturesque beauty, I turned for a few moments into the cemetery. I had not walked far when I came upon something which made a very solemn impression upon my mind. Sheltered by a grove of evergreens, I found a square space, bordered by beds of flowers. In the centre of it, inclosed by a low iron railing, rose a large sarcophagus, of pure white marble, resting on a base of the same beautiful material. At the head of the monument stood a single camellia with exquisite white flowers. Between the flower beds and the railing a small walk extended around. In one of the corners of the lot rose a simple stone bench, serving as a resting place to the mourners. And who sleeps in this secluded spot? On the flat top of the sarcophagus I read the following words:

TO THE BELOVED MEMORY

OF

HARRIET MILL,

THE DEARLY LOVED AND DEEPLY REGRETTED

WIFE OF JOHN STUART MILL.

Her great and loving heart,

Her noble soul,

Her clear, powerful, original, and comprehensive intellect, made her the guide and support, The instructor in wisdom and the example in goodness,

As she was the sole earthly delight of those who had the happiness to belong to her.

As earnest for all public good, as she was generous and devoted to all who surrounded her, her influence has been found in many of the greatest improvements of the age, and will be in those still to come.

Were there even a few hearts and intellects like hers, this earth would already become the hoped-for Heaven.

She died, to the irreparable loss of those who survive her.

At Avignon — November 3d. 1858.

The moving words of this epitaph, so full of tender eloquence, tell not only what the noble woman whose ashes repose here has been to John Stuart Mill, and to the cause of human progress and reform, but also the motive of the frequent and protracted sojourns at Avignon of the companion of her life. That he might be as near as possible to her grave, he purchased years ago

a country house within a few hundred yards of the cemetery, where he devotes himself, not to fruitless lamentations over his great, irreparable loss, but to the elaboration of those wise and elevated principles for the growth of which in his mind he is so much indebted to her genius. His devoted attachment to the beloved dead and faithful prosecution of the work in which she was his constant helpmate and inspiration is certainly one of the noblest illustrations of his character.

Of Mr. Mill himself, the writer says:

I found myself in what seemed to serve as a library to the owner of the house. In an arm-chair in front of the fire place, in which some coals were still burning, notwithstanding the warm Spring sunshine without, there sat, with a cat purring at his feet, the well-known form of Mr. Mill. He rose as I entered, welcomed me by a cordial shake of the hand, and invited me to be seated. In a very little while we were engaged in a lively conversation. Mr. Mill's figure is of more than the average height, but he could hardly be called tall. His form is decidedly slender. His head impresses one at once as the seat of intelligence of the highest order and the highest activity. The upper portion is very broad, but below the splendid high forehead the face becomes narrow featured. His eyes are grayish and not large, but of a most genial expression. His nose is thin and straight, and well proportioned. The features run out into a very sharp chin. The complexion of the clean-shaved face is rosy, and clearly indicative of good health. The top of the head is almost bald; but the lower portion is covered with a good growth of rather curly light brown hair, slightly tinged with gray. His voice is not strong, but of great clearness, notwithstanding the delicate and almost womanly gentleness of its tones. Mr. Mill is a rather hesitating public speaker. His ordinary conversation discloses the same defect, which is probably the result of a long habit of weighing words before committing himself to them.

CHAPEAU BAS!

AIR — "*Le Marquis de Carabas.*"

Lo, brains at last we see,
At the top, where brains should be!
Ne'er was place won in race,
That so tested pluck and pace;

Heavier-weighted horse
Never ran a course,
Nor e'er came, at the push,
With a fiercer Chifney rush. —
To VIVIAN GREY *chapeau bas*,
My Lord MARQUIS DE CARABAS!

Is't England's praise or blame
Such a player wins his game,
Who can press for success
Be't by trick, revoke, finesse?
Is it good or ill,
This adamant will,
With an india-rubber brain,
And a conscience proof to strain? —
To VIVIAN GREY *chapeau bas*,
My Lord MARQUIS DE CARABAS!

On lee-shore, over bar,
Still steering by his star;
Shoal and sand, reef and strand,
Dodging with a dext'rous hand;
Passionless and cool,
And calm his crew to school,
When weaker pilots quailed,
Through what straits the ship he sailed!
To VIVIAN GREY *chapeau bas*,
My Lord MARQUIS DE CARABAS!

Ne'er in hand teacher took
Classes duller at their book;
Ne'er was toil on stiffer soil,
Or more likely tools to spoil:
But he wrought, hour by hour,
Till knowledge grew to power,
And at last his Tory class
Learnt to see facts as they pass. —
To VIVIAN GREY *chapeau bas*,
My Lord MARQUIS DE CARABAS!

If workman's worth his hire,
Why should DIZZY not aspire?
He has striven, brain has given,
To the stream his asses driven.
Must he only think
How asses best may drink?
'Twas his the cup to crown,
Who but he should drink it down? —
To VIVIAN GREY *chapeau bas*,
My Lord MARQUIS DE CARABAS!

Genius or charlatan?
Settle that point who can.
Who shall bring his stone to fling
At little BENJAMIN, our King?
By what right he rules, —
As the wise man o'er the fools,
Or the one-eyed o'er the blind, —
Let the future's verdict find. —
To VIVIAN GREY *chapeau bas*,
My Lord MARQUIS DE CARABAS!

— *Punch.*

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

No. 1251. — May 23, 1868.

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New Books —

THE CRETAN REFUGEES AND THEIR AMERICAN HELPERS. A Statement addressed to the Contributors for the Relief of Cretan Refugees. By Samuel G. Howe. Lee & Shepard: Boston. [This handsome quarto pamphlet contains a Map of Crete, and a beautiful photograph of the American Industrial School for Cretan Refugees in Athens.]

WASHBURN & COMPANY'S Amateur Cultivator's Guide to the Flower and Kitchen Garden. Washburn & Co.: Boston.

The Talmud seems to emerge into life. The Rev. J. S. Nathans, D.D. (whom we understand to be a Sadducee), is to give a course of eight lectures thereon, in Boston, beginning May 12. Tickets for the course (\$5) for sale at bookstores.

Preparing for Publication at this Office —

LINDA TRESSEL. By the author of "Nina Balatka."

THE BRAMLEIGHTS OF BISHOP'S FOLLY. By Charles Lever.

ALL FOR GREED.

PHINEAS FINN, THE IRISH MEMBER. By Mr. Trollope.

OCCUPATIONS OF A RETIRED LIFE. By Edward Garrett.

A SEABOARD PARISH. By George McDonald.

PEEP INTO A WESTPHALIAN PARSONAGE.

Just Published at this Office —

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A HOME IN STATEN ISLAND.

[For the proper understanding of the following verses, written by a home-sick Englishman while resident in Staten Island, near New York; it may be necessary to state that in North America there are neither daisies, nor primroses, nor skylarks, nor nightingales, nor any bird with a musical note except the mocking bird, which is not often heard north of Maryland. The "dogwood" and the "catalpa," of which mention is made, are flowering trees of great beauty in the vernal landscape.]

My true love clasped me by the hand,
And from our garden alley,
Looked o'er the landscape seamed with sea,
And rich with hill and valley.
And said, "We've found a pleasant place
As fair as thine and my land,
A calm abode, a flowery home
In sunny Staten Island.

"Behind us lies the teeming town
With lust of gold grown frantic;
Before us glitters o'er the bay,
The peaceable Atlantic.
We hear the murmur of the sea —
A monotone of sadness,
But not a whisper of the crowd,
Or echo of its madness.

"See how the dogwood sheds its bloom
Through all the greenwood mazes,
As white as the untrodden snow
That hides in shady places.
See how the fair catalpa spreads
Its azure flowers in masses,
Bell-shaped, as if to woo the wind
To ring them as it passes.

"See stretching o'er the green hill side,
The haunt of cooing turtle,
The clambering vine, the branching elm,
The maple and the myrtle,
The undergrowth of flowers and fern
In many-tinted lustre,
And parasites that climb or creep,
And droop, and twist, and cluster.

"Behold the gorgeous butterflies
That in the sunshine glitter,
The bluebird, oriole, and wren
That dart and float and twitter:
And humming birds that peer like bees
In stamen and in pistil,
And, over all, the bright blue sky
Translucent as a crystal.

"The air is balmy, not too warm,
And all the landscape sunny
Seems, like the Hebrew paradise,
To flow with milk and honey.
Here let us rest, a little while —
Not rich enough to buy land,
And pass a summer well content
In bowery Staten Island."

"A little while," I made reply,
"A little while — one summer:
For, pleasant though the land may be
To any fresh new comer,
I miss the primrose in the dell,
The blue-bell in the wild wood,
And daisy glinting through the grass,
The comrade of my childhood.

"I miss the ivy on the wall,
The grey church in the meadow,
The fragrant hawthorn in the lanes,
And all the beechen shadow.
And more than all that proves to me
It never can be my land,
I miss the music of the groves
In leafy Staten Island.

"There's not a bird in glen or shaw
That has a note worth hearing;
Unvocal all as barn-door fowls,
Or land-rails in the clearing.
Give me the skylark far aloft
To heaven up-singing, soaring;
Or nightingale, at close of day,
Lamenting but adoring!

"Give me the throistle on the bough,
The blackbird and the linnet,
Or any bird that sings a song
As if its heart were in it.
And not your birds of gaudier plume,
That you can see a mile hence,
And only need, to be admired,
The priceless charm of silence.

"There's drone, I grant, of wasps and bees,
And sanguinary hornets,
That blow their trumps as loud and shrill
As regimental cornets.
And all night long the bull-frogs croak
With melancholy crooning,
Like large bass-voiced out of gear,
And tortured in the tuning.

"And then those nimble poisonous fiends,
The insatiable mosquitoes
That come in armies noon and night,
To plague, if not to eat us.
The devil well deserves his name,*
That sent them to the dry land;
Let us away across the sea,
Far, far from Staten Island!"

"Ah, well!" my true love said and smiled,
"There's shade to every glory;
There's no true paradise on earth
Except in song or story.
The place is fair, and while thou'st here,
Thy land shall still be my land,
And all the Eden earth affords
Be ours in Staten Island."

— *All the Year Round.*

* Beelzebub, the lord of the flies.

From The Quarterly Review.

1. *The Works of Lord Macaulay complete.* Edited by his sister, Lady Trevelyan. 8 vols. 8vo. London. 1866.
2. *The New Examen; or an Inquiry into the Evidence relating to certain Passages in Lord Macaulay's History.* By John Paget, Barrister-at-Law. Edinburgh and London. 1861.

THE time has come when we feel bound to enter a firm protest against a species of hero-worship which cannot fail to demoralise and discredit the republic of letters, if it spreads. The worshippers at the Macaulay shrine will not rest satisfied with the ready, nay eager, recognition of their idol as the most brilliant and popular essayist and historian of the age. They peremptorily insist on his infallibility. There is to be no appeal from his judgments. As who should say, 'I am Sir Oracle.' In apparent imitation of a familiar practice on board ship when the hour is reported, no sooner has he pronounced an opinion or inference, than his votaries exclaim in chorus, 'make it so.' Woe to the critics who presume to claim the right of private judgment, or dare to unsettle what he has pronounced to be settled. They will be ignored, hustled on one side, or misrepresented; whilst the original false creed or theory will be confidently set forth anew as if nothing ever had, or ever could be, urged against it. What makes the school or clique to which we allude especially formidable and mischievous, is its respectability; comprising, as it does, several distinguished men of letters, and having for its organ a Review of long-established influence and reputation. Nor does it much mend the matter that they are acting conscientiously, and do not even seem aware that they risk any loss of literary reputation, although ready to go any lengths rather than admit that they have erred with their master.

When a lady asked Dr. Johnson how he came to commit a palpable blunder in his 'Dictionary,' he replied: 'Ignorance, Ma'am, pure ignorance.' Lord Macaulay was never seduced into such a display of frankness, although he could have afforded it equally well. It was a point of honour with him never to admit an error; and his disciples manfully maintain to this hour that he never was guilty of one. There has been enough of this. We have a duty to perform, though we are well aware that it is an invidious and a difficult one. Almost all readers feel the charm of Lord Macaulay's eloquence, —

of his rich imagination, his descriptive powers, his gorgeous rhetoric, his glow, grasp, and comprehensiveness, — but very few care to inquire about the evidence upon which his splendid declamations rest. Examination of evidence in a critical spirit is to most persons repulsive, and it is always difficult to undertake the support of reasoned truth against eloquent sentiment. We have, moreover, to contend, in the present case, not only against the 'vulgi indiligentia veri' — the dislike which the majority always feel to the investigation of truth* — but against an established admiration, which in many minds rises to something like a religious sentiment. It is no pleasure to us, we can assure our readers, to dwell upon the failings of an eminent writer whose loss we all deplore, and who has left behind him a large circle of attached and ardent admirers; but we cannot stand by and allow arrogant assumptions and transparent sophistries to be produced as decisive of a controversy because Lord Macaulay has set his seal upon them. The time can hardly come when his picturesque and luminous pages will cease to be devoured with avidity by the most intellectual and impressible class of readers; and these, above all others, should be forewarned that a most attractive and instructive companion may prove a very unsafe counsellor or guide.

We may as well say at starting that we do not accuse Lord Macaulay of conscious misrepresentation or premeditated wrong. He was a man of an ardent, generous nature, with high aspirations for human progress, a deep sense of justice, and a vehement hatred of oppression. Indeed, it was the very depth and strength of his moral and political convictions that so frequently warped his judgment: he could see no good in any one who he thought upheld tyranny or bigotry, no harm in any one who seemed to him to promote civil and religious freedom. By some peculiarity of his mental constitution he was also singularly impatient of uncertainty: like sundry recent converts or perverts that shall be nameless, he hurried into dogmatism to escape doubt. He could never be made to understand that there are whole classes of subjects on which certainty is unattainable: questions to which, instead of saying yes or no, we are compelled to give a qualified reply. It was in reference to this peculiarity, as displayed in the Cabinet,

* The dictum of Thucydides is as true now as it was in his day, — οὐτως ἀταλὰίπωρος τοῖς πολλοῖς ἡ ζήτησις τῆς ἀληθείας, καὶ ἐπὶ τὰ ἐτοίμα μᾶλλον τρέπονται. — (i. 20.)

that Lord Melbourne remarked: 'Macaulay is always so cock-sure of everything.' We were instantly reminded of him by the passage in which a great contemporary warns both readers, and writers against the tendency 'to break loose from the unseen spell by which a conscientious criticism binds them down—to screw up the possible and probable into certainty, to suppress counterbalancing considerations, and to substitute a *pleasing romance* in place of half-known and perplexing realities.'*

Then, there was his notorious fondness for the dramatic or melodramatic in composition, for telling contrasts and picturesque details—that meretricious taste, that vanity of style, by which an author may be as dangerously misled as a woman by vanity of dress. Effect was to him what 'Action' was to Demosthenes, or *l'audace, toujours l'audace* to Danton—his aim, his end, his principle, his condition and criterion of success. The artistic delineations and descriptions on which he prided himself have been compared to Rembrandt pictures, made up of dazzling lights and deep shades: a comparison which suggests that, whilst the painter may select subjects adapted to his peculiar talent, the historian must take scenes and characters as they present themselves, and paint them with the fidelity of truth. Lord Macaulay does not seem to know what an unvarnished narrative, a graduated tone, or a neutral tint means: he has only black and white, with two or three of the most showy colours, on his palette; and as he dashes them on his canvas with the impetuosity of creative genius, the results are too often mere fancy pieces, not drawings from nature or portraits from the life. But nature abhors a violent contrast almost as much as she is said to abhor a vacuum; whilst spotless patriots and black-and-all-black villains are as rare as giants and dwarfs in life—

'Virtuous and vicious ev'ry man must be,
Few in the extreme, but all in the degree.'

He was so apt to let his imagination run away with him, that we constantly find him employing it to expand and gild truisms or amplify commonplaces. Take, for example, the eloquent description of the battle of Landen, in the course of which he expatiates, through the best part of a page, on the diminished importance of bodily strength in a commander in consequence of the invention of gunpowder; winding up with an

eminently characteristic exaggeration of the personal defects of Luxembourg and King William:—

'It is probable that, among the hundred and twenty thousand soldiers who were marshalled round Neerwinden under all the standards of Western Europe, the two feeblest in body were the hunchbacked dwarf who urged forward the fiery onset of France, and the asthmatic skeleton who covered the slow retreat of England.'—('Works,' vol. iv. p. 24.)*

Or, take the passage in which the evils of a debased currency are contrasted with the evils of misgovernment:

'The misgovernment of Charles and James, gross as it had been, had not prevented the common business of life from going steadily and prosperously on. While the honour and independence of the State were sold to a foreign Power, while chartered rights were invaded, while fundamental laws were violated, hundreds of thousands of quiet, honest, and industrious families laboured and traded, ate their meals and lay down to rest, in comfort and security. Whether Whig or Tories, Protestants or Jesuits were uppermost, the grazier drove his beasts to market; the grocer weighed out his currants; the draper measured out his broadcloth; the hum of buyers and sellers was as loud as ever in the towns; the harvest-home was celebrated as joyously as ever in the hamlets; the cream overflowed the pails of Cheshire; the apple juice foamed in the presses of Herefordshire; the piles of crockery glowed in the furnaces of the Trent; and the barrows of coal rolled fast along the timber railways of the Tyne.'—(Vol. iv. p. 189.)

There is no reason why this rhetorical diarrhoea should ever stop so long as there was a trade, calling, or occupation to be particularized: the pith of the proposition (which required no proof) being contained in the first sentence. Why not continue thus:—

'The apothecary vended his drugs as usual; the poulterer crammed his turkeys; the fishmonger skinned his eels; the wine-merchant adulterated his port; as many hot-cross buns as ever were eaten on Good Friday, as many pancakes on Shrove Tuesday, as many Christmas-pies on Christmas-day; on area steps the domestic drudge took in her daily pennyworth of the chalky mixture which Londoners call milk; through area bars the feline tribe, vigilant as ever, watched the arrival of the cats'-meat man; the painted courtesan flaunted in the Haymarket;

* All the references are made to the last edition of Lord Macaulay's Works placed at the head of this article.

* Grote's History of Greece, vol. I., Preface, p. x.

the cabs rattled through the Strand; and from the suburban regions of Fulham and Putney the cart of the market-gardener wended its slow and midnight way along Piccadilly to deposit its load of cabbages and turnips in Covent Garden.'

Practice makes perfect: this style of writing is easy enough when one has caught the trick of it; and there are other minor beauties of Lord Macaulay which his successors need not despair of rivalling if they take pains: e.g., his mode of stating that wild animals were more numerous in England when rights of forest were strictly maintained and half of what is now arable and pasture was uninclosed:

'The wild bull with his white mane was still to be found wandering in a few of the southern forests. The badger made his dark and tortuous hole on the side of every hill where the copsewood grew thick. The wild cats were frequently heard by night wailing round the lodges of the rangers of Whittlebury and Needwood. The yellow-breasted marten was still pursued in Cranbourne Chase for his fur, reputed inferior only to that of the sable. Fen eagles, measuring more than nine feet between the extremities of the wings, preyed on fish along the coast of Norfolk.'—(Vol. i. p. 245.)

This mode of describing the animal creation had been already employed in the 'Antijacobin':—

'The feather'd race with pinions skim the air,
Not so the mackerel, and still less the bear:
This roams the wood, carniv'rous for his prey;
That with soft roe pursues his watery way.
This, slain by hunters, yields his shaggy hide;
That, caught by fishers, is on Sundays cried.'

The most gorgeous of Lord Macaulay's descriptive pieces is undoubtedly the Hastings Trial in Westminster Hall, with the procession and the *catalogue raisonné* of the company. The varied knowledge and richness of imagination expended in the composition are undeniable; yet when it was highly praised before the late Sir G. Cornwall Lewis, whose worship was confined to ancient altars, he dryly remarked that it smacked strongly of the showman and the auctioneer.

Redundancy of ornament and glittering superfluity of illustration, however, afford no ground for regret or complaint. It is to the much more serious abuse of this illus-

trious writer's gifts that we attribute a gradually accelerated decline in his authority, which may lead to a grave deduction from his fame. The judgment of foreign nations may be accepted as a tolerably fair sample of the judgment of posterity. Already, both on the Continent and in the United States, Lord Macaulay is almost always quoted with qualification or reserve; and we have been anticipated in the line of argument we propose to pursue by several writers of learning and ability, to whose scattered discoveries and comments we hope to give fresh point and strength by concentrating them. Foremost amongst these stands Mr. Paget, the author of 'The New Examen,' who has brought to the task a rare amount of sagacity and research, and in numerous instances has (in our humble judgment) convicted the Whig oracle of inexcusable misstatement or suppression of facts. Nor are these ordinary, accidental, or insulated mistakes—

'quas aut incuria fudit
Aut humana parum cavit natura.'

The aberrations of which we especially complain are the fruit of the manner of writing which he systematically pursued: they may be traced to his most marked qualities; wide views, sweeping conclusions, rules of conduct, dogmas of faith, principles of policy, are based upon them: they are among the chief materials and instruments with which he constructs or destroys reputation. The proposed inquiry, therefore, involves much more than the accuracy of a great author. The characters of nations, classes, kings, statesmen and heroes are involved; and it is in the full sense of no common responsibility that we proceed.

We begin with the celebrated account of the Highlands, which, as we are opportunely reminded, is all the more startling as coming from one who is by direct descent a Highlander. After referring to Lord Macaulay's pedigree as set forth in the Peerage, which gives him a Highland minister and a Bristol Quaker for paternal and maternal grandfathers respectively, Mr. Paget proceeds:—

'With Highland and Quaker blood flowing in equal currents through his veins, it is difficult to say whether a Highlander or a Quaker is the more favourite object of his satire and butt for the shafts of his ridicule; whether George Fox or Coll of the Cows comes in for the larger share of his contempt; whether the enthusiast who felt himself divinely moved to

take off what we are in the habit of considering as the most essential of all garments, and to walk in the simplicity of nature through the town of Skipton, or the native of the Grampians, who never possessed such an article of dress at all, is the more ridiculous in his eyes; whether, in short, he despises most those who gave birth to his father or his mother. It is with the paternal ancestors of the historian that we have at present to do. No quarrel is so bitter as a family quarrel; when a man takes to abusing his father or his mother, he does it with infinitely greater gusto than a mere stranger. Lord Macaulay's description of the Highlands is accordingly so vituperative, so spiteful, so grotesque — it displays such command of the language of hatred, and such astounding power of abuse, that, coming as it does from a writer who challenges a place by the side of Hume and Gibbon, it takes the breath away, and one feels almost as one would on receiving a torrent of blasphemy from a Bishop, or ribaldry from a Judge, or a volley of oaths from a young lady whose crinoline one had just piloted, with the utmost respect, tenderness, and difficulty, to her place at the dinner-table.' — ('The New Examen,' p. 150.)

We do not believe that Lord Macaulay was animated by the smallest spice of animosity or spite. The only Scotchmen who did not manifest an honest pride in him on all occasions, or of whom he had ever even temporary reason to complain, were the lowland voters of Edinburgh, who amply redeemed in 1852 the folly and injustice of his rejection in 1847. He had no quarrel, public or private, to avenge, and no motive for vituperation. His sole object was effect, which in this instance could only be obtained by the peculiar mode of treatment he pursued. The general state of the Highlands towards the end of the seventeenth century and the beginning of the eighteenth was well known to the readers of 'Old Mortality' and 'Rob Roy.' It was confessedly the charm, the halo, flung over them by the great enchanter of the North, that first made their lakes and glens the favourite resort of tourists; and it is an undoubted truth that the taste for wild scenery, real or affected, is seldom largely indulged at the cost of personal discomfort or risk. The start of a London family for the Trosachs or Glencoe is invariably prefaced by a prosaic inquiry touching inns. But what is the use of repeating familiar facts in plain language, when they can be rhetorically dressed up in a manner to produce all the excitement and interest of a sensational novel or a melodrama —

'It is not easy for a modern Englishman, who can pass in a day from his club in Saint

James's Street to his shooting-box among the Grampians, and who finds in his shooting-box all the comforts and luxuries of his club, to believe that, in the time of his great-grandfathers, Saint James's Street had as little connexion with the Grampians as with the Andes. Yet so it was. In the south of our island scarcely anything was known about the Celtic part of Scotland; and what was known excited no feeling but contempt and loathing. The crags and the glens, the woods and the waters, were indeed the same that now swarm every autumn with admiring gazers and sketchers. The Trosachs wound as now between gigantic walls of rock tapestried with broom and wild roses; Foyers came headlong down through the birchwood with the same leap and the same roar with which he still rushes to Loch Ness; and, in defiance of the sun of June, the snowy scalp of Ben Cruachan rose, as it still rises, over the willowy islets of Loch Awe. Yet none of these sights had power, till a recent period, to attract a single poet or painter from more opulent and more tranquil regions. Indeed, law and police, trade and industry, have done far more than people of romantic dispositions will readily admit to develop in our minds a sense of the wilder beauties of nature. A traveller must be freed from all apprehension of being murdered or starved before he can be charmed by the bold outlines and rich tints of the hills. He is not likely to be thrown into ecstasies by the abruptness of a precipice from which he is in imminent danger of falling two thousand feet perpendicular; by the boiling waves of a torrent which suddenly whirls away his baggage, and forces him to run for his life; by the gloomy grandeur of a pass where he finds a corpse which marauders have just stripped and mangled; or by the screams of those eagles whose next meal may probably be on his own eyes.' — (Vol. iii. p. 42.)

The artistic merit of this paragraph is such that many of our readers will thank us for bringing it under their notice, quite independently of its value as an illustration. But when they have sufficiently admired the rich tints of the picture, let them calmly weigh its truth and the justness of the general impression left by it. The precipices are just as high and the rivers quite as liable to a sudden rise or *spate* as they were two hundred years ago; and at the time in question the traveller or stranger ran far less danger from marauders in the Highlands than in the metropolis, 'kept in constant terror by housebreakers,' or on the high roads of England, 'made almost impassable by freebooters.' These are Lord Macaulay's words in describing the state of England in 1692. In the Highlands in 1692, distracted as they were by feuds, the crimes of highway robbery and housebreaking were almost unknown; and, under the

patriarchal rule, any clansman who plundered a traveller would speedily have experienced the rude and ready justice of the chiefs. But let us hear what sort of accommodation an English traveller in the Highlands would have found about the same period; if he and his baggage were not whirled away in a torrent, or his corpse stripped and mangled by marauders, or his eyes picked out by eagles:—

‘He would have had to endure hardships as great as if he had sojourned among the Esquimaux or the Samoyeds. Here and there, indeed, at the castle of some great lord who had a seat in the Parliament and Privy Council, and who was accustomed to pass a large part of his life in the cities of the South, might have been found wigs and embroidered coats, plate, and fine linen, lace and jewels, French dishes and French wines. But, in general, the traveller would have been forced to content himself with very different quarters. In many dwellings the furniture, the food, the clothing, nay, the very hair and skin of his hosts would have put his philosophy to the proof. His lodgings would sometimes have been in a hut of which every nook would have swarmed with vermin. He would have inhaled an atmosphere thick with peat-smoke, and foul with a hundred noisome exhalations. At supper grain fit only for horses would have been set before him, accompanied by a cake of blood drawn from living cows. Some of the company with which he would have feasted would have been covered with cutaneous eruptions, and others would have been smeared with tar like sheep. His couch would have been the bare earth, dry or wet as the weather might be; and from that couch he would have risen half poisoned with stench, half blind with the reek of turf, and half mad with the itch.’— (Vol. iii. p. 46.)

There is a remarkable note to this passage:—

‘Almost all these circumstances are taken from Burt’s Letters. For the tar, I am indebted to Cleland’s poetry. In his verses on the “Highland Host” he says:

“The reason is, they’re smeared with tar,
Which doth defend their head and neck,
Just as it doth their sheep protect.”’

Before examining how far the statements in the text are supported by these authorities, let us weigh their internal probability and their agreement with universal laws and conditions of society. The writer would fain lead us to believe that there was nothing intermediate between wasteful luxury and squalid poverty, between the

castle of some great lord who had a seat in the Parliament and the Privy Council, and the hut of the lowest peasant. We doubt whether such a state of things ever existed anywhere; we are quite sure that it never existed, except in some out-of-the-way corner, in the Highlands, where landed property was formerly much more divided than since the territorial aggrandisement of several great houses, and the extinction or merger of so many of the clans. There is extant a sumptuary law of the time of James I. restricting the consumption of claret or French wine in the Highlands and islands, issued by the Scotch Privy Council, who can hardly have framed it with exclusive reference to the great lords who sate at their board. The term ‘castle’ in the Highlands corresponds pretty nearly with *château* or country-house. Judging from the castles still standing or the remains, we should say that, at the period of which Lord Macaulay speaks, an English visitor, properly recommended, would have been passed on from castle to castle at distances of ten, fifteen, to twenty miles at the farthest, and might have seen everything which is now thought worth seeing with little more hardship or discomfort than was experienced by Dr. Johnson and Boswell in their tour.

Burt, an officer in the army quartered at Inverness about 1725, is quite as loud in his complaints of the lack of English comfort and cleanliness in the Lowlands as in the Highlands, but his experience of houses of public entertainment in the far North is limited to two instances. In the course of an expedition to attend a meeting of chiefs, he was driven by stress of weather to pass the night in what he calls a hut.

‘My fare,’ he says, ‘was a couple of roasted hens (as they call them), very poor, new killed, the skins much broken with plucking, black with smoke, and greased with bad butter. As I had no great appetite to that dish, I spoke for some hard eggs, made my supper of the yolks, and washed them down with a bottle of good small claret. My bed had clean sheets and blankets. . . . For want of anything more proper for breakfast, I took up with a little brandy, water, sugar, and yolks of eggs beat up together, which I think they called “old man’s milk.”’

Here the gravamen lay in the cooking. But the roasted hens were not worse than the famous leg of mutton on which Dr. Johnson dined between London and Oxford, ‘ill fed, ill killed, ill kept, and ill dressed;’ and the clean sheets and blankets,

with the good small claret, were compensating circumstances of which Lord Macaulay apparently lost sight. In the second instance, Captain Burt found wholesome food, and on retiring to rest was shown into a separate hut or cabin where there was no reek of turf and no companion to communicate the itch. Though housed in the very lowest kind of Highland caravansary, he contradicts or discredits almost all the circumstances of the very statement he is cited to confirm; and whilst on this subject, Lord Macaulay (who places so much reliance on works of fiction) might surely have remembered the Clachan of Aberfoil at which Frank Osbaldistone and Baillie Nicol Jarvie were contented to put up.

But the question is not confined to the public-houses. The impression intended to be conveyed is that the generality of dwellings were on a par with the most miserable huts, in which the company, smeared with tar and covered with cutaneous eruptions, feasted on grain fit only for horses (to wit, oatcake) and cakes of blood drawn from living cows. The cake of oats and cow's-blood is mentioned by Burt as a resource of the lowest class of Highlanders in seasons of extraordinary scarcity. He does not say that it was set before him; and our horror at the thought of such an article of food was materially mitigated by thinking of the dish of hog's-blood, indicative of black-pudding, which the landlady (in 'Joseph Andrews') threw over Parson Adams.

The smearing of the skin with tar, by way of waterproofing we suppose, would require a graver authority than Cleland's burlesque verses. In allusion to its having been said of or by Fouché, that, give him a line of a man's handwriting and he would engage to ruin him, it has been said, 'Give Lord Macaulay an insulated fact or phrase, a scrap of a journal, or the tag end of a song, and on it, by the abused prerogative of genius, he would construct a theory of national or personal character which should confer undying glory or inflict indelible disgrace.' The tar theory, for which he tells us he was indebted to Cleland's dog-grel, is an apt exemplification of this remark. A conclusive answer to the worst imputation on the Highlander is supplied by the historian's own witness, Captain Burt:—

'Personal robberies are seldom heard of among them. For my own part, I have several times, with a single servant, passed the mountain-way from hence to Edinburgh with

four or five hundred guineas in my portmanteau, without any apprehension of robbers by the way, or danger in my lodgings at night; though in my sleep any one, with ease, might have thrust a sword from the outside through the wall of the hut and my body together. *I wish we could say as much of our own country, civilised as it is said to be, though we cannot be safe in going from London to Highgate.*'

Is it a palliation, or the contrary, that in the very next paragraph the same fondness for effect leads Lord Macaulay to invest the same people with a degree of refinement and nobility of feeling, a spirit of honour, and a grace of manner, utterly incompatible with the sordid and degrading habits he had exerted his finest rhetoric to fix upon them? A cattle lifter, a Rob Roy or Donald Bean, driving the herds of a lowland farmer, is put upon a level with a Raleigh or a Drake dividing the cargoes of Spanish galleons; and we are assured that 'a gentleman of Sky or Lochaber, whose clothes were begrimed with the accumulated filth of years, and whose hovel smelt worse than an English hog-stye, would do the honours of that hovel with a lofty courtesy worthy of the splendid circle of Versailles.' This is the sketch of a Red Indian chief, clothed in a blanket, and doing the honours of his wigwam with the natural dignity so often seen in savages, not that of a 'gentleman' of Sky or Lochaber.

'It is often difficult, remarks Mr. Paget, and sometimes impossible, to divine what particular qualities will arouse Lord Macaulay's animosity. The virtues which receive the tribute of admiration and respect when they are found in one man, appear to excite nothing but contempt when they are met with in another; and, in like manner, the vices which in one are venial transgressions, chargeable rather on the age than on the individual, become disgraceful offences or foul crimes in another.'

It may be difficult to divine what particular qualities will provoke this inequality of treatment; but it is easy to foretell whether any given line of conduct will be palliated or condemned when we know whether it was pursued by a Whig or a Tory, by King William or King James. It may be doubted whether the Commissioners of Irish Forfeitures in 1700 would have been censured for exceeding their commission if they had brought to light an extravagant grant to Arabella Churchill, or Catherine Sedloy, instead of one to Elizabeth Villiers. In allusion to the ugliness of his brother's mistresses, Charles the Second used to say that they must have been as

signed him by way of penance by his confessor. Yet Charles well knew the incident by which Arabella Churchill first attracted notice, notwithstanding the plainness of her face; and Lord Macaulay, who read it in *Grahammont*, might have spared the repeated sneers at the exiled monarch's bad taste, if only because his successful rival and son-in-law was completely on a par with him in this respect. He might also have remembered, when denouncing the criminality of James's connection with Catherine Sedley, that she was a woman of superior talents and gave him excellent advice; for the same sort of palliation is suggested for William:—

'For a time William was a negligent husband. He was, indeed, drawn away from his wife by other women, particularly by one of her ladies, Elizabeth Villiers, who, though destitute of personal attractions, and disfigured by a hideous squint, possessed talents which well fitted her to partake his cares. He was indeed ashamed of his errors, and spared no pains to conceal them; but, in spite of all his precautions, Mary well knew that he was not strictly faithful to her.'—(Vol. ii. p. 10.)

We hardly understand what is meant by William's being ashamed of his errors, and sparing no pains to conceal them, when we read in a subsequent page:—

'She [Elizabeth Villiers] had been [in 1700] some years married to George Hamilton, a soldier who had distinguished himself by his courage in Ireland and Flanders, and who probably held the courtier-like doctrine that a lady is not dishonoured by having been the paramour of a king. William was well pleased with the marriage, bestowed on the wife a portion of the old Crown property in Ireland, and created the husband a peer in Scotland by the title of Earl of Orkney.'—(Vol. iv. p. 523.)

Compare this with the eloquent paragraphs (chap. vi.) in which the 'criminal' infatuation of James, in making Catherine Sedley a countess, is denounced. The grant to the Countess of Orkney was out of the hereditary revenue of the Crown not out of the forfeited estates; and therefore, in the opinion of the historian, should have been left unnoticed by the Commissioners, who were told that if they went out of their way to hold it up to obloquy, they might be justly said to fly in the king's face:—

"To fly in the King's face!" said one of the majority; "our business is to fly in the King's face. We were sent here to fly in the King's face." With this patriotic object a par-

agraph about Lady Orkney's grant was added to the Report, a paragraph too in which the value of that grant was so monstrously exaggerated that William appeared to have surpassed the profligate extravagance of his uncle Charles. The estate bestowed on the Countess was valued at 24,000*l.* a year. The truth seems to be that the income which she derived from the royal bounty, after making allowance for incumbrances and for the rate of exchange, was about 4000*l.*'—(Vol. iv. p. 524.)

The character of the grant does not depend upon the amount. Doubtless the Commissioners made the most of their discovery; but for all that, we should like to see the figures by which, after allowing for incumbrances and Irish currency, their twenty-four thousand was reduced to four. In grants to his Dutch followers, William fully equalled the profligate extravagance of his uncle. The Royal bounty speedily made Bentinck one of the richest peers in England, and was still in full flow, when the House of Commons interposed to prevent the grant of an estate in Wales worth more than a hundred thousand pounds, without reckoning the extensive royalties appertaining to it.

Like Hume's leaning to prerogative, or Gibbon's scepticism, or Mr. Buckle's materialism, or Mr. Kinglake's anti-Napoleonic tendencies, Lord Macaulay's partiality for William disturbs and colours the whole current of his history. Whether it be or be not the mark of genius to have strong sympathies and antipathies, it is clearly the duty of the critic to take note of them. One of the strongest instances of uncompromising advocacy, as contra-distinguished from the judicial summary of facts which we were entitled to expect, is the vindication of William's part in the massacre of Glencoe. The true character of this transaction should be fresh in the recollection of the reader to enable him to appreciate the gloss; and the details are not at all softened by the historian: they are too well suited to his style, too well fitted to give life, colour and individuality to his pages to be softened by him.

There is no portion of his work more remarkable for penetration and originality than that in which he analyses the party divisions of the Highlands, and shows that they had little or no reference to dynasties. The civil war in that quarter was really a war between the Campbells and the clans who refused to acknowledge their supremacy. The clan of Glencoe, a branch of the Macdonalds, the hereditary enemies of the Campbells, had been in arms for King James, but on finding his cause hopeless had

come to terms like the rest. They consisted of about three hundred men, women, and children: fifty being the quota of fighting men for which they were rated in the muster-roll of the confederacy. Their chief, Mac Ian, is mentioned in the 'Memoirs of Lochiel' as 'a person of great integrity, honour, good nature, and courage, . . . much loved by his neighbours, and blameless in his conduct.' Lord Macaulay says of him:—

'His own vassals, indeed, were few in number; but he came of the best blood of the Highlands. He kept up a close connection with his more powerful kinsmen; nor did they like him the less because he was a robber, for he never robbed them; and that robbery, merely as robbery, was a wicked and disgraceful act, had never entered into the mind of any Celtic chief. Mac Ian was therefore held in high esteem by the confederates. His age was venerable; his aspect was majestic; and he possessed in large measure those intellectual qualities which, in rude societies, give men an ascendancy over their fellows.'—(Vol. iii. p. 515.)

It is vital to the argument, before going further, to fix what is to be understood by robbers and robbery when speaking of the clans, for Lord Macaulay shifts and reverses the meaning of these terms in the most embarrassing manner accordingly as he wishes to degrade or elevate. Precisely the same class of persons who are compared to the companions of Raleigh and Drake in one chapter will be found identified with Bedouins, Italian banditti, or Thugs in another.* When the clans were at feud, they harried one another; in other words, they waged war by predatory expeditions and reprisals. The moss-trooper who plundered on his own account belonged to the border or debateable land, and was quite as likely to be an Englishman as a Scotchman. As already shown, there was far more highway robbery south than north of the Forth.

* 'Yet those err'd greatly who imagined that he [the Highlander] bore any resemblance to villains who, in rich and well governed communities, live by stealing. When he drove before him the herds of Lowland farmers up the pass which led to his native glen, he no more considered himself as a thief than the Raleighs and Drakes considered themselves as thieves when they divided the cargoes of Spanish galleons. He was a warrior seizing lawful prize of war, of war never once interrupted during the thirty-five generations which had passed away since the Teutonic invaders had driven the children of the soil to the mountains. That, if he was caught robbing on such principles, he should, for the protection of peaceful industry, be punished with the utmost rigour of the law was perfectly just. But it was not just to class him morally with the pickpockets who infested Drury Lane Theatre, or the highwaymen who stopped coaches on Blackheath.'—Macaulay, vol. iii. p. 47.

Whom were the men of Glencoe to rob except their neighbours and kinsmen, whom we are told they did not rob? or the Campbells, whom they could not rob without instantly provoking a terrible retaliation? They were separated by a wide interval of difficult country from richer districts; and when Lord Macaulay talks of 'a quiet and industrious population' suffering from their depredations, he raises a doubt whether he was accurately acquainted with the locality, or even with the state of the Highlands at the time. The situation of the glen is conclusive on these points; and besides the pass, Mac Ian's domain included the land where the valley opens towards Fort William. The live stock of the clan amounted to 900 kine, besides ponies, sheep, and goats, at the time of the massacre, which was preceded by a guarded truce of nearly eight months, during which, at all events, they and their cattle must have lived on what the valley could supply. On the 22nd August, 1691, Colonel Hill reports from Fort William to Lord Raith: 'This acquaints your Lordship that we are still in the same peaceable condition that we have been for more than a year past.' Yet Lord Macaulay insists on assimilating Glencoe to a mountain gorge in Calabria or the Apennines:—

In the Gaelic tongue, Glencoe signifies the Glen of Weeping: * and in truth that pass is the most dreary and melancholy of all the Scottish passes, the very valley of the Shadow of Death. . . . Mile after mile the traveller looks in vain for the smoke of one hut, or for one human form wrapped in a plaid, and listens in vain for the bark of a shepherd's dog, or the bleat of a lamb. Mile after mile the only sound that indicates life is the faint cry of a bird or prey from some storm-beaten pinnacle of rock. The progress of civilization, which has turned so many wastes into fields yellow with harvests, or gay with apple-blossoms, has only made Glencoe more desolate. All the science and industry of a peaceful age can extract nothing valuable from that wilderness; but, in an age of violence and rapine, the wilderness itself was valued on account of the shelter which it afforded to the plunderer and his plunder.'—(Vol. iii. p. 513.)

There it is! what the author of the 'Memoirs of Lochiel' calls 'a beautiful valley where the inhabitants reside'; what Mrs Grant of Laggan describes as 'a glen so narrow, so warm, so fertile—the haunt of roes and numberless small birds, always accounted (for its narrow bounds) a place of

* According to Sir John Sinclair, it signifies the valley of the Conn or Cona.—'Stat. Account of Scotland,' vol. i. p. 485.

great plenty and security,' is turned into a barren wilderness, the appropriate haunt of a gang of banditti, whom it was quite right to exterminate by the readiest method that came to hand.

The tragedy was perpetrated under the authority of Instructions from the King to Sir Thomas Livingstone, commandant of the forces, dated 16th January, 1692. After providing for the treatment of Glengarry and others, this document concludes : —

'If Mac Ean of Glencoe and that trybe can be well separated from the rest, it will be a proper vindication of the public justice to extirpate that den of thieves. The double of these instructions is only communicated to Colonel Hill.

'W. Rex.'

These instructions were forwarded by the Master of Stair, Secretary of State for Scotland, to Sir Thomas Livingstone and Colonel Hill. In his letter to Colonel Hill, he employs the exact equivalent to the word *extirpate* in the instructions : 'I shall entreat you that for a just vengeance and public example the thieving tribe of Glencoe may be rooted out to purpose.' . . . 'It must be quickly done otherwise they will make shift both for the men and the cattle.' The manner in which the order was carried out is faithfully narrated in the history. On the 1st February, a hundred and twenty soldiers of Argyle's regiment commanded by Captain Campbell of Glenlyon, marched to Glencoe. They announced that they came as friends, and were kindly received.

'Provisions were liberally supplied. There was no want of beef, which had probably *fatted in distant pastures* ; * nor was any payment demanded, for in hospitality, as in thievery, the Gaelic marauders rivalled the Bedouins. During twelve days the soldiers lived familiarly with the people of the glen. Old Mac Ian, who had before felt many misgivings as to the relation in which he stood to the Government, seems to have been pleased with the visit. The officers passed much of their time with him and his family. The long evenings were cheerfully spent by the peat-fire, with the help of some packs of cards which had found their way to that remote corner of the world, and of some French brandy which was probably part of James's farewell gift to his Highland supporters.' — (Vol. iii. pp. 526, 527.)

Lieutenant-Colonel Hamilton, second in command to Hill, who had scruples and did not act in person, had fixed five o'clock in

the morning for the deed, hoping that before that time he should reach Glencoe with four hundred men, and 'have stopped all the holes in which the old fox and his two cubs (Mac Ian and his sons) could take refuge.' But at five precisely, whether he had arrived or not, 'Glenlyon was to fall on, and to slay every Macdonald under seventy : '—

'Meanwhile Lindsay had knocked at the door of the old Chief and had asked for admission in friendly language. The door was opened. Mac Ian, while putting on his clothes and calling to his servants to bring some refreshment for his visitors, was shot through the head. Two of his attendants were slain with him. His wife was already up and dressed in such finery as the princesses of the rude Highland glens were accustomed to wear. The assassins pulled off her clothes and trinkets. The rings were not easily taken from her fingers ; but a soldier tore them away with his teeth. She died on the following day.

* * * * *

'It was broad day long before Hamilton arrived. He found the work not half performed. *About thirty corpses lay wallowing in blood on the dunghills before the doors.* One or two women were seen among the number, and yet a more fearful and piteous sight, a little hand, which had been lopped in the tumult of the butchery from some infant. . . . The deserted hamlets were then set on fire ; and the troops departed, driving away with them many sheep and goats, nine hundred kine, and two hundred of the small shaggy ponies of the Highlands.' — (Vol. iii. pp. 528, 529.)

Their cattle and ponies were never returned or accounted for, and not one syllable of disapproval does this wholesale robbery (which Stair's letter shows to have been meditated) call forth from the historian, who is not prevented by feeling or taste from depreciating the confiding hospitality of the destined victims by a sneer at the abundance of their beef and the source from which their brandy may have been supplied. 'It is probable,' he admits, 'that those who perished by cold, weariness, and want were not less numerous than those who were slain by the assassins.' It is probable that in such a season, and with no place of refuge but the hills, those who so perished were far more numerous and their sufferings far greater.

Such, in its broad outline, is the transaction for which Lord Macaulay maintains the great and good King William to have been in no point of view blamable or responsible. When he signed the Instructions he did not know what he was signing ; and if he did know what he was signing, might he not

* The clan, as Lord Macaulay knew, had been quiet and confined to their glen for nearly a year.

have heard with what energy James V. had put down the moss-troopers of the border, 'how John Armstrong and his thirty-six horsemen, when they came forth to welcome their sovereign, had scarcely been allowed time to say a single prayer before they were all tied up and turned off? Or was there not the venerable example of a successor of St. Peter?

'The eulogists of that great pontiff [Sixtus V.], tells us that there was one formidable gang which could not be dislodged from a stronghold among the Apennines. Beasts of burden were therefore loaded with poisoned food and wine, and sent by a road which ran close to the fastness. The robbers sallied forth, seized the prey, feasted and died; and the pious old pope exulted greatly when he heard that the corpses of thirty ruffians, who had been the terror of many peaceful villages, had been found lying among the mules and packages.' — (Vol. iii. p. 521.)

Are we to complete the parallel? Did the great and good King William exult greatly when he heard that thirty corpses (the number is identical) lay wallowing in blood on the dung-hills before the doors in Glencoe? If the king had forgotten or never heard of precedents so exactly in point, they must have been familiar to the politic and cultivated mind of the Master of Stair; and it is on him that Lord Macaulay fastens the entire responsibility of the Instructions, although at a loss to suggest an adequate motive, except on the hypothesis that he projected a system of policy for the Highlands similar to that which Cromwell ruthlessly carried out in Ireland. But one does not see what this far-sighted statesman could hope to effect by the massacre of a single clan; and there is ample evidence in his letters that he would have preferred settling the Highlands by the 'easiest means and at leisure' — these are his words — as also that he was in constant communication with the King touching the required steps for quieting them. On the 9th January, a week before the signing of the Instructions, he writes to Livingstone: 'We have an account that Lockart and Macnaughten, Appin and Glencoe, took the benefit of the indemnity at Inverary. . . . I have been with the King; he says your Instructions shall be despatched on Monday.' This proves not merely that the King had duly considered the Instructions, but that he was aware of the precise position of Mac Ian in having virtually, if not technically, entitled himself to the benefit of the indemnity. There is ample documentary evidence to the same

effect, and all that can be produced against it is the inference drawn by Burnet, writing thirteen years after the event, that 'the King signed this (the Instructions) without any inquiry about it, for he was too apt to sign papers in a hurry, without examining the importance of them.' *

'But,' argues Lord Macaulay, 'even on the supposition that he read the order to which he affixed his name, there seems to be no reason for blaming him. . . . The words naturally bear a sense perfectly innocent, and would, but for the horrible event which followed, have been universally understood in that sense. It is undoubtedly one of the first duties of every government to extirpate gangs of thieves.' He employs an equivocal and (by his own showing) inapplicable term, and then argues from it as a fact, a not unusual device of this accomplished rhetorician —

'This does not mean that every thief ought to be treacherously assassinated in his sleep, or even that every thief ought to be put to death after a fair trial, but that every gang, as a gang, ought to be completely broken up, and that whatever severity is indispensably necessary for that end ought to be used. It is in this sense that we praise the Marquess of Hastings for extirpating the Pindarees, and Lord William Bentinck for extirpating the Thugs.' — (Vol. iii. p. 524.)

This would be all very well if a civil magistrate, supported by an armed force, had been duly instructed to break up a gang; if even a Bloody Assize had been held by a Scotch Jeffreys in Glencoe. But when we are told this does not mean 'even that every thief ought to be put to death after a fair trial,' we reply that it unfortunately does not. It means that there shall be no trial, fair or unfair, no attempt to separate the innocent from the guilty, or to distinguish between degrees of guilt. It means that the summary proceeding by which the Duc de Malakoff extirpated an Arab tribe, namely, by stifling in a cave, would have been equally applicable to a civilized community. If extirpation by an armed force meant anything, it meant that military execution should be done on the entire clan; and no one knew better than King William how such instructions were likely to be in-

* Burnet's 'History of his own Times,' book 5th, of which the first sentence is: 'I now begin on the first day of May, 1705, to prosecute this work.' His recollection of the affair was vague, for he describes the Instructions as simply directing that 'some examples should be made of them (the Glencoe clan). He states that the Instructions were signed and countersigned by the king.

terpreted by soldiers. If they had been procured by false pretences, or by an abuse of confidence, if they had been exceeded in any way, if a false gloss had been put on them or an unexpected use made of them, by Breadalbane, Stair, Livingstone, Hill, Hamilton, or Glenlyon — how happens it that not one of these, not a superior or subordinate, was punished or rebuked? * On the contrary, most of those concerned were rewarded, and when the execration of all Europe threatened a day of retribution, a Scroll of Discharge was given to Stair, who, according to Lord Macaulay, had neither fear nor remorse. 'He was indeed mortified, but he was mortified only by the blunders of Hamilton, and by the escape of so many of the damnable breed.' When all the details of the massacre had become notorious, Stair wrote: 'The only thing I regret is that any got away.' There was one of the actors whose conscience was tenderer, or his nerves weaker. Leslie, the author of '*Gallienus Redivivus*,' writes in June, 1692: 'Glencoe hangs about Glenlyon night and day; you may see him in his face.' This Lord Macaulay converts into, 'Glencoe was ever before him,' leaving it doubtful whether he was haunted by the man or the place. Glenlyon was made a Colonel, and Stair an Earl.

The acquittal of King William from all the consequences, direct and indirect, regular or irregular, of what was a lamentable act of negligence and a condonation of gross misconduct on the part of his advisers and servants at the best, contrasts strikingly with the attempt to fix on the hero of Blenheim the entire responsibility of the disastrous failure at Brest in June, 1692. The expedition was planned as a surprise. The fleet was under the command of Berkeley, and the land forces of Talmash. On arriving before the place they had ample warning that their design had been discovered. Lord Carmarthen, who led the advanced squadron of ships, caught sight of large bodies of foot and horse collected to oppose the landing.

'The young Rear-Admiral sent an officer in all haste to warn Talmash. But Talmash was so completely possessed by the notion that the French were not prepared to repel an attack that he disregarded all cautions, and would not even trust his own eyes. He felt sure that the force which he saw assembled on the shore was a mere rabble of peasants, who had been brought

together in haste from the surrounding country. Confident that these mock soldiers would run like sheep before real soldiers, he ordered his men to pull for the land. He was soon undeceived. A terrible fire mowed down his troops faster than they could get on shore. He had himself scarcely sprung on dry ground when he received a wound in the thigh from a cannon-ball, and was carried back to his skiff. His men re-embarked in confusion. Ships and boats made haste to get out of the bay, but did not succeed till 400 sailors, and 700 soldiers had fallen. During many days the waves continued to throw up pierced and shattered corpses on the beach of Brittany. The battery from which Talmash received his wound is called, to this day, the Englishman's Death.

* * * * *
'The armament returned to Portsmouth. There Talmash died, exclaiming with his last breath that he had been lured into a snare by treachery. The public grief and indignation were loudly expressed. . . . The real criminal was not named; nor, till the archives of the House of Stuart were explored, was it known to the public that Talmash had perished by the basest of all the hundred villainies of Marlborough.' — (Vol. iv. pp. 101, 102.)

The precise motive for this crowning villainy is assumed and stated with the same confidence as the crime and its consequences: —

'Yet never had Marlborough been less a Jacobite than at the moment when he rendered this wicked and shameful service to the Jacobite cause. It may be confidently affirmed that to serve the banished family was not his object, and that to ingratiate himself with the banished family was only his secondary object. His primary object was to force himself into the service of the existing Government, and to regain possession of those important and lucrative places from which he had been dismissed more than two years before. He knew that the country and the Parliament would not patiently bear to see the English army commanded by foreign generals. Two Englishmen only had shown themselves fit for high military posts, himself and Talmash. If Talmash were defeated and disgraced, William would scarcely have a choice.' — (Vol. iv. p. 102.)

Such is the charge, distinctly and impressively urged, against the illustrious commander in whose fair fame most Englishmen feel a patriotic, almost a personal, interest. They will consequently be glad to learn that it can be satisfactorily disproved by documentary evidence in the possession of the historian when he wrote: on the strength of which it may be confidently affirmed that, to ingratiate himself with the banished family was Marlborough's sole object, and

* Indeed the not punishing this (the massacre) with a due rigour was the greatest blot in his whole reign, and had a very ill effect in alienating that nation from the king and government.' — (Burnet.)

that he knew his intelligence to be useless for all practical purposes when he forwarded it. Treachery was rife in high places so long as a change of dynasty was on the cards; and, being out of office, he was not in a condition to betray the secrets of the council-board. He was clearly anticipated by Godolphin, then First Lord of the Treasury, if not by other members of the government; for, so early as the 22nd April, the forces which repulsed the attack had been concentrated at Brest, and Vauban was then actively engaged in adding to the fortifications. The letter of Marlborough to James was despatched on the 4th of May, and could not have reached Louis for many days afterwards. The expeditionary force left England on the 5th of May, and ought to have reached its destination long before the letter. The attack was delayed till the 7th or 8th of June; and on the 18th, after the failure, William wrote to Shrewsbury:

'I own to you that I did not suppose they would have made the attempt without having well reconnoitred the situation of the enemy to receive them; since they were long apprised of our intended attack, and made active preparations for defence; for what was practicable *two months ago* was no longer so at present.'

'It is certain,' says Oldmixon, 'that he (Talmash) believed himself betrayed. He knew who were the traitors, and named them to a person who stood at his bedside, that he might discover them to Queen Mary in his Majesty's absence, that she might be upon her guard against those *pernicious counsellors who had retarded the descent*, and by that means given France time so to fortify Brest as to render all approaches to it impracticable.' This could not point to Marlborough; and Lord Macaulay, after mentioning that there were 'many amongst the noble and powerful' whose object was to be safe in every event, 'who openly took the oath of allegiance to one King, and secretly plighted their word to the other, adds, 'Among those who were guilty of this wickedness three men stood pre-eminent—Russell, Godolphin, and Marlborough.' There is specific proof that James's emissary (Floyd) got intelligence of the expedition from Godolphin, and that Floyd's report reached Louis through Melfort on the 1st of May, three days before the date of Marlborough's letter.* Why, then, is the whole

ignominy of the betrayal fixed on Marlborough? His guilt was undeniable, but that is no reason for exaggerating it so extravagantly. It was one thing to do what half the public men of the time were doing, and another to sacrifice the lives of hundreds of brave men for the basest of selfish purposes. We suspect that Marlborough is made to bear the brunt, because pointed paragraphs are telling in proportion to the grandeur and splendour of the object to be brought down. The most languid public must be startled to hear a hundred villainies imputed in a breath to one whom all succeeding generations of his countrymen have delighted to honour; and a morbid excitement may be kept up by the revival of forgotten calumnies. Marlborough's love of money was well known. It was an admitted weakness, but it did not prevent him from doing many generous actions; and the manner in which Lord Macaulay has made it the source of habitual baseness in every relation of life is preposterous:—

'All the precious gifts which nature had lavished on him he valued chiefly for what they would fetch. At twenty he made money of his beauty and his vigour. At sixty he made money of his genius and his glory. The applauses which were justly due to his conduct at Walcourt could not altogether drown the voices of those who muttered that wherever a broad piece was to be saved or got, this hero was a mere Euclio,* a mere Harpagon; that though he drew a large allowance under pretence of keeping a public table, he never asked an officer to dinner; that his muster-rolls were fraudulently made up; that he pocketed pay in the names of men who had long been dead, or men who had been killed in his own sight four years before at Sedgemoor; that there were twenty such names in one troop; that there were thirty-six in another.'—(Vol. iii. p. 148.)

The day after his first interview with Lady Bellaston, Tom Jones gave Partridge a fifty-pound note to change. The day after an interview with the Duchess of Cleveland, Churchill produced five thousand pounds, which Lord Macaulay says he forthwith invested in an annuity. This is what is meant by making money of his beauty; yet it seems hard to stigmatise a young officer in the Guards, in the midst of social corruption, for conduct which was not thought dishonourable in a hero of romance. Did he make money of his beauty when, at twenty-eight, he married a penniless girl for love,

* This is clear from the same Stuart archives on which Lord Macaulay founds the charge. See Macpherson's 'Original Papers,' &c., and the authorities collected in 'The New Examener.'

* Euclio, in 1680, was only known through Plautus. He was not popularised by Pope till the reign of George II.

and remained faithful to her through life? * He no more made money of his genius and glory at sixty than Pitt when he accepted the Cinque Ports, or than the Duke of Wellington when he received his parliamentary grants and Stratfieldsaye. Marlborough repeatedly refused the government of the Netherlands with 60,000*l.* a year.

The sole authority, and a precious one it is, for the charge of pocketing pay in the names of men who had long been dead, 'of men who had been killed in his own sight at Sedgemoor' (a battle fought in the dark), is thus cited in a note:—

'See the "Dear Bargain," a Jacobite pamphlet, clandestinely printed in 1690. "I have not patience," says the writer, "after this wretch (Marlborough) to mention any other. All are innocent comparatively, even Kirke himself." — (Vol. iii. p. 148.)

The 'Dear Bargain' is a scurrilous party pamphlet in which an equally startling accusation is brought against William, which consequently Lord Macaulay is estopped from denying, nay, which he would be bound in honour and consistency to adopt. William is accused of sending his English soldiers to die of starvation and disease in Holland, 'where you might see them sprawling by parcels, and groaning under the double gripes of their bowels and their consciences.' Mary is 'an ungrateful Tullia, scandalising Christianity and driving her beasts over the face of her dead father.' In short, this 'Dear Bargain' was certainly one of the pamphlets which Lord Macaulay had in view, when, wishing to exculpate William from the charge of leaving so long unnoticed the atrocities perpetrated at Glencoe, he writes:—

'We can hardly suppose that he was much in the habit of reading Jacobite pamphlets; and, if he did read them, he would have found in them such a quantity of absurd and rancorous invective against himself that he would have been very little inclined to credit any imputation which they might throw on his servants. He would have seen himself accused, in one tract, of being a concealed Papist, in another of having poisoned Jeffreys in the Tower, in a third of having contrived to have Talmash taken off at Brest. He would have seen it asserted that, in Ireland, he once ordered fifty of his wounded English soldiers to be burned alive. He would have seen that the unalterable affection which

he felt from his boyhood to his death for three or four of the bravest and most trusty friends that ever prince had the happiness to possess, was made a ground for imputing to him abominations as foul as those which are buried under the waters of the Dead Sea. He might naturally be slow to believe frightful imputations thrown by writers whom he knew to be habitual liars, on a statesman whose abilities he valued highly, and to whose exertions he had, on some great occasions, owed much.' — (Vol. iv. p. 154.)

Ought not the historian to be equally slow in believing frightful imputations thrown by these habitual liars on a statesman and general whose abilities he dared not depreciate, and whose glory he has vainly laboured to obscure? All that can be said is, that, if he had refrained from drawing upon such sources, many a fine piece of rhetorical composition would have been ruinously sobered down or lost.

The startling episode of the Christian carrier, which has called forth tears from sensitive readers of both sexes, would have been similarly impaired by a slight infusion of accuracy.

'John Brown, a poor carrier of Lanarkshire, was, for his singular piety, commonly called the Christian carrier. Many years later, when Scotland enjoyed rest, prosperity, and religious freedom, old men who remembered the evil days described him as one versed in divine things, blameless in life, and so peaceable that the tyrants could find no offence in him, except that he absented himself from the public worship of the Episcopalians. On the 1st of May he was cutting turf, when he was seized by Claverhouse's dragoons, rapidly examined, convicted of nonconformity, and sentenced to death. It is said that, even among the soldiers, it was not easy to find an executioner. For the wife of the poor man was present; she led one little child by the hand; it was easy to see that she was about to give birth to another; and even those wild and hard-hearted men, who nicknamed one another Beelzebub and Apollyon, shrank from the great wickedness of butchering her husband before her face. The prisoner, meanwhile, raised above himself by the near prospect of eternity, prayed loud and fervently as one inspired, till Claverhouse, in a fury, shot him dead. It was reported by credible witnesses that the widow cried out in her agony, "Well, sir, well; the day of reckoning will come;" and that the murderer replied, "To man I can answer for what I have done; and as for God, I will take Him into mine own hand." Yet it was rumoured that even on his seared conscience and adamant heart the dying ejaculations of his victim made an impression which was never effaced.' — (Vol. i. p. 398.)

* Sarah was poor; and a plain girl with a large fortune was proposed to him. His love, after a struggle, prevailed over his avarice; marriage only strengthened his passion.' — (Macaulay.)

This is a dramatised and highly-coloured version of the story told by Wodrow, the most prejudiced narrator of the wrongs of his co-religionists whom it was possible to pick out. He is contradicted on the main point by two writers of his own party and creed, one of whom, Walker, says: '*Claverhouse ordered six soldiers to shoot him. The most part of the bullets came upon his head, which scattered his brains upon the ground.*' The most decisive document, however, is the original report from Claverhouse to the Duke of Queensberry, the head of the Scotch Government, dated 3rd May, 1685, two days after the event:—

'May it please your Grace,

'On Friday last, among the hills betwixt Douglas and the Ploughlands, we pursued two fellows a great way through the mosses, and in the end seized them. They had no arms about them, and denied they had any. But being asked if they would take the abjuration, the eldest of the two, called John Brown, refused it; nor would he swear not to rise in arms against the King, but said he knew no king. Upon which, and there being found bullets and match in his house, and treasonable papers, I caused shoot him dead, which he suffered very unconcernedly.'

The other, the nephew of John Brown, offered to take the oath, and was promised his life if he would make an ingenuous confession:—

'Upon which he confessed that he was at that attack of Newmills, and that he had come straight to this house of his uncle's on Sunday morning. In the time he was making this confession the soldiers found out a house in the hill, under ground, that could hold a dozen of men, and there were swords and pistols in it; and this fellow declared that they belonged to his uncle, and that he had lurked in that place ever since Bothwell, where he was in arms.'

Lord Macaulay could not have been aware of this despatch; but he might have ascertained John Brown's real character either from Wodrow's appendix, where he figures in a list of proclaimed rebels in arms, or from the cautionary remark of Sir Walter Scott: 'While we read this dismal story, we must remember Brown's situation was that of an avowed and determined rebel, liable as such to military execution.'

The readiness of the Macaulay school to swear by the words of the master was never more loyally displayed than in their encouraging him to abide by the most heinous of his charges against William Penn after it had completely broken down. The

facts are now so well known that the briefest recapitulation of them will suffice. Monmouth was met, on entering Taunton, by a procession of school-girls, headed by their schoolmistress:—

'The Queen's maids of honour asked the royal permission to wring money out of the parents of the poor children; and the permission was granted. An order was sent down to Taunton that all these little girls should be seized and imprisoned. Sir Francis Warre of Hestercombe, the Tory member for Bridgewater, was requested to undertake the office of exacting the ransom. . . . Warre excused himself from taking any part in a transaction so scandalous. The maids of honour then requested William Penn to act for them; and Penn accepted the commission.'

There is not a tittle of evidence that any Penn, or Penne, accepted the commission or was engaged in the transaction. Oldmixon states that the agent of the Maids of Honour was 'Brent, the Popish lawyer, who had an under-agent, one Crane of Bridgewater.' Ralph says that the Maids sent down an agent whom he does not name. All the contemporary writers (including Burnet, who disliked Penn) are silent about Penn, which they certainly would not have been if so notable a person had been engaged. But there was a George Penne, a regular pardon-monger, the very description of a person whom we should expect to be employed; and to him the letter on which the whole question hangs was obviously addressed:—

'Whitehall, Feb. 13, 1685-6.

'MR. PENNE,

'Her Majesty's Maids of Honour having acquainted me that they *designe to employ* you and Mr. Walden in making a composition with the Relations of the Maids of Taunton for the high Misdemeanour they have been guilty of, I do at their request hereby let you know that His Majesty has been pleased to give their Fines to the said Maids of Honour, and therefore recommend it to Mr. Walden and you to make the most advantageous composition you can in their behalf.

'I am, Sir, your humble servant,
'SUNDERLAND.'

A copy of this letter was first discovered in the State-Paper Office by Sir James Mackintosh, who (never having heard of George Penne) cites it and argues from it as 'Letter to William Penn.' Lord Macaulay followed Mackintosh; but instead of doing what we feel convinced Mackintosh would have done when fully acquainted with the circumstances, he refuses to ac-

knowledge his error; and in the utter absence of any description of proof, he boldly re-asserts, in the last corrected edition of his History, that all presumption and probability require 'Mr. Penne' to be read 'Mr. William Penn.' A deputation from the highly respectable community of Quakers, who felt a stain on the honour of their founder like a wound, had a formal interview with the historian, at his chambers in the Albany, in the presence of (we believe) Lord Lansdowne, the Dean of St. Paul's (Dr. Milman), and Mr. Charles Austin. The particulars of the conference have not been made public. The result may be collected from a note to the latest edition of his History corrected by himself. He says:—

'If I thought that I had committed an error, I should, I hope, have the honesty to acknowledge it. But, after full consideration, I am satisfied that Sunderland's letter was addressed to William Penn.'

He contends that the spelling of the name proves nothing. It may not prove much, although William Penn and his father invariably spelt the name Penn; and although it was so spelt by persons about the Court (including Sunderland), as well as in the very same books in the State Paper and Privy Council Offices in which the name of George Penne (*sic*) occurs. But we fail to see the point of this sarcastic retort:—

'I am quite confident that, if the letter which we are considering had been of a different kind, if Mr. Penne had been informed that, in consequence of his earnest intercession, the King had been graciously pleased to grant a free pardon to the Taunton girls, and if I had attempted to deprive the Quaker of the credit of that intercession on the ground that his name was not Penne, the very persons who now complain so bitterly that I am unjust to his memory would have complained quite as bitterly, and, I must say, with much more reason.'—(Vol. i. p. 510.)

This is strange logic. In the given contingency, the doubt would not have arisen. Whichever Penn, or Penne, had been informed that his intercession had prevailed, would have been confessedly the man. William Penn's position at the time is thus described in the 'History':—

'Between James and Penn there had long been a familiar acquaintance. The Quaker now became a courtier and almost a favourite. He was every day summoned from the gallery into the closet, and sometimes had long audiences while peers were kept waiting in the ante-living age. VOL. IX. 344.

chambers. It was noised abroad that he had more real power to help and hurt than many nobles who filled high offices. He was soon surrounded by flatterers and suppliants. His house at Kensington was sometimes thronged, at his hour of rising, by more than two hundred suitors.'—(Vol. i. p. 394.)

Taunton is 164 miles from London; the journey there and back would alone have occupied a week. Penn's prolonged absence on such an errand could hardly have remained unnoticed by the king, the peers, or the two hundred suitors. It was a job entirely out of his way; yet Lord Macaulay, after contrasting the low position of George Penne (nothing is known of Walden), asks, with an air of conviction and triumph: 'Which of them, then, was the more likely to be employed in the matter to which Sunderland's letter related? Was it George or William, an agent of the lowest or of the highest class?' Every reader can best answer this question for himself. 'It is clear,' he adds, 'that the Maids of Honour were desirous to have an agent of high station and character.' It is clear that they failed in getting one; and as they were obliged to put up with Brent and Crane, it is equally clear that even the 'designe to employ' Mr. Penne and Mr. Walden went no farther than design. If William Penn had been intended, he would be no more compromised by the bare intention to appoint him than Sir Francis Warre. Lord Macaulay takes for granted throughout that the entire question turns on the name: he neither withdraws nor justifies his statement that Penn accepted the commission.*

Lord Macaulay's love of dramatic effect seemed to render him incapable of giving the exact words of a speaker, even when he quotes them with inverted commas. In the following examples, as Mr. Paget remarks, 'the actual meaning may not be much altered, but it is not Glengarry, Carmarthen, or Spratt that speaks, but Lord Macaulay; and a slight change of phraseology converts a dignified remonstrance into a brutal insult, and a pious exhortation into something very like a vulgar oath, and that, too, put into the mouth of a bishop.'†

'ORIGINAL.

'When it was objected that he [*i. e.* Glengarry] would not be able to make it good, since his followers were not near equal to Lochiel's in

* The groundlessness or exaggeration of Lord Macaulay's other charges against Penn are fully exposed in 'The New Examen,' and in 'William Penn: an Historical Biography,' by Mr. Hepworth Dixon.

† 'The New Examen,' p. 226.

numbers, he answered that the courage of his men would make up that defect. — 'Mein. of Lochiel,' 254.

'The Lords replied, "Nay, we all well remember you particularly mentioned the flower-pots." — 'Spratt's Narrative,' 70.

'LORD PRESIDENT. — "Young, thou art the strangest creature that ever I did hear of. Dost thou think we could imagine that the Bishop of Rochester would combine," &c. — *Ibid.*, 71.

'I left him praying God to give him grace to repent; and only adding that else he was more in danger of his own damnation than I of his accusation in Parliament.' — *Ibid.*, second part, p. 3.

'LORD MACAULAY.

'When he was reminded that Lochiel's followers were in number nearly double of the Glengarry men — "No matter," he cried, "one M'Donald is worth two Camerons." — Macaulay, iii. 73.

'Then the whole board broke forth, "How dare you say so? We all remember it." — *Ibid.*, iii. 560.

"*Mun!*" cried Curmarthen, "wouldst thou have us believe that the bishop combined," &c. — *Ibid.*, iii. 561.

"God give you repentance," answered the bishop: "for, depend upon it, you are in much more danger of being damned, than I of being impeached." — *Ibid.*, iii. 561.

Similar instances might be quoted to almost any extent; but the way in which the historian has dressed up the maiden speech of Lord Ashley (the grandson of Achitophel) in support of the bill allowing persons accused of high treason to be defended by counsel, is too striking to be omitted: —

'In the course of his speech he faltered, stammered, and seemed to lose the thread of his reasoning. The House, then, as now, indulgent to novices, and then, as now, well aware that on a first appearance the hesitation which is the effect of modesty and sensibility is quite as promising a sign as volubility of utterance and ease of manner, encouraged him to proceed. "How can I, Sir," said the young orator, recovering himself, "produce a stronger argument in favour of this Bill than my own failure? My fortune, my character, my life, are not at stake. I am speaking to an audience whose kindness might well inspire me with courage. And yet, from mere nervousness, from mere want of practice in addressing large assemblies, I have lost my recollection: I am unable to go on with my argument. How helpless, then, must be a poor man who, never having opened his lips in public, is called upon to reply, without a moment's preparation, to the ablest and most experienced advocates in the kingdom, and whose faculties are paralysed by the thought that, if he fails to con-

vince his hearers, he will in a few hours die on a gallows, and leave beggary and infamy to those who are dearest to him!" — (Vol. iv. p. 203.)

Compare this version, for which no authority is given, with the best authenticated account in Cobbett's 'Parliamentary History': —

'The House, after giving him a little time to recover his confusion, called loudly upon him to go on, when he proceeded to this effect: "If, Sir (addressing himself to the Speaker), I, who rise only to give my opinion on the Bill now depending, am so confounded that I am unable to express the least of what I proposed to say, what must the condition of that man be, who, without any assistance, is pleading for his life, and under apprehension of being deprived of it?"'

Whether Ashley really lost his presence of mind or only pretended to lose it, the speech he made on recovering himself must have been effective in exact proportion to its simplicity. It is spoiled by amplification.

The critics of the Macaulay school especially rely upon 'that power of divination which he derived from his astonishing memory for details, and intuitive perception of their bearing on general views.' They would fain endow him with the logical instinct of a Cuvier or an Owen, who from a single joint or bone of an antediluvian monster, can arrive unerringly at the size, structure and habits of the reptile. But this is an inborn and original faculty, which cannot be acquired or even much improved by reading; and the details with which Lord Macaulay's astonishing memory was crowded were almost exclusively drawn from books or manuscripts. He was not a patient observer or profound thinker; he could not tolerate suspense; and the proof that he had not the intuitive perception claimed for him, is that in matters of controversy in which he has shown the greatest confidence, whenever new materials have subsequently turned up — these new materials have almost always proved fatal to his argument. Claverhouse's report of the execution of the Christian carrier is one instance. Two others have been brought out prominently since his lamented death by the publication of the Autobiography of Mrs. Piozzi, and the Memoirs of Sir Philip Francis: the first bearing on his Biography of Johnson; the second on his theory of the authorship of Junius, which a large section of the Whig party at once incorporated into their creed.

The following splendid passage — *splendide mendax* as Mr. Goldwin Smith called it — is taken from the Biography of Johnson, and as we purpose to disprove every individual sentence of it as well as the general tenor, we quote it entire :

'Johnson was now in his seventy-second year. The infirmities of age were coming fast upon him. . . . The kind and generous Thrale was no more ; and it would have been well if his wife had been laid beside him. But she survived to be the laughing stock of those who had envied her, and to draw from the eyes of the old man who had loved her beyond anything in the world, tears far more bitter than he would have shed over her grave. . . .

'She soon fell in love with a music master from Brescia, in whom nobody but herself could discover anything to admire. Her pride, and perhaps some better feelings, struggled hard against this degrading passion. But the struggle irritated her nerves, soured her temper, and at length endangered her health. Conscious that her choice was one which Johnson could not approve, she became desirous to escape from his inspection. Her manner towards him changed. She was sometimes cold and sometimes petulant. She did not conceal her joy when he left Streatham : she never pressed him to return ; and, if he came unbidden, she received him in a manner which convinced him that he was no longer a welcome guest. He took the very intelligible hints which she gave. He read, for the last time, a chapter of the Greek Testament in the library which had been formed by himself. In a solemn and tender prayer he commended the house and its inmates to the Divine protection, and, with emotions which choked his voice and convulsed his powerful frame, left for ever that beloved home for the gloomy and desolate house behind Fleet Street, where the few and evil days which still remained to him were to run out.

'Here, in June, 1783, he had a paralytic stroke, from which, however, he recovered, and which does not appear to have at all impaired his intellectual faculties. But other maladies came thick upon him. His asthma tormented him day and night. Dropsical symptoms made their appearance. While sinking under a complication of diseases, he heard that the woman whose friendship had been the chief happiness of sixteen years of his life had married an Italian fiddler ; that all London was crying shame upon her ; and that the newspapers and magazines were filled with allusions to the Ephesian matron and the two pictures in Hamlet. He vehemently said that he would try to forget her existence. He never uttered her name. Every memorial of her which met his eye he flung into the fire. She meanwhile fled from the laughter and hisses of her countrymen and countrywomen to a land where she was unknown, hastened across Mount

Cenis, and learned, while passing a merry Christmas of concerts and lemonade parties at Milan, that the great man with whose name hers is inseparably associated, had ceased to exist.' — (Vol. vii. p. 354.)

Thrall died on the 4th April, 1781 ; Johnson on the 13th December, 1784. The time included in Lord Macaulay's summary is nearly three years and three quarters, during the whole of which we are asked to believe that Johnson's life was made miserable by the widow of his lost friend. He was one of the executors ; he took a ludicrous pride in the discharge of his duty ; he was constantly fussifying about the brewery with an ink-horn in his button-hole ; and was always to be found either at the house in the Borough, or at Streatham, till the concern and premises were sold, much to his regret, in June, 1781. He was subsequently as much at Streatham as ever till she quitted it ; and it is clear, from the letters, that he made himself as much at home and thought himself as welcome as before. On March 20, 1782, he writes to Mrs. Gastrell and Mrs. Aston : 'When Dr. Falconer saw me, I was at home only by accident, for I lived much with Mrs. Thrall, and had all the care from her that she could take or could be taken.' On the 24th August, 1782, to Boswell : 'I have no call ; but if you desire to meet me at Ashbourne, I believe I can come thither ; if you had rather come to London, I can stay at Streatham : take your choice.' Two days before she had made up her mind to let Streatham, being no longer able to keep it up. On August 22nd, 1782, she writes : —

'Mr. Johnson thought well of the project, and wished me to put it in early execution ; seemed less concerned in parting with me than I wished him. . . . See the importance of a person to himself. I fancied Mr. Johnson could not have existed without me forsooth, as we have now lived together for above eighteen years. I have so fondled him in sickness and in health. Not a bit of it. He feels nothing in parting with me, nothing in the least ; but thinks it a prudent scheme, and goes to his books as usual. This is philosophy and truth ; he always said he hated a *feeler*.'

We can easily understand that he felt more than he chose to express at such a disturbance of his habits, at his advanced age, as was involved in the separation from Streatham ; but this, he well knew, she could not help, and she acted by his advice throughout. Lord Macaulay was not bound to know what is now known from her jour-

nals; but it required no power of divination or astonishing memory to collect from the printed letters before him the precise state of the relations between the parties. Nay, if he had only read attentively the notes to that very edition of Boswell* which he assailed with undue and unbecoming acrimony, he would have been spared the finishing touch about 'leaving for ever that beloved home for the gloomy and desolate house behind Fleet Street;' which, when the varnish is washed off, is an apt example of the maxim that there is only one step from the sublime (or the pathetic) to the ridiculous. In one note Mr. Croker justly remarks, that 'Johnson offered up a regretful prayer on leaving a place where he had enjoyed so many comforts, not because Mrs. Thrale made him less welcome there, but because she, and he with her, were leaving it;' in another, that he seems to have taken leave of the kitchen as well as of the church at Streatham in Latin, which is translated thus:

'Oct. 6th, Sunday, 1782.

'I dined at Streatham on boiled leg of lamb, with spinach, the stuffing of flour and raisins, round of beef, and turkey polt; and after the meat service, figs, grapes, not yet ripe in consequence of the bad season, with peaches, also hard. I took my place at table in no joyful mood, and partook of the food moderately, lest I should finish by intemperance. If I rightly remember, the banquet at the funeral of Haddon came into my mind. When shall I revisit Streatham?'

It must be admitted that the exclamation — 'When shall I revisit Streatham?' loses much of its pathos when connected with these culinary details, with the unripe grapes, the hard peaches, and the philosophic or moral dread of finishing by intemperance. The next morning, Oct. 7th, he took his place in the coach with the family, and was safely deposited in their comfortable house at Brighton, where he resided till their return to town on the 20th of November; making himself, during the entire six weeks,

* 'Boswell's Life of Johnson: including their Tour to the Hebrides.' By the Right Honourable John Wilson Croker, LL.D., F.R.S. A new edition, thoroughly revised, with much additional matter. In one volume, 1860, p. 710. In his article on Madame D'Arblay, Lord Macaulay speaks of the editor as 'a bad writer of our own time, whose spite she had provoked by not furnishing him with the materials for a worthless edition of "Boswell's Life of Johnson," some sheets of which our readers have doubtless seen round parcels of better books.' If this had been true, no amount of revision would have made the revised edition what it is, — one of the most valuable and entertaining books in the language.

as disagreeable as he well could. Madame D'Arblay, who joined the party as Mrs. Thrale's guest on the 26th Oct. says: 'He has been in a terrible humour of late, and has really frightened all the people till they almost ran from him. To me only I think he is now kind; for Mrs. Thrale fares worse than anybody.' Boswell found him domesticated at her house in Argyll Street on March 21st, 1783, and though prepared to discover symptoms of estrangement, bears reluctant testimony to her kindness and attentiveness. That the struggle with her passion for Piozzi about this time irritated her nerves and endangered her health, is true. It did not sour her temper; and if she, naturally enough, shunned a direct explanation with Johnson, she habitually sacrificed her own feelings to spare his.

When Lord Macaulay, after landing him at 'his gloomy and desolate house behind Fleet Street,' goes on to say that 'here, in June, 1783, he had a paralytic stroke,' the reader understands, and is intended to understand, that the tie with Mrs. Thrale, severed by her act, was at an end: that he was virtually thrown off and abandoned by her. She was at Bath, but immediately offered to come to him; and on June 23rd he writes, — 'Your offer, dear madam, is charmingly kind, but I will lay it up for future use, and then let it not be considered as obsolete; a time of dereliction may come when I may have hardly any other friend. Write to me very often.' During the whole of his illness he sent her a regular diary of his bodily ailments and diet; and on the 21st April, 1784, he writes: 'The Hooles, Miss Burney, and Mrs. Hale, Wesley's sister, feasted yesterday with me very cheerfully on your noble salmon. Mr. Allen could not come, and I sent him a piece, and a great tail is still left.' This brings us tolerably near the marriage with Piozzi, which took place early in July, 1784; and the tone Johnson assumed on that occasion is a decisive proof that their confidential intimacy had not been previously broken off. 'Never,' she says in her reply, 'did I oppose your will, or control your wish, nor can your unmitigated severity itself lessen my regard.'

To complete the absurdity of the position, the lexicographer, who was seventy-four, and was suspected of a wish to marry her himself, objected that Piozzi was an old and ugly dog. Lord Macaulay calls him by turns an Italian fiddler and a music-master from Brescia, in whom nobody but herself could discover anything to admire. These terms might with equal propriety be

applied to Mario or Lablache. He was half a year younger than his wife, and Madame D'Arblay describes him as 'a handsome man, in middle life, with pleasing, gentle, unaffected manners, and with very eminent skill in his profession.' 'Surely,' she adds, 'the finest sensibilities must vibrate through his frame, since they breathe so sweetly through his song.' He gave his wife no reason to repent of her choice, and she never did repent of it; nor is there any ground for supposing that the marriage seriously affected Johnson's peace of mind. He fully acted up to the principle which he laid down when Boswell asked him whether he would eat his dinner on the day one of his intimate friends was hanged. 'Yes, sir, and eat it, as if he were eating it with me; why, there's Baretti, who is to be tried for his life to-morrow. Friends have risen up for him on every side, yet, if he should be hanged, none of them will eat a slice of plum-pudding the less. Sir, that sympathetic feeling goes a very little way in depressing the mind.' In the course of the three months preceding his death he paid two long visits to Dr. Adams at Oxford, one to Dr. Taylor at Ashbourne, and two to friends at Litchfield. About the same time, he told Boswell: 'Sir, I look upon every day to be lost when I do not make a new acquaintance.'

In a letter to Mr. S. Lysons from Milan, December 7th, 1784, Mrs. Piozzi writes: 'My next letter shall talk of the libraries and botanical gardens, and twenty other clever things here. I wish you a comfortable Christmas, and a happy beginning of the year 1785. Do not neglect Dr. Johnson; you will never see any other mortal so wise or so good. I keep his picture in my chamber, and his works on my chimney.' The accumulated items of the accusation against her are thus recapitulated and repelled by her editor and advocate:

'No reader will fail to admire the rhetorical skill with which the expulsion from Streatham with its library formed by himself, the chapter in the Greek Testament, the gloomy and desolate home, the music-master in whom nobody but herself could see anything to admire, the few and evil days, the emotions that convulsed the frame, the painful and melancholy death, and the merry Christmas of concerts and lemonade parties have been grouped together with the view of giving picturesqueness, impressive unity, and damnable vigour to the sketch. . .

'Johnson was never driven or expelled from Mrs. Piozzi's house or family; if very intelligible hints were given, they certainly were not taken; the library was not formed by him;

the Testament may or may not have been Greek; his powerful frame shook with no convulsions but what may have been occasioned by the unripe grapes and hard peaches; he did not leave Streatham for his gloomy and desolate house behind Fleet Street; the few and evil days (two years, nine weeks) did not run out in that house; the music-master was generally admired and esteemed; and the merry Christmas of concerts and lemonade-parties is simply another sample of the brilliant historian's habit of turning the abstract into the concrete in such a manner as to degrade or elevate at will. An Italian concert is not a merry meeting; and a lemonade-party, I presume, is a party where (instead of *eau-sucrée* as at Paris) the refreshment handed about is lemonade: not an enlivening drink at Christmas. In a word, all these graphic details are mere creations of the brain, and the general impression intended to be conveyed by them is false, substantially false; for Mrs. Piozzi never behaved otherwise than kindly and considerately to Johnson at any time.'

Wrong, inexcusably wrong, as Lord Macaulay palpably was, our contemporary undertook to prove him right; and the manner in which this was set about may be inferred from a passage in Mr. Hayward's Preface to the second edition of the 'Autobiography.'* 'No one likes to have foolish or erroneous notions imputed to him, and I have pointed out some of the misapprehensions into which an able writer in the "Edinburgh Review" (No. 231) has been hurried by his eagerness to vindicate Lord Macaulay.'

On turning to these so-called misapprehensions we found them to consist principally of garbled quotations and mis-statements. Johnson begins a letter to Mrs. Thrale, June 19, 1783, in a tone of querulousness not unusual to him at any time, with a doubt whether she will not pass it over with the 'careless glance of frigid indifference.' In the conclusion he says, 'You see I yet turn to you with my complaints as a settled and unalienable friend;' and adds by way of postscript, 'I am almost ashamed of this querulous letter, but now it is written let it go.' The first paragraph is quoted to prove their estrangement at the time; the conclusion and the postscript are suppressed. An important passage in Boswell describing his visit to Johnson at Mrs. Thrale's house, March 21, 1783, is manipulated in the same manner for the same purpose. An alleged quotation from Mr. Hayward's Introduction is declared by him

* 'Letters and Literary Remains of Mrs. Piozzi (Thrale).' Edited, With Notes and Introductory Account of her Life and Writings, by A. Hayward, Esq., Q. C. In 2 vols. 2nd edit. 1861.

(p. 257) to be 'an *olla podrida* of sentences torn from the context in three different and unconnected passages.' The fact that Johnson left Streatham for Brighton with Mrs. Thrale is undeniable, and its ruinous effect on the pathos of the parting scene could not be got over, but it might be weakened. So in direct defiance of the known facts, it is said that, when Johnson was at Brighton with the Thrales and Burneys, 'he seems to have lived a kind of boarding-house life' with them, and 'was not asked out into company with his fellow-lodgers.' Could the reviewer have been ignorant that the house in which they lived belonged to the Thrale family, and that both Johnson and Miss Burney were the guests of Mrs. Thrale?*

We are fully convinced that our contemporary would not have sanctioned this method of proceeding for the sake of any other author, dead or living; and we only recall attention to these misapprehensions as illustrating the means which the Macaulay school conceive justified by the end.

Another of Lord Macaulay's most characteristic passages is his description of Johnson's friend and inmate, Levet; 'an old quack doctor, who bled and dosed coal-heavers and hackney-coachmen, and received for fees crusts of bread, bits of bacon, glasses of gin, and sometimes a little copper.' The only semblance of authority for these degrading details is Hawkins, who says that Levet's patients were chiefly of the lowest class of tradesmen; and that, although he was content to be paid in the way most convenient, he demanded nothing from the poor:

'No summons mocked by chill delay,
No petty gains disdained by pride,
The modest wants of every day
The toil of every day supplied.'

On no question have Lord Macaulay's name and authority weighed more heavily and (we think) more injuriously than on the Junius question. It was one in which, for want of evidence, certainty was unattainable; one consequently in which he was pretty sure to lose patience and go astray. 'You may remember,' writes the author of *Waverley* in 1822, 'the neatly-wrought chain of circumstantial evidence so artificially brought forward to prove Sir Philip Francis' title to the "Letters of Junius" seemed at first irrefragable; yet the influence of the reasoning has passed away, and Junius, in the general opinion, is

* See 'Autobiography,' vol. i. p. 233, and vol. ii. p. 46.

as much unknown as ever.' The general opinion continued in the same state till the appearance of the famous article on Warren Hastings in 1841, in which the brilliant writer unequivocally declares that, if his argument, mainly based on the very same neatly-wrought chain of which Scott speaks, 'does not settle the question, there is an end of all reasoning on circumstantial evidence,' and that 'the evidence is such as would support a verdict in a civil, nay, in a criminal proceeding.' Clearly and succinctly presented in its most favourable shape by Earl Stanhope, and vehemently urged by Lord Campbell, this argument beat down all opposition, if it did not command enlightened assent, until the appearance of the 'Memoirs of Sir Philip Francis,'* which was confidently announced by the chief author (an uncompromising and distinguished member of the school) as a conclusive confirmation of the creed. It was so accepted by a succession of critics, till a writer in 'Fraser's Magazine' suddenly flung down the gauntlet, declaring Francis to be little better than an impostor and those who persevered in believing in him little better than dupes. The mask was speedily cast aside, and the article has been expanded into a pamphlet, which comprises all, or nearly all, that can be urged against what (to avoid periphrase) we are content to call the Franciscan theory.† With the aid of the ample materials now placed at our disposal, we propose to sum up the evidence and pleadings in the case.

Till forty years after the last of the Junius letters, the name of Francis was never mentioned in connexion with them. This is a recognised and most important fact, for contemporaries must be acquainted with a variety of circumstances bearing on identity, of which a succeeding generation are ignorant; and most of the supposed

* 'Memoirs of Sir Philip Francis, K. C.B., with Correspondence and Journals.' Commenced by the late Joseph Parkes, Esq., completed and edited by Herman Merivale, M. A. In 2 vols. London, 1867. This book is a valuable addition to political literature, and much of it, particularly the Indian portion, will be read with interest. But the scale on which it was planned is preposterous; and the obvious incapacity of the authors to dissociate Francis from Junius checks interest and justifies distrust. Their points of similarity resemble those which Luellen discovered between Monmouth and Macedon. A hundred of them would no more constitute a proof, than a bushel of chaff would make an ounce of bread.

† 'More about Junius. The Franciscan Theory Unsound.' Reprinted from 'Fraser's Magazine,' with Additions. By A. Hayward, Esq., Q. C. London, 1868. One of the best dissertations on Junius will be found in the 'L'Angleterre au Dix-huitième Siècle' of M. Charles de Remusat, who wavers between Francis, Earl Temple, and Lord George Sackville.

signs and alleged coincidences, on which so much reliance has recently been placed, could not possibly have existed without exciting suspicion at the time. We feel convinced that, should the true Junius ever be discovered or made known, he will be found amongst the persons suspected by his contemporaries.

It is also remarkable that the claim, after having been started and gained ground, should have been allowed to slumber till another generation had passed away, — the generation who had personally known Francis, although not of an age to remember the first publication of the letters and the speculations concerning them. This is accounted for by Sir Fortunatus Dwaris, who lays down broadly as matter of fact, that 'no one who knew, heard, or read Francis, thought him capable of producing Junius.' Among those who, to our own knowledge, came within Sir Fortunatus' description, were the second Lord Holland, the late Lord Granville, Lord Colborne, Sir Samuel Romilly, Sir Robert Peel, the late Earl of Essex, and Lord Broughton. Tierney said, 'I know no better reason for believing the fellow to be Junius than that he was always confoundedly proud of something, and no one could ever guess what it could be.'

In the Woodfall edition of 1812 there appeared for the first time a letter (brought home to Junius by the private letters), dated March 23rd, 1772, and signed *Veteran*, in which it is announced that the worthy Lord Barrington, 'not content with having driven Mr. D'Oyley out of the War Office, has at last contrived to expel Mr. Francis;' followed by a call upon these gentlemen 'to declare their reasons for quitting the office,' and the remark that 'men of their unblemished character do not resign lucrative employments without some sufficient reasons.' Whatever the circumstances under which Francis left the War Office, he clearly did not wish public attention to be directed to them, nor to have it thought that he had been expelled. *Veteran* was obviously ignorant that the formal resignation in March was the result of an arrangement in January. The suspicions of Lord Barrington and others who knew all about the matter, and were eager to identify Junius, were not awakened by the letter. But it gave a clue to one who read it disconnected from the period; and in 1813 appeared 'A Discovery of the Author of the Letters of Junius,' which was followed by the 'Junius Identified' of the same writer, Mr. Taylor, in 1814. The

second of these publications, which asserts the sole authorship of Sir Philip, is in flat contradiction to the first, which asserts the joint authorship of Sir Philip with his father, Dr. Francis; nor was it well possible for Mr. Taylor to get clear of the dilemma in which he had involved himself by the change; for (as Mr. Hayward points out) 'the proofs and presumptions deduced from the similarity of the father's style and peculiarities of expressions, were unluckily stronger and more numerous than the corresponding proofs and presumptions relating to the son.'* And here we may remark that in the cases of all the candidates (from thirty to forty in number), peculiarities of spelling or expression are almost invariably forthcoming, like bread at a French ordinary, *à discretion*; and that in several instances the comparison of handwriting is boldly challenged by facsimiles, or the similarity made out by the juxtaposition of selected letters and words. The fact is, handwriting a hundred years ago was bolder, clearer, and less varied than it is now. The handwriting of a period is not unfrequently as distinctive as its costume. If the question were to be decided by handwriting, we must at once accept Mr. W. J. Smith's theory, that Lord Temple was Junius, with Lady Temple for an amanuensis. In the Private Letter, No. 6, there are three lines exactly resembling the handwriting of Boyd.

According to Lord Macaulay, 'The handwriting of Junius is the very peculiar handwriting of Francis slightly disguised.' It does not strike us to be very peculiar; it is a good bold commonplace hand, and Mr. Hayward states that he has shown specimens of the handwriting of Junius and Francis to at least thirty persons, including eminent lawyers and men of letters, who were all but unanimous that there is no similarity. The facsimiles appended to the Memoirs show none; and there are circumstances proving that the disguise must have been more than slight at all events. Francis acted as occasional amanuensis to Lord Chatham for a year and four months, and Lord Chatham's recollection of his handwriting had been refreshed by letters, transmitted through Calcraft, shortly before the receipt of a private letter from Junius in his ordinary hand (feigned or natural), being the second private letter from Junius to Lord Chatham in that hand.

* 'There is scarcely one peculiar expression in the whole of his (Dr. Francis') Demosthenes and Horace of which an example cannot be found in the last edition of the works of Junius.' — 'A Discovery,' &c.

All the world were then speculating on the identity, and the handwriting was minutely scrutinised. How came Lord Chatham and his friends not to recognise it? or (stranger still) how came Francis to run the risk of sending anonymous letters to his old patron in his own 'very peculiar handwriting slightly disguised?'

The War Office paper turns out to be a fiction or fancy of Mr. Parkes; and Lord Macaulay's boasted argument (addressed to the publisher of this journal) to prove the connexion of Junius with the War Office, leads to an exactly opposite conclusion.* The mystification Sir Philip practised on his second wife, weakens instead of strengthening his pretensions; and Lord Campbell's statement that 'there is overwhelming evidence to prove that Sir Philip delivered the manuscript to Woodfall,' is justly cited as a specimen of the recklessness of assertion in which the supporters of the theory systematically indulge. Altogether, then, it may be fairly taken for granted that there is no direct proof of identity, and we perforce fall back on inference, presumption, circumstantial evidence, and probability.

What manner of man was Junius, so far as can be ascertained from his letters, public and private? What manner of man was Francis, judged by his writings and speeches, his connexions, and his life? These are the points on which it is necessary to come to some sort of understanding at starting.

The language of Junius is uniformly that of a man of rank and fortune, filling an independent and influential position in society. This is particularly discernible in his private letters. He must have had ready and constant access to the best sources of information, official, social, and political. He must have been a man of distinguished ability and conscious superiority; so distinguished indeed, and so conscious, that it is difficult to imagine him hiding his light under a bushel, and never attracting notice by a spark. He must have had ample leisure, for when charged by Horne Tooke with writing under a variety of signatures, he admits the charge, and asks: 'Is there no merit in dedicating my life to the information of my fellow subjects? What public question have I declined? What villain have I spared? Is there no labour in the composition of these letters? Mr. Horne, I fear, is partial to me, and

* 'Letter to John Murray, Esq.' Printed by Earl Stanhope, in the appendix to the fifth volume of the last edition of his 'History of England since the Peace of Utrecht.' See 'More about Junius,' pp. 35-37.

measures the facility of my writings by the fluency of his own.' These writings founded a style, the traces of which are discernible in English literature to this hour, and they bear internal evidence of the amount of *limæ labor* bestowed upon them.*

Francis was a man of good education, who, by diligent study early in life, may be supposed to have acquired the knowledge and scholarship needed for the compositions in question. He also, for two short periods, held appointments which brought him in contact with official men of eminence, but these led to nothing, and in the twenty-third year of his age (December, 1762) he dropped into the position of first clerk in the War Office, which he retained till after the conclusion of the Junius letters, in 1772. He had no private fortune; he was always dependent upon patronage or place, and he is constantly looking to India or America as a last resort. When about twenty-two, he made an imprudent marriage which (no unusual consequence) lowered his society and led him to exchange habits of study for habits of dissipation. He was addicted to high play at whist, and he occasionally speculated in the funds, till stopped by a loss of 600*l.*, in 1770. He was regarded as the ablest of the subordinates at his office; and in the middle of the Junius correspondence he complains of being 'almost overwhelmed with official business.' The manner in which he employed his spare time and holidays may be collected from his private letters, *e. g.* :—

'I am just returned from spending a riotous fortnight at Bath. Gravior and two others filled a post-coach, which was dragged with no small velocity by four horses. We travelled like gentlemen and lived like rakes.'

'Jan. 30, 1771.

Tilman dined with me yesterday, and swallowed a moiety of two bottles of claret. . . . We lead a jolly kind of life. This night to a concert; on Thursday to a ridotto; on Saturday the opera; and on Tuesday following a grand private ball at the London Tavern.'

'July 26, 1771.

'To-morrow Godfrey, Tilman, another gent,

* In conjecturing the character and qualities of Junius, Mr. Hayward lays, we think, undue stress on the Preliminary Essay to Woodfall's edition, and on the Miscellaneous Letters in that edition. The Essay was written by Dr. Macon Good, seven years after the death of H. S. Woodfall; and the Miscellaneous Letters were selected by him from the columns of the 'Public Advertiser,' without any evidence but what he deemed internal evidence of their authorship. Most of the Private Letters had no date but the day of the week. In all such instances the day of the month and year are added by him. See 'The Grenville Papers,' vol. III. p. xvii.

and I, set out upon a tour through Derbyshire, and propose to reach Manchester. I wish you were of the party.'

They did not return till the 13th August, the day on which appeared the celebrated reply of Junius to Horne's letter of the 31st July. This reply, therefore, must have been composed and sent during the tour. On the 31st July, the day when Horne's letter appeared, Francis writes from Derby to his wife: 'The Duchess of Bedford, and be d—d to her, would not let us see Wooburn Abbey, which we all greatly regret.' There are frequent references in the correspondence to Junius, of whom Francis speaks carelessly and naturally; and the leading events of the day are mentioned in the same manner. There is not the slightest indication of newspaper writing or literary occupation of any sort; and the interest which he takes in politics is of a narrow and limited kind, arising either from speculations in the funds, the chance of an increase of official fees by war, or the hope of advancement through Calcraft in case of Lord Chatham's return to power. The part assigned him by Mr. Merivale in the combination against the ministry, in 1770, is subordinate and almost humiliating. 'He only approached the great man through Calcraft. His business was to collect materials for Calcraft; to stimulate him by use of the plentiful resources of his own wit, courage, and information; to act, in short, as the jackal's provider, who was himself providing for the lion.' And was this the haughty, terrible, and dreaded Junius in the lurid splendour of his meridian? When we hear of him in this guise, not even admitted to the antechambers of the great, we are reminded of a scene in 'The Rehearsal':—

'The army's at the door, and, in disguise,
Desires a word with both your Majesties.'

Francis never had wit at any time; neither wit nor courage was required or displayed in collecting materials for Calcraft, and these materials appear to have been scanty and commonplace.* Whilst describ-

* See 'The Chatham Correspondence,' vol. iii. p. 444, vol. iv. pp. 48 and 128, and 'The Grenville Papers,' vol. iii. p. cxiv. Two of the three letters forwarded to Lord Chatham, and attributed to Francis, are in his handwriting. There is nothing (beyond his own assertion) to connect him, much less Junius, with the other, which is indorsed by Calcraft *anonymous*; and a very strong point has been raised upon it. If he wrote it, and was Junius, what follows (according to Mr. Merivale) is this:—He first got up a law argument carefully; stated it accurately; attended the House of Lords (Dec. 10, 1770) when it was used by Lord Chatham;

ing Francis, Mr. Merivale had Junius in his mind. So had the writers who have drawn pictures of Francis as an ardent, eager, political student, bursting with indignation at the degradation of his country, and devoting days and nights to rouse the dormant energies of his countrymen.

Early in 1771, Francis found that there was little to be expected from politics. In the 'Autobiography,' he says, 'The prospect on every side was gloomy and dispiriting. From that time I never ceased to form projects for quitting the War Office. India was the only quarter where it was possible to make a fortune, and this way all my thoughts were directed.' According to every plain common-sense interpretation of words and actions, what follows is intelligible enough. When a move took place in the War Office, he declined the offer which 'my Lord Barrington was so good as to make me with many obliging and friendly expressions,' and resigned his clerkship. There is an interval of about a year and a half between his retirement and his Indian appointment, for which he was mainly indebted to Lord Barrington. He was about six months abroad, and the literary performance which he meditated on his return (Dec. 1772) was not exactly of a nature to call out the powers or satisfy the aspirations of Junius.

'The hopes of employment were yet distant and uncertain. The interval was to be amused, and if possible with credit. Mons. de Pinto's "Essay on Circulation" had fallen into my hands abroad. I thought I might reap some benefit from giving a translation of it, with notes to the public. I went over to the Hague, in May (1773), to consult the author, who received me with transports of joy.'

was proud of its success; reported it at the time, and commented upon it; after the lapse of nearly two years reverted to it in the Preface to the collected edition, and quoted the report, thereby making the impression more durable than if the topic had been only taken up at one period and then dropped. Three years afterwards (in 1775) he has forgotten all about the matter; he is doubtful whether the point arose on the prosecution of Woodfall for publishing Junius' Address to the King; he misdescribes the letter; and he misstates the argument to an extent which proves that he never understood or mastered it at any time. See 'More about Junius,' pp. 21-23; but it seems to have escaped Mr. Hayward that Francis says nothing about the matter in a letter of December 11, 1770, to Macrae, nor in a letter of the same date to Major Baggs, then at Cork, in which he describes a scene which he witnessed in the House of Lords on the 10th. Another odd thing has not been noticed. It is stated in the Autobiography that 'His (Lord Chatham's) speech the next day flamed in the newspapers and ran through the kingdom.' One paper, the 'Evening Post,' published a meagre report of the speech. The rest, including the 'Public Advertiser,' took no notice of it. Parliamentary reporting was then prohibited by both Houses.

The completion of this work was interrupted by his Indian appointment, June 1773. The date and circumstances are utterly inconsistent with the hypothesis, adopted by Lord Campbell and favoured by Mr. Merivale, that the appointment was the price of silence. He left England for India in March, 1774. The last of the public letters under the signature of Junius appeared on January 21st, 1772. The last private letter Woodfall received from the writer is dated January 9th, 1773.

There is literally nothing in the life or correspondence of Francis to connect him with Junius during the Junian period; and this is the period to which we must mainly look for indications of identity in character, opinions, tone, taste, language, knowledge, and capacity. In the case of all other candidates, the practice has been to ascertain how far their political creed, their interests, or their likings and dislikings, agreed with Junius; and a single marked contradiction or discrepancy has repeatedly been held fatal to a claim. The Franciscan theory bristles with contradictions and discrepancies. They are cumulative, whatever (what Mr. Merivale calls) the convergent lines may be. We will specify a few.

Francis had every reason to be kindly disposed to Wood, Wellbore Ellis, Lord Egremont, Lord Barrington, and Calcraft. He was bound to them, not only by the common ties of gratitude, but by that species of it, the most binding of any, which has been defined a lively sense of favours to come. To weaken their influence was to destroy his own prospects. Yet, if he was Junius, he systematically assailed them all; wrote the most damaging things of Calcraft at the very moment when they were eagerly co-operating, and most rancorously abused Lord Barrington when that nobleman was the mainstay of his fortunes, the most steadfast of his patrons, and the kindest of his friends.*

Now take the enemies and antipathies. One of the few political men of note supposed to be favoured by Junius was the first Lord Holland; and Lord Macaulay includes the strong tie between them amongst his five marks or stigmata. It is clear from the 'Autobiography' that, dating from 1763, Francis 'heartily concurred' with his father in regarding Lord Holland as a 'scoundrel' who had ill-treated them.

Junius, waiving his early objections to the

* 'I love you both (Francis and Clavering) so much that I cannot wish you to continue long in a situation so painful, though so creditable to you.' (Lord Barrington to Francis, Nov. 18, 1777.)

private character of Wilkes, adopts his cause warmly, engages in a long confidential correspondence with him, consults him about the collected edition of the 'Letters,' and takes a particular interest in his paper war with Horne Tooke. Francis never speaks otherwise than slightly of Wilkes, and in reference to their paper war writes to his friend Baggs, at Gibraltar:—

'Wilkes and Horne have brought their villany and folly before the public.'—*Jan. 29, 1771.*

'Wilkes and Horne are at open war in the newspapers. Nothing can be more contemptible, in my own opinion, nor less interesting, than the whole of their correspondence. Horne's dislike and rancour are wretched beyond all description. The other rogue stands his ground.'—*May 30, 1771.*

There were no two men to whom Junius would have been more unlikely to refer spontaneously than Sir William Draper, whom he had stung to madness, and Sir John Burgoyne, whom he had described (14th February, 1770) as 'sitting down, for the remainder of his life, infamous and contented.' On December 11th, 1787, Francis, being put on his defence in the House of Commons for having been one of the managers of the impeachment of Hastings, stated that the persons whom he had consulted as the best judges of points of honour were Sir William Draper and Sir John Burgoyne. Draper was dead, but Burgoyne rose and handsomely responded to the appeal; which, if Francis was Junius, is the strongest example of gratuitous folly and brazen impudence on record. Why aggravate the consequences of a discovery which was always on the cards? The worst men do not accumulate baseness on baseness, or infamy on infamy, out of mere wantonness; and there is no ground for ranking Junius amongst the worst men; no ground for distrusting his solemn avowal in a private letter to Woodfall: 'After long experience of the world, I affirm before God I never knew a rogue who was not unhappy.' His tone and conduct to Woodfall are uniformly kind, generous, and considerate. Nor was he habitually rancorous. He readily repairs the injustice of which he had been guilty to Vaughan; and in the private letter, No. 11, he writes: 'The only thing that hinders my pushing the subject of my last letter is really the fear of ruining that poor devil Gansel, and those other blockheads.'

Again, the unbroken attachment professed by Francis to the person and principles of Lord Chatham, to whom he was acting as amanuensis in 1761, and as lion's provider

under Calcraft in 1770, is utterly irreconcilable with several passages of Junius, especially with the guarded panegyric, implying recent disagreement, of August 18th, 1771.

Here, therefore (including the misstatement of the law point), are no less than eleven discrepancies or contradictions, without a title of affirmative evidence to set against them. Nor has any one attempted to account, on the Franciscan hypothesis, for the persistent hostility, obviously envenomed by intimate personal knowledge, displayed by Junius towards the King, the Princess Dowager, the Duke of Bedford, the Duke of Grafton, and many other persons of distinction, with whom a clerk in the War Office, living like Francis, had nothing in common. Junius writes in a private letter: '*Next to the Duke of Grafton, I verily believe the blackest heart in the kingdom belongs to Lord Barrington.*' Why this disagreeable precedence is given to the Duke of Grafton should be explained by those who have laboured to make out a lurking enmity to Lord Barrington.

The decided inferiority of Francis's compositions in his best days, after his Indian and House of Commons training, is hardly denied in any quarter. His style (as Mr. Merivale admits) is hard and meagre, without grace, polish, variety, or flow. He had no command of language. He could not play with words and images. He could write or speak forcibly, not elegantly. Junius was an accomplished rhetorician, which is precisely what Francis was not. The style of Junius was so peculiar, so different from anything before or after, that, if the writer had re-appeared, he would have been recognised, like the goddess by her walk — *Oh, Dea certe*. Francis was constantly writing under exciting circumstances and in the maturity of his powers. He, moreover, was always trying to write like Junius, and was never able to produce even a tolerable imitation. In his laboured letter of December 1st, 1770, to Calcraft, he may not have meant to imitate the famous letter of Junius to Lord Mansfield of the preceding 14th November, for we constantly find people reproducing unconsciously, as their own, arguments or trains of reasoning by which they had been formerly impressed. But it is in the highest degree improbable that Junius, a fortnight after publishing a striking letter, should sit down and compose a bad paraphrase of it. Mr. Merivale, however, thinks it more likely that Junius should have repeated himself than that another person should have repeated him; and it is absolutely necessary for Mr. Merivale to think so; for if Francis did not

write both the letters, he could not have been Junius. We should, therefore, be disposed to set this down as the twelfth difficulty or labour of the Franciscan Hercules.

On what, then, does the Franciscan theory now rest? Simply on the ingrained habit of believing in it and the general unwillingness to fall back into uncertainty. Junius must have been somebody. Why not Francis? And why not Boyd, or Burke, or Singlespeech Hamilton, or Lord Lyttelton, or Earl Temple, or Lord George Sackville? If we must make a definite choice, let us choose the best of the candidates, not the worst; and we should now place Francis nearly at the bottom of the list. But if he falls, Lord Macaulay's authority falls along with him, and a desperate rally has consequently been made to prop him up. * '*More about Junius,*' is set aside with an expression of surprise that so little can be said to shake the belief in the authorship of Sir Philip; his identity with Junius is taken for granted: and the very weakest of the refuted arguments are confidently reproduced.

We are told that 'the most forcible is that of time' — that 'the times at which the letters of Junius were received by Woodfall tally with the dates of Francis's known residence in London' — which they notoriously do not.

Again, that, the King and Ministry knowing Francis to be Junius, Lord Barrington knowing him to be also the author of the abusive letters under other signatures against himself, the Indian appointment was given as hushmoney, a year and a half after Junius had been hushed, through the instrumentality of Lord Barrington, who (as well as the King and Ministry) kept the secret, and who continued on the most affectionate terms with him for the remainder of their joint lives. This is pronounced to be 'the only theory which is both consistent and intelligible.'

We have seen how Francis passed his time from 1763 to 1774: during the whole eleven years there is not the slightest evidence of any literary interest or occupation except the translation of an essay on Circulation. But it seems that he was all along absorbed by the passion of writing. 'Writing' was to him what *gambling* was to some, *intrigue* to others, hunting and racing to others of his contemporaries. It was a study, an art, a recreation, and an excitement.' Two pages further on we find: 'Only a man who could refresh him-

* '*The Edinburgh Review.*' No. 259. January, 1888, Art. VI.

self after the labours of the study and the Council *with the diversions of gallantry and gambling*, could relieve the tame drudgery of the War Office by the indulgence of the strong political passion which breathes in every page of Junius.' This aiming at contradictory effects is somewhat in the Macaulay manner, but in the succeeding sentence the disciple has decidedly surpassed the master : —

'And only such a man could, while persecuting King, Ministers, and Judges, so baffle an inquisitive world by an alternation of impudently lying and tricky subterfuges, that not even his father, his intimate friend, his fellow-clerks working in the same office, his brother-in-law, the wife of his bosom, or the person the most interested, the printer and publisher of the letters, should ever guess who was the author! Or had he the wonderful power to make all these persons lie on his behalf?'

And the wonderful power to make all the rest of the world believe them when they were lying? At all events he has had the wonderful power of making clever people talk and write a great deal of nonsense, besides inducing Lord Macaulay to resort to a mode of statement which was unworthy of him. In his History, after mentioning the Irish prejudice against the Luttrells, he adds in a note :

'It is certain that very few Englishmen can have sympathised with Junius's abhorrence of the Luttrells, or can even have understood it. Why, then, did he use expressions which, to the great majority of his readers, must have been unintelligible? My answer is that Philip Francis was born and passed the first ten years of his life within a walk of Luttrellstown.'*

Francis was born in Dublin, which is seven miles from Luttrellstown, and he quitted Ireland for ever in his fifth or sixth year. It would be equally accurate to state that a man, born in London, was born with-

in a walk of Putney, and so convey an impression that he was familiar with the traditions of the place. Junius himself assigns an English cause, perfectly intelligible to Englishmen, for his dislike of the Luttrells.

It was said of Lord Mansfield at the bar that his statement was more effective than any other man's argument, and the same might frequently be said of Lord Macaulay's statement although not in so complimentary a sense. But there is a distinction between the advocate and the historian, which the historian should keep constantly in view; and it is because Lord Macaulay has so repeatedly lost sight of it, that, with unfeigned admiration of his genius, we deprecate his example and disclaim his authority.

JOLLY. — This word has become almost as universal in its application, or rather misapplication, in higher classes, as that most reprehensible one denounced by Lord Howden amongst the lowest. But I was surprised to fall upon it in Spenser yesterday, applied in somewhat of the modern fashion : —

"The Shepherd's Calendar : " September.
Hobbinoll and Diggon.

"Diggon. In deede thy bull is a bold bigge cur,
And could make a jolly hole in tneir fur."

In the same eclogue, I find Christendom used in the restricted sense of this island only.

Diggon, who has left his native plains for some other country where the folds are kept by Popish shepherds, where the sheep, he says, "beene of ravenous wolves yrent."

"Hobb. Fie on thee, Diggon, and all thy foule leasing !

Well is known that sith the Saxon king,
Never was wolf scene, many nor some,
Nor in all Kent nor in Christendome ;
But the fewer wolves (the sooth to saine),
The more been the foxes that here remaine."

— N. & Q.

J. A. G.

* Works, vol. iii. p. 451.

CHAPTER XX.

THE DOUBLE ARREST.

WHATEVER might have been the effect created at the time by old Martin Prévost's death, it was immeasurably surpassed by that which the arrest of the bûcheron produced. There was no end now to the conjectures and speculations; no saying what might not be revealed; no limit to the excitement of the townspeople of D —.

It was scarcely past noon when the Breton was brought a prisoner into the town, and before supper-time every man and woman knew of each single detail connected with his arrest, — or at all events talked as if they were thoroughly conversant with them. So great was the agitation of the little place, and so delighted was the little population at having such an occurrence wherewith to occupy itself, that long-standing feuds were healed in the common emotion, that Madame Joséphine le Vaillant condescended to exchange ideas with Madame Valentin, and that Céleste from the Château, and Madelon from the Mairie, fraternised with Madame Jean; — or rather tried to do so, for that important personage felt her importance doubled, and was less accessible than usual. Madame Jean's importance was doubled, for she held to the mystery by both ends. She was a manner of co-proprietress of the criminal, — if criminal he was, of which there was no inconsiderable doubt; — while over the executive authority as represented in the person of la gendarmerie itself, who would gainsay her sovereign influence?

There was a conviction in the public mind that Madame Jean really did know everything, and accordingly Madame Jean was paid court to instantly, as those are who have suddenly been invested with some unusual distinction or power. Besides, Monsieur le Maire was observed to go three times in the course of that eventful day to la Maison Prévost, and at his last visit, which was late in the day, he was accompanied by the brigadier.

But the public mind of D — had had time, even in the space of a few hours, to become divided upon the question of Prosper Morel's insanity. That Prosper had had to do with the murder of Martin Prévost could no longer be a matter of doubt; but that he was the actual murderer, and, above all, that he was the only one who had committed the crime, — this became quickly the cause of the liveliest disputes.

Indeed, this it was which made up the quarrel between the rich grocer's widow and Madame Joséphine le Vaillant, who both happened to be of the same opinion. These ladies opined that some person or persons yet undiscovered had really done the deed, and had, for some reason which would later be found out, been obliged to make an accomplice of old Prosper, whose weak intellect had been fairly upset by the horrible drama in which he had been mixed up. The doctor at D — was of their way of thinking also, for after having spent an hour with the Breton on the day of his committal to gaol, he confided to the Juge de Paix that, according to his belief, the old man was not altogether of sound mind. "There is an evident mixture of fact and imagination in all he says," had been the doctor's remark. "Up to a certain point he is as clear and precise as possible, and unmistakably sane; but past that point, he as unmistakably wanders, and either he is ignorant or he won't tell what he knows. I incline to believe him ignorant."

However, Dr. Javal had been telegraphed to from Cholet, and it remained to be seen what that irreverential young practitioner's opinion would be. Meanwhile, an immense deal had already come out, and the craving public mind had devoured one or two hard facts, — facts not to be controverted.

For instance, in the box dug up under Prosper's own directions were found a pair of new shoes, of a small size for a man, but answering to the impression left upon the minds of all who had assisted at the original "instruction" in October, by the foot-marks traced in the garden. Of course, in so grave a matter a mere impression left upon men's memories was scarcely a thing to rest an inference upon. Still, there were the shoes, too small for any one connected with the Prévost household; and they bore marks of having probably been worn but once. The heels were scarcely soiled, whilst the fore part of the sole was still clogged with a crust of dry mud, out of which a few blades of dry grass were extracted.

Now, as to the money! There was found, in five small parcels, — two only in rouleaux, — the sum of 5,000 francs in gold; corresponding to what Monsieur Richard had found noted down on a paper in his uncle's strong box. In a small leathern pocket-book, or portfolio, were also found a number of bank-notes wrapped up in a piece of paper. But on this paper were written the following figures: —

" 20 100 fr. notes.
 12 500 do.
 2 1000 do.
 Total, 10,000 frs."

Now, when the notes were counted up they made a total of only 8000, instead of 10,000. The two notes of 1000 francs each were missing.

It became therefore evident that whoever the criminals really were, they had robbed their victim to a certain extent, though undoubtedly an insignificant one, considering the far larger sum they had had at their disposal, and had left untouched. Having taken this much, why had they taken no more? If dishonest at all, why so moderate?

When the fact, however, of the missing notes was brought home to Prosper, the old man's demeanor changed altogether. Instead of the strange half-dreamy, half-ecstatic manner he had assumed from the first, he grew vehement, and all but furious. At the bare suspicion that he had robbed the murdered man, his indignation burst violently forth, and he stalked up and down the room where he had been brought for the first preliminary examination, alternately uttering incoherent phrases of bitter anger, or relapsing into a dogged silence, during which he contented himself with glowering at the mayor, and gnashing his teeth.

"One thing is easy to see," whispered the brigadier, who was present, — apparently for the protection of Monsieur le Maire, — "and that is, that if he were enraged, there's nothing he would stop at."

But the Breton was unmanageable, and sullenly retreating into a corner, declared he would not open his mouth again till the Curé, who had been sent for at his desire, should have arrived. When the Curé did come, the old man rose, shoved aside the gendarme with one sweep of his long lean arm, and, walking straight up to the priest, went down on both knees before him, and said, in a tone at once earnest and submissive:

"I have confessed, father; I have confessed! I have lightened my soul of its load; I have done what you ordered me to do; but tell me I can save my soul; tell me the punishment will not be eternal; tell me I shall be forgiven; tell me that, mon père; tell me that!"

"My poor friend!" said the Curé, with the utmost compassion in his tone, and laying his hand upon the bûcheron's head; "so surely as you confess your transgres-

sions, and repent of them with all your heart, so surely will you be forgiven. God's mercy is infinite; but you must confess all your sins; — you must withhold nothing."

"I have told all!" exclaimed the Breton, suddenly springing to his feet, and with a glance of rekindling indignation; "but am I not to tell the crimes of others, too? Are others to go unpunished?"

The manner of the man while saying this was so singular, there was such a revengeful air about him, that, coupled with the very unsafe condition of his intellect, the Curé thought he foresaw a danger, and determined to guard against it as best he could. "Prosper Morel," said he sternly, "the confession of your misdeeds is what will save your soul. The misdeeds of others lie between God and them. Beware of the spirit of revenge, my son! it will stand between you and atonement even to the Day of Judgment. You will expiate nothing by confessing other people's sins. You must repent of your own."

The brigadier fairly shrugged his shoulders with impatience on hearing this, and clanked his big sabre on the ground; and the Maire came up to the Curé cautiously, and putting his mouth close to the latter's ear, he whispered, "But if we could get him to reveal; if we could get him to put us on the trace of" —

The priest, who was a powerful man, literally whisked the Maire, who was a small, pudgy one, into the embrasure of the window; and, standing with his back turned to Prosper, so that the arrested man should not overhear him, he said, quite lowly, "The man is not safe; once set him on revealing, and God only knows what he will imagine! He is as likely as not to 'reveal' you as his accomplice." — The Maire started back with horror. — "Yes! every bit as likely as not. The man is not altogether sane, though he will probably tell the entire truth about himself; but don't trust him with the lives and reputations of others. There is no saying to whom he owes a grudge, or what mischief might be done. Keep him to what touches himself only."

The civil functionary obeyed, though reluctantly, for he did not relish being balked of a revelation or two.

"Now, Prosper," recommenced the Curé, "tell the truth about these missing notes. Calm yourself; subdue your anger; and now tell us how comes it that these two 1000-franc notes are gone?"

"I will only speak if my words are credited," rejoined the Breton, sullenly.

"Speak to me, Prosper, and I will believe you," continued the Curé.

"Well, then, mon père, by my hopes of salvation, I know nothing of the money in the box. I saw it put in, — the gold and the leathern portfolio, — but as it was when put in, so it has remained ever since."

"But," objected the Curé, "you see these notes were wrapped up in a sheet of paper that was sealed, and the seal has been broken. You see these figures, written on the paper; they mark the sum of 10,000 francs, and specify two 1000-franc notes. These are gone."

"Monsieur le Curé," answered Prosper, "if my own soul had not been sleepless within me and tortured me, needed I to proclaim my guilt? Was not my innocence accredited? Have I not come freely, joyfully, into the enemy's toils? Have I not come here to pay for the salvation of my immortal soul with my mortal body? This hand, — this hand" — and he held his hand aloft — "committed a murder; but of any theft I know nothing. That box has never been touched since I carried it away after the murder, till this morning when I showed it to Monsieur le Maire."

The Curé looked steadfastly at the prisoner, who never quailed before his gaze.

"Mon père," at last added Prosper, "you must believe what I say, for you believe in what the Gospel teaches; you know that we have souls, and that we can save them; — they don't!" and he waved his arm over all the other spectators of the scene. "They believe not. Mon père, tell them I speak the truth, for I am trying hard to save my soul."

The Curé turned to the Maire, and with great gravity said, "I do believe the man speaks the truth."

"But, then, the notes?" retorted the irritated Maire; "and the broken seal?"

"Time and the progress of the 'instruction' will throw light upon the whole," rejoined the Curé; "but I must believe Prosper Morel's words, and I do so."

At all events, nothing more was to be made of the Breton; and before the day closed a new and quite unforeseen direction was given to the current of the public thought in D—. Raoul de Morville was arrested for having been implicated in the murder of Martin Prévost, just as he was stepping into the diligence which was to convey him to the railway station, where he was to take the night train to Paris.

CHAPTER XXI.

VEVETTE'S SORROW.

OF the sensation called forth by this last event it is scarcely necessary to speak. Nothing so extraordinary had ever happened in D—, not only "within the memory of man," but even, — as Monsieur le Maire proclaimed, — "in the annals of history." A young man of good birth, — a handsome, clever, gay, hunting-and-shooting gentilhomme, — was accused of the murder of a snuffy old bourgeois, of a hard-fisted old usurer, who was as much disliked as he who was accused of murdering him was popular! True, the strange alteration in Raoul's manner, so generally commented upon, was immediately referred to; but as compared with the enormity of the crime, all this sank into nothing; and the past of the fine, generous young fellow, who, without having had a "chance" in life, had "got on" all by himself, mastered a good, sound education, and never deserved an enemy, rose up now in the minds of his townsmen, and protested against the awful accusation under which he laboured.

From the moment when young Morville was arrested less was known of what took place than had been hitherto the case, and the public mind seemed in a fair way to be tortured by the efforts made to preserve secrecy. This much was known, that, between the hour of his arrest and midnight, two telegrams had been exchanged between D— and the chief town of the department, which was rather more than eight English miles distant; and D—, as we know, not having a telegraph station, on each occasion a man on horseback had to be sent off, — which produced a great impression.

The day following Raoul's arrest more telegraphic messages were despatched to and fro, and it was even rumoured that Monsieur le Sous-Préfet might be expected in the course of the day.

Do what the "authorities" would, — and they did do their utmost, — some few scraps of information did ooze out; and it remained an avowed fact that the brigadier had stayed more than an hour in la Maison Prévost! Nay, that he had actually breakfasted with Madame Jean in her kitchen, — it was her second breakfast, — and that she had brought from the cellar and devoted to the especial usage of "Monsieur Frédéric" a bottle of some old Burgundy by which her defunct master

set extraordinary store. How did this get known? Well, there are assuredly genii who preside over the longings of human curiosity; and in this case the particular genius was supposed to be Nicholas, the "out-door man," who had seen the wine brought up from the cellar, and not got one drop of it to drink.

Disjointed, garbled evidences, therefore, did, as I have said, leak out, and the public ended by obtaining some few scraps wherewith to still its hunger; for Madame Jean, though a very inaccessible woman, was mortal, after all, and could not wholly withstand the amount of flattery with which she was assailed that day. Why, she received in her kitchen the visit conjointly of those two "leading" persons, Madame Valentin and Madame Joséphine le Vailant, who, in chorus, styled her their "dear" Madame Jean, and promised her, the one, some liqueur des îles, sweet enough to ruin all her teeth, the other, some very curious snuff, against neither of which seductions was that stern female proof.

By the time, then, that noon had been rung out from the church steeple of D——, several small facts had crept forth, been eagerly pounced upon, and, naturally enough, distorted. It seemed clearly ascertained that with the robbery Raoul would be proved to have nothing to do; and that, of course, obtained credence at once. But, on the other hand, a frightful proof of his guilt was whispered about. It was stated that the shoes found in the wooden box with the money, and so much too small for any of the feet on which they had till now been tried, fitted young De Morville perfectly! It was asserted that, with the exception of trying on the shoes, — which was an invention of the Maire's, — Raoul had, as yet, not been subjected to any investigation; that he was kept very privately, and was not to be examined till precise instructions came from the Chef Lieu.

Touching the woodcutter, somewhat more was known, and he was reported to have made some very strange depositions. He was said to have declared that the whole night preceding the murder had been spent by him inside old Prévost's house! — a fact which, as Madame Jean remarked, "would have made your blood run cold, if it was not such a palpable impossibility." And here, again, opinion was obliged to incline towards the conviction of Prosper's partial insanity. Then, again, when simply questioned as to what was his acquaintance with Raoul de Morville, he merely stared, hastily

said he was the best shot in the country, and refused any further answer. In reality the Breton appeared, with each passing hour, to be narrowing his attention more and more to one single point, namely, to his own personal guilt, and to the certainty of achieving forgiveness by expiation. He was more mystical than ever, and had passed the night in praying, singing the "De Profundis," and covering the walls of his cell with his favourite writings and images, produced by means of a bit of charcoal, which the gaoler saw no harm in letting him have. All his ideas ran the same way. "Expiation!" was the word forever on his lips, and he paced up and down his prison, or squatted on the floor, a crucifix in his hands, and muttering: "The sacrifice of blood!" or, "The price! the price! O Lord! the full price!" or, "As I sinned, so I pay!" When not thus occupied, he was stubbornly silent and sullen, refusing to exchange a syllable with the gardien whom it had been deemed advisable to place with him in his cell.

"Why am I to be tormented?" he had once said. "I have owned my crime; they know it, up there. What more is required? Why not give me my chance quickly? I have purchased my salvation; why do they shut the gates through which I am to go to it?" This very fixity of ideas on the part of the bûcheron threatened to make the case a vastly complicated one.

"It will be extremely hard for justice to see the way out," observed the doctor, "for the longer the whole lasts, the more rooted become the convictions, — or delusions, — of that wretched old man, and the more difficult it will be to discover what is fact and what hallucination. He gets madder with every half-hour of solitude, and we shall end by, in reality, possessing only two positive certainties; — one, that Martin Prévost was murdered, and the other, that Morel had something to do with it. But what then? I doubt our ever getting very far beyond that."

Somewhat later in the day Monsieur le Curé's Lise made her appearance in her master's study, and announced to him that la demoiselle Vévette wished to speak to him. The Curé was walking backwards and forwards in evident perturbation of spirit when this took place, and he at first looked rather vacantly at Lise, who repeated her message. Before he had found time to express his readiness to receive her, Vévette was standing at the room-door, and one moment after they were together alone. The girl came forward with both her

hands stretched out, which the Curé took in both his, and then he looked at her. She was making strong efforts to speak, and her lips quivered and twitched, and she gasped, whilst the contraction in her throat prevented all distinct utterance. "My child!" said the priest, tenderly. Again she tried to speak, but in vain; and clutching his fingers in a tighter grasp, she sank upon her knees; and, resting her head upon the Curé's hands, burst into a fit of violent, irrepressible sobbing.

He raised her up, placed her in a chair, laid his hand gently and reverently upon her head, and seating himself near her, left her to compose herself, without attempting to comfort her by useless phrases.

When the first paroxysm of grief was a little abated he spoke to her. "You have done well, my poor little one, to come to me at once," he said; "for if consolation and hope are to be had anywhere, it is here. You know that there is no limit to my devotion to you; you know that I promised your mother, on her death-bed, that I would always watch over you."

Vévette pressed her handkerchief to her eyes; and, after a last struggle, looked up, and, though still with difficulty, she spoke: "Father," said she, and though the voice shook, the expression of the face was strangely resolute, "whatever comes, I will be Raoul's wife. Help us, or I shall die!" and she clung to the sleeve of his soutane.

"I will help you," replied the priest impressively, but without manifesting the slightest surprise; "but, my dearest child, will you help me to help you both? Will you do your best? Will you, for his sake be calm,—that is, try to be so,—and will you really follow the instructions I may give you?"

"I will," answered Vévette, never taking her eyes off his face, or her fingers off his sleeve.

"Well, then; let us try to put some order in our thoughts and in our proceedings. Tell me, does any one in your own family guess at what you have just told me?"

"No one."

"I confess," continued the priest, "I have never had the remotest suspicion of all this; though, perhaps, to a man of the world, it might have appeared inevitable. How long have you been engaged to Raoul?"

"I don't know, mon père," answered she simply, "but I think always. You know we were children together, till Félicie and I went to the Visitation; and when we came

back home, it was always the same; and I never could marry any one but Raoul."

The Curé sat for a moment silently, with compressed lips and knitted brow.

"Of course," he then said, "you are convinced of Raoul's innocence?"

Her eyes flashed fire, and her cheeks burnt as she cried, "As convinced as I am of my own existence! As convinced as you are too!" she added triumphantly.

The Curé looked at her and leaned back in his chair. "Yes, Vévette," he rejoined, "I am morally convinced that Monsieur de Morville had no hand whatever in the murder, but that is not all. Innocence is not sufficient always, and we must guard against complications. There are some very strange facts in this case, and the more we believe in our friend's guiltlessness, the better we must be prepared to meet them. One thing would be, in any other case, immensely in his favour, and that is, that Prosper Morel denies his complicity altogether."

"Well, then," exclaimed Vévette joyfully, "what more can be required?"

"A great deal more, I fear, for you see Prosper is himself a most unsafe witness. It is a very delicate matter to deal with a man who is more than half mad; facts have to be weighed."

"But no fact can possibly criminate Raoul," cried Vévette impatiently.

"In your mind and mine, no! But we are not magistrates, and I fear that Richard Prévost has been forced to make a deposition that implicates"——

"Richard Prévost!" interrupted she indignantly, and springing to her feet, "Richard Prévost! that wretched, vile, cowardly creature! Oh! how I always hated and despised him! What has he dared to say?"

"Vévette!" said the Curé, rising also, and confronting the girl, whose usually gentle aspect was literally transfigured with rage and contempt, "Vévette, calm yourself and attend to me. I was never a particular friend of Richard Prévost's. His nature has nothing in it sympathetic for me. I have always regarded him as a selfish, weak, purse-proud man; but I am obliged to say that in this case he has behaved well,—very well. You must believe me. Monsieur Prévost has not only behaved well; he has behaved with delicacy and kindness, and shown the utmost repugnance to bear any testimony against any one; but, as in nearly all such cases, there are facts which are embarrassing, and"——

"Oh! forgive me, mon père! forgive

me!" entreated Vévette, the tears streaming afresh down her cheeks. "I will speak ill of no one, I promise you; but it is so hard to bear;—and all the harder that I know my own sin in loving Raoul as I do; loving him better than everything!" and she wrung her hands in despair.

"What is this?" asked the Curé, seizing her hands in his, and not sorry to divert her thoughts into a new channel; "what is this nonsense, Vévette? You mean to be Raoul's wife, do you not, if it pleases God to bring him safe out of all these troubles? And as I know you, I know beyond all doubt that you will at all times be worthy to be his wife,—be pure and spotless as snow." He looked hard at her, and spoke slowly.

And she, with a deep blush, whispered "Yes, I will."

"Well, then," he resumed, with what was almost an accent of irritation, "What is all this absurdity,—all this exaggeration? We have trials and troubles enough before us; don't let us increase them by our own voluntary act. Let us try to act and think uprightly, honestly, and not get entangled in any of the villanously crooked ways of over-scrupulousness. Beware of that, Vévette. It all comes from the false teachings of the convent. I know it well; it's not the first time I've had to deal with it."

"Monsieur le Curé," interrupted Vévette; "it is all too late now. I cannot repent, but I know my sin. I know I am risking my salvation in loving him as I do, but I will risk it. I will risk life and soul for him now."

"You will do no such thing," interrupted the priest, in an extremely stern tone. "You shall learn to distinguish between real right and real wrong, my poor child, or I will not help you. I will have no false morality; above all, no false purity,—which is of all things the most impure. You shall see the truth and worship it. You shall love God and fear him, and bear whatever He gives you to bear,—mark you, whatever it may be. But when once you are the wife of the man you have chosen, you shall love him with all your heart, wholly and entirely, and so that you shall love nothing else in the whole world half as much. And you shall do this because this is Christian law, the law of God, whatever all the Jesuits and all the nuns in all the convents in Christendom may tell you to the contrary. And now, my poor dear child, go home, try to be calm, lift your whole heart up to God, and rely upon me utterly."

Strengthened, though somewhat abashed, by the Curé's resolute ways, Vévette pre-

pared to obey. When she had reached the door, "Mon père," inquired she, "may I not know what it is Monsieur Richard had to say? You see I am quiet now; and I will never speak ill of Monsieur Richard again."

The Curé reflected, and answered at last; "Perhaps I ought to refuse, but it would be worse if you heard what has happened from any one else. Promise me to be courageous, and to trust in Providence for help. Monsieur Richard has been obliged to produce a letter which he found after his uncle's death, in which Raoul asks old Prévoist for two thousand francs, and says, that if he does not obtain them within a week, life is worthless to him. The letter is dated just a week before the murder."

"Raoul never wrote it," exclaimed Vévette.

"Raoul did write it, my child," retorted the Curé, "for I have had the letter in my hands, and read it."

"Has Raoul seen it?" she asked wildly.

"Not yet, it has not been shown to him yet; they are waiting for further instructions from the Chef Lieu." And then, seeing that Vévette was almost fainting from the effects of this last piece of news, "My child," he added gravely and tenderly, "the discovery of this letter does not destroy my moral conviction in Raoul's innocence. It must not injure yours. Go, and trust in God, and at all moments rely upon my devotion."

And she went, mournfully, but determined to do her best.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE JUGE D'INSTRUCTION.

As the doctor had predicted, the complications of the case became more embarrassing with every hour, and when the "authorities" had arrived at D——, — which they did the third day after Raoul's arrest, — and an "instruction" had for the second time been set on foot touching the murder of Martin Prévoist, the proceedings were quickly involved in such intricacy of detail, that the wisest of the magistrates declared there was no means of seeing clear in the matter. This being so, and the natural tendency of all French lawyers being granted, of course the current of professional opinion set in dead against the prisoners, and more, even, against Monsieur de Morville than against Prosper.

Everything combined to make Raoul the more interesting culprit of the two; and the

singularly sharp, inhuman propensities which invariably develop themselves in a Frenchman the moment he has to do with the workings of criminal law, gave themselves full swing directly there was a probability of a condemnation in the upper ranks of society.

No one who does not live in French society, — who is not "of it," — will ever attain to a thorough knowledge of the inordinate measure of that society's conservatism. There is scarcely anything in the way of injustice or cruelty at which the individual in France will stop if you appeal to him in the name of "society," and remind him of his protective duties as a member of it.

And the origin of all this ferocity, — as it is of nearly all cruelty, — is simply fear. To be governed, defended, and if needed, avenged! to be in every possible and imaginable way "taken care of," is the eternal ideal of a Frenchman! And the most perfect lamb of a cotton night-cap maker, whose wife leads him the life of a dog, will turn into a very hyena if you put into his hands the fate of one of his fellow-creatures suspected of a crime against purse or person. There are no merciful jurors in France, as there are few, — if any, — perfectly just judges. Bring a human being before them as an "accusé," and bench, bar, and jury are all predisposed to believe him guilty, are all more or less desirous that he should be proved so. In the case of the juror, the one guiding sentiment is, "This might have happened to me!" In the case of the magistracy, the ardour of pursuit is inflamed to a degree incredible to those who have not seen it with their own eyes.

The innocence of a mere human being, a unit in the social sum total, is of comparatively no consequence. Think of poor, dear, unoffending, unprotected "society," — that is, you and me, and "everybody" generally, — if one of these horrible beasts of prey gets loose!

Now all this amount of cruelty and cowardice, animating every single functionary from the Juge d'Instruction down to the Garde Champêtre, took Raoul de Morville for its butt. In the first place, he was in reality more interesting than the wood-cutter; and in the next, no intense feeling divides itself. It chooses arbitrarily, and there, where it has become fixed, it concentrates all its energy. Raoul was, therefore, the pet victim, the favourite of this dreadful race, and he or she was but ill received who ventured to hint at the possibility of his innocence in the presence of any one belonging to la robe.

The townspeople of D — however, imperfectly informed as they now were, continued to behave in a not totally discreditable manner. There were parties for and against the accused; and, supposing him to be proved absolutely innocent, free from all possible suspicion, — so perfectly spotless, in short, as to render his being "let loose" again manifestly without danger to themselves, — there were people in D — who would be actually glad of his acquittal; which was saying a great deal.

The Juge d'Instruction sent down to investigate the case of the Prévoist murder was a hard, opinionated man, whose zeal was, on this particular occasion, stimulated by two different causes, — one, that his colleague in the original proceedings of seven months before had evidently made a mess of the whole business; and the other, that he himself had been twice unlucky within the last twelvemonth, — namely, had twice seen criminals, prejudged and precondemned in his own mind, escape him. He was determined this should not be the case now, and that if Raoul got out of his clutches it should not be his fault. The natural consequence of all this was, that the whole course of the instruction was directed against Monsieur de Morville, whilst the Breton was treated as of less importance. Towards Richard Prévoist the behaviour of the Juge d'Instruction was almost deferential; he reproached him with too much leniency only, with a culpable disregard for the sacred interests of "society," in screening, as it must be admitted he had done, a man so evidently guilty! Still, the magistrate was willing to call this an "amiable weakness," — so long as he was not himself expected to exercise it, — and Monsieur Richard being the wealthiest member of the community in D —, came to be truly a "representative man;" and "society" becoming, therefore, as it were, incarnate in him, the judge protected him accordingly. But from first to last he went his own way, would listen to no suggestion from any one, — not even from the Curé. He disliked priests, he said! — and meant to leave this inquisition of his into the Prévoist murder as a model of sagacity and penetration to all juges d'instruction to come.

Raoul was kept with unmitigated severity in solitary confinement, it having been resolved to collect the entire amount of evidence against him before subjecting him to the first interrogatory. The letter found by Richard Prévoist after his uncle's death was in the hands of the Juge. He pronounced it, as far as his opinion went, "quite conclu-

sive," but reserved it as the one proof wherewith to crush Raoul's defence, whenever he attempted to make any.

Now, what were the results of the examinations which Prosper Morel had to undergo? They were very unsatisfactory, and extremely hard to get at, for he sometimes refused doggedly to answer at all; at others, he insisted upon the presence of the Curé, which the Juge would not permit, and perpetually declared that since he had confessed his crime, that was enough, and that he ought to be allowed the full and entire benefit of expiation without delay.

One thing he persisted in from the outset, namely, that Monsieur de Morville had absolutely nothing to do with the whole, that he scarcely knew him, and had, he believed, never spoken to him in his life. From two or three small facts which came out, and which we will relate in due time, this seemingly proved too much. Consequently it increased suspicion, and made the bûcheron's denials of Raoul's complicity unavailing.

As far as Prosper's own statement went, here was what, with infinite trouble, was made out;—He had assassinated old Prévoist on the morning of the 14th of October of the previous year. He had had "words" with his master some days before, and had, in fact, been turned out of his service on account of the complaints made against him for poaching. Subsequently, his master had consented to keep him on; but the bûcheron had not forgiven or forgotten the offence, and had been terrified by the notion of how insecure his means of livelihood were, exposed as he was at any moment to be turned adrift, and die of hunger on the roadside. This had driven him to commit the crime. This "and the counsels of the Tempter," he added. And when he was asked who the "tempter" was, he invariably replied, "The devil in the form of a man!"

Who this "man" was he stubbornly refused to say, and when driven too far, would sit down and oppose silence only to all questions. "Take him back to his cell and lock him up till he chooses to speak; I can wait forever!" was the Juge's sole resource; but to this the Breton always yielded;—the notion of perpetual and solitary confinement, with no "chance of expiation," as he termed it, being full of invincible terror to his gloomy superstitious nature.

The manner in which the crime had been committed was, according to the account extracted from the bûcheron, as follows;—The moment Madame Jean and Nicholas were both gone out, Prosper stole from his

hiding-place,—where that had been he refused to say,—and crept upstairs to his master's room. On looking through the keyhole he perceived Monsieur Prévoist, already dressed, and standing in front of his desk, which was open. He knocked at the door, and when told to come in, began by asking pardon for coming at such an early hour,—it was then about half-past six,—but he said that, being,—as his master knew,—obliged to go to Jouzy, → a village some five miles off,—to deliver some timber, he had thought it well to come and consult Monsieur touching the arrangement to be made about a certain quantity of wood to be furnished for sleepers to the railway administration. He reminded old Prévoist that when at Jouzy he was not very far from the M.—station, and that, instead of losing another day, he might as well settle about the sleepers at once. He said he was persuaded his victim would immediately search for the minute of the agreement made with the railway people, and that he should then have him at his mercy. This was precisely what happened. Martin Prévoist bent forwards and pulled out a drawer in his desk in which he kept papers of importance; and while he was in the act of so doing, Prosper took a deliberate aim from behind with a hammer which he had concealed under his blouse, and hit him just above the nape of the neck. Stunned by the blow, old Prévoist fell without uttering even a groan, only stretching forth his arms. The murderer avowed that, after his victim had fallen, he struck him twice or three times more. He could not tell precisely how many times, but he said he struck him to make sure he was dead.

The manner of his escape was clear enough, and,—favoured as the abominable deed had been by chance,—easy enough to understand. Wiping the hammer on the clothes of the murdered man, he concealed it again under his blouse, and crept downstairs. He then went into the store-room opening on to the court, in the window whereof, as we may remember, a pane had been taken out. He admitted that he had himself, during the night time, extracted this window-pane quite at his ease. The opening was large, sufficient to allow of the passage of a man's body. He got out that way into the court, and crossed it to the kitchen garden. There he found the pair of shoes of which we have heard; and there another act of the drama took place, which we will give in the Breton's own words.

"I took off my own shoes where the pave-

ment of the courtyard ceased, tied them with their own laces to my leathern belt, and waited."

"For whom?" asked the Juge.

"For the devil," was the reply; "and he came quickly. He gave me the box; it was a small one that used to stand on the top of a press in Monsieur's room; it had no key; it shut with a hook only; he opened it, showed me the gold and the pocket-book; shut it again, and I put it under my arm and went away. To cross the garden so as to mislead by the footmarks, I shoved the fore part of my feet into the shoes, and walked as well as I could,—it is a very short distance,—trying to make a very heavy indent in the earth. Outside the garden comes the field that leads down to the little stream running into the Cholet high-road. There was not a soul anywhere within sight;—seven o'clock had not yet struck;—so I made my way across the field down to the edge of the stream."

"Still in those small shoes?" inquired the Juge.

"Still with the fore part of my feet in those shoes," was the answer.

"It's impossible," retorted the magistrate; "simply impossible!"

"Then ask me nothing more," was the bûcheron's rejoinder; and half an hour was spent in inducing him to speak. Then he resumed his story.

"On the edge of the water," he said, "I rested, took off the shoes, opened the box,—which was just big enough to hold them,—put them into it, and walked bare-foot down the stream to the road. All trace was then lost. I dropped my hammer among the stones at the bottom of the water, and if you look for it there, you will find it. I now put on my own shoes, saw that there was no one in sight, crossed the high road quickly, plunged into the woods on the opposite side, and knew I was safe then. I made my way round, by a detour of more than an hour, to the place where I was arrested the other day, and where I have lived almost ever since. I buried the box there, and over it I raised at first a hut of branches and twigs, where I could find shelter if it rained hard; later, I built what stands there now, and I tried to construct a chapel."

"When did you do that?" was asked.

"After the Feast for the Dead."

Beyond this, nothing was to be learnt, and all the bullying of the Juge d'Instruction was of no use. The hammer was sought for in the stream, and found; and, so far, the old man's statements received material confirmation. But the Juge d'Instruc-

tion, whose mind was made up beforehand, would not accept one word about the use made of the shoes. These fitted Raoul de Morville perfectly, and that was proof enough of his guilt,—more than sufficient, combined with his letter to the murdered man.

To do Richard Prévost justice, the fact of his having had to produce this letter seemed to cause him unutterable pain. The Curé called upon him, and, as a friend of Raoul's, spoke to him upon the fearful subject, and was touched by the grief he showed. Monsieur Richard inquired from him to what it was possible that Raoul alluded by the closing words of his letter to old Prévost, in which he mentioned a "service" rendered to his mother? The Curé said there was a very good reason for it. "It was in the time of my predecessor," he recounted. "I was then Vicaire of D—, and already intimate at the Château, and at la Morvillière. Madame de Morville and Madame de Vêrancour were bosom friends, and I was the intermediary of the charities their limited means allowed them to dispense. Madame de Morville was just eighteen, and a wife of not a year's standing. Old Madame Prévost, your uncle's mother, was an old woman, who died a couple of years later. I would fain not speak ill of my neighbour, but I believe your uncle's father to have been about as completely wanting in all good qualities as ever man was. He ill-treated his wretched wife, who was older than himself, and, above all, he insisted on her openly professing the impious doctrines he himself professed. The unhappy woman,—who had no particular convictions of any kind, and no great stock of goodness either,—had one tender point. Your uncle Martin was then a young man. He fell ill of typhus fever, and was at death's door. La Mère Prévost, as she was called, was in such despair, that she came in secret to my superior, the then Curé of D—, and implored his help. He did what he thought right;—I don't think it was so;—he told her to repent, to do penance, to return to her religious duties, and to give whatever she could in charity. She brought him five hundred francs the next day! But now comes the pith of the story. Where did she get them? It was supposed she had stolen them from her husband! One thing is certain, that at the end of the month she was in great danger of being turned out of doors or beaten to death. His avarice was beyond description. Madame de Morville saved her. She gave her all she had, which was three hundred francs, and borrowed two from Madame de Vêrancour, which she repaid little by little. What they feared was,

that our Curé should get into trouble, which he would have done, had your uncle's father found out what had happened. But any how Madame de Morville saved your great aunt; and she never forgot it; for in her last illness, — she became devout after Prévost died, — I myself heard her tell her son never to forget what she owed to Madame de Morville."

"And Monsieur Raoul knew of this?" asked Richard Prévost.

"I think Madame de Vêrancour told it him when he was a boy; but I am not quite certain."

With Monsieur de Morville the case stood ill, and in the mind of the Juge d'Instruction his guilt was evident. Prosper Morel said he did not believe they had ever spoken together. This was at once disproved by the church beadle, who, on the day of All Souls, saw Raoul return into church after every one had left, and remain "in close conversation," — so he stated, — with Prosper Morel "for full ten minutes," — the Juge wanted him to say a quarter of an hour, but he wouldn't. This was directly after the Curé's famous sermon.

Then the Vêrancour family, and Monsieur Richard, and Monsieur le Curé had all recognised Raoul late one night on the road, coming out of the path leading up to Prosper's abode! Where could he be coming from, if not from visiting his accomplice?

And the fatal shoes, too, that fitted him so well!

All went against Raoul; and when the Juge thought he had already morally convicted him, he resolved to crush him past all possible resistance, with his own terrible letter. "And now, pray, what do you say to that?" he exclaimed, triumphantly, after reading the document. "Do you deny having written it?"

"Certainly not!" replied Raoul, proudly, "for it affords one clear proof of my innocence. I did write it, and Monsieur Prévost answered it, and answered it by sending me the two thousand francs!"

At this, the exasperation of the magistrate knew no bounds; he positively insulted the prisoner; but Raoul flatly refused to answer one other question until he had been allowed to write to his uncle the admiral in Paris, to send him Martin Prévost's letter. He wrote, sent the key of the *secrétaire* in which the letter was kept, and then told the Juge d'Instruction he would not submit to any further inquiry till the answer came. It would be forty-eight hours' delay, still there was no preventing it; but what puzzled and annoyed the Juge more than the delay was that, if Martin Prévost really had of his own free will lent Raoul the two thousand francs half of the case for the prosecution was destroyed.

And "la vindicte publique!" where would that be?

THE SLADE BEQUESTS IN ENGLAND.

A VERY important bequest has been made to the nation by the late Mr. Felix Slade. He has bequeathed to the British Museum his collection of glass, consisting of vases and other objects illustrative of the art of glassmaking from the earliest period to the end of the seventeenth century. This collection, which is said to be the finest ever brought together by a private individual, is to be made the subject of a special illustrated catalogue. He has likewise bequeathed to the Museum his extensive and valuable collection of engravings, a present which arrives very opportunely at a time when a considerable enlargement of the present exhibition of prints and drawings in that establishment is

being discussed. In addition to these and some other choice works of art left to the British Museum, Mr. Slade has made a present to the nation of a large sum of money. He has bequeathed £45,000 to be applied to the endowment of fine arts professorships at Oxford and Cambridge, and at University College, London, where some exhibitions also are to be founded. Mr. Slade, who died at his house in Walcot Place, Lambeth, on the 29th of March, derived the greater part of his fortune from practice in Doctors' Commons. He died unmarried, and the estates belonging to the old Yorkshire house of Foxcroft, of which he was the representative by his mother's side, pass to another branch of the family. — *Pall Mall Gazette*.

CHAPTER XXXI.

ON THE ROAD TO ITALY.

"You'd not guess who our neighbours of last night were, Julia," said L'Estrange as they sat at breakfast the next morning.

"I need not guess, for I know," said she, laughing. "The fact is, George, my curiosity was so excited to see them that I got up as they were about to start, and though the grey morning was only breaking at the time, there was light enough for me to recognize Mr. Longworth and his French friend, Count Pracontal."

"I know that; but I know more than that, Julia. What do you think of my discovery, when I tell you that this same Count Pracontal is the claimant of the Bramleigh estate?"

"Is it possible?"

"It is beyond a question or a doubt. I was awakened from my sleep last night by their loud talking, and unwittingly made a listener to all they said. I heard the Frenchman deplore how he had ever consented to a compromise of his claim, and then Longworth quizzed him a good deal, and attributed the regret to his not having made a harder bargain. My own conviction is that the man really felt it as a point of honour, and was ashamed at having stooped to accept less than his right."

"So then they have made a compromise, and the Bramleighs are safe?" cried she eagerly.

"That much seems certain. The Count even spoke of the sum he had received. I did not pay much attention to the amount, but I remember it struck me as being considerable; and he also referred to his having signed some document debarring him, as it seemed, from all renewal of his demand. In a word, as you said just now, the Bramleighs are safe, and the storm that threatened their fate has passed off harmlessly."

"Oh, you have made me so happy, George. I cannot tell you what joy this news is to me. Poor Nelly in all her sorrow and privation has never been out of my thoughts since I read her letter."

"I have not told you the strangest part of all—at least so it certainly seemed to me. This Count Pracontal actually regretted the compromise, as depriving him of a noble opportunity of self-sacrifice. He wished, he said, he could have gone to Augustus Bramleigh, and declared, 'I want none of this wealth. These luxuries and this station are all essential to you, who

have been born to them, and regard them as part of your very existence. To me they are no wants—I never knew them. Keep them, therefore, as your own. All I ask is, that you regard me as one of your kindred and your family. Call me cousin—let me be one of you—to come here, under your roof, when fortune goes ill with me.' When he was saying this, Longworth burst out into a coarse laugh, and told him, that if he talked such rotten sentimentality to any sane Englishman, the only impression it would have left would be that he was a consummate knave or an idiot."

"Well, George," asked she, seriously, "that was not the conviction it conveyed to your mind?"

"No, Julia, certainly not; but somehow—perhaps it is my colder northern blood, perhaps it is the cautious reserve of one who has not had enough experience of life—but I own to you I distrust very high-flown declarations, and as a rule I like the men who do generous things, and don't think themselves heroes for doing them."

"Remember, George, it was a Frenchman who spoke thus; and from what I have seen of his nation, I would say that he meant all that he said. These people do the very finest things out of an exalted self-esteem. They carry the point of honour so high that there is no sacrifice they are not capable of making, if it only serve to elevate their opinion of themselves. Their theory is, they belong to the 'great nation,' and the motives that would do well enough for you or me, would be very ignoble springs of action to him whom Providence had blessed with the higher destiny of being born a Frenchman."

"You disparage while you praise them, Julia."

"I do not mean it then. I would simply say, I believe in all Count Pracontal said, and I give you my reason for the belief."

"How happy it would have made poor Augustus to have been met in this spirit. Why don't these two men know each other?"

"My dear George, the story of life could no more go on than the story of a novel if there was no imbroglio. Take away from the daily course of events all misunderstandings, all sorrows, and all misconceptions, and there would be no call on humanity for acts of energy, or trustfulness, or devotion. We want all these things just that we may surmount them."

Whether he did not fully concur with the theory, or that it puzzled him, L'Estrange made no reply, and soon after left

the room to prepare for their departure. And now they went the road up the valley of the Upper Rhine, — that wild and beautiful tract, so grand in outline and so rich in colour, that other landscapes seem cold after it. They wound along the Via Mala, and crossed over the Splügen, most picturesque of Alpine passes, and at last reached Chiavenna.

"All this is very enjoyable, George," said Julia, as they strolled carelessly in a trellised vine-walk; "but as I am the courier, and carry the money-sack, it is my painful duty to say, we can't do it much longer. Do you know how much remains in that little bag?"

"A couple of hundred francs perhaps," said he, listlessly.

"Not half that — how could there, you careless creature? You forget all the extravagances we have been committing, and this entire week of unheard-of indulgence."

"I was always 'had up' for my arithmetic at school. Old Hoskins used to say my figures would be the ruin of me."

The tone of honest sorrow in which he said this threw Julia into a fit of laughing.

"Here is the total of our worldly wealth," said she, emptying on a rustic table the leather bag, and running her fingers through a mass of silver in which a few gold coins glittered.

"It seems very little, Julia," said he, despondingly.

"Worse than that. It is less than it looks, George; these tarnished pieces, with a mock air of silver, are of most ignoble origin; they were born copper, and are only silver by courtesy. Let me see what it all makes."

While she was arranging the money in little piles on the table L'Estrange lighted a cigarette, and puffed it in leisurely fashion.

"Julia," said he at last, "I hope I haven't committed a dreadful folly in that investment of your two thousand. You know I took the shares I told you of?"

"I remember, George, you said so; but has any thing occurred to make you augur ill of the enterprise?"

"No; I know no more of it now than on the first day I heard of it. I was dazzled by the splendid promise of twenty per cent. instead of three that you had received heretofore. It seemed to me to be such a paltry fear to hesitate about doing what scores of others were venturing. I felt as if I were turning away from a big fence while half the field were ready to ride at it.

In fact, I made it a question of courage, Julia, which was all the more inexcusable as the money I was risking was not my own."

"Oh, George, you must not say that to me."

"Well, well, I know what I think of myself, and I promise you it is not the more favourable because of your generosity."

"My dear George, that is a word that ought never to occur between us. Our interests are inseparable. When you have done what you believed was the best for me there is no question of any thing more. There now, don't worry yourself further about it. Attend to what I have to say to you here. We have just one hundred and twelve francs to carry us to Milan, where our letter of credit will meet us; so that there must be no more boat-excursions; no little picnics, with a dainty basket sent up the mountain at sunrise; none of that charming liberality which lights up the road with pleasant faces, and sets one a-thinking how happy Dives might have been if he had given something better than crumbs to Lazarus. No, this must be what you used to call a week of cold-mutton days, mind that, and resist all temptation to money-spending."

L'Estrange bowed his head in quiet acquiescence; his was the sad thought that so many of us have felt; how much of enjoyment life shows us, just one hair's breadth beyond our power to grasp, vistas of lovely scenery that we are never to visit: glimpses of bliss closed to us even as we catch them. Strains of delicious music of which all our efforts can but retain the dying cadences. Not that he felt all these in any bitterness of spirit; even in narrowed fortune life was very pleasant to him, and he was thoroughly, heartily grateful for the path fate had assigned him to walk in.

How would they have liked to have lingered in the Brianza, that one lovely bit of thoroughly rural Italy, with the green of the west blending through all the gorgeous glow of a tropical vegetation; how gladly they would have loitered on the Lake at Como — the brightest spot of landscape in Europe; with what enjoyment had they halted at Milan, and still more in Florence! Stern necessity, however, whispered ever onwards; and all the seductions of Raffaels and Titians yielded before the hard demands of that fate that draws the purse-strings. Even at Rome they did not venture to delay, consoling themselves with the thought that they were to dwell so near, they could visit it at will.

At last they reached Albano, and as they drove into the village caught sight of a most picturesque little cottage, enshrined in a copse of vines. It was apparently untenanted, and they eagerly asked if it were to be let. The answer was, No, it was waiting for the "Prete Inglese" who was daily expected to arrive.

"Oh, George, it is ours," cried Julia in ecstasy, and hid her head on his shoulder, and actually cried with excess of delight.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE CHURCH PATRONS AT ALBANO.

THE patrons of the English chapel at Albano were the three great leaders of society in Rome in winter and at Albano during the summer. Of these the first was Lady Augusta Bramleigh; next came Sir Marcus Cluff; and last—not, indeed, either in activity or zeal—was Mrs. Trumpler, a widow-lady of considerable fortune, and no small share of energy in her nature.

To these George L'Estrange had brought formal letters of introduction, which he was cautiously enjoined should be presented in the order of their respective ranks,—making his first approaches to the Lady Augusta. To his request to know at what hour he might have the honour to wait on her ladyship, came a few lines on the back of his own card, saying, "Two o'clock, and be punctual." There did not seem to be any unnecessary courtesy in this curt intimation; but he dressed himself carefully for the interview, and with his cravat properly arranged by Julia, who passed his whole appearance in review, he set out for the pretty Villa of the Chestnuts where her ladyship lived.

"I don't suppose that I'm about to do anything very unworthy, Julia," said he as he bade her good-by; "but I assure you I feel lower in my own esteem this morning than I have known myself since—since"—

"Since you tumbled over the sunk fence, perhaps," said she, laughing, and turned back into the house.

L'Estrange soon found himself at the gate of the villa, and was conducted by a servant in deep mourning through a very beautiful garden to a small kiosk, or summer-house, where a breakfast-table was spread. He was punctual to the moment; but as her ladyship had not yet appeared he had ample time to admire the beauty of the Sevres cups of a pale blue, and the rich carving of the silver service,—evidently of

antique mould, and by a master hand. The rare exotics which were disposed on every side, amongst which some birds of bright plumage were encaged, seemed to fill up the measure of this luxurious spot, and impressed him with—he knew not what exalted idea of her who should be its mistress.

He waited, at first patiently enough—there was much to interest and amuse him; but at last, as nigh an hour had elapsed, and she had not appeared, a feeling, half of irritation at the thought of neglect, and half doubt lest he should have mistaken what the servant said, began to worry and distress him. A little pendule on a bracket played a few bars of a waltz, and struck three. Should he wait any longer? was the question he put himself. His sense of shame on leaving home at the thought of presenting himself before a patron came back upon him now with redoubled force. He had often felt that the ministers who preached for a call were submitting themselves to a very unworthy ordeal. The being judged by those they were appointed to teach seemed in itself little short of an outrage; but the part he was now playing was infinitely worse;—he had actually come to show himself, to see if, when looked at and talked to, her ladyship would condescend to be his patron, and as it were to impress the indignity more strongly upon him he was kept waiting like a lacquey!

"I don't think I ought to stoop to this," muttered he bitterly to himself; and taking a card and a pencil from his pocket, he wrote:—"The Rev. George L'Estrange has waited from two to three o'clock in the hope of seeing Lady Augusta Bramleigh; he regrets the disappointment, as well as his inability to prolong his attendance." "There," cried he aloud, "I hope that will do!" and he placed the card conspicuously on the table.

"Do what, pray?" said a very soft voice, as a slight figure in deep mourning swept noiselessly into the kiosk, and taking the card up, sat down without reading it.

One glance showed that the handsome woman before him was Lady Augusta, and the bashful curate blushed deeply at the awkwardness of his position.

"Mr. L'Estrange, I presume?" said she, waving her hand to him to be seated. "And what is your card to do; not represent you, I hope, for I'd rather see you in person?"

"In my despair of seeing your ladyship I wrote a line to say—to say"—and he blundered and stopped short.

"To say you'd wait no longer," said she

smiling; "but how touchy you must be. Don't you know that women have the privilege of unpunctuality? don't you know it is one of the few prerogatives you men have spared them? Have you breakfasted?"

"Yes — some hours ago."

"I forget whether I have not also. I rather think I did take some coffee. I have been very impatient for your coming. Sit here, please," said she, pointing to an arm-chair beside her own sofa. "I have been very impatient indeed to see you. I want to hear all about these poor Bramleighs; — you lived beside them, didn't you, and knew them all intimately? What is this terrible story of their ruin? this claim to their property? What does it mean? is there really anything in it?"

"It is somewhat of a long story," began L'Estrange.

"Then don't tell it, I entreat you. Are you married, Mr. L'Estrange?"

"No, madam, I have not that happiness," said he, smiling at the strange abruptness of her manner.

"Oh, I am so glad," she cried; "so glad! I'm not afraid of a parson, but I positively dread a parson's wife. The parson has occasionally a little tolerance for a number of things he doesn't exactly like; his wife never forgives them; and then a woman takes such exact measure of another woman's meanings, and a man knows nothing about them at all; that on the whole I'm delighted you are single, and I fervently trust you will remain so. Will you promise me as much? will you give me your word not to marry till I leave this?"

"I need scarcely pledge myself, madam, to that; my narrow fortune binds me whether I would or not."

"And you have your mother with you, haven't you?"

"No, madam; my sister has accompanied me."

"I wish it had been your mother. I do so like the maternal pride of a dear old lady in her fine handsome son. Isn't she vain of you? By the way, how did your choice fall upon the Church? You look more like a cavalry officer. I'm certain you ride well."

"It is, perhaps, the only accomplishment I possess in the world," said he, with some warmth of manner.

"I'm delighted to hear that you're a horseman. There's a mare of mine become perfectly impossible. A stupid creature I took as groom hurt her mouth with a severe bit, and she rears now at the slightest touch.

Couldn't you do something with her? Pray do; and in return I'll take you some charming rides over the Campagna. There's a little valley — almost a *glen* — near this, which I may say I discovered myself. You mustn't be afraid of bad tongues because you ride out with me. Mrs. Trumpler will of course take it up. She's odious — perfectly odious. You haven't seen her yet, but you'll have to call on her; she contributes a thousand francs a year to the Church, and must not be neglected. And then there's old Sir Marcus Cluff — don't forget him; and take care to remember that his mother was Lady Marion Otley, and don't remember that his father was Cluff and Gosler, the famous fishmonger. I protest I'm becoming as scandalous as Mrs. Trumpler herself. And mind that you come back and tell when you've seen these people what they said to you, and what you said to them, and whether they abused me. Come to tea, or, if you like better, come and dine to-morrow at six, and I'll call on your mother in the meanwhile and ask her — though I'd rather you'd come alone."

"It is my sister, madam, that is with me," said he, with great difficulty refraining from a burst of laughter.

"Well, and I've said I'd visit her, though I'm not fond of women, and I believe they never like me."

L'Estrange blundered out some stupid compliment about her having in recompense abundant admiration from the other sex, and she laughed, and said, "Perhaps so. Indeed, I believe I am rather a favourite; but with clever men — not with the fools. You'll see that *they* avoid me. And so," said she, drawing a deep sigh, "you really can tell me nothing about these Bramleighs? And all this time I have been reckoning on your coming to hear everything, and to know about the will. Up to this hour, I am totally ignorant as to how I am left. Isn't that very dreadful?"

"It is very distressing indeed, madam."

"The Colonel always said he'd insert a clause or a something or other against my marrying again. Can you imagine anything so ungenerous? It's unchristian, actually unchristian — isn't it?"

A slight gesture seemed to say that he agreed with her; but she was for once determined to be answered more definitely, and she said, "I'm sure, as a clergyman, you can say if there's anything in the Bible against my having another husband?"

"I'm certain there is not, madam."

"How nice it is in the Church of Rome that when there's anything you want to do,

and it's not quite right to do it, you can have a dispensation—that is, the Pope can make it perfectly moral and proper, and legal besides. Protestantism is so narrow—terribly narrow. As the dear Monsignore Balbi said to me the other night, it is a long 'Act of Parliament against sin.' Wasn't that neat? They are so clever!"

"I am so new to Italy, madam, that I have no acquaintance with these gentlemen."

"I know you'll like them when you do know them; they are so gentle and so persuasive—I might say so fascinating. I assure you, Mr. L'Estrange, I ran a very great risk of going over, as it is called. Indeed the *Osservatore Romano* said I had gone over; but that was at least premature. These are things one cannot do without long and deep reflection, and intense self-examination—don't you think so? And the dear old Cardinal Bottesini, who used to come to us every Friday evening, warned me himself against my impulsiveness; and then poor Colonel Bramleigh,"—here she raised her handkerchief to her eyes,—“he wouldn't hear of it at all; he was so devotedly attached to me—it was positive love in a man of his mould—that the thought of my being lost to him, as he called it, was maddening; and in fact he—he made it downright impossible—impossible!” And at last she paused, and a very painful expression in her face showed that her thoughts at the moment were far from pleasurable. “Where was I? what was it I was going to say?” resumed she, hurriedly. “Oh, I remember, I was going to tell you that you must on no account ‘go over,’ and therefore, avoid of all things what they call the ‘controversy’ here; don't read their little books, and never make close friendships with the Monsignori. You're a young man, and naturally enough would feel flattered at their attentions, and all the social attractions they'd surround you with. Of course you know nothing of life, and that is the very thing they do understand; and perhaps it's not right of me to say it—it's like a treason—but the women, the great leaders of society, aid them powerfully. They'd like to bring you over,” said she, raising her glass and looking at him. “You'd really look remarkably well in a chasuble and a cope. They'd positively fight for you as a domestic chaplain”—and the thought so amused her that she laughed outright, and L'Estrange himself joined her. “I hope I have not wearied you with my cautions and my warnings; but really, when I thought how utterly alone and friendless you must be

here, nobody to consult with, none to advise you—for, after all, your mother could scarcely be an efficient guide in such difficulties—I felt it would be cruel not to come to your aid. Have you got a watch? I don't trust that little pendule, though it plays a delicious ‘Ave Maria’ of Rossini's. What hour is it?”

“Half-past four, madam. I am really shocked at the length of my visit.”

“Well, I must go away. Perhaps you'll come and see my sister—she's charming. I assure you, and she'd like to know you?”

“If you will vouchsafe to present me on any other day, I shall be but too grateful; but Sir Marcus Cluff gave me a rendezvous for four o'clock.”

“And you'll be with him at five,” cried she laughing. “Don't say it was I that made you break your appointment, for he hates me, and would never forgive you. By-by. Tell your mother I'll call on her tomorrow, and hope you'll both dine with me.” And without waiting for a word in reply, she tripped out of the summer-house and hastened away to the villa.

L'Estrange had little time to think over this somewhat strange interview when he reached the entrance-gate to the grounds of Sir Marcus Cluff, and was scarcely admitted within the precincts when a phaeton and a pair of very diminutive ponies drove up, and a thin, emaciated man, carefully swathed in shawls and wrappers, who held the reins, called out, “Is that Mr. L'Estrange?”

The young parson came forward with his excuses for being late, and begged that he might not interrupt Sir Marcus in his intended drive.

“Will you take a turn with me?” said Sir Marcus, in a whining voice, that sounded like habitual complaint. “I'm obliged to do this every day; it's the doctor's order. He says, ‘Take the air and distract yourself;’ and I do so.” L'Estrange had now seated himself, and they drove away.

“I'm glad you've come,” said Sir Marcus. “It will stop all this plotting and intriguing. If you had delayed much longer, I think they'd have had a dozen here—one of them a converted Jew, a very dirty fellow. O dear, how fatiguing it is! that little croup-eared pony pulls so he can't be held, and we call him John Bright; but don't mention it. I hope you have no family, sir?”

“I have my sister only.”

“A sister isn't so bad. A sister may marry, or she may”—What was the other alternative did not appear, for John Bright bolted at this moment, and it was full five minutes ere he could be pulled

up again. "This is the distraction I'm promised," said the mad man. "If it wasn't for Mr. Needham — I call the near-side Mr. Needham, as I thought him of that gentleman — I'd have too much distraction; but Needham never runs away — he falls; he comes down as if he was shot," cried he, with a joyous twinkle of the eye, "and I bought him for that. There's no drag ever was invented like a horse on his belly — the most inveterate runaway can't escape against that." If the little cackle that followed this speech did not sound exactly like a laugh, it was all of that emotion that Sir Marcus ever permitted himself.

"I can't ask you if you like this place. You're too newly come to answer that question," resumed he; "but I may ask what is the sort of society you prefer?"

"I've been next to nothing of the world since I left the University. I have been living these last four or five years in one of the least visited spots in Great Britain, and only since the arrival of the Bramleigh family had a neighbour to speak to."

"Ah, then, you know these Bramleighs?" said the other with more animation than he had yet displayed. "Overbearing people, I've heard they were — very rich, and insolent to a degree."

"I must say I have found them everything that was kind and considerate, hospitable neighbours, and very warm-hearted friends."

"That's not the world's judgment on them, my dear sir — far from it. They are a proverb for pretension and impertinence. As for Lady Augusta here — to be sure she's only one of them by marriage — but there's not a soul in the place she has not outraged. She goes nowhere — of course, that she has a right to do — but she never returns a call, never even sends a card. She went so far as to tell Mr. Pemberton, your predecessor here, that she liked Albano for its savagery; that there was no one to know, was its chief charm for her."

"I saw her for the first time this morning," said L'Estrange, not liking to involve himself in this censure.

"And she fascinated you, of course? I'm told she does that with every good-looking young fellow that comes in her way. She's a finished coquette, they say. I don't know what that means, nor do I believe it would have much success with me if I did know. All the coquetry she bestows upon me is to set my ponies off in full gallop whenever she overtakes me driving. She starts away in a sharp canter just behind me, and John Bright fancies it a race, and away he goes too, and if Mr. Needham was

of the same mettle I don't know what would become of us. I'm afraid, besides, she's a connection of mine. My mother, Lady Marston, was cousin to one of the Deakinsons of Kings Croomer. Would you mind taking the reins for a while, John is fearfully rash to-day? Just sit where you are, the near-side gives you the whip-hand for Needham. Ah, that's a relief! Turn down the next road on your left. And so she never asked you about your tenets — never inquired whether you were High Church or Low Church or no church at all?"

"Pardon me, Sir Marcus: she was particularly anxious that I should guard myself against Romish fascinations and advances."

"Ah, she knows them all! They thought they had secured her — indeed they were full sure of it; but as she said to poor Mr. Pemberton, they found they had hatched a duck. She was only flirting with Rome. The woman would flirt with the Holy Father, sir, if she had a chance. There's nothing serious, nothing real, nothing honest about her; but she charmed you, for all that — I see it. I see it all; and you're to take moonlight rides with her over the Campagna. Ha-ha-ha! Haven't I hit it? Poor old Pemberton — fifty-eight if he was an hour — got a bad bronchitis with these same night-excursions. Worse than that, he made the place too hot for him. Mrs. Trumpler — an active woman Mrs. T., and the eye of a hawk — wouldn't stand the 'few sweet moments,' as poor Pemberton in his simplicity called them. She threatened him with a general meeting, and a vote of censure, and a letter to the Bishop of Gibraltar; and she frightened him so that he resigned. I was away at the time at the baths at Ischia, or I'd have tried to patch up matters. Indeed, as I told Mrs. T., I'd have tried to get rid of my Lady, instead of banishing poor Pemberton, as kind-hearted a creature as ever I met, and a capital whist-player. Not one of your new-fangled fellows, with the 'call for trumps' and all the last devices of the Portland, but a steady player, who never varied — didn't go chopping about, changing his suits, and making false leads, but went manfully through his hearts before he opened his spades. We were at Christ Church together. I knew him for a matter of six-and-thirty years. Mr. L'Estrange, and I pledge you my word of honour," — here his voice grew tremulous with agitation — "and in all that time I never knew him revoke!" He drew his hat over his eyes as he spoke, and leaning back in the seat seemed almost overcome by his emotions.

"... ~~falling~~ in there at that small gate?

It is a private entrance to my grounds. I'll not ask you to come in to-day, sir. I'm a little flurried and nervous; but if you'll join a sick man's dinner at two o'clock to-morrow — some rice and a chicken and a bit of fish — nothing more, I promise you. Well, well, I see it does not tempt you. My best thanks for your pleasant company. Let me see you soon. Take care of yourself, beware of my Lady, and avoid the moonlight!"

Apparently this little sally seemed to revive the invalid, for he stepped up the approach to his house with a lively air and waved his hand pleasantly as he said adieu.

"There's another still!" muttered L'Estrange as he inquired the way to Mrs. Trumpler's; "and I wish with all my heart it was all over."

L'Estrange found Mrs. Trumpler at tea. She was an early diner, and took tea about six o'clock, after which she went out for an evening drive over the Campagna. In aspect, the lady was not prepossessing. She was very red-faced, with large grizzly curls arranged in a straight line across her forehead, and she wore spectacles of such a size as to give her somewhat the look of an owl. In figure, she was portly and stout, and had a stand-up sort of air, that to a timid or bashful man, like the curate, was the reverse of reassuring.

"I perceive, sir, I am the last on your list," said she, looking at her watch as he entered. "It is past six."

"I regret, madam, if I have come at an inconvenient hour. Will you allow me to wait on you to-morrow?"

"No, sir. We will, with your permission, avail ourselves of the present to make acquaintance with each other." She rang the bell after this speech, and ordered that the carriage should be sent away. "I shall not drive, Giacomo," said she; "and I do not receive if any one calls."

"You brought me a letter, sir, from the Reverend Silas Smallwood," said she, very much in the tone of a barrister cross-examining a troublesome witness.

"Yes, madam; that gentleman kindly offered a friend of mine to be the means of presenting me to you."

"So that you are not personally acquainted, sir?"

"We have never, so far as I know, even seen each other."

"It is as well, sir, fully as well. Mr. Smallwood is a person for whose judgment or discrimination I would have the very humblest opinion, and I have, therefore, from what you tell me, the hope that you are not of his party in the Church?"

"I am unable to answer you, madam, knowing nothing whatever of Mr. Smallwood's peculiar views."

"This is fencing, sir; and I don't admire fencing. Let us understand each other. What have you come here to preach? I hope my question is a direct one?"

"I am an ordained minister of the Church of England, madam; and when I have said so, I have answered you."

"What, sir? do you imagine your reply is sufficient in an age when not alone every doctrine is embraced within the Church, but that there is a very large and increasing party who are prepared to have no doctrine at all? I perceive, sir, I must make my approaches to you in a different fashion. Are you a man of vestments, gesticulations, and glass windows? Do you dramatize your Christianity?"

"I believe I can say no, madam, to all these."

"Are you a Literalist, then? What about Noah, sir? Let me hear what you have to say about the Flood. Have you ever calculated what forty days' rainfall would amount to? Do you know that in Assam, where the rains are the heaviest in that part of the world, and in Colon, in South America, no twelve hours' rain ever passed five inches and three quarters? You are, I am sure, acquainted with Eschschormes' book on the Nile deposits? If not, sir, it is yonder — at your service. Now, sir, we shall devote this evening to the Deluge, and, so far as time permits, the age of the earth. To-morrow evening we'll take Moses, on Staub's suggestion that many persons were included under that name. We'll keep the Pentateuch for Friday, for I expect the Rabbi Bensi will be here by that time."

"Will you pardon me, madam," said L'Estrange, rising, "if I decline entering upon all discussion of these momentous questions with you? I have no such scholarship as would enable me to prove instructive, and I have conviction sufficiently strong, in my faith in other men's learning, to enable me to reject quibbles and be unmoved by subtleties. Besides," added he, in a sharper tone, "I have come here to have the honour of making your acquaintance, and not to submit myself to an examination. May I wish you a good-evening?"

How he took his leave, how he descended the stairs, and rushed into the street, and found his way to the little inn where his sister wearily was waiting dinner for him, the poor curate never knew to the last day of his life.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A SMALL LODGING AT LOUVAINE.

IN a very humble quarter of the old town of Louvaine, at the corner of La Rue des Moines, Augustus Bramleigh and his sister had taken up their lodgings. Madame Jervasse, the proprietress of the house, had in her youth been the *femme-de-chambre* of some high-born dame of Brussels, and offered her services in the same capacity to Ellen, while with the aid of her own servant she prepared their meals, thus at once supplying the modest requirements they needed. Augustus Bramleigh was not a very resolute or determined man, but his was one of those natures that acquire solidity from pressure. When once he found himself on the road of sacrifices, his self-esteem imparted vigour and energy to his character. In the ordinary course of events he was accustomed to hold himself — his abilities and his temperament — cheaply enough. No man was ever less self-opinionated or self-confident. If referred to for advice, or even for opinion, he would modestly decline the last, and say, "Marion or Temple perhaps could help you here." He shrank from all self-assertion whatever, and it was ever a most painful moment to him when he was presented to any one as the future head of the house and the heir to the Bramleigh estates. To Ellen, from whom he had no secrets, he had often confessed how he wished he had been a younger son. All his tastes and all his likings were those to be enjoyed by a man of moderate fortune, and an ambition even smaller than that fortune. He would say, too, half-jestingly, "With such aspiring spirits amongst us as Marion and Temple, I can afford myself the luxury of obscurity. *They* are sure to carry our banner loftily, and *I* may with safety go on my humble path unnoticed."

Jack had always been his favourite brother: his joyous nature, his sailor-like frankness, his spirit, and his willingness to oblige, contrasted very favourably with Temple's sedate, cautious manner, and the traces of a selfishness that never forgot itself. Had Jack been the second son instead of the youngest, Augustus would have abdicated in his favour at once, but he could not make such a sacrifice for Temple. All the less that the very astute diplomatist continually harped on the sort of qualities which were required to dispense an ample fortune, and more than insinuated how much such a position would

become himself, while another might only regard it as a burden and a worry. It was certainly a great shock to him to learn that there was a claimant to his family fortune and estate: the terrible feeling that they were to appear before the world as impostors, — holding a station and dispensing a wealth to which they had no right, — almost overcame him. The disgrace of a public exposure, the notoriety it would evoke, were about the most poignant sufferings such a man could be brought to endure. He to whom a newspaper comment, a mere passing notice of his name, was a source of pain and annoyance; that he should figure in a great trial and his downfall be made the theme of moral reflections in a leading article! How was this to be borne? What could break the fall from a position of affluence and power to a condition of penury and insignificance? Nothing — if not the spirit which by meeting disaster half-way, seemed at least to accept the inevitable with courage, and so carry a high heart in the last moments of defeat.

Augustus well knew what a mistaken estimate the world had ever formed of his timid, bashful nature, and this had given his manner a semblance of pride and hauteur which made the keynote of his character. It was all in vain that he tried to persuade people that he had not an immeasurable self-conceit. They saw it in his every word and gesture, in his coolness when they approached him, in his almost ungraciousness when they were courteous to him. "Many will doubtless declare," said he, "that this reverse of fortune is but a natural justice on one who plumed himself too much on his prosperity, and who arrogated too far on the accident of his wealth. If so I can but say they will not judge me fairly. They will know nothing of where my real suffering lies. It is less the loss of fortune I deplore, than the world's judgment on having so long usurped that we had no right to."

From the day he read Sedley's letter and held that conversation with the lawyer, in which he heard that the claimant's case seemed a very strong one, and that perhaps the Bramleighs had nothing to oppose to it of so much weight as the great fact of possession — from that hour he took a despairing view of the case. There are men who at the first reverse of fortune throw down their cards and confess themselves beaten. There are men who can accept defeat itself better than meet the vacillating events of a changeful destiny; who have no persistence in their courage, nor any resources to

meet the coming incidents of life. Augustus Bramleigh possessed a great share of this temperament. It is true that Sedley after much persuasion induced him to entertain the idea of a compromise, carefully avoiding the use of that unhappy word, and substituting for it the less obnoxious expression "arrangement." Now this same arrangement, as Mr. Sedley put it, was a matter which concerned the Bramleighs collectively:—seeing that if the family estates were to be taken away, nothing would remain to furnish the provision for younger children. "You must ascertain what your brothers will do," wrote Sedley; "you must inquire how far Lord Culduff—who through his marriage has a rent-charge on the estate—will be willing to contribute to an 'arrangement.'"

Nothing could be less encouraging than the answer this appeal called forth. Lord Culduff wrote back in the tone of an injured man, all but declaring that he had been regularly taken in; indeed, he did not scruple to aver that it had never been his intention to embark in a ship that was sure to founder, and he threw out something like a rebuke on the indelicacy of asking him to add to the sacrifice he had already made for the honour of being allied to them.

Temple's note ran thus:—

"DEAR GUSTY,—If your annoyances have not affected your brain, I am at a loss for an explanation of your last letter. How, I would ask you, is a poor secretary of legation to subsist on the beggarly pittance F. O. affords him? Four hundred and fifty per annum is to supply rent, clothes, club expenses, a stall at the opera, and one's little charities in perhaps one of the dearest capitals in Europe. So far from expecting the demand you have made upon me, I actually, at the moment of receiving yours, had a half-finished note on my writing-table asking you to increase my poor allowance. When I left Castello, I think you had sixteen horses. Can you possibly want more than two for the carriage and one for your own riding? As to your garden and greenhouse expenses, I'll lay ten to one your first peas cost you a guinea a quart, and you never saw a pine at your table under five-and-twenty pounds; and now that I am on the theme of reduction, I would ask what do you want with a chef at two hundred and fifty a year? Do you, or does Ellen, ever eat of anything but the simplest diet at table? Don't you send away the entrées every day, wait for the

roast gigot, or the turkey or the woodcocks, and in consequence, does not M. Grégoire leave the cookery to be done by one of his 'aides,' and betake himself to the healthful pursuit of snipe-shooting, and the evening delight of Mrs. Somebody's tea at Portshandon? Why not add this useless extravagance to the condemned list of the vineries, the stables, and the score of other extraordinary, which an energetic hand would reduce in half-an-hour?

"I'm sure you'll not take it in ill part that I bring these things under your notice. Whether out of the balance in hand you will give me five hundred a year, or only three, I shall ever remain

"Your affectionate brother,

"TEMPLE EDGERTON BRAMLEIGH."

"Read that, Nelly," said Augustus, as he threw it across the table. "I'm almost afraid to say what I think of it."

This was said as they sat in their little lodging in the Rue des Moines: for the letter had been sent through an embassy-bag, and consequently had been weeks on the road, besides lying a month on a tray in the Foreign Office till some idle loungeur had taken the caprice to forward it.

"Where does he write from?"

"Her Majesty's Legation at Munich. Lord Culduff is there special, and Temple is acting as secretary to him."

"And does Marion send no message?"

"Oh, yes. She wants all the trunks and carriage-boxes which she left at Castello to be forwarded to town for transmission abroad. I don't think she remembers us much further. She hopes I will not have her old mare sold, but make arrangements for her having a free paddock for the rest of her life, and she adds that you ought to take the pattern of the slipper on her side-saddle, for if it should happen that you ever ride again, you'll find it better than any they make now."

"Considerate at all events. They tell us that love alone remembers trifles. Isn't this a proof of it, Gusty?"

"Read Temple now, and try to put me in better temper with him than I feel at this moment."

"I couldn't feel angry with Temple," said she, quietly. "All he does and all he says so palpably springs from consideration of self, that it would be unjust to resent in him what one would not endure from another. In fact, he means no harm to any one, and a great deal of good to Temple Bramleigh."

"And you think that commendable?"

"I have not said so; but it certainly would not irritate me."

She opened the letter after this and read it over leisurely.

"Well, and what do you say now, Nelly?" asked he.

"That it's Temple all over; he does not know why in this shipwreck every one is not helping to make a lifeboat for him. It seems such an obvious and natural thing to do that he regards the omission as scarcely credible."

"Does he not see — does he not care for the ruin that has overtaken us?"

"Yes, he sees it, and is very sorry for it, but he opines, at the same time, that the smallest amount of the disaster should fall to his share. Here's something very different," said she, taking a letter from her pocket. "This is from Julia. She writes from her little villa at Albano, and asks us to come and stay with them."

"How thoroughly kind and good-natured."

"Was it not, Gusty? She goes over how we are to be lodged, and is full of little plans of pleasure and enjoyment; she adds too, what a benefit you would be to poor George, who is driven half wild with the meddlesome interference of the Church magnates. They dictate to him in everything, and a Mrs. Trumpler actually sends him the texts on which she desires him to hold forth, — while Lady Augusta persecutes him with projects in which theological discussion, as she understands it, is to be carried on in rides over the Campagna, and picnics to the hills behind Albano. Julia says that he will not be able to bear it, without the comfort and companionship of some kind friend, to whom he can have recourse in his moments of difficulty."

"It would be delightful to go there, Nelly, but it is impossible."

"I know it is," said she gravely.

"We could not remove so far from England while this affair is yet undetermined. We must remain where we can communicate easily with Sedley."

"There are scores of reasons against the project," said she, in the same grave tone. "Let us not speak of it more."

Augustus looked at her, but she turned away her face, and he could only mark that her cheeks and throat were covered with a deep blush.

"This part of Julia's letter is very curious," said she, turning to the last page.

"They were stopping at a little inn one night where Pracontal and Longworth arrived, and George by a mere accident

heard Pracontal declare that he would have given anything to have known you personally, that he desired above everything to be received by you on terms of friendship, and even of kindred; that the whole of this unhappy business could have been settled amicably, and in fact, he never ceased to blame himself for the line into which his lawyer's advice had led him, while all his wishes tended to an opposite direction."

"But Sedley says he has accepted the arrangement, and abandoned all claim in future."

"So he has, and it is for that he blames himself. He says it debars him from the noble part he desired to take."

"I was no part to this compromise, Nelly, remember that. I yielded to reiterated entreaty a most unwilling assent, declaring always that the law must decide the case between us, and the rightful owner have his own. Let not Mr. Pracontal imagine that all the high-principled action is on his side: from the very first I declared that I would not enjoy for an hour what I did not regard indisputably as my own. You can bear witness to this, Nelly. I simply assented to the arrangement, as they called it, to avoid unnecessary scandal. What the law shall decide between us, need call forth no evil passions or ill-will. If the fortune we had believed our own belongs to another, let him have it." The tone of high excitement in which he spoke plainly revealed how far a nervous temperament and a susceptible nature had to do with his present resolve. Nelly had seen this before, but never so fully revealed as now. She knew well the springs which could move him to acts of self-sacrifice and devotion, but she had not thoroughly realized to herself that it was in a paroxysm of honorable emotion he had determined to accept the reverse of fortune, which would leave him penniless in the world.

"No, Nelly!" said he, as he arose and walked the room, with head erect, and a firm step. "We shall not suffer these people who talk slightly of the newly risen gentry to have their scoff unchallenged! It is the cant of the day to talk of mercantile honour and City notions of what is high-minded and right, and I shall show them that we — 'Lombard Street people,' as some newspaper scribe called us the other day — that we can do things the proudest earl in the Peerage would shrink back from as from a sacrifice he could not dare to face. There can be no sneer at a class that can produce men who accept beggary rather than dishonour. As that

Frenchman said, these habits of luxury and splendour were things he had never known, — the want of them would leave no blank in his existence. Whereas to us they were the daily accidents of life — they entered into our ways and habits, and made part of our very natures; giving them up was like giving up ourselves, surrendering an actual identity! You saw our distinguished connection, Lord Culduff, how he replied to my letter — a letter, by the way, I should never have stooped to write — but Sedley had my ear at the time and influenced me against my own convictions. The noble viscount, however, was free from all extraneous pressure, and he told us as plainly as words could tell it, that he had paid heavily enough already for the honour of being connected with us, and had no intention to contribute another sacrifice. As for Temple — I won't speak of him: poor Jack, how differently he would have behaved in such a crisis."

Happy at the opportunity to draw her brother away, even passingly, from a theme that seemed to press upon him unceasingly, she drew from the drawer of a little work-table a small photograph and handed it to him, saying, "Is it not like?"

"Jack!" cried he. "In a sailor's jacket too! what is this?"

"He goes out as a mate to China," said she calmly. "He wrote me but half a dozen lines, but they were full of hope and cheerfulness; he said that he had every prospect of getting a ship, when he was once out; that an old messmate had written to his father — a great merchant at Shanghai — about him, and that he had not the slightest fears for his future."

"Would any one believe in a reverse so complete as this?" cried Augustus, as he clasped his hands before him. "Who ever heard of such ruin in so short a time?"

"Jack certainly takes no despairing view of life," said she quietly.

"What! does he pretend to say it is nothing to descend from his rank as an officer of the navy, with a brilliant prospect before him, and an affluent connection at his back, to be a common sailor, or at best one grade removed from a common sailor, and his whole family beggared? Is this the picture he can afford to look on with pleasure or with hope! The man who sees in his downfall, no sacrifice, or no degradation, has no sympathy of mine. To tell me that he is stout-hearted is absurd, he is simply unfeeling." Nelly's face and even her neck became crimson, and her eyes flashed indignantly; but she repressed the

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passionate words that were almost on her lips, and taking the photograph from him replaced it in the drawer and turned the key.

"Has Marion written to you?" asked he after a pause.

"Only a few lines. I'm afraid she's not very happy in her exalted condition after all, for she concluded with these words: 'It is a cruel blow that has befallen you, but don't fancy that there are not miseries as hard to bear in life as those which display themselves in public and flaunt their sufferings before the world.'"

"That old fop's temper perhaps is hard to bear with," said he carelessly.

"You must write to George L'Estrange, Gusty," said she coaxingly. "There are no letters he likes so much as yours. He says you are the only one who ever knew how to advise without taking that tone of superiority that is so offensive, and he needs advice just now — he is driven half wild with dictation and interference." She talked on in this strain for some time, till he grew gradually calmer, and his features losing their look of intensity and eagerness, regained their ordinary expression of gentleness and quiet.

"Do you know what was passing through my mind just now?" said he, smiling half sadly. "I was wishing it was George had been Marion's husband instead of Lord Culduff. We'd have been so united, the very narrowness of our fortunes would have banded us more closely together, and I believe, firmly believe, we might have been happier in these days of humble condition, than ever we were in our palmy ones: do you agree with me, Nelly?"

Her face was now crimson, and if Augustus had not been the least observant of men, he must have seen how his words had agitated her. She merely said with affected indifference: "Who can tell how these things would turn out? There's a nice gleam of sunlight, Gusty. Let us have a walk. I'll go for my hat."

She fled from the room before he had time to reply, and the heavy clap of a door soon told that she had reached her chamber.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

AT LOUVAINE.

THERE are few delusions more common with well-to-do people than the belief that if "put to it" they could earn their own livelihood in a variety of ways. Almost every

man has some two or three or more accomplishments which he fancies would be quite adequate to his support, and remembering with what success the exercise of these gifts has ever been hailed in the society of his friends, he has a sort of generous dislike to be obliged to eclipse some poor drudge of a professional, who, of course, will be consigned to utter oblivion, after his own performance.

Augustus Bramleigh was certainly not a conceited, or a vain man, and yet he had often in his palmy days imagined how easy it would be for him to provide for his own support: he was something of a musician, he sang pleasingly, he drew a little, he knew something of three or four modern languages, he had that sort of smattering acquaintance with questions of religion, politics, and literature, which the world calls being "well-informed;" and yet nothing short of the grave necessity revealed to him that, towards the object of securing a livelihood, a cobbler in his bulk was out and out his master.

The world has no need of the man of small acquirements, and would rather have its shoes mended by the veriest botch of a professional than by the cleverest amateur that ever studied a Greek sandal.

"Is it not strange, Nelly, that Brydges and Bowes won't take those songs of mine," said he one morning as the post brought him several letters. "They say they are very pretty, and the accompaniments full of taste, but so evidently wanting in originality — such palpable imitations of Gordigiani and Romani — they would meet no success. I ask you, Nelly, am I the man to pilfer from any one. Is it likely I would trade on another man's intellect?"

"That you certainly are not, Gusty! but remember who it is that utters this criticism. The man who has no other test of goodness but a ready sale, and he sees in this case little hope of such."

"Rankin too refuses my 'Ghost Story'; he calls it too German, whatever that may mean."

"It means simply that he wants to say something and is not very clear what it ought to be. And your water-colour sketch — the Street in Bruges?"

"Worst of all," cried he, interrupting.

"Dinetti, with whom I have squandered hundreds for prints and drawings, sends it back with these words in red chalk on the back: — 'No distance; no transparency; general muddiness — a bad imitation of Prout's worst manner.'"

"How unmannerly; how coarse!"

"Yes; these purveyors to the world's taste

don't mince matters with their journeymen. They remind them pretty plainly of their shortcomings; but considering how much of pure opinion must enter into these things, they might have uttered their judgments with more diffidence."

"They may not always know what is best, Gusty; but I take it, they can guess very correctly as to what the public will think best."

"How humiliating it makes labour when one has to work to please a popular taste. I always had fancied that the author, or the painter, or the musician, stood on a sort of pedestal, to the foot of which came the publisher, entreating that he might be permitted to catch the utterings of genius, and become the channel through which they should flow into an expectant world; and now I see it is the music-seller, or the print-seller is on the pedestal, and the man of genius kneels at his feet and prays to be patronized."

"I am sure, Gusty," said she, drawing her arm within his, as he stood at the window, "I am sure we must have friends who would find you some employment in the public service that you would not dislike, and you would even take interest in. Let us see first what we could ask for."

"No; first let us think of whom we could ask for it."

"Well, be it so. There is Sir Francis Deighton; isn't he a Cabinet Minister?"

"Yes. My father gave him his first rise in life; but I'm not sure they kept up much intimacy later on."

"I'll write to him, Gusty; he has all the Colonial patronage and could easily make you governor of something to-morrow. Say 'yes'; tell me I may write to him."

"It's not a pleasant task to assign you, dear Nelly," said he, with a sad smile; "and yet I feel you will do it better than I should."

"I shall write," said she, boldly, "with the full assurance that Sir Francis will be well pleased to have an opportunity to serve the son of an old friend and benefactor."

"Perhaps it is that my late defeats have made me cowardly — but I own, Nelly, I am less than hopeful of success."

"And I am full of confidence. Shall I show you my letter when I have written it?"

"Better not, Nelly. I might begin to question the prudence of this, or the taste of that, and end by asking you to suppress it all. Do what you like then, and in your own way."

Nelly was not sorry to obtain permission to act free of all trammels, and went off to

her room to write her letter. It was not till after many attempts that she succeeded in framing an epistle to her satisfaction. She did not wish — while reminding Sir Francis of whom it was she was speaking — to recall to him any unpleasant sentiment of an old obligation; she simply adverted to her father's long friendship for him, but dropped nothing of his once patronage. She spoke of their reverse in fortune with dignity, and in the spirit of one who could declare proudly that their decline in station involved no loss of honour, and she asked that some employment might be bestowed on her brother, as upon one well deserving of such a charge.

"I hope there is nothing of the suppliant in all this? I hope it is such a note as Gusty would have approved of, and that my eagerness to succeed has involved me in no undue humility." Again and again she read it over; revising this, and changing that, till at length grown impatient, she folded it up and addressed it, saying aloud: "There, it is in the chance humour of him who reads, not in the skill of the writer, lies the luck of such epistles."

"You forgot to call him Right Honourable, Nelly," said Augustus, as he looked at the superscription.

"I'm afraid I've forgotten more than that, Gusty; but let us hope for the best."

"What did you ask for?"

"Anything, — whatever he can give you, and is disposed to give, I've said. We are in that category where the proverb says — there is no choice."

"I'd not have said that, Nelly."

"I know that, and it is precisely on that account that I said it for you. Remember, Gusty, you changed our last fifty pounds in the world yesterday."

"That's true," said he, sitting down near the table, and covering his face with both hands.

"There's a gentleman belowstairs, madam, wishes to know if he could see Mr. Bramleigh," said the landlady entering the room.

"Do you know his name?" said Nelly, seeing that as her brother paid no attention to the announcement, it might be as well not to admit a visitor.

"This is his card, madam."

"Mr. Cutbill!" said Nelly, reading aloud. "Gusty," added she, bending over him, and whispering in his ear, "would you see Mr. Cutbill?"

"I don't care to see him," muttered he, and then rising he added: "Well, let him come up; but mind, Nelly, we must on no account ask him to stay and dine with us."

She nodded assent, and the landlady retired to introduce the stranger.

TO THE RODERICK THAT'S NAE DOO.

HAIL to the Chief that in Science advances,
First in the high geographical line,
Chosen in FARADAY's place who by France is;
Famed for his work in Geology's mine!
Who with a second sight
Born of reflection, tight
Stack to the hope which proofs well-grounded
show;
Letters from LIVINGSTONE:
Shout every mother's son,
RODERICK I. MURCHISON, ho, ieroc!
— *Punch*, April 18.

ACADEMY CATALOGUE. 1867. No. 1106.

So the Johanna men have fled
Like SOUTHCOTE, the Johanna woman,
And bold SIR RODERICK tells with pride,
That LIVINGSTONE is safe, and comin'.
Last year the sculptor wrote "the late,"
When our brave DAVID's bust was shown:
Who'll care for that dead marble's fate,
When we have got a LIVING STONE?
— *Punch*, April 18.

From The London Review.

CONTINENTAL IRON WORKS SUPPLYING ENGLISH MARKETS.

THERE has long been a sort of inarticulate growl, like the muttering of distant thunder, speaking in tones of menace to the English workman, no less than to his employer — letters in daily papers, articles in scientific journals, unpleasant experiences on the part of manufacturers who have tendered for new works. It is questionable how far the public has realized the importance of the question. Whether Mr. Disraeli or Mr. Gladstone sits on the Ministerial bench is a matter of extreme interest to those gentlemen themselves, scarcely less so to their personal friends, not indifferent to any member of the House, but of almost inappreciable influence on the actual state of the mass of the population. But whether the girders of St. Thomas's Hospital be rolled in Staffordshire or in Belgium is a matter of vital interest to that mass. For it has actually come to this, that not in one, or in two, but in many departments of manufacture, the foreigner is at this moment a successful competitor with the Englishman on English ground.

The last twenty years have seen an amount of competition in this country which would delight any person who believes that the unquestionable principles of political economy are, further, the most imperative motives of human action. But the competition, as a rule, has been directed only to produce the cheap. It has taken less account of the good. Good enough means good enough to sell. Thus our manufactures have been deteriorated, and we are undersold in our own markets. By a free and open competition, in which more than a dozen English manufacturers joined, for the supply of some 1,200 tons of wrought-iron work alongside of the River Thames, under the very windows of the Houses of Parliament, work framed and fitted in Belgium, after designs prepared by the architect of the buildings, will support the floors of our new hospital.

Nor is this all — or even the worst. The English manufacturers may say, and the Belgian manufacturers may deny, that the quality of the material contemplated by the lowest tender, is inferior to that contemplated by the English tenders. That question, in the present instance, may, no doubt, safely be left to the decision of the architect of the building. But if Belgium pushes us in price, Westphalia pushes us in

quality. There we find large works, organized with the utmost system, with the mouth of the coal-pit opening within the very *enceinte* of the buildings, in which the whole energy of the establishment is devoted to the production of the best work. The managers are highly-educated engineers, the workmen are educated men, the children of the workmen are all being trained in the schools of the establishment to fill worthily the places now held by their fathers. If a boy shows talent he is picked out, and care is taken that his special qualification shall be developed to the full. When a workman passes the prime of his strength, he is put to lighter work. When he passes the limit of this lighter demand on his energies, he is provided for by a fund augmented by the profit of the earnings of his youth. What chance has an establishment including perhaps an absent capitalist, a semi-educated manager, foremen risen from the forge — and distinguished, very likely, as much for the number of gallons of ale they can swallow, or the downright blow they can deliver, as for any special mechanical skill — workmen who keep Saint Monday, and a rabble of untaught incumbrances in the way of non-productive consumers — what chance has such an establishment to compete with the Westphalian factory?

Distance, it may be said, will protect us. Persons who have to draw their ideas of the formidable obstacle which distance, even in these days of locomotion, opposes to business, from the difficulty which attends the transference of two or three passengers, with a moderate quantity of luggage, from the Great Western Station at Paddington to the Brighton Station at London Bridge, may be excused for feeling at ease as to the proceedings of rivals in the north of Germany. But what are the facts? The Prussian Government has strictly subordinated the rate of the railway charges, to the interest of the State in promoting manufactures. Instead of three or four companies struggling for a rival traffic, which they disgorge from their termini without an attempt to facilitate its future course, every thing is ordered with the aim of delivering the product of German industry, at the least practicable cost, in the market of the world. So it follows that to send, let us say, steel plates for a frigate, by a ten or twelve hours' railway journey to Rotterdam, to ship them on a steamer, to pay shipping charges, freight, dues, landing charges, and deliver them in London, costs less, the manufacturers tell

us, than to send them thither from Manchester.

What have we then to rely on? Distance is no protection. Low price is no protection. Excellence, which is the best protection, is yet sought by some of our first English houses, but their names are few. It is sought as the chief object to be attained by the German manufacturers, and the result is that they are not ashamed to compete with our very best houses, either for quality or for price. The lesson of 1848 is being taught to the world once more — taught, indeed, not by cannon and by bayonet, but by means no less fatal to our industry, unless we bestir ourselves — that a mob cannot contend with an organized and disciplined force. The English workman, as long experience bids us believe, is the best raw material in the world. But, untaught and unorganized — or organized only in a self-destructive method that the foreign manufacturers would gladly see kept up for yet a little while longer, every day that passes leaves him more and more behind. It would be quite worth our while, said a foreign manufacturer not long ago, to subscribe £10,000 or £15,000 a year to the support of your trades' unions.

It is not the case that the last fifteen years have seen no progress at home. The various railways that so unsystematically pierce the metropolis, furnish evidence to the contrary in their enormous viaducts. The iron-work that now spans the Thames in so many forms — that which carries Fleetditch over the head of the Metropolitan passenger, or that which renders hideous the entrance from Southwark to London — shows that our manufactures have advanced in their craft since Stephenson flung his tube over the Menai Straits. But if we have slowly advanced, foreign manufacture has sprung up as the creation of a day. In the year 1852, French railway companies were buying rails in South Wales. Foreign commerce was discouraged by the French Government, and disliked, for reasons both good and bad, by French engineers and directors. But they were wise enough to take what they could get at the time, while looking for something better. So Locke and Brassey made the Paris and Rouen Railway, and English houses which we could name sold rails in France. At that time such was the quality of the French manufacture that the rails cracked and crumbled under the weight of the ponderous locomotives of French design. For two English fitters to cut a foot off a good iron rail may be the work of

three parts of a day. A nick round with a chisel, and a blow over a stone, and the thing was done with the rails we mention. But if a Welsh iron-master were to base his business calculations on finding such a state of things now in existence, he would reckon without his host.

Within fifteen years, it may be said, the very idea of foreign competition with English manufacture on indifferent ground has originated. Within five years it has become no longer an idea, but a fact. Foreign locomotives have been made for English Railways. "At a loss," says the English manufacturer. Most people who found a great business commence by loss, a calculated and wisely sustained loss. It may be a form of advertising — the great moral engine of the day. A reference to running-engines would be a better advertisement, in our notion, than the very largest and most ingenious posters.

An English manufacturer met a friend the other day in London. "What are you doing here?" he said. The other told him in confidence that he was waiting to know the result of a competition for a large quantity of work. "I fully expect the order," he said, "for I have tendered at a price by which we shall lose, merely to keep the works open." The other asked if he had any objection to exchange figures with him, as the tenders were all in, and he had himself tendered for a Belgian firm. The Englishman named his price. "You may go home, then," said the other, "I am fifteen shillings a ton below you, and it will pay our firm very well at that price."

It is easy to multiply instances. But there is an obvious impropriety in quoting names, to the benefit of one tradesman and to the discomfiture of another. And to instances given without names may be opposed the round assertion that they are imaginary. It is, therefore, a fact not to be neglected when a large and well-known building may be pointed out as a visible illustration of the present swing of the balance between the English and the foreign manufacturer. We shall have need of more hospitals, of hospitals in the older sense of the term, a sense rendered in modern English by alms-house, a big poor-house, if we lose our manufactures. A battle lost is not a campaign, but the result of a battle of this kind shows which way the campaign is at present going. The subject is one of the deepest importance for all who care for the future of the country.

From *The Spectator*, April 18.

SIR ROBERT NAPIER.

It is fortunate for Sir Robert Napier that he likes his work, for he is certainly not encouraged to do it by any breath of popular applause. There has as yet been no "butcher's bill" to receive from Abyssinia, and the British public, true to the character given it by the Duke of Wellington, is less interested in the expedition than in an Easter Monday Review. Society looks on the whole affair as a military promenade, important only because it may add twopence to a year's income-tax, and the general community scarcely condescends to read the letters of the special correspondents, which, we admit, are with two occasional exceptions, unusually and unintelligibly poor. The gentlemen who write them seem mainly occupied with themselves, their tents, their mules, and their visits to little churches, and lack the descriptive power which would bring a country like Abyssinia — a plateau with a broken planet tossed on it to make variety — home to the British imagination. There is more real knowledge of Abyssinia to be gained from half-a-dozen badly executed pictures in the *Illustrated London News* than from all their letters. Yet Englishmen are students of geography, and either feel or pretend an interest in military organization; and might, therefore, one would think, feel some faint excitement about an expedition in which a "passage of the Alps" is a daily incident, in which the organization of their army, though not its courage, has been tested to the utmost; in which they are employing and harmonizing the military systems of two empires and two ages, of the East and the West, of Count von Moltke and of Pyrrhus, laying down railways with the help of camels, carrying the newest devices in scientific gunnery upon elephants, using theodolites to clear the way for bearded old Mussulman sabreurs, and compelling a lofty African desert to yield water by an American device not yet a twelvemonth old. Surely there is something to excite a race with mechanical proclivities in the last scene described or hinted at by Sir Robert Napier. Three regiments, two white, one dusky, with miles of artillery, baggage waggons, mules, and followers crawling after them, have passed mountains as high as Mount Cenis, to halt at a point 7,500 feet above the sea, three hundred miles in the interior of Africa, with mountains before, behind, and around, mountains all con-

ical, looking as if they belonged to another world, and only one wretched spring to be found, its water loaded, as such water always is loaded, with the seeds of dysentery.

Did none of our readers ever see a scene of that kind, the rush to the spring, the frantic confusion, the tramping through the water, the angry craving of soldiers, and followers, and worn-out beasts? In the midst of it all half-a-dozen mules are driven up loaded with thin steel tubes. Tap, tap, tap, goes a hammer, rigged up in five minutes, and in ten the curse of Africa has been conquered as if a new Moses had smitten the rock, and pure water for an army is spouting among the stones. If men would but open their eyes they would see that the whole Expedition is a romance such as in a nation with a history less full than ours, a life less choked with detail, would excite a transport of enthusiasm. Since when has Europe marched a scientifically organized army into an unknown mountain region in the tropics, and urged it forward over chain after chain of Alps, amid scenes so terribly grand that trained writers avoid description as beyond their powers, three hundred miles into the interior to punish a dark King, of whom we only know that he is probably mad, possibly a genius, certainly a monster by whose side Domitian or Ivan the Terrible would have seemed civilized and humane? That England should care little about an affair costing only some six millions is conceivable; but that her people should not have caught its picturesque side, is, we must repeat, somewhat strange. To us, we confess, this army of Bruces, half explorers, half soldiers, marching into Abyssinia with Enfields and elephants, Beloochees and Highlanders, camel-drivers and photographers, humped bullocks and locomotives, goat-skin buckets and portable artesian wells, with sappers for its advance guard and an Engineer for Commander-in-Chief, with Indian ports emptied of ships for transport, Egypt drained of mules for carriage, and four languages spoken in its ranks, moving forward, unhasting, unresting, into regions from which even the successors of Mahomet shrunk back appalled by their wild dreariness, to rescue a Ninevite, a few Germans, and an Englishman or two, because the national honour is pledged to their safety, is irresistibly fascinating. Think of the storm of power latent in that little dust-cloud floating so slowly up and over the Abyssinian hills, of the capacity of destruction — capacity which it has taxed the intellect of mankind for centuries to produce and to concentrate — which that dust conceals! It is a

little army, say critics at home, while correspondents on the spot, bewildered by the masses of materiel, flurried by the orderly confusion, hampered by their own half-knowledge, declare that the resources alike of India and England are "strained." Strained! Does any human being in either Empire remember for five consecutive minutes that we are at war, feel any injury, dread any loss—realize in any way whatever that he is called on by his country to endure? Both Empires would feel the non-delivery of a mail more acutely than this "strain;" yet, add five Queen's regiments to this army—a matter of a telegraphic message—and there does not exist throughout Asia an empire which could stand its shock. It would reach Pekin, or Lhasa, or Jeddo as inevitably as it will reach Magdala. It is civilization at war which that expedition represents, and the smallness of the force is due to the terrible concentration, not to the minuteness of its effective power. The little steel gun carried on a mule, and daintily fashioned as a watch,—which is the more effective, that, or Theodore's brass monster, which a thousand men are lugging month after month up the hill, to oppose it?

Sir Robert Napier has done nothing, say critics in Africa, impatient for the killing to begin; though at home they are never tired of affirming that campaigns are won by organization rather than by fighting. Let us look at that a little. We are all apt to think Sherman's march into space a rather wonderful thing. Plant three Alleghanies straight across his path; destroy all roads, dry up most springs; change his compact army of educated soldiers into a collection of men of three colours, five creeds, and four languages; strip the country till every loaf has to be carried from his base; falsify all his maps, and make his cavalry useless as pioneers, and Sherman will have the work to do which Sir Robert Napier has so far successfully accomplished. He is followed every day, and almost every hour, by a dozen restless, watchful, and, in part at least, hostile eyes, eager to criticize, paid to investigate, often, we fancy, not unwilling to condemn; and what have they, in the way of blunders, to report? That a Quartermaster-General reported the wrong route to be impracticable, that somebody else found the right one, and that Sir Robert thenceforward became his own Quartermaster-General. Disorder enough there was to begin with; though we wish our readers could realize what sort of a scene an assembly of 12,000 mules, camels, and bullocks, with insufficient water, Egyptian

drivers, and no officers who could speak their language, really presents; but from the day the cool old Engineer landed, all that disorder disappeared. He was not responsible for Sir Seymour Fitzgerald's blunder—a blunder committed solely because the Governor of Bombay was afraid of the British taxpayer—but he remedied it, then carried an army of thirty thousand men—for every follower is as much a burden to the General as every soldier—away from the pestilent coast on to the healthy highland—we hear of no crowded hospitals—then marched forward 200 miles,—as far as from London to Leeds, establishing camps as he went, till his communications are guarded as by a line of fortresses; then stripped a brigade for action, ordering off all superfluous impedimenta, till the Indians were loud in wrath and remonstrance; and then never hurrying, never stopping, losing no men, abandoning no needful appliance, over passes 2,000 feet higher than Mount Cenis, through ravines where ten men ought to have stopped an army, drawing water from the rocks, turning the population he has invaded into eager carriers and sutlers, making no rushes, but also making no failures, the calm old man has carried the most composite army which ever fought straight to its goal, a mountain fortress in Africa further from his base than Turin is from France, and with three ranges of Alps instead of one between them. The gentlemen who muddled Monday's march to Portsmouth do not, we believe, think the feat a great one; but we should, we confess, prefer to hear the opinion of Marshal Bazaine, who knows what marching Europeans through a *tierra caliente* means, or of any officer who ever entered Afghanistan, or aided in a march over the Sulciman. The Indians know what mountains are and deserts too, and are not reputed to lack self-confidence, yet the boldest of them would pause if ordered to take thirty thousand men by land from end to end of Beloochistan, and Abyssinia is as much worse than Beloochistan as Africa is than Asia. We do not believe any General ever accomplished a greater feat in military organization than this invasion of Abyssinia, ever displayed more of the best qualities of a Commander than Sir Robert Napier has done. He has no dash? Dashing on boulders is brainless work; but when Sir Robert Napier, with a handful of wearied men, flung himself right across Tantia Toppe's path, and turned a march which would have raised all Central India in insurrection, want of dash was not the precise

foible attributed to him. There are no incidents? Incidents in a campaign like this — a campaign of explorers — mean blunders, and the expedition is eventless only because the General has committed none. He has risked nothing, forgotten nothing, hurried nothing, but has tramped on straight to his end, and will, we firmly believe, after accomplishing his object and rescuing the prisoners, carry back his army to Bombay as perfect in discipline and organization as when he left it, ready on a telegram from Sir S. Northcote to invade Egypt, or Japan, or Thibet. It is but poor encouragement to English Generals that service like that, the exact and punctual performance of an immense task, a task at which two British Governments craned for four years, should be received in silence, or even seem to require apologetic explanation.

From *Muekkir*, Organ of the "Young Turkey"
(Opposition) party, April 7.

MOHAMMEDANISM NOT OPPOSED TO CIVILIZATION.

OH, LORD, many thanks be to Thee that Thou has directed us to the glorious religion of Mahomet; such a religion as is the straight road to prosperity, such a religion that some half-naked savages who faithfully practised it were able, in eighty years, to make as extensive conquests as the Roman Empire in eight hundred, their dominions stretching from the river Tagus in Spain to the Ganges in India. These true believers made Cordova, Granada, Egypt, Damascus, Bagdad and Bassora, Ispahan and Samarcand centres of arts and sciences, and from those centres they diffused knowledge throughout the world. The French Pope Sylvester II. went to Spain to acquire learning from these true believers, and by the introduction of algebra, astronomy, and other sciences from them, he opened the path of knowledge to the Christians of Europe. He imported books and built a library; and greatly astonished Europe by making artificial terrestrial and celestial globes. These same Mohammedans invented paper, which was the first cause of the multiplicity of books which now diffuse knowledge. They were able, owing to their conquests, to write such books of geography that they described countries which have remained unknown to

Europeans, notwithstanding their steamers and expeditions. They introduced the science of history. They instituted the first colleges and universities which ever existed in the world, and they introduced the sciences of algebra and arithmetic.

They taught Europe the use of the compass and gunpowder; they extended the science of medicine, and they arranged modern medicine; they introduced their religion, learning, arts, and languages into all the countries they entered. And these Mohammedans, although they had intercourse with all countries, did not change their character thereby. These True Believers attained such a degree of perfection in agriculture, commerce, and manufactures, that no other country equalled them; so much so that the present Minister of Public Instruction in France says in his history — "That to advance French agriculture, the agriculture the people of Valencia have inherited from the Moslems ought to be imitated."

Now, is it right for the present generation to forget the talents, the culture, and the grandeur of their predecessors? And it must not be supposed that their greatness was confined to the things we have mentioned. One of the members of the French Academy of Sciences, and a Professor of History, says in his history — "That the Mussulmans, especially the Arabs, were so much our masters and teachers that the more we read their books the more we see that various inventions we thought belonged to other nations were theirs."

While the Mussulmans were thus the conquerors of the world, and the teachers of mankind, and were dazzling the eyes of Asia and Africa with their learning, what condition were the present Europeans in? History tells us that at that time the Europeans were plunged in darkness and ignorance. The Europeans used to come and buy silk and silk stuffs of Mussulman manufacture at Granada, and saddles and skins from Cordova; and for this purpose they brought to the countries of the Mussulmans, whom they abhorred, what little money they could scrape together with much difficulty, and purchased the manufactured goods of Asia, which were greatly prized and sought after in their own countries. Now, see, these once ignorant Franks have waked up. Their artisans did not shut their eyes. The Mussulmans by degrees parted with their arts, until now they have fallen into such a state that they sell to the Franks for a sum insufficient to procure them bare subsistence the wool of their sheep, the cocoons of their

silkworms, and the cotton they sow, which are afterwards brought back to them by the same Franks who manufacture them, and sold for fifteen times as much money and more. This is equivalent to saying that no prosperity remains amongst the Mohammedans, as art and science do not remain. And why have arts and sciences and prosperity not remained amongst Mohammedans? We ought to reflect, and discover the cause. Prosperity comes from art, art from science, science from learning, learning from hope, and hope from security, security from good government, good government from the justice of the State, justice from respect for the law and the constitution based on the law, respect for the law from the responsibility of the administration, and the responsibility of the administration from the people protecting their own legal rights.

Well, do we protect our own legal rights? Is our present administration responsible for its acts? Is there any respect for the law remaining? Where is there justice? Can a good Government exist without justice? Is there any security? Has any one any hope, so that he can care to study? Who has any knowledge so that he can promote sciences? Who possesses any science so that he can promote manufactures? Who possesses any art so that he can manufacture his own cotton and silk, and get a living and profit thereby? Come, then, zealous men of our religion, let us not fail in our duty, let us protect the rights of the people, so that we may obtain good administration, and be able thereby to obtain a subsistence and exist in the world.

From The Athenæum.

HISTORY OF VOTING BY BALLOT.

Few subjects in our political history are involved in so much doubt as the modern revival of voting by the ballot-box. Materials for a true account of how we came to use this method must exist in books and manuscripts; but they have not yet been brought together; and it is with the hope of engaging better scholars and antiquaries than myself in the quest, that I venture to print the following notes.

We all know that the men who either invented or perfected all our noblest arts — the Greeks — invented this method of free voting. . . .

It is commonly supposed that the Dutch began it. We know that when that noble and gallant people had shaken off their chains, they proceeded to secure the liberties they had won, by admitting the right of every freeman to take a free and untrammelled part in public affairs. . . .

Mr. John Bruce has turned up, within the last few days, a couple of papers which let us into the important secret of how and why the ballot-box was finally brought into use among us. It was not the first time, but it was the final time. It came to us from Holland in the bad days of Charles I.; came in the year 1637; the year in which Hampden was condemned for not paying ship-money; the year in which Prynne was branded on the cheek with burning irons; in which Bastwick and Burton had their ears cut off in Palace-yard. At such a time there was need for some protection against the inquisitorial and ubiquitous tyranny of the Court and Crown. In those days there was in the City of London an old and prosperous company of traders into foreign parts, known as the Merchant Adventurers of England. The charters of these traders went back to the days of King John; and this ancient corporation of dealers in wool and wine had factories in many ports, and very great branches in Hamburg, Rotterdam, and Delft. Now these three cities were full of English exiles, for in those bad days England had her bands of expatriated men, as Poland, Italy, and Hungary have had in these days. In each of these foreign cities an English Puritan church had been set up, and the London merchant who went out to live and trade in them, being a Puritan at home, became a member of one of these churches abroad. This fact was a sharp thorn in the side of Laud, whose anger was chiefly fired against the congregation worshipping at Delft. King and Archbishop looked about them for a man who would worry these exiles without putting the Crown to any expense. And they hit upon their plan. Hanging, unpleasantly, on the skirts of their Court was a man named Edward Misselden, who knew something of City affairs. He had made himself known to Charles by suggesting schemes for raising money, and to Laud by writing against the Puritan divines. He had sometimes been a chapman, more frequently he had been a spy. This fellow the King and Laud got the Merchant Adventurers to appoint their deputy at Delft, where he soon repaid his patrons in the way they most desired; for he persuaded the merchants to advance a considerable sum of money to Charles, and he sowed the seeds

of a thousand quarrels in the little Puritan church. But his zeal outran his power. When the merchants found that the King's friend not only thrust his hands into their pockets, but meddled with their religious service, they deposed him from his chair, and put a better man into his place. Then came a row. Misselden complained to his patrons. What could they do? The fellow had his plan: he always had his plan — break up the factory at Delft; put the agencies under one man; confine the company to a single port — to Rotterdam — as the nearest to London. In that way, he said, the Puritan exiles would be starved into submission; and moneys could be more readily got for the King. All this was done. To their grievous loss, the merchants had to break up their homes, to close their magazines, and remove their families to Rotterdam. We may be sure they did not love the man who had caused them all this trouble: and they would not elect him to be their deputy at Rotterdam. Then Misselden came to London, and asked for a place at Court. What place? "Clerk of the Council," said the gentleman. But Charles could not persuade his council to have such a clerk. "Then get me appointed deputy in Rotterdam." But how could this be done when the merchants in Rotterdam refused? "Take the election," said the old schemer, "away from the servants in Holland, and vest it in their masters in England." That was a happy thought; one which exactly hit the fancy of Laud and Charles. In London those Puritan merchants would not dare to vote against the King. To make things safe, Charles wrote with his own hand to the governor and deputy, in favour of his friend and — creditor; the man for whom he wished to provide a place, though not in his own council chamber. The governor was anxious to oblige his sovereign; perhaps anxious to save his ears; but he was bound to consult the merchants, and he found that in all the foreign ports his partners loudly protested against electing Misselden again. Charles would not receive that answer. His will was law; and in London, at least, it should be obeyed. He sent word that his friend *must* be elected. Well, a Court was called, and his friend was *not* elected. Enraged at this rebuff in his own capital, the King sent for the record, that he might know the names of those daring merchants who had gone against his royal nomination; but the record, when he got it, told him nothing that he wanted to hear; for he found that the election had been conducted by ballot — a new method of taking opinion which these mer-

chants seem to have learned from their friends of Rotterdam. When the King called the governor and deputy, he was told they had not been present in the court, so that these things had been done, and yet there was no man upon whom the royal rage could fall; no one whose ears he could slice, whose cheek he could brand! The baffled King summoned a meeting of his Privy Council at Hampton Court; that council met on the 17th of September, and the King appeared in person to denounce this unmanly invention of the balloting-box. The Lords of Council sympathized in his rage. Things were coming to a pretty pass, when a mob of City merchants not only dared to assert their right to mind their own business, but proceeded to elect their own servants against the King's express command, by means of a wooden box and a few little balls; and yet nobody could be burnt on the cheek and shorn of his ears for the offence! That was not a state of things to be borne. The King and his lords drew up two orders of the jury against that box, and these two bits of the unwritten history of England I shall now cite: —

"At Hampton Court, 17th
September, 1637.

"His Majesty, this day present in Council, taking into consideration two several petitions presented to his Majesty and this Board, in the name of the Governors, Assistants, and Fellowship of Merchant Adventurers of England, against Mr. Edward Misselden, whom his Majesty had formerly recommended to be chosen Deputy of that part of the said Company which reside at Rotterdam, and having heard some of the said Company, and finding that neither the Governor nor the Deputy of that Company did personally appear in preferring either of the said petitions against the said Misselden, notwithstanding that by the said Company's Charter it is alleged the government is committed to the Governor or his Deputy and to twenty-four discreet persons of the said Fellowship, and notwithstanding that the said Company did use a balloting-box in the choice propounded by his Majesty to be made of the said Misselden as aforesaid, it is ordered by his Majesty, with the advice of the Board in the first place, that a balloting-box shall be no more used by the said Company, nor by any other Company in any of their elections or other business, as they tender his Majesty's displeasure, and will answer the same at the Board. And as concerning the nomination of a fit name to be Deputy at Rotterdam for the said

Company, it is by his Majesty's express command ordered that the Aldermen and all the grave and most ancient and experienced men of that Company be forthwith called together, and that they join with the said Governor and Deputy in the said nomination, and make such choice as they shall hold fit both for his Majesty's service and reducing of things to better order abroad than they now stand. Whereof the Governor, Deputy, and Company of Merchant Adventurers are to take notice, and to give account of the same to the said Board with convenient speed."

The second paper runs thus:—

"At Hampton Court, this 17th of September, 1637.

"His Majesty, this day sitting in Council, taking into consideration the manifold inconveniences that may arise by the use of balloting-boxes, which is of late begun to be practised by some Corporations and Companies, did declare his utter dislike thereof, and, with the advice of their Lordships, ordered that no Corporation nor Company, either within the City of London and liberties, or elsewhere in this his Majesty's kingdom, shall use or permit to be used in any businesses whatsoever any balloting-box, as they tender his Majesty's displeasure, and will answer the contrary at their peril. Whereof, as well the Lord Mayor of the City of London for the time being, and all other Mayors and head officers of Corporations, as all Governors, Masters, and Wardens of all Companies in and about the Cities of London and Westminster, and elsewhere, are to take notice and to see this his Majesty's pleasure and commandment duly observed."

In that way the principle of free voting made its final invasion, its final conquest, of this country. But this was not the first time the ballot-box had been used in England; though it is likely enough that its rapid growth and constant use among us date from that time, and derive from these orders of the day. . . . In the City manuscripts (cited by Orridge) we have the following entries:—

"1526, Sept. 19.

"In all matters concerning the election of Aldermen, &c., which need to be written and tried by way of scrutiny, such matters shall be tried by the new gilt box, brought in by the Chamberlain, whereon is written these words, 'Yea,' 'Nay.'"

This City Chamberlain may turn out to be the original contriver of the modern ballot-box. The method was in use for some years, as we see by a later entry, 1533:—

"In every matter of gravity the box shall be brought into Court, and by putting in of white or black peas, the matter is to take effect or not."

From The Spectator.

THE DIFFICULTIES OF IDENTIFICATION.

A MAN, in all human probability an escaped lunatic, named Heasman, was found on Friday week in the cupboard of a house in Hackney Wick, dead. There appeared at first to be a strong presumption that he had either been murdered or had committed suicide in some exceptional and, so to speak, lunatic way; but the medical evidence tends to prove suicide by laudanum, and it is not with the mode of his death that we are just now concerned. A much stranger question arose about his identification. Great publicity had been given to the circumstances attending the discovery of his body, and on Sunday a number of persons, usually provided with photographs, visited the Hackney dead-house — or "mortuary," as the reporters are pleased to call it — to see if the features corresponded with those of missing friends. It is strange, but certain, that no reasonable cause for disappearance, like the breaking of the ice in Regent's Park, is ever described in London, but dozens of families are ready to testify that one of their members has disappeared. Among the inquirers was Dr. Ellis, Medical Superintendent of St. Luke's, who recognized the body, showed that the clothes were, beyond all doubt, those of a patient in St. Luke's, and declared that the name of the deceased was Heasman — the name of a patient who had recently escaped from the establishment. The name on the stockings worn by deceased corresponded with this statement. Dr. Ellis has no personal interest in the matter one way or the other, and on the following day the brother of the unhappy man, apparently an unexceptionable witness, confirmed the physician's view. The body, beyond all doubt, was that of his brother, Mr. B. Heasman, recently a patient in St. Luke's. One would think such a mass of evidence was beyond

all doubt, past any reasonable cavil, yet it is certain that one visitor, totally unconnected with the asylum, produced a photograph very like the deceased, and that another, Mrs. Mary Ann Banks, positively affirms that the body is that of her husband, Mr. Ebenezer Charles Banks, a commercial traveller. She adhered to this statement upon oath in the Coroner's Court, her two sisters partially support her, and she has one strong circumstance in favour of her statement. Before she had seen the body she described a particular wound upon the little finger, which wound appears to have been found. Some doubt was thrown upon her testimony before the Coroner, by a suggestion that she wanted to obtain some insurance depending upon her late husband's death; but the suggestion was not supported, and the balance of evidence goes to show that Mrs. Banks, though possibly very eager to be certain of her missing husband's fate, was honest, and really believed in an identity which nevertheless is completely disproved.

The interest felt in the case, an interest out of all proportion to the importance of the facts, reveals a curious doubt which is always latent in the public mind, and which has, we suspect, as much justification as popular instincts usually have, a doubt whether appearance is conclusive, or even strong evidence of identity. The doubt is probably based upon tradition, which deals much in stories of mistaken identity, but we are inclined to believe it much more solid than either policemen or artists would be willing to allow. A large proportion of ordinary persons, it may be even a majority, but certainly a very large proportion, are very untrustworthy witnesses to identity when dependent on appearance alone. They are either from nature or habit incapable of appreciating form, and form alone is the unerring proof of personal identity. The difficulties in the way of identification, more especially of the dead, are to them insuperable. In the first place, people are much more similar than we always remember. Without accepting or disputing the extraordinary idea which exists in so many countries, and is the basis of so many fables, that every man has his "double" somewhere, an individual absolutely identical in appearance with himself, it is quite certain that the most extraordinary likenesses do exist among persons wholly disconnected in blood, that there are faces and forms in the world which are rather types than individualities, people so like one another that only the most intimate friends and connections can detect the

difference. The likeness of Madame Lamotte to Marie Antoinette is a well known historic instance, and there are few persons who have not in the course of their own experience met with something of the same kind. The writer has twice. In one case, he was on board a ship in which were two passengers, who neither were, nor by possibility could be, connected by birth or any other circumstance whatever except, indeed, caste. Oddly enough, they were unaware of a likeness which was the talk of the ship, dressed in the same style, but from some inexplicable repulsion — we are stating mere facts — disliked and avoided one another. The writer, in a six weeks' voyage and with a tolerably intimate acquaintance with one of the two, never succeeded in distinguishing them by sight; and of the remaining passengers, certainly one-half, say thirty educated persons, were in the same predicament. In the second instance the evidence is far less perfect, but sufficient for the argument we are now advocating. The writer stopped short in Bond Street utterly puzzled by the apparition of one of his closest connections not two yards off. Clearly it was he, yet he could from circumstances by no possibility be there. Still it was he, and the writer advanced to address him, when a momentary smile broke the spell, leaving, however, this impression, "I would have sworn to Blank in any Court of Justice. His double must be walking about Bond Street." The likeness was really astounding, quite sufficient to have deceived any number of policemen unacquainted previously with either man.

The writer has a faculty for likeness, or a stupidity about identities? That is a plausible, though an erroneous explanation, and it brings up just the point we want to make. Is it not just possible — it is rather a serious supposition, when our criminal procedure is considered — but is it not just possible that something like colour blindness affects this matter of identification? that there is a large number of persons whose evidence upon any question of identity, though perfectly honest, is worthy of very little trust? that men upon this, as upon most other matters, are guilty of an unconscious carelessness, like that which makes testimony about figured statements so often valueless? We are all apt to think that we observe faces very carefully, but it is quite certain, more certain than almost any assertion of the same kind, that we do not so observe them. We are also apt to believe that the difference in faces is very great, is radical, and not dependent upon accidental features,

yet it is almost certain that no such difference exists, that men are in reality as nearly alike as animals appear to be. Take, for instance, in evidence of both these propositions—of the carelessness of our usual glance, and of the similarity among men—a fact which a number of our readers can test for themselves. No man on landing at an Indian or Chinese port for the first time can for a few days tell one man from another. The natives are more decisively unlike than so many Englishmen, because in addition to every other distinction their complexions cover a wider range of colour; but being similarly dressed, they seem for a few days as much alike as so many sheep, who are all alike to a Londoner, but among whom a shepherd or a dog makes no mistake. Now, if men were much unlike, more unlike than the sheep are, no such curious haziness would be possible, nor would it be if the observer were unconsciously in the habit of studying the form and character of each face. He has, as a rule, no such habit, but, unless an artist or a policeman, relies unconsciously on accidental circumstances, colour, hair on lip or chin, gait, expression, or peculiarity of some one feature, and should that by any accident disappear he is utterly puzzled. One-tenth, at least, of Western mankind is consciously or unconsciously short-sighted, and never *sees* in any true sense of seeing any face whatever, never quite catches its *nuances* of expression, never is quite sure about its minor features, never quite ceases to idealize according to a preconceived theory of character. Even of those who do see perfectly a large proportion are not artists, never catch the speciality of the face they are looking at enough to caricature it.—some faces won't submit to caricature, Lord Derby's, for instance, and Mr. Gladstone's, in both of which the caricaturist invariably intensifies the whole expression—and really recollect it mainly by its accidents of colour or the like, accidents which may disappear in life, and which do disappear in death. It is not easy to recognize the photographs of men whose appearance depends on colour, and death does its work in destroying colour even more perfectly than the sun. Fatness and thinness, too, are great aids to recognition; yet they are temporary, dependent sometimes on mere accidents of health. We have all of us met friends whom we have not seen, say, for three years, who have grown wider, if not wiser, in the interval, and whom we should not without speech have recognized. Death, as a rule, while it leaves much unchanged, absolutely

destroys every distinction based either upon colour or upon fatness, and modifies thinness in the most unexpected way, revealing unsuspected depths about brow and mouth, while leaving the cheek untouched. No child is recognizable in death by mere acquaintance, because in children's faces the prominent points are colour and contour. An actor cannot change his real face, but only the accidents of the face; yet Mr. Webster, for example, has once or twice deceived his audience for some minutes, and could, we suspect, deceive them, if that were his object, altogether.

Think, again, of the excessive difficulty with which the memory retains a face. Portrait painters of half a century's standing will tell you that they hardly retain the impression of a sitter five minutes, though they have been studying him keenly; that their own first touches from him as he sits are invaluable helps; that they would all, if it were convenient for art reasons, like to keep a photograph in full view for their work when the original is away. We think we remember, but in five minutes we forget, the half of a friend's face nearly as perfectly as we forget the whole of our own. Clearly if identification were as easy as we are apt to believe, we should not so forget faces. And their expression? Doubtless, expression, being, so to speak, an intellectual rather than a physical fact, stirring and rousing the intellect of the observer, his secret and almost instinctive likes and dislikes, remains longer fixed in the mind than mere feature. The witness who arrested Judge Jeffries might have forgotten his face, did forget it, in fact, for Jeffries when seized had only changed his wig, but he could not forget the ferocious glare of those insufferable eyes. But expression changes quickly, may change permanently. We all say every now and then "His face quite changed," while nothing is changed except, perhaps, the expression and the colour. Madness, extreme anger, drink, will all change a well known face till it is almost irre recognizable; and though, no doubt, it requires a combination of circumstances to deceive a wife as to her husband's identity, still there is one expression which in a case like that of Hackney Wick she has never seen, and that is death, of all influences the one which may most modify expression, both by altering the set of the features, and changing the emotional medium through which we regard them. No doubt there are faces so marked and so individual, so completely isolated from any type, and so independent of accident, that it is almost impossible they should ever be forgot-

ten or mistaken. It would have been nearly impossible for Sir Thomas More to disguise himself; and we question if Dr. Newman or Mr. Tennyson could abolish the expression of eye and brow sufficiently to baffle recognition; and there are artists, and as the public believes detectives, who would recognize any face under any disguise. But the majority of men trying under changed circumstances to recognize ordinary faces from their memories of feature alone are liable, we feel convinced, to self-deceptions as extraordinary and yet as natural as that we may charitably attribute to this Mrs. Banks, or that which prompted the evidence against the marine so nearly hung for his share in the recent Manchester *émeute*.

NATIONALISM.

THE NATIONAL POLITY IS THE NORMAL TYPE OF MODERN GOVERNMENT.

A FRAGMENT BY FRANCIS LIEBER.

As the city-state was the normal type of free communities in antiquity, and as the feudal system was one of the normal types of government in the middle ages, so is the national polity the normal type of our own epoch — not indeed centralism.

Large nations have been formed out of the fragmentary peoples on the Continent of Europe, England alone dating the blessing of a national polity over a thousand years back; others are in the act of forming; others, already existing, are carrying out more distinctly or establishing more firmly the national elements of their polities. For this reason, and because the existence of many nations deeply influences our civilization, the present period will be called the national period. It began plainly when so many other great things began — in the middle of the 15th century; but the process of nationalization concerning the languages and the literature of the different countries commenced at an earlier time.

The three main characteristics of the political development which mark the modern epoch are:

The national polity;

The general endeavour to define more clearly, and to extend more widely, human rights and civil liberty;

And the decree which has gone forth that many leading nations shall flourish at one and the same time, plainly distinguished from one another, yet striving together, with one public opinion, under the protection of one law of nations, and in the bonds of one common moving civilization.

The universal monarchy, whether purely political or coupled with the papacy; a single leading nation; confederacies of petty sovereigns; a civilization confined to one spot, or one portion of the globe — all these are obsolete, insufficient for the demands of advanced civilization, and attempts at their renewal are ruinous. Even the course which civilization has steadily taken for thousands of years, from the south-east to the north-west, has ceased. It now spreads for the first time in all directions, and bends its way back to the Orient. The old historic belt between 30° and 50° northern latitude, within which the great current of events has flown, shall confine history no more.

In ancient times one people always swayed and led. Hence the simplicity of chronologic tables presenting the events of that time; and all ancient states were short-lived. Once declining, they never recovered. Their course was that of the projectile: ascending, a maximum, a precipitate descent, and no more rising. Modern nations are long-lived, and possess recuperative energy wholly unknown to antiquity. They could neither be the one nor possess the other without national existence and comprehensive polities, and without the law of nations, as we know it now, which is the manly idea of self-government, applied to a number of independent nations in close relation with one another. The universal law of interdependence, without which men would never have formed society, and which, like all original principles or characteristics of humanity, increases in intensity and spreads in action as the human species advances — the universal law of interdependence applies to nations as it applies to individuals. This blessed interdependence among nations is becoming daily more cheerfully acknowledged; and the old saying, *Ubi Societas ibi Jus*, finds constantly increasing application to entire nations. The civilized nations have come to constitute a community of nations, and are daily forming more and more a commonwealth of nations, under the restraint and protection of the law of nations, which rules *vigore divino*. They draw the chariot of civilization abreast, as the ancient steeds drew the car of victory.

From The Morning Star, April 13.

IRISH CHURCH AND AMERICA.

It is certain that thirty years ago, fifty years ago, the foremost intellects of the country had passed sentence upon the Irish Church. Sharp things were said of that Church in the recent debate; but they were honeyed compliments compared to the language in which Macaulay and Sydney Smith described it—nay, in which before their time Edmund Burke described it. Nor did leading minds ever since fail to condemn and denounce it. When, during one of the anti-French manias or panics some years ago, a speaker in the House of Commons fiercely inveighed against the tyranny of Louis Napoleon, Mr. Cobden remarked that, with all his tyranny, he would not venture to impose the Church of a small and alien minority on any province or dependency of France. At no time have we wanted the testimony and the eloquence of able men against the monstrous injustice and the serious danger of retaining the Irish Church as a State establishment. But the House of Commons never heeded. Just as before the Indian mutiny, the raising of any Indian discussion always meant the temporary emptying of the House, if not an actual count out, so before the Fenian insurrection the subject of the Irish Church was regarded simply as a crotchet, the special property of bores, the dreamy theme of impracticable and futile Nonconformist eloquence. We are quite ready to join with the *Saturday Review* in asking why this was so, and in thinking it little to the credit of the House of Commons that such questions should ever have to be asked. . . .

It required a Fenian insurrection, a chronic suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, and several executions, to arouse the attention of the House of Commons to the necessity of abolishing the Irish Church. This is decidedly a heavy sin to lie at the door of the expiring Parliament. Legislation moved only in obedience to the pressure of revolution. The worst of all avowed democracies ever known never set up so dangerous and demoralizing a principle of action as did the aristocratic and peer-governed Parliament of Great Britain. For ourselves, we really think that one great reason of this was the distance at which the Parliament stood removed from the people. A few thousand electors in England, a mere handful of voters in Ireland, returned the representatives who

were to be the law makers. The electors did not and could not themselves represent the popular feeling; how could the elected of these electors be expected to understand, much less to guide or anticipate it? Many great questions lately arose—take the question of the American civil war, for instance—on which the general opinion of the vast majority of the people, when in a rough-and-ready explosive fashion it came out, literally amazed and dumb-founded the upper and legislating classes, who had not the faintest notion that the current of national feeling was setting that way. We confess that we look for something very different from the new and Reformed Parliament, with its electoral element permeating all classes everywhere down to the very poorest. We do not believe that, in the future, great national injustices and evils will be passed over uncondemned; or, if abstractly condemned, allowed to remain for generations unredressed and unhealed. The fact that the Irish Church, tried, condemned, and sentenced a generation ago, is found alive and pugnacious to-day, is, indeed, the fault of the House of Commons, but it is even more the fault of our old electoral system. A good Reform Bill ten years ago would have meant the disestablishment of the Irish Church a year after.

PERSONAL VANITY OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

IN a note to a production reprinted very recently by Mr. Lilly (in his volume of *Black-letter Ballads and Broad-sides*) we read as follows:—

“In the State Paper Office is an undated draft of a proclamation in the handwriting of Cecil, prohibiting all ‘payntors, pryntors and gravors’ from drawing Queen Elizabeth’s picture, until ‘some conning person mete therefor shall make a naturall representation of her Majesty’s person, favour, or grace,’ as a pattern for other persons to copy. This proclamation was most likely never published,” &c.

If the writer of the above had had an opportunity of consulting the Registers of the Privy Council, he might have found there a clue to the date of the proclamation in the subsequent entry, to which I called attention nearly forty years ago in the *History of our Early English Dramatic Poetry and the Stage*.

"30 July, 1596.

"A Warrant to her Majesties Serjeant Painter, and to all publicke officers, to yelde him their assistance touching the abuse committed by divers unskilfull artisans, in unseemly and improperly paintinge, gravinge, and printinge of hir Majesties person and vysage, to her Majesties great offence, and disgrace of that beautifull and magnanimous majesty wherewith God hath blessed her. Requiring them to cause all suche to be defaced, and none to be allowed, but such as her Majesties Sergeant Paynter shall first have sight of. The mynute remayning in the Counsell Chest."

Elizabeth's withered face, which, with all that nobleman's recklessness, was not likely to have been the fact. Essex would surely not have so grossly offended, not merely against the laws of good breeding, but of common decency. J. PAYNE COLLIER.

Maldenhead.

—N. & Q.

THE LETTERS FROM DR. LIVINGSTONE.

The undated proclamation probably grew out of this solemn proceeding of the Privy Council for the concealment of the queen's increasing wrinkles at the age of sixty-four; and in connection with it, we may quote the following passage from the preface to Sir Walter Raleigh's *History of the World*, first published in 1614, where he is applauding King James:—

"I could say much more of the King's Majesty, without flatterie, did I not feare the imputation of presumption; and withall suspect, that it might befall these papers of mine (though the losse were little) as it did the pictures of Queene Elizabeth, made by unskilfull and common Painters, which by her owne commandement were knockt in peaces and cast into the fire."

Upon this subject we are to recollect also that it is from Sir W. Raleigh we learn that the Earl of Essex would not have been executed, but for his imprudent personal abuse of the queen, which in some way reached her majesty's ears. We quote from his "Dialogue betweene a Counsellour of State and a Justice of Peace," the precise date of which, between 1628 and 1642, I am not at this moment able to ascertain, but in which Sir Walter says:—

"Yea, the late Earle of Essex told Queene Elizabeth that *her conditions were as crooked as her carrasse*; but it cost him his head, which his insurrection had not cost him, but for that speech."

Here we see that Raleigh asserts that Essex actually spoke the offensive words to

The promised despatches from Dr. Livingstone, mentioned in Sir Roderick Murchison's letter, have now been received at the Foreign Office. Interesting as every line and word must be which thus comes to us, however, the public must not expect too much from the documents which are soon to see the light. The letters given to Bunduki, the Arab trader, and brought down by him to the coast, are, first of all, fifteen months old. 'Bunduki' means, as all Anglo-Indians will know, nothing else than 'son of a gun.' It would be the equivalent, in African jungles, of Leather-stocking's *sobriquet* of 'La Longue Carabine' upon the American prairies. The letters brought by Bunduki will not be very rich in geographical or ethnological details. They left the good Doctor in the open and unknown country between Lake Nyassa and Lake Tanganyika, on the line at the beginning of which Mr. Young traced the explorer's track, and was then obliged to turn back.

Dr. Livingstone would certainly strike the great lake Tanganyika and double its southern end eastward or westward. He would probably, in like manner, attempt to go round the northern extremity; but whether he would shape his course thence for Baker's Lake, or Spoke's Lake, or Zanzibar, is not and cannot be known, nor will these letters help us much to know. If they did, supplies and assistance would be sent; for it is pretty certain that Livingstone must be hard up for stores and *vinticum* of all African sorts, wherever he be at this moment; one untoward incident being only too certain—that he had lost his medicine chest. But that he was perfectly safe and sound, far past the scene of his imaginary murder, the letters now received, if proof were necessary, most distinctly show. Of course Africa is not St. James's street in point of safety and comfort; but from Tanganyika Livingstone would know his way home almost as well as a 'traveller' from Boodle's to Charing Cross.—*London Telegraph*.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

No. 1252. — May 30, 1868.

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A CHARACTER.

CHANGELESS, but not of one dull monotone,
 Ever the same, yet thou dost ever change;
 Not harsh or strange
 Thy modulations; he can well arrange,
 Who holds possession of the opening key
 And turns it readily, —
 He truly readeth thee, and he alone.

Like a fair landscape is thy noble mind,
 Whose features are the same by night and
 day:
 Shadows may stray
 Across its breadth; or gleams of sunshine
 play
 First here, then there, till he who watches
 seems
 In a fair land of dreams;
 Yet the grand outlines still remain defined.

Or like to some great work of Music's art
 Whose leading thoughts pre-eminence sus-
 tain,
 And all in vain,
 Rich varying harmonies the soul enchain,
 Now subtly soft, then sharply clear and pure,
 Still the main thoughts endure,
 Returning homewards whence they made their
 start.

So in thy moods, through every seeming change
 Flows a sustained and perfect melody,
 Whether it be
 Joyful and bright, or moving solemnly;
 There is a unity which reigns complete,
 Calm, restful, perfect, sweet,
 And all is as it must be, nothing strange!
 — *Fraser's Magazine.*

MORNING DEW.

THE dewdrops vanish one by one,
 That seem to glisten everywhere,
 Drawn by the kisses of the sun
 Into the thirsty lap of air:
 They vanish, and they do not die,
 Although the thirsty road be dry.

The dew at night will fall in vain
 On broken herbage by the way;
 The dew will change to gentle rain,
 And waken far-off flowers to May:
 Yet herbs and flowers in every sky,
 In every land, are born to die.

The pleasant thoughts of dawning youth
 Are parched away by toil and care,
 And leave the dusty road of truth,
 The trodden path of duty bare:
 And yet our pleasant thoughts are true,
 Although they pass like morning dew.

They pass from us, their light is shed
 On broken works of weary hands;
 They pass from us, their sweetness fed
 Some nobler toil in happier lands:
 Yet every man beneath the sun
 Doth all his deeds to be undone.

Our pleasant thoughts are like the dew,
 One half of heaven, one half of earth;
 They seem to die, but they renew
 The sacrament of their sweet birth:
 But fruitful plants and deeds of men
 Are earth, and turn to earth again.

In thirsty fields of barren air
 The dew is born to fall in vain;
 Our thoughts go up to heaven, and there
 They change to mists of golden rain,
 Whereof the fourfold fountain-head
 In Paradise is always fed.

Our thoughts, that seem to come and go,
 Abide indeed in God on high;
 For He ordains to water so
 The only tree that does not die:
 And angels in its shadow sit;
 But who is he shall eat of it?

G. A. SIMOOK.

— Good Words.

SONG.

My thoughts are gentle waves that run
 Ever to thee, their golden shore;
 Soft glowing airs that, with the sun,
 Fondle thy beauty o'er and o'er;
 Glad mounting larks by whom is given,
 All their sweet joy to thee, their heaven.

My hopes are violets that steal
 To sweet life round thy blooming Spring;
 Swallows, that o'er thee playful wheel,
 And track thy May with happy wing;
 Motes that dance in thy sun, and bless
 Their hours, with thee and happiness.

My songs are bees that to the rose
 Of thy dear beauty murmuring cling;
 Where'er thy May of gladness glows,
 They hovering boom on happy wing;
 Thy flush of sweets, how can they see
 Nor murmur joy and love to thee!

My dreams are loving stars of June,
 Hung over thee, their world, by night;
 My life is one warm summer's noon
 That clasps thee in its throbbing light;
 All my glad moments can but be
 Moths, lured by thy sweet light to thee.

W. C. BENNETT.

— *St. James's Magazine.*

From The Edinburgh Review.

1. *Memoirs of Baron Bunsen.* By FRANCES BARONESS VON BUNSEN. Drawn chiefly from Family Papers. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1868.
2. *God in History; or, the Progress of Man's Faith in a Moral Order of the World.* By the late Baron BUNSEN, LL.D. Translated from the German by SUSANNA WINKWORTH; with an Introductory Letter by the Dean of Westminster. Vols. I. and II. 8vo. London: 1868.

No biography is so attractive and entertaining as that which revives our own recollections of earlier life in relating the life of another, and reflects, as in a mirror, the scattered images of the persons we have known, the events we have witnessed, and the feelings we have shared. It is in this shape that we are first enabled to approach the unwritten history of our own times, and to throw a bridge across the chasm which divides the present from the past. The generations which follow us will, no doubt, be as curious as we are ourselves, to retrace the habits and opinions of their predecessors, and to reconstruct by the aid of memoirs the phase of society in which our lot has been cast. The reader of the present day is better acquainted with the contemporaries of Saint-Simon or Horace Walpole than he can be with the personages who figured in the reign of George IV. or in the earlier years of Queen Victoria; because on them the sun of history has scarcely risen, and we grope our way to a knowledge of events almost contemporary by the uncertain light of personal recollections. Long before the secret course of those events can be fully disclosed, all those who took a part in them must be removed from the scenes of active life.

It is therefore a piece of rare good fortune when the correspondence of a man, who was familiarly acquainted with all the eminent persons of his time, and who shared with the keenest relish in all its emotions, can be published within ten years of the period in which he lived. Baron Bunsen was pre-eminently such a man. He was endowed by nature with the warmest and broadest sympathies. His knowledge was vast and varied; to no field of intellectual research was he a stranger; all languages, both dead and living, were as familiar to him as his own; all history, from the mystic annals of the Shepherd Kings of Egypt to the dilpo-

matic transactions of his own day, lay spread, like a map, before him. His sense of art was cultivated and refined. His favourite studies led him to explore the recesses of theological and metaphysical lore. He was, so to speak, the child and intellectual heir of Niebuhr—the bosom friend of Arnold, Hare, Maurice, Schnorr, Mendelssohn, the late King of Prussia, Prince Albert, and a host of other remarkable men. He filled, for nearly a quarter of a century, the high post of Prussian Minister, first at the Court of Rome, afterwards at the Court of England, where he conducted the affairs of his government with signal zeal, and took no inconsiderable share in the affairs of Europe. He was in one sense cosmopolitan, for all the active years of his life were spent in foreign countries: no diplomatist ever identified himself more closely with the interests and the society of the states to which he was accredited; and none was ever more cordially adopted by England, to which he in a manner belonged by his marriage, by his strong Protestant convictions, and by his love of freedom. But, on the other hand, he remained throughout pre-eminently and intensely German; his prodigious literary attainments, his powers of study amidst all the distractions of political life, his modes of thought, his boldness in speculation, and his style, would have made him one of the first of German Professors, if he had not been a considerable German Statesman. His faith in Germany was unshaken by many abortive schemes and many severe disappointments. Frequently in Germany his name was traduced and his purposes misrepresented by a host of enemies, jealous of his extraordinary success in life. But he knew that his passion for the greatness and glory of his country would outlive their hostility; and he swerved never from the great design he had marked out for himself to promote the union of the German nation, to consolidate by free institutions the future power of the German State, and to infuse into his countrymen a spirit of action, commensurate to their achievements in literature, science, and art. To many, no doubt, even in Germany, these volumes will first demonstrate how true a German in heart and life was Christian Karl Bunsen. The political efforts which he made were often not successful; and he died with the melancholy conviction that their failure was chiefly attributable to the unstable character of a Sovereign who had been his benefactor and his friend. Other days, other men, other results, have since changed the

aspect of Germany for better or for worse ; but in this, the hour of Prussia's triumph, let it not be forgotten that no one ever laboured more zealously for her ascendancy than Bunsen — an ascendancy not based on military preponderance alone, but on the consent of a united people.

These volumes, however, by no means furnish complete materials for the life of Bunsen, either as a thinker or as a politician. The record of his literary labours and opinions must be sought in his voluminous works. The record of his political life is to be found in his private correspondence with Frederic William IV., and in his official communications with the Prussian Government, of which no use could here be made. The work before us is of a more private and personal character. It purports to be a Memoir drawn from family papers. It has been compiled by Baroness Bunsen, his widow — the constant helpmate of all his labours and successes — whose simple-hearted affection gave him a start in life, whose character and judgment considerably influenced his conduct and opinions, and who survives to relate what he was to herself and her family. Such a biography lays no claim to literary elegance. It is written in a homely style, which bears frequent marks of German habits of thought and of the German idiom. But it is all the more genuine and true. It is the picture of the honourable and useful life of a man enthusiastically attached to all that is good and great. And Bunsen's own letters, which form the most important and considerable portion of the whole work, are undoubtedly of the highest interest.

Bunsen was a man of a sanguine and excitable temperament. He had nothing of the torpor which is sometimes ascribed to the Teutonic race. His studies and his learning never fettered his imagination ; and his experience as a diplomatist and a man of the world never taught him that caution and reserve which belong to worldly wisdom. He threw himself with passionate ardour into every subject which interested his mind.

His sympathy was excited by men of the most varied characters and by researches in the most opposite directions. His confidence was easily won, either by an appeal to his generous nature, or by an idea which captivated his intelligence ; the consequence was that he was frequently deceived in his judgment of men and frequently deluded in his judgment of events. Like all optimists, he was surrounded by flattering shadows, which he sometimes mistook for realities ; and life to him was embellished with all the

colours of youthful imagination. One of his oldest friends at Rome, M. Jankoffsky, said of him, ' I never knew such another child of fifty ! ' and this childlike disposition formed one of the charms of his character, though it often led him into mistakes and weakened the force of his conclusions. These peculiarities rendered him the most genial of men in domestic life, and they gave a singular animation to his conversation and his correspondence. Had he been more addicted to severe habits of reasoning, had he been more capable of discriminating the real and the certain from the creations of the mind, he would doubtless have occupied a higher place in science and literature, he might have rendered more practical services to the government of his country. He felt his own unfitness for administrative work, and he was wont to compare himself to one who should watch before the mast to point out the course of the vessel and mark the signs of the times, though he acknowledged that he was unfit to grasp the helm. But the defects which in some measure disqualified him from the sterner duties of life, and which led him to consume a vast amount of intellectual power in fanciful speculation, only rendered him the more agreeable as a companion. It is in this capacity we have here to deal with him. We shall not attempt to review his writings, or pass a judgment on his theological opinions or his archæological labours. We shall not dissect his political career, which was crossed by many disappointments. But in all the social relations he was a man whom it was impossible to know without affection or to watch without admiration.

' For me,' said Bunsen, writing to one of his sons in 1847, ' God ordained from earliest childhood a rigorous training, through poverty and distress ; I was compelled to fight my way through the world, bearing nothing with me but my own inward consciousness, and the firm determination to live for my ideal aim, disregarding all else as insignificant.' This description of his earlier condition and his later achievements is not exaggerated. Born in 1791 at Corbach in an obscure Westphalian Principality — bred in poverty, by parents who appear to have had neither the means nor the ability to contribute in the slightest degree to his education or progress in life — left from the earliest age to make his own way by the astonishing vigour of his intellect and the attractive qualities of his nature, Bunsen's success in the world was his own work. He was, no doubt, fortunate in his friendships, in his marriage, and in the affectionate patronage

of his future Sovereign. But these connexions were formed by his own merits. And when in after life he rose by speedy steps to positions of extraordinary brilliancy, it must be said to his honour, that he retained the same unshaken reliance on that beneficent Providence which he daily acknowledged as the author of all these blessings, and he preserved in his relations to the great and powerful of this world the same independence of character which marked his entrance upon life.

His father, Henry Charles Bunsen, had served in a regiment of natives of Waldeck under the Dutch flag. He retired to his birthplace with a small military pension. He had no other means of subsistence than the produce of a few acres of land and the hard earnings derived from copying legal documents. These were so small that it appears that his whole emoluments from this source in twenty-one years amounted to no more than 3,000 dollars. Christian Charles Josias Bunsen, his illustrious son, was the child of a second marriage, which he contracted in 1790 with a young woman, who appears to have served in the family of the Countess of Waldeck, on the small stipend of 19 florins. From such parents Bunsen had no patrimony to expect, and in fact he passed through life, it would seem, without property, except what he derived from his marriage to Miss Waddington, and from his official emoluments. He was at all times singularly indifferent to money, and though he suffered acutely at times from the absence of that independence which property secures to a man, he never allowed himself to doubt that the wherewithal would somehow or other be provided. Contrary to the ordinary experience of mankind, his confidence in this respect was not disappointed, although there is something melancholy in the contrast between his position as a Prussian Minister, the favourite associate of princes and nobles, keeping open one of the best houses in London, and the narrow condition of his private circumstances. With a family of ten children to be provided for, and an office dependent on the will of a capricious Court, we find the amiable authoress of this work grudging herself a new gown or a ticket to the play, whilst she lived surrounded by all the splendour of the highest society.

In 1798 Bunsen was admitted to the grammar-school of Corbach, where he remained eight years, and already began to display extraordinary abilities. Before he was sixteen he had acquired the English and French languages, and when he re-

moved to the University of Marburg, with a purse of 50 dollars in his pocket, and afterwards to Göttingen, his proficiency in the classics was such that it at once procured for him the paternal interest of Heyne. At Marburg he had intended to study for the Church, and indeed once preached a sermon in the church dedicated to St. Elizabeth of Hungary in that city. This was the germ of the theological studies which were the ruling passion of his life. But Göttingen undoubtedly offered superior advantages, and by the use he made of them he was soon enabled to earn a livelihood as an extra teacher in the gymnasium there. Hebrew had been added to his Greek, and he taught both tongues with credit in the schools before he was twenty-one. In the same year he published his first work in Latin, an 'Essay on the Athenian Law of Inheritance,' for which he received a prize of 25 ducats, and the University of Jena conferred upon him the diploma of a Doctor of Philosophy. The following reflections, addressed to a friend, at this early period of his life, are remarkable from so young a man:—

'It has become clear to me how much a man has need to possess of ethical foundation in himself to be able to assimilate the results of study, so as to preserve them in active life; and I am glad of the warning suggestion as being aware of increasing agitation within, although circumstances demand steadiness of opinion and quick decision. Often does it seem to me as if my endeavours were absurd and must prove vain, as though I had done wrong in attempting to sail through the storms of life in the leaky barque of learned research, or in having armed myself with knowledge as a heavy staff, good perhaps for the purpose of removing some stone of offence, or of striking down some mad dog infesting the rough path, but not of force to secure arriving at the mark, for the sake of which all the labour had been undertaken. In this temper of mind labouring and striving become hateful, and I would rather flee away into the quietest corner of the most insignificant village in order to seek that which is wanting to me. Wherefore all this learning and teaching, listening and searching out what serves not to that end? and why in this place of all others, where men are so quickly merging their whole being into learning, as though it were their means of regeneration? In cheerful moments, on the contrary, I resolve manfully to fight my way through, looking forwards and keeping the aim in view, which is to understand myself and the age, and to apprehend what may be the prime need of each; to minister according to my ability to that need; to separate what ought to be passed over or annihilated; to begin *ab Jove*; to climb in the

blossoming time of life the heights of human intelligence, and search out the landmarks of its first achievements:—then to start into active life. With this view, I prefer remaining here, to be enabled to direct my course whithersoever the right opportunity may point out, but not lose myself in mere erudition.' (Vol. i. pp. 30, 31.)

Amongst the group of remarkable men who formed, at the University of Göttingen, friendships with Bunsen, destined to end only with their lives, and who early recognized his intellectual pre-eminence, two had a marked influence on his subsequent career. The first was Mr. Astor, a son of the well-known American merchant, who had been sent to Germany for his education. Bunsen had at that time conceived a vast plan of study, in the prosecution of which he proposed to establish himself for some years in British India, where he might, if fate had so willed it, have trodden in the footsteps of Jones and Colebrooke, or anticipated the labours of Rosen and Max Müller. Mr. Astor encouraged this scheme, on condition that he should go to India by the way of the United States! He also took Bunsen to Paris, where he plunged with ardour into the study of Arabic and Persian under M. Sylvestre de Sacy. The two friends were afterwards to visit Italy together. This plan, however, was interrupted by the sudden recall of Astor to America, and Bunsen found himself alone at Florence, with no very distinct course of life before him. He often reverted in after life, when he revisited Florence in very different circumstances, to this painful crisis of his youth. But help was at hand. He formed an advantageous connexion with a Mr. Cathcart, an English gentleman who read with him at Florence. And soon afterwards he joined his other college friend Brandis at Rome, where Brandis had just been appointed Secretary to the Legation, of which Niebuhr was the head.

In one of his letters he speaks with satisfaction of the 'connection with Mr. Cathcart, which I look upon as one of the most fortunate occurrences of my life;' and he exults in the enjoyment of 'Rome, with all its treasures, still the capital of the world;' and of the society of Niebuhr, 'equally sole of his kind with Rome; him alone I can acknowledge as my lord and master, because his instructions, and his personal excellence in every respect, as well as in that of learning, stand highest in estimation among all the men I know; he is essentially the person to form me into a thorough man and citizen of my country: more-

over, as regards the realisation of my plans to become a Prussian, he is equally the man.'

These occurrences, apparently fortuitous, had a decisive effect on Bunsen's life. Once planted on the soil of Rome and under the eye of Niebuhr, the purposes of his future existence became fixed and definite. There is, he exclaims to his sister, 'but one Rome and one Niebuhr'—the hour and the man were alike propitious to his intellectual culture and to his advancement in life. Niebuhr, on his side, was not slow to discover the powers of his young friend: he shortly afterwards caused him to be attached to the Prussian Mission, in which Bunsen eventually succeeded Brandis as Secretary, and Niebuhr himself as Minister: and thus relieved from the pressure of anxieties of every kind, just as he reached the age of five-and-twenty, Bunsen completed his achievements in that memorable year by falling in love with Miss Waddington, a young English lady of good family and fortune, who returned his affection, and shortly, under the auspices of Niebuhr, became his wife. Never was there a more romantic, or, we hasten to add, a happier marriage. We are not surprised at Miss Waddington's choice. Bunsen was at that time in all the splendour of manly beauty—his heart and imagination warm—his intelligence kindled with a flame of knowledge and of noble desires—with the promise of a glorious and useful life before him. A few days after his marriage, he poured forth the full sense of his gratitude and his hopes to Almighty God in the following private prayer, which embodies in a remarkable manner the whole scope and purpose pursued by him in after life.

'Frascati, 19th July, 1817.

'Eternal, omnipresent God! enlighten me with Thy Holy Spirit, and fill me with Thy heavenly light! What in childhood I felt and yearned after, what throughout the years of youth grew clearer and clearer before my soul,—I will now venture to hold fast, to examine, to represent.

'The revelation of Thee in man's energies and efforts, Thy firm path through the stream of ages, I long to trace and recognize, as far as may be permitted to me, even in this body of earth. The song of praise to Thee from the whole of humanity, in times far and near,—the pains and lamentations of earth, and their consolation in Thee,—I wish to take in, clear and unhindered. Do Thou send me Thy Spirit of Truth! that I may behold things earthly as they are, without veil and without mask, without human trappings and empty adornment; and that in the silent peace of Truth I may feel and recognize Thee.

'Let me not falter, nor slide away from the great end of knowing Thee. Let not the joys, or honours, or vanities of the world enfeeble and darken my spirit; let me ever feel that I can only perceive and know Thee, in so far as mine is a living soul, and in proportion as that soul "lives and moves and has its being" in Thee.

'Preserve me in strength and truth of spirit to the end of my earthly existence, if Thou seest good; and should I not finish what I shall have begun, if I attain not that after which I endeavour, let me find peace in the conviction that nothing shall perish which is done in Thee and with Thee; and that what I have imperfectly known, imperfectly conceived, and indistinctly expressed, I shall yet hereafter behold in completeness, in perfection, and in power:—while here some other man shall perfect, by Thy help and blessing, what I in will and deed shall have endeavoured to do. Amen.' (Vol. i. p. 120.)

Bunsen was essentially a man of what the late Mr. John Sterling was wont to call the *theopathic* temperament. His earnest devotion, his entire trust in the Providence of God, which had blessed him with extraordinary gifts and loaded him with benefits, his constant sense of living under 'the great Taskmaster's eye,' were rooted in his very nature. Without these feelings he would have been the most miserable of men—with them he was one of the happiest. Nor is it here superfluous to remark, that although he lived in an age of sceptical inquiry, and shared largely in the pursuits of his age; although he became a fearless opponent of traditional dogmatism, and rejected as of no account what he regarded as the husks and rinds of religion; his profound sense of religion itself, his faith in the Bible as the revealed Will and Word of God, his love of Christ, transcending all earthly affection, knew neither chill nor change. The boundless stores of his knowledge were not tainted by the spirit of doubt and denial. The varied activity of his life was governed by the central force of his faith. Both as a thinker and a man of the world, his experience demonstrates that the powers of thought and the powers of action are never more intense than when they are animated by the spirit of Christianity.

These sentiments were undoubtedly strengthened by Bunsen's marriage to an Englishwoman. He became attached to the order and beauty of the Liturgical services of the Church of England. He read the Scriptures more methodically. He became more punctual in the outward observances of religion, and the influence of his wife gave more regularity and stability to the natural piety of his character. These habits

lasted with him through life, and were conspicuous at its close. They were not shaken by the pride of knowledge or by the pride of life. They caused him, indeed, to be sometimes regarded as a Pietist, a fanatic, and even a hypocrite. But the fervour of religious conviction was, in him, free from the slightest intolerance; his heart and house were open to every man who sought for truth on these great subjects with honesty of purpose; and to his own conscientious sincerity every page of these volumes bears abundant testimony.

The young household was soon established at Rome in the Palazzo Caffarelli, hard by the Tarpeian Rock.

'15th November, 1817.

'From the second story of this Palazzo (where, according to tradition, the Emperor Charles V. was lodged) there is a view all round Rome; on the N. one quarter of the town, with gardens and hills behind; on the W. another quarter with the Tiber; on the S. the ruins of ancient Rome and the Latin mountains, on the side of which lies Frascati; on the E., close to us, the Capitol. The prospect has not its equal, in beauty and interest combined, in Rome, nor, as far as I know, in the world, yet it is little known, the Romans being too lazy to climb the hill. I at once resolved to make every effort in order to have this for a dwelling-place.' (Vol. i. p. 126.)

Here it was that for one and twenty years Bunsen led a happy and active life. His children were born there. 'The home on the Capitol' became the centre of the choicest society of Rome and of Europe. His political relations with the ministers of successive Popes, and with the Popes themselves, were agreeable and even cordial for many years. He followed in the track of Niebuhr across the wide field of historic research and Roman archæology; though, we observe, with a smile, that the works on which he appears at this period to have laboured with the greatest zeal and satisfaction were the compilation of a hymn-book and the arrangement of a liturgy. Amongst the distinguished strangers who visited Rome at this time, his own sovereign, Frederic William III., was the most illustrious; and his future sovereign, then the Crown Prince of Prussia, the most attractive. He thus became personally known to the rulers in whose service he had engaged, and between Bunsen and the Crown Prince a friendship was kindled with all the warmth of personal sympathy. It might literally be said of them, as Saint-Simon sarcastically observed of Fénelon and Madame Guyon, '*L'eur sub-*

lime s'amalgama. They delighted to revel in a world of ideas of boundless extent. The Prince might have derived benefit from a more worldly minister, the minister might have been guided by a more prudent master; and no doubt the time came when the delightful rhapsody of early life shrivelled under the touch of political differences. But in these years the pleasure they felt in their mutual society was unbroken by such anticipations. 'I hunger and thirst after Bunsen,' was one of the expressions which fell from the royal lips; and accordingly when Bunsen first repaired from his post to Berlin in 1827, he met with such a reception as would have conferred honour upon the noblest and the greatest in the land. Such favours had never before been granted to one so humbly born, in the stately chambers of Sans-Souci and Potsdam. 'What more can the King do for Bunsen?' said one of the astonished courtiers to a friend. 'Nothing that I know of,' was the reply, 'unless His Majesty means to adopt him.' It is due to Bunsen to add that these marks of distinction, lavished on him at thirty-four, did not turn his head; that he had the sense to perceive how uncongenial to his nature was the atmosphere of the Prussian Court; that he felt his own unfitness to become a wheel in the mechanism of Prussian administration; and that after a few months' leave of absence, he returned with increased gladness to his 'home on the Capitol.'

The following extract from one of the numerous letters written at this time to his wife, who had remained in Rome, is exceedingly graphic and characteristic:—

'7th January, 1828.

'The King has treated me in these latter days with a degree of kindness which I can only term paternal. When I was invited at Christmas-time all believed it was because of my approaching departure, it being the King's custom to invite his diplomatic servants on their coming and going. But, on the contrary, I was again invited on the 30th,—the birthday of Prince Henry—on which occasion the King spoke affectingly of his brother and of his desire to see him. For the 2nd January he invited me himself to dinner at Potsdam and to hear the singing of the Greek Church music, only the Royal Family and Bishop Eylert being present. On that day the King conversed with that peculiar power and just choice of words which is natural to him, whenever not overcast by native shyness. . . .

'On the 6th of January I was again invited, and the King addressed me often at table, speaking of plants and flowers in his garden, and other matters of observation in which he takes pleasure; then after dinner he came to-

wards me and Humboldt, as we stood together, and with a smile said, "The Privy Councillor of Legation Bunsen has ordered the Opera of *Alceste* for us this evening." (I had made a request to be allowed to hear that fine work of Glück, and Spontini having made difficulties, the Crown Prince had the kindness personally to order its performance.) The King continued, with occasional pauses, as is his wont—as though he were uncertain how to express himself—"I was determined to be the first to greet you by your new title; it was proposed to me this day by Count Bernstorff, and I have with pleasure granted his request. I am convinced that your zeal and activity in my service will not thereby be lessened." I answered, as you may suppose, in as few words as possible, and the King rejoined in the same tone of commendation as before. . . .

'I did not find Bernstorff alone when I came from the King's table, so I could only express my thanks to him when I called again after the *Alceste*. He replied, "I proposed this to the King because you ought to have been thus promoted before, and because I knew that the King would be pleased with the proposal: it is but a little thing for you, but you are aware that steps in advance must be small." I thought in my heart—God forbid that I should look upon any step as a trifle and only be bent upon what is called *rising higher*! I pray to be preserved from longing after more than I have obtained—so much beyond my deserts. My way in life has not been made thus easy that I should dwell upon delights as if they were flowers that spring up beside me, but rather gaze intently upon the serious calling of which I was conscious when, poor and unprovided, unknown and disregarded by the world, I strode forth with the wanderer's staff joyfully into the regions under the blue sky, as my blessed, never-forgotten father, with up-raised eyes, pointed it out to me on our parting in 1809, saying, "Behold the heavens are blue everywhere!" Should I now forget that calling, or the vow I made in prospect of death during my severe illness? No; I have to call upon God for strength not to belong to those in whom "the cares of this world have choked the good seed." It has been granted to me in the height of ripened manhood, during a very important period, to overlook from a prominent point of vantage my own beloved fatherland, and to discern the nothingness of the individual as such, but the importance of the weakest, if a blessing be given to his smallest endeavours. It has become clear to me that my calling lies in a course of intense labor in the animated solitude of the Eternal City; not in change and removals, not in "looking back from the plough," but in humility and singleness of heart, proceeding straightforward on the path marked out for me. Help me to pray for the help and strength which the Lord can give.

'The two several Ministerial offices had murmured to the defraying of my expenses for living here as well as those of my journey. I

having been too proud to solicit any aid, inquiry was made for me of Prince Wittgenstein. After a day's delay the answer was, "It is the will of the King that Bunsen should not be a penny out of pocket." . . . (Vol. i. pp. 302-304.)

Amongst the questions which had caused Bunsen to be summoned to Berlin in 1827, the most important was that of the relations of the Court of Prussia to the Court of Rome, especially with reference to the great dispute on 'mixed marriages' (between Catholics and Protestants), on which the Romish clergy showed a spirit of intolerance before unknown in Germany. On his return to Rome a Convention was negotiated with the Cardinal Secretary of State, but the Prussian Government hesitated to give effect to this arrangement at the proper time, and the quarrel became more embittered.* Frederic William III. insisted on the rigorous execution of the law, and Baron Droste von Vischering, an intemperate prelate, having been appointed to the See of Cologne, hostilities broke out between the State and the Romish Church.

'Ten years earlier, every thing might have been easy which now proved impossible; but the favourable season had been allowed to pass, and from this time forth the strife of contending elements was unceasing, until Bunsen was in a manner crushed by them, and the blame, chiefly incurred by others, was heaped upon him; but the moment his back was turned upon Berlin, adverse influences hindered all action, and caused the right moment to be lost.

'All efforts of the Government failing to effect a peaceable solution of difficulties, Bunsen was again summoned by the King to Berlin, in the summer of 1837, to give his counsel and assistance in concerting definitive measures. He found the King fully resolved to carry matters with a high hand towards the Archbishop, who was proved to be engaged in violent opposition to the Government, and was accused, on strong evidence, of having entered into the ultramontane combination of the Belgian bishops. Negotiations and conferences proved unavailing. Proposals to the Archbishop to resign

* To this period, or rather to the years immediately preceding it, belongs the celebrated Conference of the Five Powers on the civil administration of the Pontifical dominions, which took place at Rome in May 1832. Bunsen was the author of the Memorandum adopted by the Conference, in which the Papal government was recommended to adopt a system of civil administration based on the principle of communal freedom. An interesting account of this transaction was written by himself for M. de Parieu in 1839, and will be found in the work before us (vol. ii. p. 544). It is a most creditable specimen of Bunsen's practical sagacity in politics, and it shows how well he foresaw, thirty-five years ago, the difficulties which subsequent experience has not even now removed at Rome.

his post, or abstain from all exercise of the authority belonging to it, were met with a decided negative. At last, the King caused him to be arrested (on November 20, 1837) and conveyed out of his diocese never to return. It has been one of Bunsen's misfortunes to be regarded as the instigator of this strong measure; but it is very certain that he found the King and his Ministers resolved upon the point; all he could do was to expend all his powers of persuasion in endeavours to induce the Archbishop to take a more *Prussian* view of his duty: and he afterwards defended the proceeding in a public State paper, characteristic of himself and of the time at which it was written, as it rests upon the assumption of a close alliance between the two Churches in Germany, and of a certain hereditary connexion between "the Church and the State." It may be said to mark a crisis in these views. The Catholic Hierarchy was already labouring to effect the dissolution of this connexion, and it was inevitable that the State should on its own part seek a separation, as soon as its transformation from an absolute into a constitutional form should be complete. The Prussian Government did not indeed give way after this crisis, but the whole affair was felt to be a defeat. No support was found in public opinion. No Parliament existed to take the matter out of the range of international transactions, and settle it by internal legislation. In general, the excitement in Germany at this period was not so much the result of enthusiasm for the Church as of indignation against despotic power. It might well be deemed a tragical fate which thrust Bunsen into a position incongruous to his own nature: often had he exerted himself, incurred reproach, and risked the loss of high favour, by advocating greater freedom for members of the Catholic Church; and just before this very period, the soldiers were relieved from the obligation to attend the Protestant service after parade, at his special and personal request to the King.' (Vol. i. pp. 433-435.)

There can be no doubt that Bunsen was placed in a false position throughout these transactions. His own opinions were strongly Protestant, but he had no intolerant feelings towards his Catholic fellow-subjects, and he had been on good terms with the Papal Government. At Berlin his moderate counsels had not been followed: at Rome his moderate assurances were not believed. The result was that he paid the penalty of the mistakes of others. He speaks, however, somewhat boastfully, in a letter written to Dr. Arnold at the time of his own share in the transaction:—

'Ranke, Raumer, and the whole public, as well as the Prince Royal, are *with me*. There is a general feeling of joy that the Prussian Eagle has at length made the stroke of his

pinions audible; his enemies believed he had lost the energy for doing so! I hope he will not fall into slumber again.'

His triumph, if it were his, was of short duration. He was sacrificed to the violent reaction which took place in public opinion; and in 1838, after nearly twenty-two years' service in Rome, he received an intimation that he was relieved from his post, and ordered to take leave of absence for a journey to England. Thus ended his Roman mission and his family life in Rome. In justice to Bunsen, the following passage from a letter written by Lord Clifford, an eminent English Catholic, at that time, deserves to be quoted:—

'I must continue to contend that it is not just to charge you with the ill success of the affairs with which you were entrusted by your Sovereign in 1827. You have, in my opinion (humble and worthless as it is) conducted them so as to have opened the eyes of Europe to her real interests on a most essential point of social order; and if it be true, that your retirement at present may be of service in allaying animosities, excited by the exposure of defects in the present system of ecclesiastical affairs in Germany, of which the remedy was hopeless till the evil had been exposed to view; it is certainly no less true, that you may retire with the gratifying conviction, that you have rather facilitated than impeded, to those who have the power of applying a healing balm and an efficient remedy to those evils, their bounden duty.

'In these sentiments I beg to be permitted to subscribe myself once more, my dear Sir, your faithful friend and servant,

'CLIFFORD.'

Bunsen arrived in England, for the first time, on his birthday, the 25th of August, 1838. But he was already no stranger to this country. His wife and her family belonged to it. At Rome he had long since contracted intimate friendships with Dr. Arnold, the Hares. Mr. Pusey, Mr. William Hamilton, and many other eminent Englishmen. The controversy with the Court of Rome, in which he had been engaged, caused him to be regarded as the champion and the martyr of the Protestant cause. Exeter Hall rejoiced at his coming. Lord Ashley was his herald; and the strong religious principles which he avowed endeared him to the Low Church party of that day and the Quakers. With characteristic enthusiasm he threw himself at once into the discussions of the time, especially on religious subjects. His first care was to vindicate the policy of the Prussian

Government in the Cologne affair against the attacks of O'Connell, and for this purpose he put himself in communication with the leading English Reviews, and supplied them with abundant materials for the elucidation of the question. Mr. Newman and Mr. Faber were beginning to write, and Bunsen instantly discovered and denounced the tendencies of their party in Oxford to pervert the spirit of the Reformation and of the Church of England. Mr. Gladstone had then just published his volume on 'Church and State,' which called forth the following observations from our newly-arrived Prussian visitor:—

'I read in London Gladstone's book in the night and following morning of the day it was published. It appears to me the most important and dignified work which has been written on that side of the question since Burke's "Considerations." Gladstone is by far the first living intellectual power on that side. He has left his schoolmasters far behind him, but we must not wonder if he still walks in their tramels—his genius will soon free itself entirely—and fly towards heaven with its own wings. I have sent my copy with some hundred marginal notes and effusions of heart to the crown Prince of Prussia. You will see, my thoughts run in the same channel with Gladstone's; his Church is my Church, that is, the Divine consciousness of the State—a Church not profaned and defiled either by Popery or the unholy police regulations of the secular power. I have no doubt that the Church of England as she is and may be, according to her nature and history, is this consciousness for England. What then is to be done in England for promoting the Kingdom of Christ within and through the national life, must be done within that Church and by her—or you destroy either Christ's Kingdom or the national life, or both. So far I go with Gladstone. But I add: precisely then because such is the position of the Church and the condition of Christ's Kingdom in this realm of England, let us see who represents her most fairly?—your friends? or who? What is her ideal and what her real state? What are you to look for, in order to bring the first nearer to the second, as far as the times allow, and not less than they command? Do the clergy form the Church? Are "the Fathers" fetters or wings? Is tradition and Church-government to be understood in a Judaic sense or not? Is the Church of Scotland only to be supported as a necessary evil? Is she really no Church? These and similar questions I have a mind to ask him, in one way or other. I know him personally from the time of his visit to Rome.'

LLANOVER, 26th December, 1838.

'I have sent Gladstone's work with my *postilla* to the Crown Prince. It is—in its principal bearings—second only to Burke's "Con-

siderations" in my opinion; still he walks sadly in the trammels of his Oxford friends in some points, e.g., the Apostolical Succession as identical with the continued series of Bishops, although there be a duly ordered presbyteral order, of which (as it is so easy to prove) the episcopate is merely a *branch*, apostolical but not scriptural; primitive, but introduced into Church government *paulatim* (as St. Jerome says), in the progress of time, not at once. I wonder Gladstone should not have the feeling of moving on an *inclined plane*, or that of sitting down among ruins, as if he were settled in a well-stored house. The reason of these defects in his book I ascribe to the want of a deeper philosophy: It is the deficiency of the method of *handling ideas* in this blessed island which makes it so difficult for your writers, political and ecclesiastical, to find the seeds of regeneration in your own old blessed institutions, which to *preserve* you must *reconstruct*. This operation requires that the eternal *spirit* should be drawn out of the decaying or decayed *letter*, and Sir Humphry Davy did not teach you that. How wonderful that separation is between *real life* and *ideal thought*! One ought to be the image and *Abglanz* of the other; and yet we, Germans, find it so difficult to construct reality with our ideal thoughts, and you English to see our great reality in the light of that thought and to sublimate it (*verklären*) into that spirit which it embodies and which to incarnate is the only good reason for its existence.

'I wish I could give you an adequate idea, what a power the intuition of English life exercises over me. Never have I felt it so easy and delightful to fly on my native *German wings* as in the elevating and buoyant atmosphere of English domestic and public life. At Munich I found, for the first time after many years, leisure and inspiration again for the highest speculative activity; but it is now only when the other *pole* of my existence has been electrified by England that I feel the new action which Schelling has given to my intellectual life. I wish I could now do something to embody this *vita nova* in a worthy form.' (Vol. i. pp. 492-494.)

The following passage expresses with great vivacity the intense excitement with which he threw himself into the public life of England, and the hearty acceptance he found in English society:—

'Lord Melbourne complained of me at Lord Holland's, saying, "Bunsen is setting up the country against us—his article in the 'Quarterly' is in everybody's hands, and makes people mad." Bülow endeavored to soothe, saying, "that I had not *written* it, that the article was good and true, and he, Melbourne, would ruin himself and colleagues by opposing its cause." Melbourne thereupon softened, but added, "All the young people are growing mad upon religion—W. C., too, who preaches that article."

'Wednesday.—My first Parliamentary night is past. Pusey arrived by 7—after we had dined he thought it was too late for the Lords—so we went together to the Commons, when the usher gave me a place on the benches opposite to the Speaker, behind the Members. O'Connell had just finished his speech, and Peel rose. You will read his speech, and how unmercifully he plucked the Member for Kendal. Then I heard Lord John: the others were nothing. It was skirmishing: the two protagonists did the business well. Lord John is no orator, but speaks and answers well. I wish you could form an idea of what I felt. I saw for the first time *man*, the member of a true Germanic State, in his highest, his proper place, defending the highest interests of humanity with the wonderful power of speech—wrestling (as the entire vigorous man instinctively wishes), but with the arm of the Spirit, boldly grasping at, or tenaciously holding fast power, in the presence of his fellow-citizens, submitting to the public conscience the judgment of his cause, and of his own uprightness. I saw before me the Empire of the world governed, and the rest of the world controlled and judged, by this assembly: I had the feeling that had I been born in England, I would rather be dead than not sit among them and speak among them. I thought of my own country, and was thankful that I *could* thank God for being a German, and being myself. But I felt also that we are all children on this field in comparison with the English: how much they, with their discipline of mind, body, and heart, can effect even with but moderate genius, and even with talent alone! I drank in every word from the lips of the speakers, even those I disliked. Not long did I remain unobserved: Sir Thomas Acland came up to me, Milnes, and Tom Acland, and when we were turned out by the division, others came to propose to me to wait and walk home with them. It was then eleven; at half-past the stream flowed out. I lost Pusey, and took my stand by Acland's *cloak*, where Sir Thomas discovered me, and brought me to Sandon and Sir Robert Inglis—Sandon, with the good old face again. Sir Robert went home, the rest brought me to the Athenæum, where I found Lord Adare, and we began to discuss on Church and State. My turn came, too, and I had a good hearing. We sat together till past two, and, as Sandon said, had a *little* house after the *great* one. We roamed about, first bringing Sir Thomas home, who finding the house dark, began to sing "*Gaudeamus igitur*," as a serenade for Tom, when Sandon stopped the singing, saying they must behave better the first day, so as not to be taken into custody.' (Vol. i. pp. 499, 500.)

The journals and correspondence in which Bunsen recorded his first impressions of England are the most delightful portions of this book. It was the first time that he

found himself launched in the broad society of a free people. Hitherto he had lived in the cell of a student, the closet of Potsdam, or the retreat on the Capitol. England awakened all his sympathies and all his powers. His biographer remarks:—

‘This period of residence in London was in many respects a climax in life to him. Never could a more decisive opportunity have been granted to a man for experiencing and actually measuring what his own personal place was in society, reckoned according to moral weight and intellectual ascendancy. He may be said to have been the object in England of the homage of a nation, eagerly and affectionately granted to himself alone, in the face of circumstances which might have proved adverse. He had arrived, to all appearance, a man of ruined prospects and broken fortunes: supposed to have no chance for the future but through the favour of his own Government which he seemed to have forfeited: yet hailed and cherished as he was in the first instance, by the friends who had learned to love and value him in Rome, their animated interest in him, and their persevering kindness, by degrees brought from all sides, characters, the most various as well as distinguished, within the sphere of his influence.’ (Vol. i. p. 527.)

Every day was marked by some delightful incident. He spent a month with Arnold at Foxbow; he accompanied Mrs. Fry to Newgate; he dined with Rogers, with Lord Stanhope, with Lord Palmerston, and at every agreeable house in London; and when he left us, after a sojourn of thirteen months, he exclaimed that the poetry of life was departed.

The Prussian Government, doubtless somewhat ashamed of its conduct to Bunsen, and somewhat influenced by the Crown Prince, offered him the mission to Switzerland, as a temporary provision; and he repaired in the autumn of 1839 to the Hübel, near Berne, reluctantly, but with confidence in the future. Nor had he long to wait. In June, 1840, his friend the Crown Prince succeeded to the throne. Bunsen exulted in the promise of the new reign, from which he anticipated the realisation of all that was good and great for Germany, in Church and State; and it was only the slow and sad experience of years which convinced him that these hopes were built on sand, and that the Prince whom he loved and admired as a man, had none of the qualities of a great sovereign. But, as we have already hinted, discrimination of character was not one of Bunsen's gifts, and his imagination frequently deluded him by throwing

a halo of light over those whom he regarded with affection.

It was not till April, 1841, that he was summoned to the new Court of Berlin, to receive from his sovereign the most agreeable temporary mission that could be entrusted to him, for it sent him back to England, and this time in an official character. But the object of the mission was so strange, and we might almost say so grotesque, that on looking back to the details of that period, we are amazed that Bunsen should have entered into the views of the King, and still more amazed that the plan should have been seriously entertained by English statesmen, and finally sanctioned by an English Act of Parliament. The following letter from Bunsen to Perthes states the object of his journey:—

‘LONDON, 12th October, 1841.

‘The King has from early youth cherished the idea of amending the condition of Christians in the Holy Land; where, as throughout the Turkish Empire, the position of all Christians is altogether ignominious, and that of Protestants doubly so.

‘The treaty of July 15, 1841, appeared to him to indicate that the Princes of Christendom considered it to be their duty to remove this disgrace. He would have much preferred that this object should have been effected by all the Christian Powers acting together, and to have seen it so effected that the Holy Places should have been given over into Christian hands, without interfering with Turkish supremacy; but that proved impossible. Then I was called; the chief points were as follows:—

‘A negotiation jointly with the English Government, in Constantinople, to obtain the acknowledgment of a Protestant body, as such, in the Turkish Empire; and a confidential negotiation with the heads of the Church of England, desiring of them the establishment of a Bishopric in Jerusalem, with which other Protestant Christians might connect themselves.

‘You must feel that the first condition of that recognition (by the Turkish Government) is that we appear as an unity. This seemed only to be possible by forming a connection with the establishment already made and possessed there by an English society (that for a mission to the Jews) on Mount Zion—it was here that in 1839 a piece of ground not far from the sepulchre of David was purchased, upon which immediately a dwelling for the mission, a hospital, and school were erected, and the foundation laid for a church. The matter to be accomplished was the converting this private establishment into a national and universal Christian foundation; and that could only be effected by the founding of a Bishopric by the Church of England.’ (Vol. i. pp. 599, 600.)

We shall spare the eminent men who were induced to lend themselves to this strange proposal the ridicule which attaches itself to an abortive scheme. It was a diplomatic romance; but even Lord Palmerston observed, 'that every Englishman must rejoice at the idea of such an arrangement,' and hoped there would be no serious difficulties at Lambeth.

'Monday, 19th July, 1841. — This is a great day. I am just returned from Lord Palmerston; the principle is admitted, and orders to be transmitted accordingly to Lord Ponsonby at Constantinople, to demand the acknowledgment required. The successor of St. James will embark in October; he is by race an Israelite — born a Prussian in Breslau — in confession belonging to the Church of England — ripened (by hard work) in Ireland — twenty years Professor of Hebrew and Arabic in England (in what is now King's College). So the beginning is made, please God, for the restoration of Israel. When I read with the warm-hearted, clear-headed Lord Ashley the translation of the Minute of which I send you a transcript, he exclaimed, "Since the days of David, no King has ever spoken such words!" It was his fortunate idea that directed the choice of the future Bishop.' (Vol. i. pp. 608, 609.)

The King's reply was in the following terms:—

'Sans Souci, 12th August. — In thanking you, my dear Bunsen for letters so unspeakably remarkable, and to be rejoiced in, I embrace you as one whose work and task God has blessed.

'May God grant to your measures and to your words the blessing of success for the present and the future. Amen! FR. WILHELM.' (Vol. i. p. 612.)

The appointment of the 'successor of St. James' was celebrated by a dinner at the Star and Garter, where Mr. Gladstone made an exquisite speech, and patriotic songs were sung. Sir Robert Peel granted a steamer to convey the new bishop to Joppa, with a suite of from sixteen to twenty souls. It does not seem to have occurred to any of these distinguished individuals that a bishop of the Church of England derives his legal powers from the law of England, and that the law of England is of no effect except within the realm of England. To pass an Act of the British Parliament to give episcopal powers to a German clergyman in Palestine, was therefore simply *extra vires*, and a nullity. The same defect which has since been found to vitiate Letters Patent granted to Anglican bishops in British colonies, having independent legis-

latures, existed *a fortiori* in the case of bishops sent to foreign countries. The Church of England has no prelates in *partibus infidelium*.

The success of Bunsen in this strange negotiation had, however, important results to himself. It proved that he was not disinclined to promote the King's personal views, which indeed he shared, and it proved also that he had acquired a position and influence in English society, which had never before been possessed by a German diplomatist. Frederic William IV. hesitated between the desire to attach Bunsen to his government, by giving him a ministerial office in Berlin, and the evident expediency of having so competent a representative in London. The King was no doubt sincerely anxious to promote a cordial understanding with this country. The recent events of 1840 had shown that he might need our support against French pretensions on the left bank of the Rhine. He admired the Queen, he respected Prince Albert, and he clung fondly to the idea of a connexion between the great Protestant Powers. To promote these objects, who was so fit as Bunsen, the man after his own heart? At Berlin people grumbled at the idea of sending so plebeian an ambassador to the most aristocratic country in Europe, and at the strange preference which conferred the greatest prize in the service on a man who had just suffered a serious check in his negotiations. Under these circumstances the King adopted the unusual expedient of submitting to the Queen of England three names, of which Bunsen's was one, and Her Majesty was requested to choose the Prussian Minister in England from this trio. Lord Aberdeen was instructed to reply that 'We had rather keep what we have got;' and thus Bunsen became the Prussian Minister at the Court of St. James, and was shortly afterwards installed in one of the splendid mansions of Carlton Gardens. In January 1842 the King of Prussia came himself to Windsor, to be present at the baptism of his godson, the Prince of Wales, and thus his new and chosen representative was launched at this Court under the immediate auspices of his own sovereign.

On casting a retrospective glance at what the society of London was five and twenty years ago, we are sometimes tempted to exclaim with Edmund in King Lear, that 'we have lived out the best part of our lives! and if we were asked to name the most brilliant period in the present century, for this country, we should place

it between the accession of the Queen and the outbreak of the Crimean War. A youthful and engaging sovereign had just ascended the throne, to the unbounded joy of her people; she had contracted an alliance with a Prince whose talents and virtues were on a par with his fortunes. During one half of this period Sir Robert Peel was at the head of a great Administration, which, though Conservative in name, was steadily engaged in promoting the work of commercial and financial reform and of internal improvement; during the other half the conduct of affairs developed, with equal credit and with greater consistency, on Lord John Russell and his colleagues. The foreign policy of Lord Palmerston in 1840 had given to England great influence in Europe; the foreign policy of Lord Aberdeen cemented our alliances with the continental States. An immense intellectual movement pervaded the country. Parliament rang with the eloquence of great orators. Society was animated and refined, for when shall we hear again at the same dinner tables the wit of Sydney Smith, the inexhaustible conversation of Macaulay, and the wisdom of Hallam? The fine arts were cultivated with success. The triumphs of peace and civilisation culminated in the Great Exhibition of 1851; and it was even believed that an era of perpetual amity had dawned on the world.

Such was the period and such the country in which Bunsen was sent to play no inconspicuous part. He was equal to the occasion. His house became the resort not only of the official world and of the best company in England, but of all that were most distinguished in letters, in knowledge, and in taste. It was a neutral ground, where politicians forgot their differences, and where national prejudices were effaced. His hand was ever ready to welcome and to encourage every rising reputation. His aid was never withheld from any object which tended to the diffusion of knowledge and the advancement of society. Above all he laboured with success to bring into a closer union the mind of Germany and the life of England. He was the representative not only of his sovereign but of his nation; and in those years our intercourse with the cognate nations of Central Europe was not restricted to diplomatic courtesies or official intercourse.

The second volume of these Memoirs is in great part a record of these interesting and eventful scenes. We are embarrassed by the multitude of topics which suggest themselves — far too numerous for quotation

— and we doubt not that our readers will prefer to follow them in Madame Bunsen's own pages. We shall content ourselves with a single incident, which is very characteristic of the relations Bunsen had established with our gracious Sovereign, the Prince Consort, and her Ministers. It occurred in 1847.

'The following transaction referred to a private letter of the king, addressed to Queen Victoria, which it was his desire that Bunsen should deliver in a private audience to Her Majesty: at the same time Bunsen was informed by a letter from the King to himself that the subject of the communication was political, relating to Neufchâtel. Bunsen having requested instructions from Prince Albert, received in reply an invitation in the name of the Queen to come immediately to Osborne House, in company with Lord Palmerston (to whom Her Majesty's invitation was simultaneously despatched), that the letter might be read without infringement of constitutional rules. This statement will account for the emotion with which Bunsen announces having safely steered between conflicting difficulties.

'Bunsen to his Wife.

'Osborne House: Sunday, 5th December, 1847

'MY BELOVED. — God be thanked! All right! Better than could be hoped! I delivered my letter last night, in private audience to Her Majesty — not speechless, but without speech — after eight, before dinner.

'I had desired Lord Palmerston to tell me what he wished me to do. As an abstract Whig he said, "It was unheard of, quite unusual, that a foreign Sovereign should write to the Sovereign of England on politics." "But," said I, "you praised the Queen and Prince Albert for their excellent letter on politics to the Queen of Portugal." "Yes, but that was between relations." And this between friends. But you are informed of the arrival, and of the content of the letter, and will learn all that is in it. I shall, in handing over the letter to the Queen say nothing but a few complimentary phrases and plead the King's cause in the way the Queen will direct, in your presence the next day. Will that do?" "Perfectly," he replied. And so I did. The Queen read the letter before dinner, and came down ten minutes before nine. After dinner, Prince Albert told me that the Queen and he had had Lord Palmerston with them before dinner (from six to eight), and that we should to-morrow settle the answer. In the morning, the Prince translated the political part of the letter into English, and then discussed with Lord Palmerston the heads of a answer. Then I was called in to see the letter and plead the King's cause, for which I was quite prepared. We all agreed: —

'1. That conferences on Swiss affairs, on the

basis of mediation between contending parties, were out of the question now. But the Queen wished to say (and Lord Palmerston saw no harm in it) that she *would* have accepted Neufchâtel in preference to London, as a place of conference, if it could still be thought of.

'2. That (as I had proposed) the Neufchâtel affair was now the object with respect to which her Majesty would try to be of use to her friend and brother. (I had demanded mediation with arbitration, between Neufchâtel and the Federation; but Palmerston observed, "That could only be done upon the ground of general treaties, and then the three other Powers would come in too, and spoil the whole.") So I was to be satisfied with "*bons offices*," in consequence of the instructions already given to C., "based upon the detailed Memoir written by your Majesty's faithful Bunsen as your Majesty allows me to call him." Circumstances would show what further could be done.

'This the Queen will write in *English* beginning and end in German. I ought to add, that she answers, besides, to the point, on the coming forward of the German Confederacy in a worthy manner on this occasion. She says, "She and her Government wish nothing better; but as the only point now in discussion resulted from general treaties not regarded by the Confederacy, this was perhaps not the right opportunity. (Of course there are weighty reasons against it besides.) But that she was sure the English public would with great sympathy see the German Confederation take a prominent part in European affairs — only that it would make a very material difference in their eyes, if the councils of Germany were directed by the enlightened Cabinet of Berlin, and not by Prince Metternich."

'All this is now already written out fair, by Prince Albert, under Lord P.'s revision, for the Queen, who will write it herself to-morrow, when the letter will be despatched by express messenger. As soon as we hear what the Diet of Berne has decreed against Neufchâtel, Lord P. and I shall confer further.' . . .

'If the "ground swell" was strong in the mind of Bunsen during this occasion, of experiencing the accustomed gracious kindness of the Queen and Prince Albert at Osborne, his return from thence in company with Lord Palmerston was attended by serious commotion of the elements without. In the boat which brought them to the shore, Lord Palmerston was requested to take the helm, as it would seem, to enable all hands to help in rowing through the unusually rough sea. Bunsen observed, that he had not been before aware of the necessary connexion he now observed between *steering the vessel of the State*, and steering a common boat — to which Lord Palmerston answered, "Oh! one learns boating at Cambridge even though one may have learnt nothing better." They landed in safety, but the train was gone. Lord Palmerston declared that he *must* return to London on pressing business, and *must* have a special

train. The railway officials protested that the risk of collision was too great for them to undertake. Lord Palmerston insisted, "On my responsibility, then!" and thus enforced compliance, although everyone trembled but himself. The special train shot past station after station, and arrived in London without causing or receiving damage, the Directors refusing all payment from Lord Palmerston, as having transgressed all rules in order to comply with his desire, and considering themselves overpaid by the happy result, and their own escape from serious blame.' (Vol. ii. pp. 150-152.)

The relations which gradually established themselves between Bunsen and the most illustrious persons of the Court were peculiar and unprecedented. He thus describes to his Mother-in-law, Mrs. Waddington, one of his visits to Windsor, in 1846 : —

'I was invited to Windsor Castle to spend the birthday of the Prince of Wales, for the first time, as it is not usual with the Queen to have foreign guests on that occasion. In the morning I accompanied the royal party to the terrace, to see the troops, who fired a *feu de joie* in honour of the Prince of Wales, who enjoyed it much, in extreme seriousness, and returned duly, by a military salute, the salutation he received as the colours passed. I inquired of Prince Albert whether he had formed any idea as yet of his position, at this early age (five years). He told me that last month in travelling through Cornwall, he had asked for an explanation of the cheers accompanying the cry of "The Duke of Cornwall for ever!" — when Prince Albert informed him that there had been, long ago, a great and good Prince of Wales, called the Black Prince, who was also Duke of Cornwall, and he had been so beloved and admired, that people had not forgotten him, and the title being given to the eldest son of the Sovereign, together with that of Prince of Wales, it ought to teach him to emulate the merits of that great Prince, in order to be equally beloved and remembered.

'I had brought with me German books for the children, and received permission to present them. The Queen brought the Royal Family into the corridor after luncheon, on purpose to give me that opportunity. The Prince wanted to have the pictures explained, and I sat on the floor, in the midst of the group: we all spoke German, and the Princess Royal, by desire of the Queen, read a fable out of one of the books perfectly well. The Queen often spoke with me about education, and in particular of religious instruction. Her views are very serious, but at the same time liberal and comprehensive. She (as well as Prince Albert) hates all formalism. The Queen reads a great deal, and has done my book on the "Church of the Future" the honour to read it, so attentively, that the other day when at Cashiobury seeing the book on the table, she looked out passages which she had approved,

in order to read them aloud to the Queen Dowager.' (Vol. ii. pp. 120, 121.)

The ties, both personal and political, which united Bunsen to Prince Albert were of a still closer nature. He supplied, in the purest form, that German element in society which was most congenial to the Prince. Bunsen's intimacy with Baron Stockmar had opened to him the doors of the Palace. He was cordially received there at all hours, and on the footing of a private friend.

'I may read,' he says, 'at the Foreign Office whatever I wish to see. With Aberdeen I have *les petites entrées*; also to Prince Albert when in London, regularly towards eleven o'clock in the morning, towards six in the afternoon, privately, and between times by means of writing. I am informed of everything.'

The Prince had taken his own secretary and librarian from Bunsen's household. To Prince Albert no subject was indifferent, and he delighted to follow Bunsen in the vast range of his literary researches. But the most powerful common interest that united them was their sympathy in the cause of German Unity and in the progress of constitutional liberty in Germany. The following letters to Baron Stockmar, written as late as the year 1852, express Bunsen's sentiments of regard to England, to the English Court, and to his own country:—

'London, New Year, 1852.

'Joy and well-being in the great and threatening year 1852, be to my dear friend Stockmar! shall be my first greeting in the "sacred hour of prime." I believe in God and in Germany, and then also in the vital powers of the principles of the English Constitution; and nobody rejoices more than I do in the grand and high reality (single in its kind, however, since King William of Orange) of the royal pair on the throne of Great Britain. If England and Germany remain united, what can the power of evil effect? You and I feel alike in protesting against the principle of death, in prætorian imperialism, and in democratic police centralisation. And, lastly, we are agreed in the resolve to exert all the strength that is in us, to the end that neither superstition nor infidelity, neither priestcraft nor atheism, shall rule over the people.

'That for this purpose light from above may be granted, by guidance of which the iron rule of the dark despot, Self, may be broken through and the reality of freedom evolved,—and, besides, that we and all who are dear and precious to us may be preserved in health,—is the wish uttered in fulness of heart, to a dear friend, by

'BUNSEN.'

'Sunday morning, 18th January, 1852.

'As I was on the way to your door in the Palace yesterday morning, I saw the Prince hastening in the same direction, and therefore I withdrew without having told you how much the living with you in these latter days has refreshed me. You will feel that, when you consider that I am under no illusion as to the condition of things at Berlin, and in the whole of Europe: of which you will be yet more aware when you read what the Spirit has moved me to say as to the confusion and destitution of the spiritual condition in the whole of Europe. It was with a solemn consciousness that I paced up and down, before breakfast (at Windsor Castle), in the fine corridor, and beheld the sunshine with the clearest blue sky above the towers and turrets: meditating upon the happiness that dwells within those walls, founded in reason and integrity and love,—a pattern of the well-ordered and inwardly vigorous and flourishing life that spreads all around, even to the extremities of the great island. And further off did I hear the roaring of the storm that sweeps now over the Continent, and threatens our ever-beloved fatherland. And in that fatherland dwells also a noble people, a great people, full of grand recollections and of the germs of future life—and a King, whose energies are so high and noble:—and yet all causes are dragging us within the compass of the whirlwind of confusion and destruction! A blessing upon those walls, and the life within and around them. It is a consolation that such a spot should exist on earth; and I am thankful to have seen it, and for all the goodness and kindness I have there experienced.' (Vol. ii. pp. 275, 276.)

Already in 1846, the combined influence of the Prince and Bunsen, backed by the mature wisdom of Sir Robert Peel, who more than once remarked 'that kings were apt to postpone concessions till it was too late to make them,' had been exerted to urge Frederic William IV. to proclaim the long-promised Constitution. It came at last, soon to be followed by the tremendous events of 1848, which shook the Prussian throne and drove the Heir Presumptive to seek a refuge in Bunsen's house in this country. The agitation of Germany increased, and Bunsen thought he discerned in the signs of the times the realisation of his long-cherished hopes, when the Imperial Crown was tendered to the King by the Jacobin Assembly at Frankfort. One of the finest letters Bunsen ever wrote is that in which he attempts to vindicate to a sceptical English friend, the sacred origin of the movement in Germany; and though he admits that no man in England could be brought to believe in its success, his own faith was long

unshaken. At one time we think that he was himself elected to the Frankfort Parliament as member for Schleswig, and he had undoubtedly espoused with all the vehemence of German popular feeling that most unrighteous design for the seizure and incorporation of the Duchies, though this subject is, we observe, not adverted to in the work before us. Bunsen had been designated as German Minister of Foreign Affairs, though when pressed he resolved, very wisely, to adhere to the Prussian service. But he visited both Frankfort and Berlin during these transactions, and the following page tells the result :—

‘I departed from Frankfort, February 10th, in joyful thankfulness for the success of my negotiations, for all the kindness I had found, and for the consolation and confirmation of belief, which I had obtained as a provision against the awful future, in the heart of the German nation. Never had I been possessed with a clearer intuition of the fact that Germany is *one* country, and that Germans have the destination, the means, the strength, and the courage, to become the first nation of Europe.

‘On Sunday morning, February 11th, at half-past seven, I was again at Berlin. I wrote *directly* a report to the King, that I might not later have to write one in greater detail. With respect to the Schleswig affair, I said that the King’s peaceable intentions and proposals had met with a willing and cheerful acceptance. As to Germany, I stated five propositions as decided: the hereditary principle; the revision of the Constitution, yet without adjournment; the necessity that Prussia should declare herself, in the spirit of the Circular Note of January 23rd, ready to take the lead (without Austria) in the Federal movement, at the same time leaving it to every other member to enter into it or not; lastly, urging that the lever of Frankfort should not be broken. When I now read through the four pages of this letter, and contemplate the course of the last two months, my heavy heart is yet more weighed down.

‘The King answered me instantaneously and in haste, the same day, that of all that he would do nothing; the course entered upon was a *wrong* done to Austria; he would have nothing to do with such an abominable line of politics, but would leave that to the Ministry (at Frankfort): whenever the *personal* question should be addressed to *him*, then would he reply as one of the Hohenzollerns, and thus live and die as an honest man.

‘Very soon after I received from the Ministers the commentary to this utterance. As soon as I had left Berlin for Frankfort the King had veered round at once; a secret correspondence was carried on by himself with Olmütz; the necessity of the existence of the Chambers, —and of an understanding with them, was no

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longer taken into account; the King would not give up politics; on the contrary, he would begin now really to direct them, and that alone. I struggled as I could against grief and indignation, and was glad to have already announced to the King my departure for Wednesday. I was received with kindness. The King read to me his letter to Prince Albert, of which I was to be the bearer, in which he said, “He had never repented in such a degree of any step as of that which I had advised him to take, desiring that he, the Prince, should hear from myself what I had to say on the subject.”

This explanation dashed to the ground Bunsen’s political hopes for the regeneration of Germany in his lifetime. It was perhaps not less painful to those German friends with whom he had acted both in England and abroad. The result was a bitterness of disappointment which threw a shade over the remainder of his existence. In 1849 he wrote to Usedom :—

‘Windsor Castle, November 17th, 1849.

‘MY DEAR FRIEND, — Since 1848 I have become of full age. The last scales have fallen from my eyes, and the last tears will soon dry away in them!’

And soon afterwards to Archdeacon Hare :—

‘London, February 20th, 1850.

‘You suppose I am going away from this country! I never dreamt of going — never was I more bound to London and England than at the present moment. Prussia is in the haven, as to herself; but the German Union, or “United States of Germany,” are yet to be born, and at this eleventh hour all the powers of evil double their efforts to prevent this great European birth, or rather this beginning of regeneration. But, “*Portæ inferi non prævalent contra eam!*” All the Powers of the Continent are against us, and traitors are in the camp. The Princes are wavering, more or less, now that the hour of danger is past. Still they are bound, by their popular parliaments, finances, and necessities, and cannot shake these off as many do their words and engagements.’

Nevertheless he was in truth on the point of throwing up his appointment, and he formed in 1850 the resolution to retire from the public service.

It is not our intention to dwell on these painful occurrences; but one of the indirect consequences of the German convulsions of 1848, and of the German aggression on Denmark, is too important to be passed over in silence. The judgment passed by English statesmen of all parties on the conduct of the Prussian Government and of the German people was severe. The wild in-

aptitude of the Frankfort Parliament, the bad faith of the Cabinet of Berlin, and the iniquitous spirit of aggression by which the rights of Denmark were assailed in the Duchies, left an impression on the English mind so deep and so unfavourable, that it will take a generation to efface it. Bunsen had laboured honestly and heartily to promote the union and good understanding of Germany and England. But the conduct of his Government and his countrymen on these questions, which had his own sympathy, obliterated the work of years, and from that day to the present, although no British interest can be said to have suffered from the changes which have been brought about, we have been reluctantly compelled to entertain very different opinions of the character and policy of German statesmen. To Bunsen himself a hard expiation was assigned. He remained in England, by the express orders of the King, to affix his signature to the Protocol of 1852, which established the Danish succession in the Duchies. But one step remained to complete the transaction, and this was the repudiation of that engagement by the successors of those who signed it.

The events of the Crimean War which followed three years later were a fresh source of anxiety and grief to Bunsen. He perceived with tact and spirit, that by cordially joining the Western Powers, Prussia might again have played a great part in Europe. She would probably have prevented the war, saved Russia from defeat, and placed Germany in intimate relations with England and France. To this end his labours were zealously directed, but in vain. The Russian party prevailed in Berlin; the King as usual hesitated; he even sent a sort of double Minister to act in London; and Bunsen at last, exhausted by conflicting emotions, craved leave in April 1854 to retire from His Majesty's diplomatic service.

The political element in Bunsen's life to which we have now adverted, was not the brightest part of it. He failed in his negotiations at Rome; he was disappointed by the events of Frankfort in 1849; the affair of the Duchies turned out against his wishes; the neutrality of Prussia in the Crimean War was against his counsels. Perhaps he would have been a happier and a greater man if he had never been a political agent at all; and he himself expressed at all periods of his life his strong conviction that he was born for nobler pursuits and higher studies than those of diplomacy. Although, therefore, his recall from the Prussian Mission in London was accompanied with many

painful circumstances, and he tore himself away with regret from the friends of so many years, it was not his official rank or power that he regretted, and he hailed with joy a change which gave him a home in Germany, for the first time since he had left college, and left him free to devote all the energy of his remaining years to literary pursuits. Bunsen had been at all times an indefatigable student. Nothing is more extraordinary than the power of application with which he found means to explore the whole range of human knowledge amidst the complicated affairs which demanded his attention in Rome, and the still more engrossing engagements of official and social life in England. He rose early, he worked incessantly, and thus he was enabled to carry on simultaneously two distinct courses of life, either of which would have sufficed to occupy an ordinary man. But Bunsen was not a hasty or immature author. During his long residence in Rome, the only important work which bore his name was the well-known 'Description' of that City. It was not till he had completed his fiftieth year that he began to publish his most important works. His 'Church of the Future,' his 'Hippolytus,' his 'Signs of the Times,' and four volumes of his great work on Egypt, were composed in England. After the removal of the family to Heidelberg, where they found a congenial retreat on the beautiful banks of the Neckar, Bunsen devoted himself almost exclusively to theology. The book, of which an admirable translation into English has just been published by Miss Winkworth, under the title 'God in History,' and his vast commentary and revision of the Scriptures, belong to this, the latest period of his life.

Our limits forbid us to attempt a critical survey of this wide field of literary labour. Indeed, each of these works and subjects would require a separate article to do justice to the learning and industry Bunsen bestowed on them. We can only offer at this moment a faint outline of his characteristics as a man of letters. The faculties of Bunsen were of the constructive, rather than the critical, order. He wrote with enthusiasm and with abundance. But the merits which gave an extraordinary charm to his conversation and his correspondence have perhaps detracted from the permanent value of his works. He was borne away by the flow of his own thoughts: a tide of sentiment and imagination insensibly mingled itself with his opinions; he was apt to accept conclusions which a more severe analysis would have rendered questionable;

and his style would have had more weight and authority if it had been less copious. To the English reader there are pages in 'God in History' which must appear rhapsodical, and we are unable to follow a speculative chronology which carries back the historical evidence of the human race to some 20,000 years from the present age. But in all that Bunsen wrote there was an elevating and exalted sense of that supernatural Power, which is the source and the guide of all our being. To him, the history of man, traced by the affinities of language, the mysteries of religion, and the lights of prophecy, was a perpetual revelation: and he sought to discern in the prodigious spectacle of humanity, the law of truth and love which directs it to higher ends.

No doubt, it would be curious to trace in the works of Bunsen and in the records of his private opinions, the changes and development of his mind. In early life he leaned to the Conservative and orthodox side, and this tendency was, for some time, strengthened by his veneration for Niebuhr, who died a fanatical alarmist. When Bunsen first visited England, his sympathies were decidedly with the Conservative and clerical party, and he drew back from the scepticism and liberalism of Whig society. But these views underwent a gradual alteration. His experience of England convinced him that it was not in a blind adherence to the traditions of the past, either in Church or State, that her future greatness lies. His ardent schemes for the regeneration of Germany and of Italy were kindled at times to revolutionary heat, and he says, in speaking of the differences which arose between himself and the King, 'The fact is, that he has gone as much to the right, as I have to the left.' He gradually grew more attached to such politicians as Mr. Cobden. The liberation of Italy in 1859, and the commercial treaty between France and England, won him over to look with favour and gratitude on the Emperor of the French, and to condone the acts of violence and illegality committed in 1852. He died invoking a blessing on Garibaldi and the Italian cause. His theological studies had led him so far from the track of orthodoxy, that he was sometimes confounded — very unjustly — with the rationalists and antagonists of revealed religion. A mind like his was not willingly bound by the authority either of law or of dogma; and he took his own course without always knowing where it was leading him. As a guide no man could be less safe; but as a conscientious and insatiable inquirer Bunsen deserves to retain a considerable

place in the intellectual history of his time, and we think that his influence may be traced in an especial manner in the present state of religious thought in this country.

The years he spent at Charlottenberg, on the banks of the Neckar, were uneventful, or rather they were filled by incessant literary labour, and by the care of his own declining health. But in the autumn of 1857 he received from the King an invitation, couched in the most pressing terms, to attend the Assembly of the Evangelical Alliance at Berlin. The King's letter and Bunsen's acknowledgment of it are alike characteristic:—

'Sans Souci, September 5th, 1857.

'MY DEAREST BUNSEN, — I express to you my heartiest thanks for all the great trouble you have undertaken and carried through with such splendid results (to my honour) for the *Schlagintweits*. For all this, and for so many letters, most interesting to me, I am in heavy debt towards you: but time is wanting in a frightful manner to me for answering you as I ought and desire to do! I write to you only on account of a matter which I have at heart beyond all expression, and that is your appearing at Berlin during the assembly of the Evangelical Alliance. I wish that, urgently and longingly, first for the sake of the thing itself, secondly for the sake of your fame, thirdly for my own sake:— you must once again show yourself outside the limits of the narrow circle (ever more and more suspicious) in which you now exclusively live!

'You must inhale fresh air of life—the breath of that life, which alone is life, because it is the *essential life* proceeding from the *one essential source* of life. You must inhale this breath of life, *there*, where a yet unheard-of mass of joyful confessors assemble; *there*, where it seems almost certain that a new future will be prepared for the whole Church and entire evangelical confession. You must, by your appearance alone, stifle the malicious calumny which in genuine German (especially North-German) contractedness of vision, is beginning to raise itself against you, and to injure the *holy cause of the Church*. Thousands are watching for your nonappearance, to cast stones at you. That is what I cannot bear, if you by an *error in conduct* give occasion thereto. I conjure you, for the sake of the Lord's cause, accept my offer, and accept from me, as an old and faithful friend, that I defray your journey, and provide you with lodging and sustenance in the Palace at Berlin, as my own peculiar guest! My commands have already been issued to that effect. You have but to lift your foot, from Charlottenberg to the railway of Heidelberg. That I at the same time hope, by this opportunity, to confer with you on much important matter, you will not take ill of me: and now in the name of Christ to the work!—*Vale!*

(Signed) F.W.R.

'[Received Monday, September 7th, at three o'clock A.M.]'

Bunsen to a Son.

'Charlottenberg, Tuesday morning, five o'clock, September 8th, 1857.

'That is providential! After such a letter no friend's invitation could be declined, and how should I decline that of the King, made in the name of Christ and of the Fatherland, resolved upon, clearly, in affection and faithfulness, and with such unheard-of demonstration? I had never before been invited to lodge in the Palace at Berlin, but the King does this to gratify the old, heavily-laden man, and also as an unequivocal declaration towards the Court, the Town, the Country, and the World. Wherefore I go.'

Bunsen was received in Berlin with all but royal honours. His old friend and master fell upon his neck, and he had the happiness of presenting to his sovereign a vast array of pious well-meaning persons from all parts of the world. But this meeting had a still more solemn interest. It was on the 1st October that Bunsen had his final audience of Frederic William IV., on the affairs of the Church, and received a most affectionate dismissal. 'I part from the King and from Berlin,' said he, 'as I wish and pray to depart from this earth—as on the calm, still evening of a long, beautiful summer's day.' On the 3rd October the King intimated his intention to raise Bunsen to the Peerage by the title of Freiherr von Bunsen, and within a few hours, on that same day, His Majesty was struck down by the attack which destroyed his mental faculties and terminated his reign. The Prince Regent shortly afterwards realised his brother's wishes and called Bunsen to the Prussian House of Peers. He re-appeared at Berlin on one occasion to take his seat in that Assembly.

The closing scenes of an active life are melancholy, for each succeeding month takes away something of the power of living, and adds something to the burden of years. To Bunsen these darkened days were cheered by winter journeys to the shores of the Mediterranean, by a cordial reception in Paris, by uninterrupted intercourse with those he loved and with the choicest minds of the age, and above all by the serenity of his own disposition. He removed at last to Bonn, which he had long regarded as the fittest abode for a German man of letters, for it had been the abode of Niebuhr on his return from Rome. But by this time disease had made formidable inroads on his once vigor-

ous frame and his strong constitution, and he survived this last removal but a few months. Still he worked on to the last, for if his strength had declined, the brightness of the intellectual light within seemed only to shine with increasing lustre. Still he was surrounded by all that the affection of his family could suggest or bestow. Still he remained to his last hour the same hopeful, happy, trusting man, conscious that he had endeavoured to play his part in life with courage and with honour, and convinced, beyond the reach of doubt or misgiving, that the end of life is but the passage to a state of being, where speculation will be lost in knowledge and faith perfected by sight.

VOICES CALLING.

"Oh, hush!" she whispered, "I hear them speaking,

Voices calling upon the air."

And, while she listened, the pale light glistened,
And lay, and floated upon her hair.

"Oh, no!" they answered, "we hear no speaking,

We hear no voices upon the breeze,
It must be only the night wind lonely,
That sighs and whispers among the trees."

"Oh, hush!" she murmured, "I hear them singing—

Singing the songs that I used to know;"

And, while she listened, the tear-drops glistened,
And through long lashes began to flow.

"Oh, no!" they answered, "we hear no singing,

We hear no voices singing so,
'Tis but the waking of sea waves breaking
Upon the shingle far below."

"Oh, hush!" she whispered, "I hear them calling

Sweet voices of the long ago;"

And, while she listened, the long light glistened,
And lay on her sweet face, white as snow.

"Oh, no!" they murmured, "she wanders wildly,

We hear no voices on the breeze,
She's listening only, to night winds lonely,
That sigh and whisper among the trees."

"Hush! hush!" they answer, while dews were falling,

While dead leaves rustled through the air,

And, while they shimmered, the pale light glimmered

On a face and form, like the angels fair.

"Oh, pray!" they whispered, "our love is dying,

Her voice is fainting across the sea;"
And, while they listened, the far dawn glistened,
Oh, God! her morning breaks with thee.

—Dublin University Magazine.

U. L. A.

CHAPTER XXXV.

MR. CUTBILL'S VISIT.

"If you knew the work I had to find you," said Mr. Cutbill, entering the room and throwing his hat carelessly on a table. "I had the whole police at work to look you up, and only succeeded at last by the half-hint that you were a great political offender, and Lord Palmerston would never forgive the authorities if they concealed you."

"I declare," said Augustus, gravely, "I am much flattered by all the trouble you have taken to blacken my character."

"Character! bless your heart, so long as you ain't a Frenchman, these people don't care about your character. An English conspirator is the most harmless of all creatures. Had you been a Pole or an Italian, the Préfet told me, he'd have known every act of your daily life."

"And so we shall have to leave this, now?" said Ellen, with some vexation in her tone.

"Not a bit of it, if you don't dislike the surveillance they'll bestow on you; and it'll be the very best protection against rogues and pickpockets; and I'll go and say that you're not the man I suspected at all."

"Pray take no further trouble on our behalf, sir," said Bramleigh, stiffly and haughtily.

"Which being interpreted means, — make your visit as short as may be, and go your way, Tom Cutbill — don't it?"

"I am not prepared to say, sir, that I have yet guessed the object of your coming."

"If you go to that, I suspect I'll be as much puzzled as yourself. I came to see you because I heard you were in my neighbourhood. I don't think I had any other very pressing reason. I had to decamp from England somewhat hurriedly, and I came over here to be, as they call it, 'out of the way,' till this storm blows over."

"What storm? I've heard nothing of a storm."

"You've not heard that the Lisconnor scheme has blown up? — the great Cuduff Mining Company has exploded, and blown all the shareholders sky-high?"

"Not a word of it."

"Why, there's more writs after the promoters this morning than ever there was scrip for paid-up capital. We're all in for it — every man of us."

"Was it a mere bubble then — a fraud?"

"I don't know what you call a bubble, or what you mean by a fraud. We had all

that constitutes a company: we had a scheme and we had a lord. If an over-greedy public wants grandeur and gain besides, it must be disappointed; as I told the general meeting, 'You don't expect profit as well as the peerage, do you?'"

"You yourself told me there was coal."

"So there was. I am ready to maintain it still. Isn't that money, Bramleigh?" said he, taking a handful of silver from his pocket; "good coin of the realm, with her Majesty's image? But if you asked me if there was much more where it came from — why, the witness might, as the newspapers say, hesitate and show confusion."

"You mean then, in short, there was only coal enough to form a pretext for a company?"

"I'll tell you what I mean," said Cutbill sturdily. "I bolted from London rather than be stuck in a witness-box and badgered by a cross-examining barrister, and I'm not going to expose myself to the same sort of diversion here from you."

"I assure you, sir, the matter had no interest for me, beyond the opportunity it afforded you of exculpation."

"For the exculpatory part, I can take it easy," said Cutbill, with a dry laugh. "I wish I had nothing heavier on my heart than the load of my conscience; but I've been signing my name to deeds, and writing Tom Cutbill across acceptances, in a sort of indiscriminate way, that in the calmer hours before a Commissioner in Bankruptcy ain't so pleasant. I must say, Bramleigh, your distinguished relative Cuduff doesn't cut up well."

"I think, Mr. Cutbill, if you have any complaint to make of Lord Cuduff, you might have chosen a more fitting auditor than his brother-in-law."

"I thought the world had outgrown the cant of connection. I thought that we had got to be so widely-minded that you might talk to a man about his sister as freely as if she were the Queen of Sheba."

"Pray do me the favour to believe me still a bigot, sir."

"How far is Lord Cuduff involved in the mishap you speak of, Mr. Cutbill?" said Nelly, with a courteousness of tone she hoped might restore their guest to a better humour.

"I think he'll net some five-and-twenty thousand out of the transaction; and from what I know of the distinguished viscount, he'll not lie awake at night fretting over the misfortunes of Tom Cutbill and fellows."

"Will this — this misadventure," stammered out Augustus, "prevent your return to England?"

"Only for a season. A man lies by for these things, just as he does for a thunder-storm; a little patience and the sun shines out, and he walks about freely as ever. If it were not, besides, for this sort of thing, we City men would never have a day's recreation in life; nothing but work, work, from morning till night. How many of us would see Switzerland, I ask you, if we didn't smash? The Insolvent Court is the way to the Rhine, Bramleigh, take my word for it, though it ain't set down in John Murray."

"If a light heart could help to a light conscience, I must say, Mr. Cutbill, you would appear to possess that enviable lot."

"There's such a thing as a very small conscience," said Cutbill, closing one eye, and looking intensely roguish. "A conscience so unobtrusive that one can treat it like a poor relation, and put it anywhere."

"Oh, Mr. Cutbill, you shock me," said Ellen, trying to look reproachful and grave.

"I'm sorry for it, Miss Bramleigh," said he, with mock sorrow in his manner.

"Had not our friend L'Estrange an interest in this unfortunate speculation?" asked Bramleigh.

"A trifle; a mere trifle. Two thousand I think it was. Two, or two-five-hundred. I forget exactly which."

"And is this entirely lost?"

"Well, pretty much the same; they talk of sevenpence dividend, but I suspect they're over-sanguine. I'd say five was nearer the mark."

"Do they know the extent of their misfortune?" asked Ellen, eagerly.

"If they read *The Times* they're sure to see it. The money article is awfully candid, and never attempts any delicate concealment, like the reports in a police-court. The fact is, Miss Bramleigh, the financial people always end like Cremorne, with a 'grand transparency' that displays the whole company!"

"I'm so sorry for the L'Estranges," said Ellen, feelingly.

"And why not sorry for Tom Cutbill, miss? Why have no compassion for that gifted creature, and generous mortal, whose worst fault was that he believed in a lord?"

"Mr. Cutbill is so sure to sympathize with himself and his own griefs that he has

no need of me; and then he looks so like one that would have recuperative powers."

"There you've hit it," cried he, enthusiastically. "That's it! that's what makes Tom Cutbill the man he is — *flectes non frangis*. I hope I have it right; but I mean you may smooth him down but you can't smash him; and it's to tell the noble viscount as much I'm now on my way to Rome. I'll say to the distinguished peer, 'I'm only a pawn on the chess-board; but look to it, my lord, or I'll give check to the king!' Won't he understand me? ay, in a second too!"

"I trust something can be done for poor L'Estrange," said Augustus. "It was his sister's fortune; and the whole of it, too."

"Leave that to me then. I'll make better terms for him than he'll get by the assignee under the court. Bless your heart, Bramleigh, if it wasn't for a little 'extramural equity,' as one might call it, it would go very hard with the widow and the orphan in this world; but we coarse-minded fellows, as I've no doubt you'd call us, we do kinder things in our own way than Commissioners under the Act."

"Can you recover the money for them?" asked Augustus, earnestly; "can you do that?"

"Not legally — not a chance of it; but I think I'll make a noble lord of our acquaintance disgorge something handsome. I don't mean to press any claim of my own. If he behaves politely, and asks me to dine, and treats me like a gentleman, I'll not be over hard with him. I like the — not the conveniences — that's not the word, but the —"

"'Conveniences,' perhaps," interposed Ellen.

"That's it, — the conveniences. I like the attentions that seem to say, 'T. C. isn't to be kept in a tunnel or a cutting; but is good company at table, with long-necked bottles beside him. T. C. can be talked to about the world: about pale sherry, and pretty women, and the delights of Homburg, and the odds on the Derby; he's as much at home at Belgravia as on an embankment.'"

"I suspect there will be few to dispute that," said Augustus, solemnly.

"Not when they knows it, Bramleigh; 'not when they knows it,' as the cabbies say. The thing is to make them know it, to make them feel it. There's a rough-and-ready way of putting all men like myself, who take liberties with the letter H, down as snobs; but you see, there's snobs and snobs. There's snobs that are only snobs;

there's snobs that have nothing distinctive about them but their snobbery, and there's snobs so well up in life, so shrewd, such downright keen men of the world, that their snobbery is only an accident, like a splash from a passing bus, and, in fact, their snobbery puts a sort of accent on their acuteness, just like a trade-mark, and tells you it was town-made;—no bad thing, Bramleigh, when that town calls itself London!"

If Augustus vouchsafed little approval of this speech, Ellen smiled an apparent concurrence, while in reality it was the man's pretension and assurance that amused her.

"You ain't as jolly as you used to be; how is that?" said Cutbill, shaking Bramleigh jocosely by the arm. "I suspect you are disposed, like Jeremiah, to a melancholy line of life?"

"I was not aware, sir, that my spirits could be matter of remark," said Augustus, haughtily.

"And why not? You're no highness, royal or serene, that one is obliged to accept any humor you may be in, as the right thing. You are one of us, I take it."

"A very proud distinction," said he, gravely.

"Well, if it's nothing to crow, it's nothing to cry for! If the world had nothing but top-sawyers, Bramleigh, there would be precious little work done. Is that clock of yours, yonder, right—is it so late as that?"

"I believe so," said Augustus, looking at his watch. "I want exactly ten minutes to four."

"And the train starts at four precisely. That's so like me. I've lost my train, all for the sake of paying a visit to people who wished me at the North Pole for my politeness."

"Oh, Mr. Cutbill," said Ellen, deprecatingly.

"I hope, Mr. Cutbill, we are fully sensible of the courtesy that suggested your call."

"And I'm fully sensible that you and Miss Ellen have been on thorns for the last half-hour, each muttering to himself, 'What will he say next?' or, worse than that, 'When will he go?'"

"I protest, sir, you are alike unjust to yourself and to us. We are so thoroughly satisfied that you never intended to hurt us, that if incidentally touched, we take it as a mere accident."

"That is quite the case, Mr. Cutbill," broke in Nelly; "and we know besides, that, if you had anything harsh or severe,

to say to us, it is not likely you'd take such a time as this to say it."

"You do me proud, ma'am," said Cutbill, who was not perfectly sure whether he was complimented or reprimanded.

"Do, please, Augustus; I beg of you do," whispered Nelly in her brother's ear.

"You've already missed your train for us, Mr. Cutbill," said Augustus; "will you add another sacrifice and come and eat a very humble dinner with us at six o'clock?"

"Will I? I rayther think I will," cried he, joyfully. "Now that the crisis is over, I may as well tell you I've been angling for that invitation for the last half-hour, saying every minute to myself, 'Now it's coming,' or 'No, it ain't.' Twice you were on the brink of it, Bramleigh, and you drifted away again, and at last I began to think I'd be driven to my lonely cutlet at the 'Leopold's Arms.' You said six; so I'll just finish a couple of letters for the post, and be here sharp. Good-by. Many thanks for the invite, though it was pretty long a-coming." And with this he waived an adieu and departed.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

AN EVENING WITH CUTBILL.

WHEN Nelly retired after dinner on that day, leaving Mr. Cutbill to the enjoyment of his wine—an indulgence she well knew he would not willingly forego—that worthy individual drew one chair to his side to support his arm, and resting his legs on another, exclaimed, "Now, this is what I call cosy. There's a pleasant light, a nice bit of view out of that window, and as good a bottle of St. Julien as a man may desire."

"I wish I could offer you something better," began Augustus, but Cutbill stopped him at once, saying,—

"Taking the time of the year into account, there's nothing better! It's not the season for a Burgundy or even a full-bodied claret. Shall I tell you, Bramleigh, that you gave me a better dinner to-day than I got at your great house, the Bishop's Folly."

"We were very vain of our cook, notwithstanding, in those days," said Augustus, smiling.

"So you might. I suppose he was as good as money could buy—and you had plenty of money. But your dinners were grand, cumbrous, never-ending feeds, that with all the care a man might bestow on

the bill-o'-fare, he was sure to eat too much of venison curry after he had taken mutton twice, and pheasant following after fat chickens. I always thought your big dinners were upside down; if one could have had the tail-end first they'd have been excellent. Somehow, I fancy it was only your brother Temple took an interest in these things at your house. Where is he now?"

"He's at Rome with my brother-in-law."

"That's exactly the company he ought to keep. A lord purifies the air for him, and I don't think his constitution could stand without one."

"My brother has seen a good deal of the world; and, I think, understands it tolerably well," said Bramleigh, meaning so much of rebuke to the other's impertinence as he could force himself to bestow on a guest.

"He knows as much about life as a dog knows about decimals. He knows the cad's life of fetch and carry; how to bow himself into a room and out again; when to smile, and when to snigger; how to look profound admiration when a great man talks, and a mild despair when he is silent; but that ain't life, Bramleigh, any more than these strawberries are grapes from Fontainebleau!"

"You occasionally forget, Mr. Cutbill, that a man's brother is not exactly the public."

"Perhaps I do. I only had one brother, and a greater blackguard never existed; and *The Times* took care to remind me of the fact every year till he was transported; but no one ever saw me lose temper about it."

"I can admire if I cannot envy your philosophy."

"It's not philosophy at all; it's just common sense, learned in the only school for that commodity in Europe—the City of London. We don't make Latin verses as well as you at Eton or Rugby, but we begin life somewhat 'cuter than you, notwithstanding. If we speculate on events it is not like theoretical politicians, but like practical people, who know that Cabinet Councils decide the funds, and the funds make fortunes. You and the men like you advocated a free Greece and a united Italy for the sake of fine traditions. We don't care a rush about Homer or Dante, but we wanted to sell pig-iron and printed calicoes. Do you see the difference now?"

"If I do, it's with no shame for the part you assign us."

"That's as it may be. There may be up there amongst the stars a planet where your ideas would be the right thing. Maybe Dr. Cummings knows of such a place. I

can only say Tom Cutbill doesn't, nor don't want to."

For a while neither spoke a word; the conversation had taken a half irritable tone, and it was not easy to say how it was to be turned into a pleasanter channel.

"Any news of Jack?" asked Cutbill suddenly.

"Nothing since he sailed."

Another and a longer pause ensued, and it was evident neither knew how to break the silence.

"These ain't bad cigars," said Cutbill, knocking the ash off his cheroot with his finger. "You get them here?"

"Yes; they are very cheap."

"Thirty, or thirty-five centimes?"

"Ten!"

"Well, it ain't dear! Ten centimes is a penny,—a trifle less than a penny. And now, Bramleigh, will you think it a great liberty of me, if I ask you a question,—a sort of personal question?"

"That will pretty much depend upon the question, Mr. Cutbill. There are matters, I must confess, I would rather not be questioned on."

"Well, I suppose I must just take my chance of that! If you are disposed to bristle up, and play porcupine because I want to approach you, it can't be helped,—better men than Tom Cutbill have paid for looking into a wasp's nest. It's no idle curiosity prompts my inquiry, though I won't deny there is a spice of curiosity urging me on at this moment. Am I free to go on, eh?"

"I must leave you to your own discretion, sir."

"The devil a worse guide ever you'd leave me to. It is about as humble a member of the Cutbill family as I'm acquainted with. So that without any reference to my discretion at all, here's what I want. I want to know how it is that you've left a princely house, with plenty of servants and all the luxuries of life, to come and live in a shabby corner of an obscure town and smoke penny cigars? There is the riddle I want you to solve for me."

For some seconds Bramleigh's confusion and displeasure seemed to master him completely, making all reply impossible; but at last he regained a degree of calm, and with a voice slightly agitated, said: "I am sorry to baulk your very natural curiosity, Mr. Cutbill, but the matter on which you seek to be informed is one strictly personal and private."

"That's exactly why I am pushing for the explanation," resumed the other, with

the coolest imaginable manner. "If it was a public event I'd have no need to ask to be enlightened."

Bramleigh winced under this rejoinder, and a slight contortion of the face showed what his self-control was costing him.

Cutbill, however, went on: "When they told me, at the Gresham, that there was a man setting up a claim to your property, and that you declared you'd not live in the house, nor draw a shilling from the estate, till you were well assured it was your own beyond dispute, my answer was, 'No son of old Montagu Bramleigh ever said that. Whatever you may say of that family, they're no fools.'"

"And is it with fools you would class the man who reasoned in this fashion?" said Augustus, who tried to smile and seem indifferent as he spoke.

"First of all, it's not reasoning at all; the man who began to doubt whether he had a valid right to what he possessed, might doubt whether he had a right to his own name, — whether his wife was his own, and what not. Don't you see where all this would lead to? If I have to report whether a new line is safe and fit to be opened for public traffic, I don't sink shafts down to see if some hundred fathoms below there might be an extinct volcano, or a stratum of unsound pudding-stone. I only want to know that the rails will carry so many tons of merchandise. Do you see my point? — do you take me, Bramleigh?"

"Mr. Cutbill," said Augustus slowly, "on matters such as these you have just alluded to, there is no man's opinion I should prefer to yours, but there are other questions on which I would rather rely upon my own judgment. May I beg, therefore, that we should turn to some other topic."

"It's true then, — the report was well founded?" cried Cutbill, staring in wide astonishment at the other's face.

"And if it were, sir," replied Bramleigh haughtily, "what then?"

"What then? Simply that you'd be the — no matter what. Your father was very angry with me one night, because I said something of the same kind to him." And as he spoke, he pushed his glass impatiently from him, and looked ineffably annoyed and disgusted.

"Will you not take more wine, Mr. Cutbill?" said Augustus, blandly, and without the faintest sign of irritation.

"No, not a drop. I'm sorry I've taken so much. I began by filling my glass whenever I saw the decanter near me, — thinking, like a confounded fool as I was, we

were in for a quiet confidential talk, and knowing that I was just the sort of fellow a man of your own stamp needs and requires; a fellow who does nothing from the claims of a class — do you understand? — nothing because he mixes with a certain set and dines at a certain club; but acts independent of all extraneous pressure, — a bit of masonry, Bramleigh, that wants no buttress. Can you follow me, eh?"

"I believe I can appreciate the strength of such a character as you describe."

"No, you can't, not a bit of it. Some flighty fool that would tell you what a fine creature you were, how great-hearted — that's the can't great-hearted! — would have far more of your esteem and admiration than Tom Cutbill, with his keen knowledge of life and his thorough insight into men and manners."

"You are unjust to each of us," said Bramleigh, quietly.

"Well, let us have done with it. I'll go and ask Miss Ellen for a cup of tea, and then I'll take my leave. I'm sure I wish I'd never have come here. It's enough to provoke a better temper than mine. And now let me just ask you, out of mere curiosity, — for of course I mustn't presume to feel more, — but just out of curiosity let me ask you, do you know an art or an industry, a trade or a calling, that would bring you in fifty pounds a year? Do you see your way to earning the rent of a lodging even as modest as this?"

"That is exactly one of the points on which your advice would be very valuable to me, Mr. Cutbill."

"Nothing of the kind. I could no more tell a man of your stamp how to gain his livelihood than I could make a tunnel with a corkscrew. I know your theory well enough. I've heard it announced a thousand times and more. Every fellow with a silk lining to his coat and a taste for fancy jewellery imagines he has only to go to Australia to make a fortune; that when he has done with Bond Street he can take to the bush. Isn't that it, Bramleigh — eh? You fancy you're up to roughing it and hard work because you have walked four hours through the stubble after the partridges, or sat a 'sharp thing' across country in a red coat! Heaven help you! It isn't with five courses and finger-glasses a man finishes his day at Warra-Warra."

"I assure you, Mr. Cutbill, as regards my own case, I neither take a high estimate of my own capacity nor a low one of the difficulty of earning a living."

"Humility never paid a butcher's bill,

any more than conceit!" retorted the inexorable Cutbill, who seemed bent on opposing everything. "Have you thought of nothing you could do? for, if you're utterly incapable, there's nothing for you but the public service."

"Perhaps that is the career would best suit me," said Bramleigh, smiling; "and I have already written to bespeak the kind influence of an old friend of my father's on my behalf."

"Who is he?"

"Sir Francis Deighton."

"The greatest humbug in the Government! He trades on being the most popular man of his day, because he never refused anything to anybody — so far as a promise went; but it's well known that he never gave anything out of his own connections. Don't depend on Sir Francis, Bramleigh, whatever you do."

"That is sorry comfort you give me."

"Don't you know any women?"

"Women — women? I know several."

"I mean women of fashion. Those meddlesome women that are always dabbling in politics and the Stock Exchange, — very deep where you think they know nothing, and perfectly ignorant about what they pretend to know best. They've two-thirds of the patronage of every Government in England. You may laugh; but it's true."

"Come, Mr. Cutbill, if you'll not take more wine, we'll join my sister," said Bramleigh, with a faint smile.

"Get them to make you a Commissioner — it doesn't matter of what — Woods and Forests — Bankruptcy — Lunacy — anything; it's always two thousand a year, and little to do for it. And if you can't be a Commissioner be an Inspector, and then you have your travelling-expenses;" and Cutbill winked knowingly as he spoke and sauntered away to the drawing-room.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE APPOINTMENT.

"WHAT will Mr. Cutbill say now?" cried Ellen, as she stood leaning on her brother's shoulder while he read a letter marked "On her Majesty's Service," and sealed with a prodigious extravagance of wax. It ran thus: —

Downing Street, Sept. 10th.

"SIR,

"I HAVE received instructions from Sir Francis Deighton, her Majesty's Principal

Secretary of State for the Colonies, to acknowledge your letter of the 9th instant; and while expressing his regret that he has not at this moment any post in his department which he could offer for your acceptance, to state that her Majesty's Secretary for Foreign Affairs will consent to appoint you consul at Cattaro, full details of which post, duties, salary, &c., will be communicated to you in the official despatch from the Foreign Office.

"Sir Francis Deighton is most happy to have been the means through which the son of an old friend has been introduced into the service of the Crown.

"I have the honour to be, Sir,

"Your obedient Servant,

"GREY EGERTON D'EYN COURT,
"Private Secretary."

"What will he say now, Gusty?" said she, triumphantly.

"He will probably say, 'What's it worth?' Nelly. 'How much is the income?'"

"I suppose he will. I take it he will measure a friend's good feeling towards us by the scale of an official salary, as if two or three hundred a year more or less could affect the gratitude we must feel towards a real patron."

A slight twinge of pain seemed to move Bramleigh's mouth; but he grew calm in a moment, and merely said, "We must wait till we hear more."

"But your mind is at ease, Gusty? Tell me that your anxieties are all allayed?" cried she eagerly.

"Yes; in so far that I have got something — that I have not met a cold refusal."

"Oh, don't take it that way," broke she in, looking at him with a half-reproachful expression. "Do not, I beseech you, let Mr. Cutbill's spirit influence you. Be hopeful and trustful, as you always were."

"I'll try," said he, passing his arm round her and smiling affectionately at her.

"I hope he has gone, Gusty. I do hope we shall not see him again. He is so terribly hard in his judgments, so merciless in the way he sentences people who merely think differently from himself. After hearing him talk for an hour or so, I always go away with the thought that if the world be only half as bad as he says it is, it's little worth living in."

"Well, he will go to-morrow, or Thursday at farthest; and I won't pretend I shall regret him. He is occasionally too candid."

"His candour is simply rudeness; frankness is very well for a friend, but he was never in the position to use this freedom. Only think of what he said to me yesterday: he said that as it was not unlikely I should have to turn governess or companion, the first thing I should do would be to change my name. 'They,' he remarked — but I don't well know whom he exactly meant — 'they don't like broken-down gentlefolk. They suspect them of this, that, and the other;' and he suggested I should call myself Miss Cutbill. Did you ever hear impertinence equal to that?"

"But it may have been kindly-intentioned, Nelly. I have no doubt he meant to do a good-natured thing."

"Save me from good nature that is not allied with good manners, then," said she, growing crimson as she spoke.

"I have not escaped scot-free, I assure you," said he, smiling; "but it seems to me a man really never knows what the world thinks of him till he has gone through the ordeal of broken fortune. By the way, where is Cattaro? The name sounds Italian."

"I assumed it to be in Italy somewhere, but I can't tell you why."

Bramleigh took down his atlas, and pored patiently over Italy and her outlying islands for a long time, but in vain. Nelly, too, aided him in his search, but to no purpose. While they were still bending over the map, Cutbill entered with a large despatch-shaped letter in his hand.

"The Queen's messenger has just handed me that for you, Bramleigh. I hope it's good news."

Bramleigh opened and read: —

"Foreign Office.

"Sir,

"I have had much pleasure in submitting your name to her Majesty for the appointment of consul at Cattaro, where your salary will be two hundred pounds a year, and twenty pounds for office expenses. You will repair to your post without unnecessary delay, and report your arrival to this department.

"I am, &c., &c.,

"BIDDLESWORTH."

"Two hundred a year! Fifty less than we gave our cook!" said Bramleigh, with a faint smile.

"It is an insult, an outrage," said Nelly, whose face and neck glowed till they appeared crimson. "I hope, Gusty, you'll have the firmness to reject such an offer."

"What does Mr. Cutbill say?" asked he, turning towards him.

"Mr. Cutbill says that if you're bent on playing Don Quixote, and won't go back and enjoy what's your own, like a sensible man, this pittance — it ain't more — is better than trying to eke out life by your little talents."

Nelly turned her large eyes, open to the widest, upon him, as he spoke, with an expression so palpably that of rebuke for his freedom, that he replied to her stare by saying,

"Of course I am very free and easy. More than that, I'm downright rude. That's what you mean — a vulgar dog! but don't you see that's what diminished fortune must bring you to? You'll have to live with vulgar dogs. It's not only coarse cookery, but coarse company a man comes to. Ay, and there are people will tell you that both are useful — as alter-atives, as the doctors call them."

It was a happy accident that made him lengthen out the third syllable of the word, which amused Nelly: so much that she laughed outright.

"Can you tell us where is Cattaro, Mr. Cutbill?" asked Bramleigh, eager that the other should not notice his sister's laughter.

"I haven't the faintest notion; but Bollard, the messenger, is eating his luncheon at the station: I'll run down and ask him." And without waiting for a reply, he seized his hat and hurried away.

"One must own he is good-natured," said Nelly, "but he does make us pay somewhat smartly for it. His wholesome truths are occasionally hard to swallow."

"As he told us, Nelly, we must accept these things as part of our changed condition. Poverty wouldn't be such a hard thing to bear if it only meant common food and coarse clothing; but it implies scores of things that are far less endurable."

While they thus talked, Cutbill had hurried down to the station, and just caught the messenger as he was taking his seat in the train. Two others — one bound for Russia and one for Greece — were already seated in the compartment, smoking their cigars with an air of quiet indolence, like men making a trip by a river steamer.

"I say, Bollard," cried Cutbill, "where is Cattaro?"

"Don't know; is he a tenor?"

"It's a place; a consulate somewhere or other."

"Never heard of it. Have you, Digby?"

"It sounds like Calabria, or farther south."

"I know it," said the third man. "It's

a vile hole ; it's on the eastern shore of the Adriatic. I was wrecked there once in an Austrian Lloyd's steamer, and caught a tertian fever before I could get away. There was a fellow there, a vice-consul they called him : he was dressed in sheepskins, and, I believe, lived by wrecking. He stole my watch, and would have carried away my portmanteau, but I was waiting for him with my revolver and winged him."

"Did nothing come of it?" asked another.

"They pensioned him, I think. I'm not sure ; but I think they gave him twenty pounds a year. I know old Kepsley stopped eight pounds out of my salary for a wooden leg for the rascal. There's the whistle ; take care, sir, you'll come to grief if you hang on."

Cutbill attended to the admonition, and bidding the travellers good-by, returned slowly to the Bramleighs' lodgings, pondering over all he had heard, and canvassing with himself how much of his unpleasant tidings he would venture to relate.

"Where's your map," said he, entering. "I suspect I can make out the place now. Show me the Adriatic. Zara — Lissa, — what a number of islands. — Here you are, here's Bocca di Cattaro — next door to the Turks, by Jove."

"My dear Gusty, don't think of this, I beseech you," said Nelly, whispering. "It is enough to see where it is, to know it must be utter barbarism."

"I won't say it looks inviting," said Cutbill, as he bent over the map, "and the messenger had 'nt much to say in its praise either."

"Probably not ; but remember what you told me a while ago, Mr. Cutbill, that even this was better than depending on my little talents."

"He holds little talents in light esteem then?" said Ellen, tartly.

"That's exactly what I do," rejoined Cutbill, quickly. "As long as you are rich enough to be courted for your wealth, your little talents will find plenty of admirers ; but as to earning your bread by them, you might as well try to go round the Cape in an outrigger. Take it by all means, — take it, if it is only to teach you what it is to earn your own dinner."

"And is my sister to face such a life as this?"

"Your sister has courage for everything — but leaving you," said she, throwing her arm on his shoulder.

"I must be off. I have only half-an-hour left to pack my portmanteau and be at the

station. One word with you alone, Bramleigh," said he in a low tone, and August walked at once into the adjoining room.

"You want some of these, I'm certain said Cutbill, as he drew forth a roll of crushed and crumpled bank-notes, and pressed them into Bramleigh's hands. "You'll pay them back at your own time don't look so stiff, man ; it's only a loan."

"I assure you, if I look stiff, it's not what I feel. I'm overwhelmed by your good-nature ; but, believe me, I'm in no want of money."

"Nobody ever is ; but it's useful all the same. Take them to oblige me ; take the just to show you're not such a swell. I won't accept even the smallest service from a fellow like me — do now, do!" and he looked so pleadingly that it was not easy to refuse him.

"I'm very proud to think I have won such friendship ; but I give you my word, have ample means for all that I shall need to do ; and if I should not, I'll ask you to help me."

"Good-by then. Good-by, Miss Ellen cried he aloud. "It's not my fault that I'm not a favourite with you ;" and thus saying, he snatched his hat, and was down the stairs and out of the house before Bramleigh could utter a word.

"What a kind-hearted fellow it is," said he, as he joined his sister. "I must tell you what he called me aside for."

She listened quietly while he recounted what had just occurred, and then said,

"The Gospel tells us it's hard for rich men to get to heaven ; but it's scarcely harder for them to see what there is good here below ! So long as we were well off I could see nothing to like in that man."

"That was my own thought a few minutes back ; so you see, Nelly, we are not only travelling the same road, but gaining the same experiences."

"Sedley says in this letter here," said Augustus the next morning as he entered the breakfast-room, "that Pracontal's lawyer is perfectly satisfied with the honesty of our intentions, and we shall go to trial in the November term on the ejectment case. It will raise the whole question, and the law shall decide between us."

"And what becomes of that — that arrangement," said she, hesitatingly, "to which M. Pracontal consented to withdraw his claim?"

"It was made against my consent, and have refused to adhere to it. I have told Sedley so, and told him that I shall hold him responsible to the amount disbursed

"But, dear Gusty, remember how much to your advantage that settlement would have been."

"I only remember the shame I felt on hearing of it, and my sorrow that Sedley should have thought my acceptance of it possible."

"But how has M. Pracontal taken this money and gone on with his suit? — surely both courses are not open to him?"

"I can tell you nothing about M. Pracontal. I only know that he, as well as myself, would seem to be strangely served by our respective lawyers, who assume to deal for us, whether we will or not."

"I still cling to the wish that the matter had been left to Mr. Sedley."

"You must not say so, Nelly; you must never tell me you would wish I had been a party to my own dishonour. Either Pracontal or I own this estate: no compromise could be possible without a stain to each of us, and for my own part I will neither resist a just claim nor give way to an unfair demand. Let us talk of this no more."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

WITH LORD CULDIFF.

IN a room of a Roman palace large enough to be a church, but furnished with all the luxury of an English drawing-room, stood Lord Culduff, with his back to an ample fire, smoking a cigarette; a small table beside him supported a very diminutive coffee-service of chased silver, and in a deep-cushioned chair at the opposite side of the fireplace lay a toy terrier, asleep.

There were two fireplaces in the spacious chamber, and at a writing-table drawn close to the second of these sat Temple Bramleigh writing. His pen as it ran rapidly along was the only sound in the perfect stillness, till Lord Culduff, throwing the end of his cigarette away, said, "It is not easy to imagine so great an idiot as your worthy brother Augustus."

"A little selfishness would certainly not dis-improve him," said Temple, deferentially.

"Say sense, common sense, sir; a very little of that humble ingredient that keeps a man from walking into a well."

"I think you judge him hardly."

"Judge him hardly! Why, sir, what judgment can equal the man's own condemnation of himself? He has some doubts — some very vague doubts — about his right to his estate, and straightway he goes and

throws it into a law-court. He prefers, in fact, that his inheritance should be eaten up by lawyers than quietly enjoyed by his own family. Such men are usually provided with lodgings at Hanwell; their friends hide their razors, and don't trust them with pen-knives."

"Oh, this is too much: he may take an extreme view of what his duty is in this matter, but he's certainly no more mad than I am."

"I repeat, sir, that the man who takes conscience for his guide in the very complicated concerns of life is unfit to manage his affairs. Conscience is a constitutional peculiarity, nothing more. To attempt to subject the business of life to conscience would be about as absurd as to regulate the funds by the state of the barometer."

"I'll not defend what he is doing — I'm as sorry for it as any one; I only protest against his being thought a fool."

"What do you say then to this last step of his, if it be indeed true that he has accepted this post?"

"I'm afraid it is; my sister Ellen says they are on their way to Cattaro."

"I declare that I regard it as an outrage. I can give it no other name. It is an outrage. What, sir, am I, who have reached the highest rank of my career, or something very close to it; who have obtained my Grand Cross; who stand, as I feel I do, second to none in the public service; — am I to have my brother-in-law, my wife's brother, gazetted to a post I might have flung to my valet!"

"There I admit he was wrong."

"That is to say, sir, that you feel the personal injury his indiscreet conduct has inflicted. You see your own ruin in his rashness."

"I can't suppose it will go that far."

"And why not, pray? When a Minister or Secretary of State dares to offend me — for it is levelled at me — by appointing my brother to such an office, he says as plainly as words can speak, 'Your sun is set; your influence is gone. We place you below the salt to-day, that to-morrow we may put you outside the door.' You cannot be supposed to know these things, but I know them. Shall I give you a counsel, sir?"

"Any advice from you, my lord, is always acceptable."

"Give up the line. Retire; — be a gamekeeper, a billiard-marker; turn steward of a steamer, or correspond for one of the penny papers, but don't attempt to serve a country that pays its gentlemen like toll-keepers."

Temple seemed to regard this little outburst as such an ordinary event that he dipped his pen into the ink-bottle, and was about to resume writing, when Lord Culduff said, in a sharp, peevish tone, —

"I trust your brother and sister do not mean to come to Rome?"

"I believe they do, my lord. I think they have promised to pay the L'Estranges a visit at Albano."

"My lady must write at once and prevent it. This cannot possibly be permitted. Where are they now?"

"At Como. This last letter was dated from the inn at that place."

Lord Culduff rang the bell, and directed the servant to ask if her ladyship had gone out.

The servant returned to say that her ladyship was going to dress, but would see his lordship on her way downstairs.

"Whose card is this? Where did this come from?" asked Lord Culduff, as he petulantly turned it round and round, trying to read the name.

"Oh, that's Mr. Cutbill. He called twice yesterday. I can't imagine what has brought him to Rome."

"Perhaps I might hazard a guess," said Lord Culduff with a grim smile. "But I'll not see him. You'll say, Bramleigh, that I am very much engaged; that I have a press of most important business; that the Cardinal Secretary is always here. Say anything, in short, that will mean No, Cutbill!"

"He's below at this moment."

"Then get rid of him! My dear fellow, the A B C of your craft is to dismiss the importunate. Go, and send him off!"

Lord Culduff turned to caress his whiskers as the other left the room; and having gracefully disposed a very youthful curl of his wig upon his forehead, was smiling a pleasant recognition of himself in the glass, when voices in a louder tone than were wont to be heard in such sacred precincts startled him. He listened, and suddenly the door was opened rudely, and Mr. Cutbill entered, Temple Bramleigh falling back as the other came forward, and closing the door behind.

"So, my lord, I was to be told you'd not see me, eh?" said Cutbill, his face slightly flushed by a late altercation.

"I trusted, sir, when my private secretary had told you I was engaged, that I might have counted upon not being broken in upon."

"There you were wrong, then," said

Cutbill, who divested himself of an overcoat, threw it on the back of a chair, and came forward towards the fire. "Quite wrong. A man doesn't come a thousand and odd miles to be 'not-at-homed' at the end of it."

"Which means, sir, that I am positively reduced to the necessity of receiving you, whether I will or not?"

"Something near that, but not exactly. You see, my lord, that when to my application to your lawyer in town I received for answer the invariable rejoinder, 'It is only my lord himself can reply to this; his lordship alone knows what this, that, or t'other refers to,' I knew pretty well the intention was to choke me off. It was saying to me, Is it worth a journey to Rome to ask this question? and my reply to myself was, Yes, Tom Cutbill, go to Rome by all means. And here I am."

"So I perceive, sir," said the other dryly and gravely.

"Now, my lord, there are two ways of transacting business. One may do the thing pleasantly, with a disposition to make matters easy and comfortable; or one may approach every thing with a determination to screw one's last farthing out of it; to squeeze the lemon to the last drop. Which of these is it your pleasure we should choose?"

"I must endeavour to imitate, though I cannot rival your frankness, sir; and therefore I would say, let us have that mode in which we shall see least of each other."

"All right. I am completely in your lordship's hands. You had your choice, and and I don't dispute it. There, then, is my account. It's a trifle under fourteen hundred pounds. Your lordship's generosity will make it the fourteen, I've no doubt. All the secret-service part — that trip to town and the dinner at Greenwich — I've left blank. Fill it up as your conscience suggests. The Irish expenses are also low, as I lived a good deal at Bishop's Folly. I also make no charge for keeping you out of *Punch*. It wasn't easy, all the same, for the fellows had you, wig and all. In fact, my lord, it's a friendly document, though your present disposition doesn't exactly seem to respond to that line of action; but Tom Cutbill is a forgiving soul. Your lordship will look over this document, then; and in a couple of days — no hurry, you know, for I have lots to see here — in a couple of days I'll drop in, and talk the thing over with you; for you see there are two or three points, — about the way you

behaved to your brother-in-law, and such like,—that I'd like to chat a little with you about."

As Lord Culduff listened his face grew redder and redder, and his fingers played with the back of the chair on which he leaned with a quick, convulsive motion; and as the other went on he drew from time to time long, deep inspirations, as if invoking patience to carry him through the infliction. At last he said, in a half-faint voice, "Have you done, sir—is it over?"

"Well, pretty nigh. I'd like to have asked you about my lady. I know she had a temper of her own before you married her, and I'm rather curious to hear how you hit it off together. Does she give in—eh? Has the high and mighty dodge subdued her? I thought it would."

"Do me the great favour, sir, to ring that bell and to leave me. I am not very well," said Culduff, gasping for breath.

"I see that. I see you've got the blood to your head. When a man comes to your time of life, he must mind what he eats, and stick to pint bottles too. That's true as the Bible—pint bottles and plenty of Seltzer when you're amongst the seventies." And with this aphorism he drew on his coat, buttoned it leisurely to the collar, and with a familiar nod left the room.

"Giacomo," said Lord Culduff, "that man is not to be admitted again on any pretext. Tell the porter it is his place will pay for it, if he passes the grille."

Giacomo bowed silent acquiescence, and Lord Culduff lay back on a sofa and said, "Tell Doctor Pritchard to come here, tell my lady, tell Mr. Temple, I feel very ill," and so saying he closed his eyes and seemed overcome.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

AT ALBANO.

"WHO do you think asks himself to dine with us to-day, Julia?" said L'Estrange to his sister on the day of the scene recorded in our last chapter.

"I cannot guess; but I am prepared to say I'll be glad to see any one."

"It is very dull for you, indeed," said he, compassionately.

"No, George, not that. Not half so bad for me as for you; but somehow I felt it would be a relief to have a guest, who would oblige us to drop our grumblings and exert ourselves to talk of something besides our own personal worries. Now, who is it?"

"What would you say to Mr. Cutbill?"

"Do you mean the engineering man we saw at Castello?"

"The same."

"Oh, dear! I retract. I recall my last speech, and avow, in all humility, I was wrong. All I remember of that man—not much certainly—but all I do remember of him was that he was odious."

"He was amusing, in his way."

"Probably—but I detested 'his way.'"

"The Bramleighs said he was good-natured."

"With all my heart. Give him all the excellent qualities you like; but he will still remain insufferably ill-bred and coarse-minded. Why did you ask him, George?"

"I didn't; he asked himself. Here's his note: 'Dear L'Estrange'—familiar enough—'Dear L'Estrange,—I have just arrived here, and want to have some talk with you. I mean, therefore, to ask you to let me take a bit of dinner with you to-day. I shall be out by five or half-past. Don't make a stranger of me, but give me the cold mutton or whatever it is.—Yours, TOM CUTBILL.'"

"What a type of the writer!"

"Well; but what can we get for dinner, Ju?"

"The cold mutton, I think. I'm sure the gentleman's estimate of his value as a guest cannot be too low."

"No, Julia, let us treat him to our best. He means kindly by coming out here to see us."

"I'd have taken the will for the deed with more of gratitude. Oh, George," cried she with fervour, "why will you be always so much obliged to the man who condescends to eat your salt? This Mr. Cutbill will be your patron for the next twenty-four hours."

"Certainly the man who dines with us cannot come for the excellence of our fare."

"That is a very ingenious bit of self-flattery; but don't trust it, George. Men eat bad dinners continually; and there is a sort of condescension in eating them at a friend's house, which is often mistaken for good-nature; and the fun of it is that the men who do these things are very vain of the act."

L'Estrange gave a little shrug of his shoulders. It was his usual reply to those subtleties which his sister was so fond of, and that he was never very sure whether they were meant to puzzle or to persuade him.

"So then he is to be an honoured guest, George, eh?"

He smiled a gentle assent, and she went on: "And we are to treat him to that

wonderful Rhine wine Sir Marcus sent you to cure your ague." And the very thought of drinking anything so costly, actually brought on a shivering attack.

"Have we any of it left?"

"Two bottles, if those uncouth little flattened flasks can be called bottles. And since you are resolved he is to be entertained like a 'Prince Russe,' I'll actually treat him to a dish of macaroni of my own invention. You remember, George, Mrs. Monkton was going to withdraw her subscription from the Church when she ate of it, and remained a firm Protestant."

"Julia, Julia!" said he in a half-reproving tone.

"I am simply citing an historical fact, but you'll provoke me to say much worse if you stand there with that censorial face. As if I didn't know how wrong it was to speak lightly of a lady who subscribes two hundred francs a year."

"There are very few who do so," said he with a sigh.

"My poor brother," said she caressingly, "it is a very hard case to be so poor, and we with such refined tastes and such really nice instincts; we who would like a pretty house, and a pretty garden, and a pretty little equipage, and who would give pretty little dinners, with the very neatest table equipage, and be, all the time, so cultivated and so simple, so elevated in tone and so humble in spirit. There, go away, and look after some fruit — do something, and don't stand there provoking me to talk nonsense. That solemn look made me ten times more silly than I ever intended to be."

"I'm sure," said L'Estrange, thoughtfully, "he has something to tell me of the coal-mine."

"Ah, if I thought that, George? If I thought he brought us tidings of a great 'dividend' — isn't that the name for the thing the people always share amongst themselves, out of somebody else's money? So I have shocked you, at last, into running away; and now for the cares of household."

Now though she liked to quiz her brother about his love of hospitality and the almost reckless way in which he would spend money to entertain a guest, it was one of her especial delights to play hostess, and receive guests with whatever display their narrow fortune permitted. Nor did she spare any pains she could bestow in preparing to welcome Mr. Cutbill, and her day was busily passed between the kitchen, the garden, and the drawing-room, ordering, aiding, and devising with a zeal and activity

that one might have supposed could only have been evoked in the service of a much honoured guest.

"Look at my table, George," said she, "before you go to dress for dinner, and say if you ever saw anything more tasteful. There's a bouquet for you; and see how gracefully I have twined the grape-leaves round these flasks. You'll fancy yourself Horace entertaining Mæcenas. Mr. Cutbill is certainly not very like him, — but no matter. Nor is our little Monte Oliveto, exactly Falernian."

"It is quite beautiful, Ju, all of it," said he, drawing her towards him and kissing her; but there was a touch of sadness in his voice, as in his look, to which she replied with a merry laugh, and said, —

"Say it out boldly, George, do; say frankly what a sin and a shame it is, that such a dear good girl should have to strain her wits in this hand-to-hand fight with Poverty, and not be embellishing some splendid station with her charming talents, and such like."

"I was thinking something not very far from it," said he smiling.

"Of course you were; but you never thought, perhaps, how soon ennui and lassitude might have taken the place of all my present energy. I want to please you now, George, since without me you would be desolate; but if we were rich, you'd not depend on me, and I'd have been very dispirited and very sad. There now, that's quite enough of sentimentalizing for once. I'm off to dress. Do you know," said she, as she mounted the stairs, "I have serious thoughts of captivating Mr. Cutbill?"

"Oh, Julia, I entreat" — but she was gone ere he could finish, and her merry laughter was heard till her door closed.

Poor girl, her light-heartedness died out as she felt herself alone, and turning towards a little photograph of a man in a naval uniform, that hung over the chimney, her eyes grew dim with tears as she gazed on it.

"Ay," said she, bitterly, "and this same humour it was that lost me the truest heart that ever beat! What would I not give now to know that he still remembered me — remembered me with kindness!"

She sat down, with her face buried in her hands, nor stirred till the sound of voices beneath apprised her that their guest had arrived.

While she was yet standing before her glass, and trying to efface the traces of sorrow on her features, George tapped softly at her door. "May I come in?" cried he.

"Oh, Julia," said he, as he drew nigh, "it is worse than I had even suspected. Cutbill tells me that" —

He could not go on, but, bending his head on her shoulder, sobbed hysterically.

"George, George, do not give way thus," said she, calmly. "What is it has happened? What has he told you?"

"The mine — the Lisconnor scheme — is bankrupt."

"Is that all?"

"All! Why it is ruin — utter ruin! Every shilling that you had in the world is gone, and I have done it all." And once more his feelings overcame him, and he sobbed convulsively.

"But, my dear, dear brother," said she fondly, "if it's lost it's lost, and there's no help for it; and let us never fret over what binds us only the closer together. You can't get rid of me now, for I declare, George, no earthly consideration will make me accept Mr. Cutbill."

"Oh, how can you jest this way, Julia, at such a moment?"

"I assure you I am most serious. I know that man intends to propose to me, and you are just in the humour to mix up our present misfortunes and his pretensions, and actually espouse his cause; but it's no use, George, no use whatever. I'll not consent. Go downstairs now. Stay, let me wipe those red eyes. Don't let that man see any trace of this sorrow about you; bear up quietly and well. You shall see that I do not give counsel without being able to show example. Go down now, and I'll follow you."

As he left the room she sat down, and accidentally so as to see her face in the glass. The forced smile which she had put on was only slowly vanishing from her features, and she was shocked at the pallor that now succeeded.

"I am looking very ill," muttered she. "There's no denying it. That man will certainly see how this news has struck me down, and I would not that he should witness my want of courage. I wish I had — no, I don't. I'd not put on rouge if I had it; but I wish we were alone to-day, and could talk over our fortune together. Perhaps it's as well as it is." And now she arose and descended the stairs hastily, as though not to give herself time for further thought.

Cutbill was in the act of cautioning L'Estrange against speaking of the Lisconnor misfortune to his sister when she entered the room. "Do you forget me, Miss L'Estrange," said he, coming forward, "or am I to remind you that we met in Ireland?"

"Forget you, Mr. Cutbill," replied she, laughingly; "how can I forget the charming tenor who sang second to me, or the gallant cavalier who rode out with me?"

"Ay, but I got a roll in a duck-pond that day," said he, grimly. "You persuaded me to let the beast drink, and he lay down in the water and nearly squashed me."

"Oh, you almost killed me with laughter. I had to hold on by the crutch of my saddle to save myself from falling into the pond."

"And I hear you made a sketch of me."

"Have you not seen it? I declare I thought I had shown it to you; but I will after dinner, if I can find it."

The dinner was announced at this moment, and they proceeded to the dining-room.

"Taste is everything," said Cutbill, as he unfolded his napkin, and surveyed the table, decked out with fruit and flowers with a degree of artistic elegance that appealed even to him. "Taste is everything. I declare to you that Howell and James would pay fifty pounds down just for that urn as it stands there. How you twined those lilies around it in that way is quite beyond me."

As the dinner went on he was in ecstasy with everything.

"Don't part with your cook, even after they make a bishop of you," said he. "I don't know the French name of that dish, but I believe it's a stewed hare. Might I send my plate twice?"

"Mr. Cutbill saw the Bramleighs at Como, Julia," said L'Estrange, to take him, if possible, off the subject of the entertainment.

"I did, indeed. I met them at that very hotel that was once Queen Caroline's house. There they were diverting themselves, — boating and going about just as if the world had gone all right with them; and Bramleigh told me one morning, that he had cashed the last cheque for fifty pounds."

"And is he really determined to touch nothing of his property till the law assures him that his right is undeniable?"

"Worse than that, far worse; he has quarrelled with old Sedley, his father's law-agent for forty years, and threatened him with an action for having entered into a compromise without instructions or permission; and he is wrong, clearly wrong, for I saw the correspondence, and if it goes before a jury, they'll say at once that there was consent."

"Had he then forgotten it?" asked Julia.

"No, he neither forgets nor remembers; but he has a sort of flighty way of getting

himself into a white heat of enthusiasm ; and though he cools down occasionally into a little common sense, it doesn't last ; he rushes back into his heroics, and raves about saving him from himself, rescuing him from the ignoble temptation of self-interest, and such like balderdash."

"There must be a great deal of true nobility in such a nature," said Julia.

"I'll tell you what there is ; and it runs through them all except the eldest daughter, and that puppy the diplomatist, — there's madness !"

"Madness ?"

"Well, I call it madness. Suppose now I was to decline taking another glass of that wine — Steinheimer I think it's called — till I saw your brother's receipt for the payment of it, wouldn't you say I was either mad or something very near it ?"

"I don't see the parity between the two cases," said Julia.

"Ah, you're too sharp for me, Miss Julia, too sharp ; but I'm right all the same. Isn't Jack Bramleigh mad ? Is it anything but madness for a man to throw up his commission and go and serve as a sailor, — before the mast or behind it, I don't care which ; but isn't that madness ?"

Julia felt a sense of sickness almost to fainting, but she never spoke nor stirred, while George, quickly noticing her state, turned towards Cutbill and said, —

"What news have you of him ? he was a great favourite of mine."

"Of yours and of everybody's," said Cutbill. And now the colour rushed back to Julia's cheek, and had Cutbill but looked towards her, it is very probable he would greatly have misconstrued the smile she gave him. "I wish I had news of him ; but for these last few months I have none. When he got out to China he found that great house, Alcock and Baines, smashed — all the tea-merchants were smashed — and they tell me that he shipped with a Yankee for Constantinople."

"You heard from him, then ?"

"No ; he never writes to any one. He may send you a newspaper, or a piece of one, to show where he is ; but he says he never was able to say what was in his head, and he always found he was writing things out of the 'Complete Correspondent.'"

"Poor Jack !"

"Shall I go and look after your coffee, George ? You say you like me to make it myself," said Julia ; and she arose and left the room almost before he could reply.

"You'll never marry while she's your

housekeeper, I see that," said Cutbill, as the door closed after her.

"She is my greatest comfort in life," said the other warmly.

"I see it all ; and the whole time of dinner I was thinking what a pity it was — No matter, I'll not say what I was going to say. I'm glad you haven't told her of the smash till I see what I can do with the old viscount."

"But I have told her ; she knows it all."

"And do you tell me she had that heavy load on her heart all the time she was talking and laughing there ?"

L'Estrange nodded.

"It's only women bear up that way. Take my word for it, if it had been one of us, he'd not have come down to dinner, he'd not have had pluck to show himself. There's where they beat us, sir, — that's real courage."

"You are not taking your wine," said L'Estrange, seeing him pass the bottle.

"No ; I want my head clear this evening, I want to be cool and collected. I'll not drink any more. Tell me about yourself a little ; how do you get on here ? do you like the place ? do you like the people ?"

"The place is charming ; we like it better every day we live in it."

"And the people — the English I mean ; what of them ?"

"They mean kindly enough, indeed they are often very kind ; but they do not live in much harmony, and they only agree in one thing" —

"I know what that is. They all join to worry the parson — of course they do. Did you ever live in a lodging-house, L'Estrange ? If you did, you must have seen how the whole population coalesced to torment the maid-of-all-work. She belonged to them all, collectively and individually. And so it is with you. You are the maid-of-all-work. You have to make Brown's bed, and black Robinson's boots — spiritually I mean — and none recognizes the claim of his neighbour, each believes you belong to himself. That's the voluntary system, as they call it ; and a quicker way to drive a man mad was never invented."

"Perhaps you take an extreme view of it," — began L'Estrange.

"No, I don't," interrupted the other. "I've only to look at your face, and instead of the fresh cheeks and the clear bright eyes I remember when I saw you first, I see you now anxious and pale and nervous. Where's the pluck that enabled you to ride at a five-foot wall ? Do you think you could do it now ?"

"Very likely not. Very likely it is all the better I should not."

"You'll not get me to believe that. No man's nature was ever bettered for being bullied."

L'Estrange laughed heartily, not in the least degree angered by the other's somewhat coarse candour.

"It's a queer world altogether; but maybe if each of us was doing the exact thing he was fit for, life wouldn't be half as good a thing as it is. The whole thing would be like a piece of machinery, and instead of the hitches and makeshifts that we see now, and that bring out men's qualities and test their natures, we'd have nothing but a big workshop, where each did his own share of the work, and neither asked aid nor gave it. Do you permit a cigar?"

"Of course; but I've nothing worth offering you."

"I have though," said he, producing his case and drawing forth a cheroot, and examining it with that keen scrutiny and that

seeming foretaste of enjoyment peculiar to smokers. "Try that, and tell me when you tasted the equal of it." Ah, L'Estrange, we must see and get you out of this. It's not a place for you. A nice little vicarage in Hants or Herts, a sunny glebe, with a comfortable house and a wife; later on, a wife of course, for your sister won't stay with you always."

"You've drawn a pleasant picture — only to rub it out again."

"Miss Julia has got a bad headache, sir," said the maid, entering at this moment, "and begs you to excuse her. Will you please to have coffee here or in the drawing-room?"

"Ay, here," said Cutbill, answering the look with which the other seemed to interrogate him. "She couldn't stand it any longer, and no wonder; but I'll not keep you away from her now. Go up and say, I'll see Lord Culduff in the morning, and if I have any news worth reporting, I'll come out here in the afternoon."

AGAIN!

I.

Oh sweet and fair! oh rich and rare!
That day so long ago,
The autumn sunshine everywhere,
The heather all aglow,
The ferns were clad in cloth of gold,
The waves sang on the shore;
Such suns will shine, such waves will sing,
For ever, evermore.

II.

Oh fit and few! oh tried and true!
The friends who met that day,
Each one the other's spirit knew;
And so in earnest play
The hours flew past, until at last
The twilight kissed the shore;
We said, "Such days shall come again
For ever, evermore."

III.

One day again, no cloud of pain
A shadow o'er us cast,
And yet we strove in vain, in vain,
To conjure up the past;
Like, but unlike, the sun that shone,
The waves that beat the shore,
The words we said, the songs we sung,
Like — unlike — evermore.

IV.

For ghosts unseen crept in between,
And, when our songs flowed free,
Sang discords in an undertone
And marred the harmony.
"The past is ours, not yours," they said,
"The waves that beat the shore,
Though like the same, are not the same,
Oh! never, never more!"

— *Fraser's Magazine.*

CHAPTER IX.

ALICE UNDERTAKES NEW DUTIES.

THEN, clad in snow, the New Year came to Upper Mallowe.

But, however severe the weather, I always fancy when New Year comes, winter goes. I said so to Ruth as we started for a walk one clear, cold morning towards the end of January.

"Though the fields be white with frost," I remarked, "there is a spring light hanging over them. I used to notice the same thing in the city."

"You had not much light of any sort there," said she.

"Oh! yes, I had," I answered, "whenver the sun shone, one narrow ray slanted across my desk. That had to serve me in place of hills, and meadows, and hedges; and it did its duty very well, for it kept them in my mind."

"Ah, what we miss and long for is not lost in the blankest sense of lost," said Ruth.

"No," I answered; "and I will say I have never seen more lovely country than what I saw in visions in that dusty counting-house. And there is a specially solemn grandeur in sunset over the city, if one manage to get a sky-view wider than a few inches."

"Ah, that's all good for the soul," answered my sister; "but nevertheless the body wants the genuine breezes."

"I don't think the poet had true poetry in him when he said

'God made the country, but man made the town,'"

I observed.

"One might as well say, 'Woman cuts the wood, but the fire boils the kettle,'" she answered.

"I will always stand up for London," I said, gallantly.

"That's honest," remarked Ruth; "you owe your fortune to it."

"It is the epitome of the whole world," I went on enthusiastically. "Some people will not own the analogies to be found in it, because they fear ridicule. For instance, folks laugh if one says that the bridge between the great warehouses in Carter Lane is a good suggestion of Venice."

"Well, you ought to conclude they are laughing at their own folly in not seeing it before," said Ruth.

Our destination was the Refuge. It was quite wonderful what a cheery place it looked. The inhabitants of the High Street should have been vastly obliged to Alice for the change wrought by her industry and taste. All the tiny diamond window panes sparkled in the pale morning sun, and the ledges beneath, painfully white, were adorned with flourishing firs and laurels in bright red pots. We found Mr. McCallum busy with these plants, and accordingly we lingered to admire their prosperous beauty.

"They're a' gifts," said he, "a' save ane, whilk root I picket up i' the road; the ither are puir things frae the cottages near hand, whaur they were deen' for no being understood. 'Gie them to me,' said I, 'gie them to me, and i' the richt season I'll gie ye back a bonnie slip, and the plant itsel', gif it live, I'll sell for the benefit of the Refuge.' An' there wasna ane that said me nay. Sae in the summer, sir, they'll fetch us a bit siller, and their owners shall hae the slip, and naeboddy will be a penny the waur, and the Refuge will be sae muckle the richer."

"Do the village people like the Refuge?" I inquired, for Mr. McCallum had been its agent and collector among many of them.

"The maist o' them do," he answered; "if they haena kenned the grip of want themselves they ken somebody that has. But there were ane or twa said it was taxin' the industrious to feed the idle. And sae we talkit it over."

"There's a bit of reason in that doubt," said Ruth, thoughtfully, "and I never could be satisfied with the argument that, anyhow, almsgiving is a blessing to the giver. If we give alms for our own pleasure rather than to do good, it seems to me just a selfish indulgence."

"Na, na, I didna preachify; I sat me down and talkit it over. An' first I asked, 'Did ye never want help yoursel?'" And they fired up, and said they'd never been evened wi' charity; if they wanted a little money, their master wad gie it in advance, or they had a brither in business i' the next toon, and sae forth. 'Saftly, saftly,' I said; 'suppose ye hadna a master, but just trampit the country, doing the hardest bit o' wark, which aye bring the least siller, wadna ye be glad o' a kindly hand that stood ye in stead of the master and the freends ye hadna got? Na, na,' said I, 'dinna set yerselves aboon a' the honest strivin' folk wha stand sae close to poortith's brink that the least joggle sets them over. When ye ask the master for an advance, ye wadna like if he said, 'I dinna need to

gang a borrowing; why suld you?" Ye'd make answer, "Master, ye're rich, ye dinna need ae pund, ye can get a hunder frae the bank." And sae I say, 'Freends, ye're well to do; ye dinna ken the want o' a saxe-pence, because ye ken whaur to find a pund'."

"And what did they say next?" I queried.

"Some paid down their shilling on that; but ane or twa — and ane I mind weel, for it was Miss Sanders, the dressmaker — stood out a bit langer. Said she, 'I'd gie anything to help a lass that would work, and couldna; ay, Mr. McCallum, and I'd gie what I could to ony puir hizzie who wanted to leave her sin and live honestly, for God only kens what drives 'em to it, — the mair credit to such as win safely through a'; but,' said she, 'I wouldna gie a brass farthing to those idle sluts who might work, but will not. Don't tell me that anyhow they're miserable. Misery that could have been saved is nae recommendation — misery is nae honest trade. It seems to me the world's owrerun wi' miserable people, and we that work are just the slaves to feed and keep them.' And there was a power of truth in the words as Miss Sanders spoke them, for, as a' the village knows it, I may tell you she has ae sister who has just been a quiet curse to the hail family: a woman wi' no sense of 'sponsibility, wha seems to think her sister has a right to work for her, and she to gie na 'tendance nor comfort in return. Miss Sanders canna keep baith her and a servant, and the idle hizzie taks the servant's keep wi'out the wark, and a' the while gangs aboot the village sae disreputable and shiftless, that there's some fules found to pity her."

"Whoever pities her should keep her," said Ruth.

"My heart was sair to see Miss Sanders's face," continued the old man; "it had sic a pitifu' overwarked luik; but I said, 'Aweel, mem, gif we're to stop every wark frae which idle loons pick guid they dinna deserve, we'd gie up everything. Na, na, we maun just do richt — better bear a cross than be a cross. But dinna ye say the idle have the best o' this world, leave alone that which is to come. What do they get? Naething you'd want. They may share the siller o' honest folk, but they havena the respeck. Wha seeks their word? wha cares for their praise? Will they hae nothing to answer for before His throne, who was constant at his Father's business? Ah, Miss Sanders,' I said, 'I dinna think

there's a-many such amang our puir refugees. We've mair of their victims — folk who've been so disheartened strugglin wi' sic-like that they've thrown aside everything to get awa'!' And then the tears streamed down her face, and she said, 'I'm thinking a' the evil i' the world dates frae the idle people;' but she put half-a-crown into my hand."

"Are the two sisters alone?" I asked.

"They are the noo," he answered. "They're folk frae London. They're distant kith o' that unhappy callant George Roper. I think I've heard that he was brocht up in their father's house. The puir leddy still believes her cousin met his death at Ewen's han', but she aye says she doesna judge folk by their kin; and weel I ken the schule whaur she learned that lesson."

"Miss Sanders shall have my dressmaking," remarked Ruth, in an undertone.

"And so George Wilmot is still with you, Mr. McCallum," I said, as we adjourned from the garden to the house, where Alice eagerly welcomed my sister.

"Ay, sir, and like to stay," returned the old man. "He's a decent laddie, too; and frae sweepin' up the snaw, and sich like, he gaes regular to wark at ane o' the farms. But he canna pay baith his boord and lodging too, and sae he still has the empty room, waiting your pleasure, sir."

"He is quite welcome to it," I answered. "Indeed, when the Refuge funds increase, it will be no bad plan to build two or three small chambers over the great supper-room, so as to enable us to offer such orphans a safe home until they become entirely independent. It strikes me that too little has been done in that way. What is to become of children like him, who are willing to earn what they can, but cannot possibly earn enough? Why should they find no guardian but the gaoler?"

"Well, it's wrong," said Ruth; "nobody denies that. But setting the wrong right is your business as much as anybody's."

"It would make extra work for Alice," I remarked, glancing at my late servant.

"It would be all in the day's labour," answered the girl, smiling; "and perhaps there would be a female orphan who could help me."

"Alice likes it," put in her grandfather: "she's been twice as bricht since Geordie came."

"I like to have somebody to look after, you see, ma'am," said Alice to my sister; "and I like to have him coming in and out to his meals as Ewen used to do."

"An' we set him crackin' aboot London,"

remarked Mr. McCallum; "but it's little eno' he can tell, puir laddie; but here he comes to speak for himsel'."

When George Wilmot saw my sister and me, he took off his cap and gave his head a peculiar wag, intended as a bow. His appearance was considerably improved, for though he wore the same clothes in which he arrived at the Refuge, they were now well mended and clean, and his face, though coarse in feature, was not ill-favoured, and his big, simple blue eyes appealed to one like a baby's.

"Well, George," I said, "how are you? I am glad to hear you are doing so well."

Whereupon he hung his head, and appeared thoroughly ashamed of himself.

"Do you like the country?" I asked — "do you like it better than London?"

He made a reflective pause, and then looked up, and said piteously, "I dunno yet."

"Where did you live in London?" asked Ruth.

"Down by Ratcliff Highway," he replied, "sometimes in one court and sometimes in another."

"And can't you be sure whether you like this pretty village better than, Ratcliff Highway?" I queried.

"I was used to it," he said simply.

"And he had his mother there, sir," said Alice softly, laying her hand on the boy's shoulder, while he moved a little closer to her.

"And you never went to school?" I inquired.

"No, sir, mother teached me to read of nights."

"Did you go to church?" I asked.

"Sometimes in the evenings," he answered.

"Did you ever see St. Paul's?"

"D'ye mean the big church in the square?" he queried.

"Yes — the cathedral."

"I only seed it once to notice — that was in the half-dark, when the stars were out. I'd been kept late at a ware'us in Shoe Lane, and mother comed and waited for me in the square, and then she telled me to look at the church, 'cause it wor St. some-thin or 'nother, where the fine people went o' Sundays."

"Well, at any rate, you know the Thames?" I observed.

"I guess I do," he answered grinning; "that's fine bathing!"

"I suppose you had plenty of friends to keep you company in such amusements," said Ruth.

"There were lots o' boys, but I didn't know 'em 'cept jest to speak to on the minute," he replied. "Only little Jem Norris — poor little chap."

"What happened to him?" I asked.

"He went a-bathing and got too far out, and a barge knocked him on the head," he answered.

"Dear, dear!" said Alice, "weren't you afraid of the same thing?"

"I took my chance — it's like everything else," he replied, philosophically.

"Ay, ay," said Mr. McCallum; "it's little we'd do, if we did nought by which anither had met his death. To dee is na evil at 'a — but to live fearing death is a sair thing."

George Wilmot raised his blue eyes to the old man's face. I wondered how much he really understood of the patriarch's saintly cheerfulness, or if it only made a pleasant echo in his soul, like a sweet song in an unknown tongue.

"Alice," said Ruth, presently, "will you put on your bonnet, and come with us, to show me Miss Sanders's house?"

For my sister no sooner sees a way to do good than she does it. She is quick in everything, just as I am slow. But it is never too late to learn. So I took the hint of her example, and made a note in my pocket-book respecting the new orphan-rooms for the Refuge.

George Wilmot ran before us and opened the gate, blushing at his own politeness. As we passed out, I took the opportunity of slipping into his hand a little silver something, which left him a very happy boy indeed. He has no grandfather to give him a tip, and I have no grandson to receive one, so we exactly suit each other.

"Poor lad, his mind sadly wants opening," I remarked, as we walked away with Alice in attendance.

"I don't know, sir," said Alice, in her thoughtful, unobtrusive way. "He's ignorant of some things, but he knows others better than many wiser people."

"I daresay he could pick up a living where you'd starve, Edward," suggested Ruth; "and because that is not an accomplishment taught in schools, who shall say it is inferior thereto?"

"And he knows how to be patient in cold and hunger," added Alice; "he has gone through dreadful times, and don't think anything of them!"

"I fear he has just endured like a poor animal, without any sense of submission to God's will," I remarked.

"Better endure like an innocent dog

than rebel like a wicked man," said Ruth. "If we know right without doing it, we're so much the worse,—if we do right without knowing it, perhaps we're so much the better!"

"I am glad you like the boy, Alice," I said, "for it is not everybody who could see any thing loveable in him."

"At first I only pitied him for being so left to himself, sir," she rejoined; "and I pitied him the more because he did not know he was pitiful."

"Did he soon make himself at home?" I inquired.

She shook her head. "At first he was very shy," she said; "just like a wild thing who fancies you mean mischief when you offer to feed it; but after a day or two he grew ill, and no wonder, for how he lived on his way from London I can't tell!"

"The God who watches the sparrows can," said Ruth.

"And during that illness, he took to me," Alice went on; "at least, then I took to him, for I was touched by his patience, which made it quite hard to find out what ailed him. I was afraid he was to have a bad fever, but it turned out only cold and weakness, and he was about again when Ewen came home on Christmas-day. And from the very first minute, he wasn't a bit shy with Ewen; wasn't that strange?"

"I daresay you've liked him all the better for that," observed Ruth.

"Your brother must carry a charm against shyness," I remarked, "for you remember I took great liberties with him in our first interview."

Alice laughed gaily. "I asked George about it afterwards," she said, "and he told me it was because Ewen did not 'scorn' him. Now I am sure neither grandfather nor I ever did so," she added.

"Nor do we," said Ruth; "but I know some people have a happy gift of setting every one, whether superior or inferior, on a comfortable human equality, and that without any forfeiture of respect or self-respect."

"I believe it is the temperament of genius," I remarked.

"I think Ewen is a genius, sir," said Alice, proudly, "but he would only be angry if he heard me say so."

"In what way has he shown it?" I inquired. "I remember he told me he had a taste for drawing."

"He has sketched half the country side," she answered, in the trembling voice of suppressed eagerness; "I've got the pictures at home—they're not well finished, but

somehow they make me see more in the fields and sky than I ever saw before, sir."

"The true end of art," said Ruth.

"And he brought a little beauty from London," Alice went on; "he'd drawn it in coloured chalks,—an old broken boat lying on a wharf in the moonlight. And Georgie was so struck with it—for it was like a bit of home to him—that Ewen let him put it up in his bedroom."

"Dear me," I said; "I should not have thought George had eyes for a picture."

Alice laughed again, and Ruth said, "I daresay George is like many other people—never so stupid as when he tries to put on his best manners."

"Some day, Alice, when you have time, you must bring Ewen's pictures to show us," I observed.

"Thank you, sir," she answered.

In a minute or two she pointed out Miss Sanders's house. It was a small lodge-like place, with a tiny window at either side of the door, which bore a plate announcing the owner's occupation. Then Ruth thanked her, and dismissed her to her duties at the Refuge.

We did not call upon Miss Sanders then, not intending so to do until Ruth took her some work wherewith to make a pleasant introduction. We went home to our early dinner, which we beguiled by chatting over all we had heard and seen during the morning.

"Ruth," I said, "the new orphan rooms shall be added to the Refuge as soon as the weather is mild enough for such operations. When I ask the builder for an estimate of the repairs needed at St. Cross, I will also mention this matter to him."

"That is right," she answered. Presently she added, in a clear, brave voice, "Edward, we are old people. Death *may* come suddenly to the young, but it *must* come soon to us. Let us not delay to make some future provision for the good works we are trying to do, and let us seriously reflect what will be the wisest conditions whereby to retain such provision for the objects we intend."

There was a solemn silence. Then I said, "I shall certainly provide that these orphan-rooms be maintained expressly for orphans who are too old to enter any school, yet not old enough to stand quite alone in the world. There is not a more forlorn class as I said this morning."

"And you need not say it again," she interrupted, "but just write it down on paper, and get a lawyer to witness it."

CHAPTER X.

A MODERN MARTYR.

WITHIN a fortnight after our visit to the Refuge, Ruth found some dressmaking to take to Miss Sanders. I wished her to go on this feminine expedition alone, but she persisted in requiring my company. We meant to go in the morning, but something prevented our departure till the afternoon.

We soon found the place which Alice had pointed out to us, and we went up to the door and knocked. Ruth always gives a good hearty knock, and in this case it seemed to shake the whole building. It was a poor shallow little sham of a house, — alas, if it were a type of the home!

Our rap was not quickly answered. I fancied I heard sounds of shouting and scuffling within. But presently the door was opened by a neat, pretty-looking faded woman, with a painfully flushed face, who indicated the way to the parlour, rather than invited us to enter. No sooner were we seated, than we heard sounds of unchecked sobs and groans proceeding from the inner apartment. Our hostess suddenly turned from us and leaned on the mantelpiece, but as suddenly recovered herself, and with a dim smile inquired our business.

"But, surely, some one is ill," I remarked; "do not let us keep you from them; we can wait."

"Nobody is ill, sir," she answered, with a firmness almost severe. "There is no need that I should detain you."

I noticed that during these remarks the sounds ceased, though they were redoubled while Ruth unfolded her materials, and issued instructions. Miss Sanders went through her part bravely, only in her face there was a little deepening of pain-lines already deep enough.

"Is that unfortunate person a lunatic?" Ruth inquired at last, in that kind of whisper which is awfully audible.

Miss Sanders threw up her hands with a disclaiming gesture, and then spread out her fashion-book.

"Yes, I'm mad — I'm driven mad!" screamed a voice from the other rooms "but there's One above knows — He knows all the sufferings of those who never complain!"

"What is it, my dear lady?" I inquired of the trembling woman before us. "You must have heard of us in the village. Will you put no trust in us?"

Her lips quivered a little, and she wrung her thin fingers. "You know I have not said a word, sir," she exclaimed. "I wished to keep it all to ourselves. God save me from my sister!" and she burst into tears.

The door between the rooms opened, and a woman entered. I recognised her as a worshipper at St. Cross's, and I concluded we saw Anne Sanders. She was a dark, sallow woman, with a bony face — one of those countenances which seem to betray a heart too hard to be easily worn out. Though it was nearly five o'clock, she wore a dirty ragged morning gown. She rushed to her sister, and seized her arm. "What have I done? what have I done?" she shrieked frantically. "Ah, Bessie, it drives me mad to find you thus set against me. It so cuts into my heart that I am sure my last dying word will be your name!"

"The dying often remember those whom they have cruelly injured," said Ruth, quietly.

Anne Sanders dropped in a heap upon the floor, emitting incoherent ejaculations. Bessie stood aside, silent and agitated. She suffered under the degradation in which the other evidently gloried. Presently, finding herself unnoticed, Anne again sprang up and attacked her sister. "What have I done? what have I done? — tell me — tell them!" she screamed.

"If God and your own conscience do not answer, how can I?" said Bessie. "And if you don't respect yourself, or me, at least respect the presence of strangers."

"No, no," she cried. "I will not be silent — I want justice — I appeal for justice to God — the Father of the helpless orphan!"

"Orphanhood is not very touching at forty," said Ruth, dryly. "By your own account, Miss Anne Sanders, you are an ill-used woman. Then why don't you leave your sister? — the world is all before you."

"Oh, I wish she would," moaned Bessie.

"Where am I to go? What am I to do?" said Anne. "Nobody wants me. I'm not fit for any thing."

"Then, as you are useless, why should your sister be taxed with you, since there is no love between you?" questioned Ruth.

"Why should there be no love between us?" groaned Anne. "Whatever I've done — I don't know what it is — but whatever I've done, oughtn't she to forgive?"

"Oh, Anne, Anne," sighed Bessie; "haven't I forgiven? But you won't

change, and you won't go away, and you stay in the house, and make me wicked — and it is so hard to forgive that!"

"You've got nothing to forgive," screamed Anne, changing her tactics. "I work as hard as you, for all I don't earn any thing." Don't I drudge about at the hard, nasty housework while you sit in the parlour and make your dresses and get money?"

"Depend upon it Miss Bessie will be very glad if you will do the same," remarked Ruth.

"But every one can't do the same thing," insisted Anne; "there's different work for different people, and there's some doomed to be drudges all their days. Oh — oh — oh!"

"No work is drudgery except to an unwilling worker," said Ruth, promptly; "and, therefore, I would not keep a drudge about me for any consideration; and it is very hard that your sister should be compelled so to do."

"What began the — ahem — the difference — this afternoon?" I asked.

"I was angry — very angry — with Anne, because, although it was late, she was too dirty to answer the door if any one came," explained Bessie.

"And she called me an idle slut," sobbed Anne.

"So I did," said Bessie, wearily. "God forgive me! but at times I am so tried, I scarcely know what I say, and that's why I wish she would go away."

"No epithet stings like a true one!" observed Ruth.

"She can say nothing against me except these little trifles," said Anne, passionately. "Yesterday there was a fuss because her candles weren't ready to a minute."

"She knew I was so busy," sighed Bessie; "and I didn't ask for them till I couldn't see to thread my needles. And it's always the same."

"She might have put them up herself," shouted Anne. "It would have wasted no more time than scolding me."

"But you remember — there is different work for different people," repeated Ruth; "and the world would run into fine confusion if each left his own line of duty to take up another's."

"Every one takes part against me," said Anne, again dropping on the floor. "I've never had a friend all my life."

"Not a nice confession," remarked Ruth.

"But I hope I shall soon be taken away," she moaned, "and then I shan't be a nuisance to any one, or a burden to myself. I can

find comfort in that. There's hope for me in my religion. I've kept hold of my religion through all. I've never given up my church, though no one will go with me, and I've found peace there, and so —"

"Silence, Anne," said Bessie, springing up and speaking with terrible fervour. "Your profession of religion has made religion a scoff and a byword to those who knew your useless, selfish life. Who said that if pious people were like you, he would rather try the bad ones? Who was first weaned from going to church, because he was shamed and angered by your slovenly clothes, and repellant manners? Is that the religion which enjoins whatever is lovely and of good report? The blood of George Roper, body and soul, rests upon your head!"

There was an awful solemnity in her sister's sudden outburst, which cowed the miserable woman sitting on the floor. But presently she spoke again, in a whining tone:

"I'm blamed for being idle and useless, I'm treated like a blank, and yet I'm accused of having power to do evil. How can I do harm if I'm a blank?"

"Now that puts me out of all patience!" said Ruth, quite warmly; "how can one argue with a person who asks such a question! Does not one dumb note spoil a tune, and one dead flower poison a nosegay? Is not every child taught that idle hands are Satan's instruments to work out his wicked will?"

"Every one is against me," wailed Anne Sanders again, finding no answer to parry these home thrusts. "Nobody takes my part. I am forlorn and forsaken here; but at least, I can remember WHO said, 'Blessed are they which are persecuted; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.'"

"Don't pervert Scripture," said my sister — "'Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake,' — not blessed are they who are called to account and chidden for their own wrong-doing."

And then Anne Sanders sprang up, saying incoherently that she should go to her own room, and pour out her heart where she had never failed to find comfort. And so she rushed away, leaving Ruth and me, and Bessie Sanders, blankly gazing at each other.

"I am so sorry," said the latter, gently. "You should never have known this, if I could have helped it. It has happened that you should learn more in an hour than other neighbours among whom we have lived for years."

"Depend upon it, all has happened for the best," remarked Ruth.

"I am so afraid that I am in the wrong," continued Miss Sanders, as if she feared she might gain more sympathy than she deserved. "I had such a dear good sister once, that perhaps I expect too much from Anne. And I am very sharp-tempered."

"So are all overworked people," rejoined Ruth; "of course they shouldn't be, but they can't help it, that's all."

But the worst is that I can't love Anne," said Miss Bessie, sadly; "and when I remember that we should love our enemies, and forgive them as we look to be forgiven, then a great cloud of despair comes over me."

"Nonsense," exclaimed Ruth; "what do you call forgiveness? Fine talk and selfish actions? If it be not forgiveness to give another house-room and maintenance, while he neglects and torments you, what is forgiveness, I wonder!"

Miss Bessie smiled dimly, as though she gathered a little comfort from this healthy and unsentimental view of the matter. From her earliest childhood, Anne always thought herself an injured being," she said.

"Then her best blessing would have been real misery returned Ruth "it would have taught her to know the genuine article."

"Oh, ma'am, she may be more really unhappy than you think," said Bessie, earnestly. "You cannot judge from this afternoon. I fear I am too fidgety."

"I saw her dirty, ragged gown," remarked Ruth, grimly "a disgrace to a common lodging-house servant. Besides, she is confident she is a martyr, and you abase yourself as a sinner. That throws a great light on the matter!"

"So you had another sister once, Miss Sanders?" I questioned, anxious to soften that poor pained face with sweeter recollections.

"Yes, a dear little sister, years younger than Anne," said Miss Bessie, going to the mantelpiece and taking therefrom a little miniature in an ebony case. "That is all I have of Katie. The picture is pretty, but not half like her, she was so sweet! And she was something like her poor cousin George — the portrait reminds me of both. If things had gone right, I think those two would have married. How different it would have been!"

"But George went wrong?" I queried.

"Yes, George went wrong," answered Miss Bessie; "and that is the misery of it! When he was a lad of seventeen or eight-

een, we all lived together in London, and mother and I carried on the business, and the housekeeping was left to Anne. George found everything unpleasant and unpunctual, and when he grew cross, Anne talked piously to him" (Ruth groaned) "and of course that made matters much worse. Then he did not like going to church with her, because she never would get her winter clothes ready till after Christmas, nor her summer ones till the dog-days, and when his fellow-clerks met him with her it vexed him, and she was stiff and snappy to them besides. So he dropped going to church, and went about instead, and made friends that didn't go either, and bad habits grew where the good ones had fallen off, and mother, who was a rigid woman in her way — rigid people never punish the right ones — forbade him our house, and then he went to the bad altogether. And Katie was never herself after, and she died when she was one-and-twenty."

"But have I not heard that Mr. Roper was one of your household at the time he met his death?" I asked.

"Yes," she answered. "When mother died, some time after Katie, George heard of her death, and came to the funeral. He seemed very miserable; so, when I sold our London business and bought a smaller one here, I got him to come with us, just for Katie's sake. I had more time then than before, and I managed to keep Anne out of his way. He got a situation in Mal-lowe, but he never settled in this house, only came here now and then, though I think he called it his home. He kept his lively, kindly manners to the last, and that was all, for he made many parents rue the day when we came to the village. He was coming to see me that summer afternoon when — you know, sir?"

"When his mysterious death brought a blight on young Ewen McCallum," I said.

Miss Sanders would make no further remark upon that subject. So I took up the little ebony-framed portrait, and tried to fancy what this cousin George had been. The pictured face was soft and girlish — a boy resembling it must have had a touching look of frank innocence. And yet it had ended in a debasing life, spreading pollution round it, and closed by a shameful death, only to be named in whispers. Oh, what wonderful strength and wisdom and love must dwell in Him who has patience with a world where such things happen!

"And is this struggle between you and your sister to go on forever?" queried Ruth presently.

"I suppose so," answered Miss Sanders, hopelessly.

"I could not endure it," said Ruth with animation.

"I must," replied the other. And as the shadows of twilight settled in the little room, the faded, lined countenance shone out of their gloom, a heroic, enduring face, strong enough for aught which life might make its duty. No demonstrative woman was this, she might have come and gone about her work for years, and yet have made no sign. She had evidently only spoken so freely to Mr. McCallum, because she deemed her secret safer than it really was, and did not think her words could be understood as the involuntary cry of her own pain. Surely all her life would not be lived out in the chilling shadow of this unreasonable and worthless relative! But should relief come — aye, to-morrow — it could not undo the past — there were scars on her soul which could never be healed on earth. Perhaps such scars shine as honours in heaven!

We said no more about her shivered household happiness, and after a little ordinary conversation, we left her. She came with us to the garden-gate, and stood there till we were nearly out of sight. Then she went back into the house, and we heard the door close behind her. Are there no torment chambers not underground? There was a fearful torture common in old times, when a putrid body was fastened to a living man. What would it be to drag through life with such a burden? But is it better to be linked with a diseased soul?

"Now, Ruth," I said, as we walked along, "suppose a man married a woman like Anne Sanders, what is he to do with her?"

"He need not marry such a one," she answered, "unless he feels that he cannot get any one better!"

"But suppose he married her under a mistake," I pleaded.

"When one makes a bargain which turns out badly, one has to abide by it," she said.

"But what comfort in life could he have?" I asked.

"Nobody's fault but his own," said my sister.

"But don't you think this stolid irresponsibility in the woman may explain some of our wretched wife-beating cases?" I queried.

"Probably it may," said Ruth. "When a man marries a brainless animal, he is

likely to degenerate into a wild beast. Men are generally good or bad according to the women with whom they associate."

O my terrible sister!

"But is it not strange," I began presently, taking another subject, "that there are people in the world so ignorant as not to understand that a religious profession, unsupported by practice, is worse than nothing? Anne Sanders consoles herself by the very principles and precepts in which she should see her own condemnation. I wonder how she reads the last chapter of Proverbs!"

"She has her own version of it," said Ruth. "Do you suppose the Bible sounds the same to every one?"

"Certainly not," I answered; "but the variety ought to be, that it should seem to each full of special warnings against his own besetting sin."

"That is how it should be," replied my sister; "but this is how it is: the lessons we most need stand as blanks in our Bibles, till God opens our eyes to see them — just a little. The greatest saint does not know God's word as he will know it hereafter."

"I suppose Anne Sanders heard Mr. Marten's sermon when the Refuge was opened," I remarked.

"Of course she did," said Ruth, "and depend upon it she sat and glorified herself that she was not as other people."

"Do you really think she would not apply a single word to herself?" I queried.

"Certainly she wouldn't," answered my sister; "she would apply it to Bessie instead."

"But if such truths were repeated to her individually, don't you think she would see their application to her own case?" I inquired.

"She would then see that *you* meant to apply them to her," replied Ruth, "and she would take it as a proof of your malice and envy."

"Then what means can be taken to convince such people of their error and danger?" I exclaimed.

"I don't know," said Ruth, "but I believe the grace of God is much nearer to the double-dyed murderer on the scaffold than to the respectable self-deceived hypocrite."

"But we must not be uncharitable in our thoughts of any, Ruth," I suggested.

"I daresay some worthy souls in Jerusalem thought Christ himself uncharitable when he called the Pharisees vipers, serpents, and whited sepulchres," answered Ruth. "Remember, he had counsel for

the fallen woman, and pardon for the dying thief, yet nothing but anger for those whose lives he summed up in the awful words, — 'Ye shut up the kingdom of heaven against men: for ye neither go in yourselves, neither suffer ye them that are entering to go in.'"

"Yet these people form part of the world for which He died," I said.

"So they do," she responded, heartily, "and, therefore, we must leave them in his hands. Otherwise I should sometimes be inclined to think the bees set us a good example when they kill off their drones once a year."

"But all Pharisees and hypocrites are not drones," I ventured to hint.

"Not with their tongues," said Ruth, significantly, "Whatsoever they bid you observe and do, that observe and do: but do ye not after their works: for they say and do not.' Such people are like a copy of the Scriptures, on whose margin an infidel has drawn unclean and blasphemous pictures, which pervert the holy words and pollute the reader's mind."

So we both returned home, and found our fire brightly stirred and reflected in our shining teapot, while Phillis stood in cheerful active attendance. But all the evening, as I basked in the blessings God gave me, I wondered what would have become of me had my sister, Ruth Garrett, been such a one as Anne Sanders; and as I contrasted myself with Miss Bessie toiling in her neglected home, I hoped that God does somehow make up for those strange differences in lot which no human wisdom can understand or prevent.

CHAPTER XI.

WHO ARE "WE"?

RUTH kept up our acquaintance with Miss Bessie Sanders. I noticed that my sister required a great deal of work done in our own house, which took the quiet dress-maker out of her miserable, haunted abode. And in the course of a few weeks the silent woman appeared to take heart. Her reserved nature had never sought sympathy, but when it came, she found it good. Ruth's sympathy was of that sensible sort which proud people like. Anne was never named. Only Bessie was constantly treated with tenderness and respect by every member of our household.

And so spring brightened round our home, and with the crocuses and snow-

drops, certain strange gentlemen came to Upper Mallowe, and hovered about St. Cross, and roused the curiosity of the village by their note-books and measuring rods. Rumours began to fly about that the church would soon be closed for repairs: and in due time Mr. Marten announced from the communion rails that donations for that purpose would be thankfully received by himself, or by Mr. Edward Garrett.

In the course of the following week we were startled by a visit from Mr. Herbert and Agnes. It was the farmer's first appearance in our house, and he had never been formally introduced to Ruth, though he and she had exchanged greetings when the two households met on the way to worship. He was not at all a visiting man. He was quite at ease among the bluff, feudal hospitalities of his great farm, with its honest oak floors and substantial furniture, which did not tremble beneath his huge weight and unceremonious movements, but he had a respectful deference for his neighbour's carpets and chairs, which caused him to sit painfully and to tread gingerly in any house but his own. Agnes excused the long time between her visits, by the plea of severe colds and general ill health, and I noticed that, though the weather was unusually bright and warm for the season, she still wore a long fur-trimmed mantle and a woollen veil, and held her wraps about her like one who feels chilly. She looked very fragile and shadowy — reminding me of some early flowers in our garden, which blossomed on a prematurely sunny day, and then shivered and shrank in the pitiless rains which followed. Yet she talked more than before, the aim of her words being to lead the conversation to such subjects as her uncle would like to take up. Her whole manner towards him was particularly attentive and dutiful — something like the over-anxious service of a truly loyal subject, who yet has involuntary doubts about the perfect wisdom of some of his sovereign's ways. Yet this very deference seemed to perplex and trouble Mr. Herbert.

"The object of my visit," the worthy farmer presently explained (he could not understand a visit without one), "is to pay in my subscription for the church repairs. I can't do more at present, but I may before it's all over." So saying he put a folded note upon the table. I expected it would be for five pounds, or perhaps ten; but even my sanguine nature was agreeably startled to find it was for fifty.

"But really, Mr. Herbert," I said, "when

you intended such liberality as this, you should have taken it to the rector himself."

Our guest laughed and shook his head. "I honour the rector, sir," he answered; "though it do come rather hard when one's 'pastors and masters' are twenty years younger than oneself. I like the rector in the pulpit, and, as he is the rector, I would rather not differ from him out of it, and so I don't go near him, sir."

"But why should you like Mr. Marten in the pulpit, and yet differ from him out of it, sir?" asked Ruth.

Mr. Herbert laughed his hearty, rollicking laugh, and again shook his head with the knowing air of a man who can explain more than he chooses. "Mr. Marten is pastor at St. Cross," he said, "and I am master at the Great Farm, and we've each a right to do as we please with our own, and we are best not to interfere with each other. I don't reckon he has done justice to St. Cross — till lately; and he don't reckon I act fairly with my concerns. Neither of us has ever given our opinion straight out, but I guess we each know what the other thinks. And so I keep out of his way."

"I believe Mr. Marten is a truly excellent man, and always anxious to do his duty as his conscience tells him," I remarked.

"According to my mind, that's dangerous doctrine, sir," replied Mr. Herbert. "Is not our conscience too likely to bid us do just what we wish?"

"I don't think so," I answered; "I think we can generally distinguish between our conscience and our will."

"I think it's best to put all that on one side," said the farmer, "and just take a sound standard of duty, and resolutely stretch ourselves up to it, even if we crack our hearts in the process."

"But by your rule, how are we to select a sound standard?" I queried. "May not our wills engage in the choice, and the harsh man indulge himself in the belief he aims at justice, and the mild man forget justice, in the imaginary pursuit of mercy?"

"Oh, my ideas don't take such high flights as that," rejoined Mr. Herbert; "I just follow up two or three good old precepts, that keep the world in the right place, and have no twistings and turnings."

"But everything must turn out of its way sometimes, or else crush something beneath it," said Ruth.

"Yes, indeed!" exclaimed Agnes.

Her uncle turned and glanced at her. The niece rose from her chair, and picked up his gloves, which had fallen to the floor.

It seemed as if the animated ejaculation must have come from somebody else, she appeared so utterly submissive. When an over hasty driver hears a child's cry from beneath his chariot-wheels, how does he look? Like Mr. Herbert looked then, I fancy.

After a little desultory conversation, our visitors rose to go, and then, availing ourselves of her uncle's presence, we claimed Agnes's company for the day. Mr. Herbert immediately granted the petition, and the girl yielded as if she had no voice in the matter. Yet there was no scornful apathy about Agnes Herbert. One felt no repulsion — only pity. I have heard that some, who have passed through terrible physical ordeals, have henceforth found the world somewhat like a padded and darkened room, wherein all sounds were muffled and all sights misty. Would you be angry if you had to speak twice before such an one heeded you? I don't think so.

When her uncle was gone, and her bonnet and mantle put aside, Agnes returned to the parlour, and professed interest in some plain woollen knitting with which Ruth was busy. "Such nice work, for it can be done quite mechanically," she said.

"Nice work for an old woman whose eyes are not as good as they were," rejoined my sister, "but rather dull work for a young lady, who should have pretty patterns and plans of her own."

"Ah, yes; but I lose myself in a pattern," said Agnes, smiling.

"But practice makes perfect, my dear," observed Ruth.

"I have had plenty of practice," replied Miss Herbert. "See! I did that in London," — and she displayed a tiny pocket-handkerchief with an elaborate embroidered device in one corner.

My sister admired it exceedingly, and inquired if she had worked any more.

"O yes," she answered, "I did a great many, but I have only that one."

"Have you worn them out?" asked Ruth, surprised. "Surely you don't use such things for every-day wear?"

"No," replied Miss Herbert, "but I only kept this one, and I seldom use it."

"Why don't you embroider some more?" inquired my sister.

She shook her head. "I could not do it now," she answered, a little sadly. "I should only spoil the muslin."

"Did you leave all your talents in London, Miss Herbert?" I asked.

She laughed. "Perhaps I did, sir," she said.

"Do you remember your mother, my dear?" queried Ruth presently.

"No," she answered; "and there is no portrait of her. And yet I fancy I know what she was like," — this very softly.

"As your name is the same as your uncle's, I presume you are his niece by your father's side?" remarked my sister.

"Yes," replied Agnes, adding presently, "but my father was not at all like my uncle. Not like him in any way. I have heard he resembled my grand-mother's brother, Richard Carewe."

"Family likenesses often descend in that cross fashion," I observed.

"And family characters too," said Agnes, with a shoot of that animation which occasionally illuminated her languor.

"We knew something of the Carewes, when we were young," said Ruth, "and I hope your father did not resemble your great-uncle in his fate?"

"Not exactly. But he was never what the world calls respectable or good," answered Agnes, with a hard, satiric touch in her voice.

"What does his daughter say?" asked Ruth, gently.

"That he was an angel in a strange disguise," she said fervently, adding sorrowfully; "but that is only my opinion, and, of course, I loved him."

"Depend upon it, my dear," said Ruth, "the opinion of those who love, is most like God's verdict."

Agnes looked up with great pathetic eyes. "My poor father often laughed about religious people," she said, "but he would have liked you."

"Would he?" queried my sister, with just a little quaver in her cheerful voice.

"Yes," said Agnes, quietly, "he fancied religious people were selfish, and narrow, and even cruel; those whom he had known were so, you see."

"Then it was not religion he laughed at, but only its counterfeit," rejoined Ruth; "still, that was wrong, for it should have given him pain rather than amusement."

"It gave him pain enough," answered Agnes, "bitter pain! But it was always his way to laugh when he suffered. Oh, now, surely he knows all about it, and suffers no more!"

"God loves him far better than you can, little one," said my sister. "God knows everything, and takes all circumstances into consideration. (Circumstances don't make a man good or bad, but they try him, and God knows exactly the severity of the trial, and that those who seem much better than

he, might have been far worse had they lived the same life."

There followed a silence, which, at last, I broke by asking where Miss Herbert had lived when in London.

"Oh, in many places," she replied, with a little hesitation; "we lived in any neighbourhood which suited my father for the time being — in Bloomsbury while he went to the British Museum Reading Room, once on Tower Hill, often in Soho."

"And you were the housekeeper?" queried Ruth.

"Yes, but there is not much housekeeping needed for two people in lodging," Agnes answered, laughing.

"How did you amuse yourself?" I asked.

"Oh, I had plenty to do," she replied, bending over Ruth's knitting — "my embroidery and a little drawing, and so forth. Sometimes I could help papa with his manuscripts."

"For what did your father write?" I asked.

Agnes coloured, and explained rapidly. "My poor father was unfortunate from the beginning. You see, his family disowned him, because he refused to be a clergyman; it being a custom with the Herberts that the eldest son should be bred for the farm, and the second for the church. Therefore, when he went to London, he was so badly off, he was glad to work for any one who would employ him. He often used to say he got into a bad style of literature; and what was worse, he made a name in that style, and that cost him all chances of advancement." And after this apologetic preamble, she added, humbly, "He wrote long stories for the common penny papers. I daresay you scarcely know what I mean, for such journals only go into kitchens."

"None the worse, for that matter," said Ruth, promptly. "I've seen thirty-shilling novels that should only go into kitchen fires."

"No, I don't think my father cared for that alone," continued Agnes, thoughtfully; "only he had to write in a particular way for these papers — to cram each story with twenty hair-breadth adventures, to make his people talk as real people never do, and each like — I scarcely know how to express myself — but every character like one great capital letter, instead of a long word made up of many vowels and consonants, each modifying the other."

"All the devils very black, and all the angels very bright!" said Ruth.

"Yes, exactly so," rejoined Agnes, accepting my sister's shrewd definition.

"How often he used to say that if he had known the end from the beginning, he would rather have swept a crossing than have rushed into literature merely to earn a piece of bread!"

"And was he never able to break these miserable trammels?" I inquired.

"Never—until—until just before his death," she answered, with a breaking voice; "and then a beautiful little simple tale of his came out in a first-class magazine. The number containing it was brought to him the day he died; and he read his own story, word for word, and smiled as if it pleased him." And here she broke down, very quietly.

"Did he say anything?" Ruth asked, presently.

"He put the magazine into my hands," she replied, raising her tearful face, "and he said, 'Agnes, that is the only legacy I can leave you. I wish I had gone to church with you now, my girl. If I have strength next Sunday, I will go.' But two hours after he was dead."

We scarcely spoke again, until Phillis brought in our dinner. The afternoon passed in our usual sleepy, old-folks' way, but when tea and lamp-light banished our drowsiness, we found that in the meantime Agnes had made considerable progress with Ruth's knitting.

When Phillis came to remove our tea equipage she announced that Alice M'Callum was in the kitchen.

"If you are not particularly engaged, sir, she has a message from her brother in London," said Phillis.

"Bring her in," directed my sister; "and I hope she has brought the drawings which she promised to show us."

Alice came immediately; her pale face freshened by the healthy March breezes. In one hand she held a folded envelope, and in the other, a small, worn portfolio. Miss Herbert had resumed Ruth's knitting, but she looked up and smiled and nodded as our ex-servant entered.

Alice had brought good news. A little kindness is a very good investment when it secures us the first edition of all pleasant tidings concerning those we have aided. She had brought a sovereign from Ewen as his subscription towards the St. Cross repairs, and she confided to us the history of this sovereign. Ewen had sold six little sketches at some picture shop in London, and the piece of gold was his payment.

"And I hope there are more in that portfolio," said Ruth, "for I want to see some. Take off your bonnet and shawl, child, or

you will not feel their benefit when you go out again into the cool night air."

So Alice carried her wrappers to the sofa, and then returned to the table in her dark, tight dress, with its prim linen collar and cuffs. Agnes Herbert left her seat, and helped her to untie the knotted strings of her portfolio. When it was opened, she withdrew a little, that Ruth might have the best view.

The first which Alice displayed was the drawing which her brother had given to George Wilmot, a ruined boat on a moonlit wharf. It was a simple affair, the paper and other materials employed being of the very cheapest description. And yet there was something in the sketch which many a gilt-framed picture lacks. It made me think of the lives which at first gladden happy households, and yet end in corruption and misery on the seething shores of the river Thames. It was, somehow, like a prayer for such. I wonder if that was in Ewen's mind when he drew it. Very likely not. If the soul of an artist or a poet be once enlisted in God's service, I believe his brush or his pen becomes the unconscious mouthpiece of God's oracle. Over that picture Ruth lingered a long while.

The next was quite a different scene. A sunny, sloping meadow, with a river winding in the distance, one or two sleepy sheep in the foreground, and a single bird in the blue English sky. I knew the scene. It was the great field where I had first spoken to Ewen M'Callum.

"Oh I remember that!" exclaimed Agnes, startled.

Alice looked up, surprised.

"Have you seen it before?" asked Ruth.

"Yes," she answered, turning to Alice, and adding, half-aside, "we chanced to come upon your brother whilst he was drawing it, and I remember it well, because afterwards we took the same subject."

Who were "we?" I wondered. But Alice only smiled, and seemed quite satisfied with the explanation, and passed on to another picture.

There were one or two other sketches of local scenery, all very beautiful. Then Alice produced two more drawings, the only ones which were mounted on cardboard. "These are a pair," said she, "and they are only in my charge. The others Ewen gave me, but these he asked me to keep for him. He did them in London, and brought them home on Christmas-day. I think he took the subject from some verses which he has copied on the back."

I took one, and Ruth took the other.

Mine represented a poorly furnished chamber, whose single ornament was an unframed portrait on the wall. Before it sat a young man with a book on his knee, from which he seemed to have just looked up. There were traces of laborious work about the figure, which showed our artist was a novice in this line. Behind the drawing I found this verse, written in a close, dark, characteristic hand:—

"For like an angel's had her face
To his eyes always seemed:
On waking and on sleeping dreams
Her beauty ever beamed:
And the poor orphan boy, alas!
Was happiest when he dreamed!"

Turning to the picture Ruth had taken, I found it represented a church porch. The door was ajar, and one could see white dresses and gay flowers within. Leaving the porch was a man, about seven years older than the hero of the other scene—and Ewen had evidently striven to preserve the character of the countenance, through the change from early youth to maturity. The verses attached were as follows:—

"He sauntered up the rough hewn steps,
The doors were open wide,
And there,—before the altar old,
At her brave father's side,
With some one on her other hand,—
Stood Lady May, a bride!"

* * * *

"Ah, why! ah, why? that question came
To Fulke, without reply,
As he gazed on the village homes,
The blue, out-reaching sky,
The ancient church, the old red house,
And left them with a sigh."

As I read these quotations aloud, Agnes whispered to my sister, who responded, "Are they really, my dear?" then addressing me, "Edward, Miss Herbert says those verses are taken from a poem which her father wrote in his last story."

"Oh, how strange!" said Alice, smiling with pleased surprise; "I wonder if Ewen knew it! He never told me."

"What do you think of these two pictures, brother?" queried Ruth.

"I am a bad art-critic," I replied. "They are very pretty, but, to my mind, scarcely as pleasing as the landscapes."

"Their execution is not as good just because the aim is higher," said Agnes Herbert, eagerly. "I think Mr. McCallum's skill is scarcely equal to his ambition—as

yet. But these are the best in the portfolio. Look at the two different expressions modifying the same features!"

"I believe Ewen has taken his own reflection in the glass for his model," observed Ruth. "The face and the whole figure remind me of him."

"George Wilnot insists on the likeness," rejoined Alice, "but I can't see it, ma'am"—pondering over the drawing—or, at least, a very little. Ewen is much better-looking."

"Your brother is certainly a genius, Alice," I remarked.

"I always thought so, sir," she answered, very quietly indeed.

"Now, speaking confidentially, Alice," I said, "do you think Ewen would prefer some artistic occupation to his present office-work? Do you think it is a drudgery to him?"

"Oh no, sir," she replied, quite frankly; "I am sure he is happy. Indeed, I believe he greatly prefers things as they are. At Christmas I heard grandfather and him talk about something of the kind, and Ewen said the best life for a genius was one which kept him at a fair balance with everyday life. Those were his own words, sir. And he was not speaking of himself."

"I am sure he is right," said Agnes, warmly.

"Yes, truly," I responded, "a genius, to be above his fellows, must be a good, common-place man, and something besides. Is he higher than others for having what they have not, if he lack something which they have?"

"Ah!" said Ruth, "I never blame the good old woman who boxed King Alfred's ears because he let the cakes burn, while he pondered over his miserable country. Served him right!"

"But you would not have had him forget his country for the cakes," pleaded Agnes, gently.

"No; he might have watched them and thought of it while he did so. 'Twould have been good exercise for his eyes and his mind. And I daresay the dame's punishment did him good, and he was the better king for it afterwards," said my sister.

"But she need not have been so rough," Agnes remonstrated.

"That was the manner of the time," Ruth retorted; "if she had been a cruel woman she would not have given him any more cakes, and there would have been an end of King Alfred!"

"Ah, that is it," said the other. "I was

a wouldn't think it right to spoil
his whole life for one instance of

at juncture, Phillis put in her head
and said, "Mrs. Irons has come to
see Herbert."

"Perhaps you will like to come with us,"
said Agnes, as she assisted her in
putting the pictures into the portfolio.
"You will have the benefit of Mrs.
Herbert's protection as far as the Farm—the
part of your journey."

"Thank you, ma'am," answered Alice,
"I am very glad, though I am not at all

like her am I," said Agnes; "but we
will save our courage till we need

it, I hope you have enjoyed your
journey well to come again very
soon, I, shaking hands with Miss Her-

bert penitently gave a suitable

and give our kindest regards to your
father," said Ruth, bidding good-bye
; "and when you write to Ewen,
we wonder why we have no letter
from him, and we suppose he has found so
many friends in London that he has quite
forgotten everybody at Upper Mallowe, ex-
cept his own family."

"He laughed gaily. "Ewen has not,"

"Ewen never will. But he fears
it is troublesome, ma'am."

"I just tell him my opinion," retorted
Agnes, "and then, I think, though he is
—by descent—he can scarcely

have sufficient obstinacy and pride to persist
any longer in his own way."

Alice laughed again, and promised to de-
liver the message *exactly*, with an empha-
sis on the word. She perfectly understood
my sister. Then they went off. And pres-
ently, as they crossed the garden, we heard
their clear voices mingling with the harsher
metallic tones of the severe upper servant of
the Great Farm.

"Those two girls nearly realize the quaint
old fictions wherein the maid was as much a
gentlewoman as the mistress," I remarked.

"Is that such a wonder?" asked Ruth.

"Is it a common case?" I questioned, in-
ternally.

"No, but it should be," she replied: "and
it would be, if masters and mistresses had
a right idea of service."

"What do you think the right idea?" I
asked.

"That man's whole duty to man is ser-
vice," she answered, "and that, therefore,
everybody is somebody's servant, and that
he stands highest who best serves the great-
est number."

"That lad Ewen is evidently a clever fel-
low," I observed, presently.

"Yes, indeed, poor boy!" said Ruth.

And then we sat in silence, and I pon-
dered over the pictures I had seen, and the
talk we had held about them. And I won-
dered if Miss Herbert drew nearly as well
as Ewen. "We took the same subject," she
said. Who are "we"? Not her uncle,
surely. No; my mind rejected that sur-
mise. Who can "we" be? Is it not
tantalising to hear a riddle, without its
answer?

From The Spectator, April 25.

THE AUSTRIAN CONCORDAT, THE EMPEROR, AND THE POPE.

HE must be indeed an extraordinarily *blasé* individual who cannot find the present aspect of the Old World sufficiently exciting to awake his interest. At every point Europe teems literally with fermentation. There is not a State in it but is felt to be full of inflammable materials, — to be impregnated with spasmodic elements, — requiring for explosion only some conjunction that under existing circumstances is visibly but too likely to come about. Positively, the atmosphere is thick to the senses with atoms of disturbance in every quarter, — so thick for once that it is an age since we have been able to come across the cheerful phenomena of the optimist who still maintains that all is blue and serene in the political firmament overhead. Trustfulness in the future has long given way to suspense and anxiety, for in every direction the horizon is plainly beset with angry weatherbanks. What adds to all this uneasiness is that human perspicacity cannot possibly, at this precise moment, forecast the actual course of things. All it can do, with some degree of accuracy, is to observe the particular character of the various angry elements that are being piled up. Many are easily enough ascertained. No difference of opinion can exist as to what constitutes the substance of the antagonism between Imperial France and Germany, any more than as to what is involved in the antagonism between the forces of Russia and Turkey. But in exact relation to the definiteness of antagonism is the definiteness of the issues they can give rise to. What we must be prepared for in these instances are wars more or less desperate between these forces, if ever they should unfortunately come to meet at the point of angry heat; but though wars of incalculable magnitude and incalculable destructiveness, as waged by State against State, and well defined nationality, against equally well-defined nationality, yet the mode and scope of their operations can be gauged to some degree. There is no inherent cause why these shocks should be socially as well as politically revolutionary. There is no reason why these should convulse the organization as well as the configuration of the communities engaged. But such a thorough convulsion seems quite within the probable compass of what lies involved in the play of forces now at work in Austria. On the whole Continent no State presents a spectacle at all

comparable in real interest to that which is presented by what once was the Empire of the Hapsburgs, but at this moment is only a loose aggregation of populations dimly and vaguely groping their way to social and political reconstruction.

Since the French Revolution, Europe has looked on no more momentous and complicated undertakings than those taken in hand by the populations till the other day the subjects of an empire of renown, but now cast adrift to find a new foothold of their own. For let it not be fancied that because Francis Joseph has been lustily cheered by the Hungarians as their King, and has had bonfires lit in his honour by the Viennese in their transitory rapture at a slap given to the Church to which he was prematurely believed to be faithful, therefore, the Empire is being cemented. On the contrary, what has just happened at Vienna, and is still happening in the Royal Palace in Buda, so far from proving the feasibility of effecting a practical fusion of the old Empire in a new and better fashion, must carry conviction to every mind not dimmed by sanguine zeal that the problems at issue are most difficult of solution; at least, unless something very like a miraculous change should come over the nature and intellects of the Hapsburgs. The popular element is in the ascendant in the two portions of the Austrian Empire. It is quite possible that this element may in the end lose itself in a reaction, the natural result of its own unwise action. But such turn of the tide is not yet at hand, nor are there any signs thereof, and before it does come, if this should ever be so, the popular feeling will have made itself felt with increasing force on what to the Austrian people is their special bogie, — but to the Hapsburgs generally, and to Francis Joseph particularly, is an object of worship, an ineradicable article of faith — just as much as the divine right of Kings was to a Stuart — the Church as a privileged institution. We say deliberately that what has just occurred and still is occurring on this head conveys the evidence of how hopeless is the task which Baron Beust has rashly pledged himself to, the reconstruction of Austria on a popular basis, with so thoroughly weak a reed to lean on for his chief prop as the Emperor Francis Joseph. That much noise should have been made abroad about the vote adopted in the Austrian Reichsrath for so insignificant a measure as the establishment of a machinery for optional civil registration of marriages is not marvellous, when we find Vienna cheering itself hoarse at the result. It always happens at the opening

great revolutions, that the people begin like children by being taken off their legs with joy at a trifle. What is significant is that this trifle — which some months hence the people will no longer think worth consideration — has already seemed to an august Imperial intellect a matter of such mighty import, that before assenting thereto he has to get the better of a stern internal struggle. For that this surely is the case, cannot be concealed by any amount of officious or official explanation. Francis Joseph has been frightened for his soul when called upon to give his sovereign sanction to what is but the first step in a course of legislative action against the Church upon which his people are absolutely determined.

It is somewhat perplexing to discriminate between the contradictory statements that tumble in upon us in quick succession, as to the actual state of the case in the matter of a legislative revision of the Concordat. It is evident that some powerful parties are busily engaged in trying to throw dust of their own making in people's eyes, — the dust so raised being composed of studied assurances as to the complete accord between the Emperor and the Pope, as to the modifications in the Concordat that are requisite to satisfy the popular desire. The most curious and elaborate of these attempts at blinding the public, is one that has been made through the channel of the *Journal des Débats*. In a correspondence from Vienna which the editors of that journal introduce with an explanatory statement that its source must impart special value to the information, we are furnished with detailed data as to the happy coalition between the Emperor and the Pope to gratify the popular demand. According to this oracular correspondent the Vatican perfectly recognizes the wants of the age, and is ready to meet the proposals of the Austrian Government in a spirit of surprising liberality. In short, we are asked to believe that Baron Beust, Francis Joseph, and Pius IX. are pulling together cordially and successfully in a reforming co-partnership. This certainly is diametrically contrary to all we learn from sources we have every reason to believe in, although we think we can quite understand the motive that is likely to have suggested the dissemination of such incorrect statements. Baron Beust is a clever, but a very sanguine and in many respects a very reckless statesman. Moreover, he is a Protestant by birth and education, and as a Protestant he approaches the Vatican, contemplates its nature, and misunderstands it. He has been fooling himself with the notion

— and many are the politicians who have done the same — that the Pope could be amenable to reasonings based on grounds of prudence and secular expediency. He actually has been pursuing the will-o'-the-wisp notion that the Court of Rome would act as a reasonable human creature might be expected to act when called on to do so in conjunction with one known to be a friend. Baron Beust had never realized to himself what Lamennais calls the high-principled ingratitude of the Court of Rome to its friends — an ingratitude based on the conception that whatever it conceded to human friends must be so much deducted from the Church. It does not seem as if even at this hour he had taken in the fullness of this intense stiff-neckedness, or he would desist from the puerile trick of putting forth rosy coloured statements that are quite unfounded, solely because his sanguine temperament still believes that in the end he will succeed in making the impression he wishes. No doubt Baron Beust finds himself somewhat in a cleft stick, for his plausible self-confidence in his own power to persuade the Pope has materially tended to hoodwink the slender intelligence of the Emperor, who really thought he was assured of a Papal license, until of a sudden he finds himself brought up opposite a sharp monition from the Holy Father, and a not less sharp measure of his Reichsrath, that calls for his sovereign assent. As yet no resolution has been actually taken, and it would appear that recourse is being had to the kind of appeals weak minds are naturally disposed to in difficult moments. The Emperor is beseeching the Pope through private channels, and seeking to move his heart with piteous cries. On the other hand, Baron Beust, who has before now had experience of the inefficiency or unwillingness of his official agents in Rome to speak the sort of language which his Protestant nature would have no hesitation in uttering to the Pope, and who, in consequence, has had already to dismiss one Ambassador because he would not carry out his instructions, seems now about to despatch — if we are to believe the latest telegram — Baron Meysenburg to supplement the zeal and spirit of Count Crivelli. We do not expect that this announced supplementary embassy will produce much effect on the temper of Pius IX. or Antonelli. "*Non possumus*" is all the answer that will be given, though every diplomatist in the service, and even every Archduke in the House of Hapsburgh go on their knees before the Pope, so that Francis Joseph will have to make up his mind either to act in

this matter without the Papal sanction, or to face the consequences of rejecting the vote of the Reichsrath. We do not contemplate that he will do this. On this occasion Francis Joseph will yield to popular feeling, for he is too little intelligent to understand the real situation — the current that has set in — and he will believe that the concession, in itself insignificant, is all that will be demanded of the Crown. But in this he is likely soon to find himself much mistaken, and then will arise difficulties out of his narrow scruples of conscience which it is more easy to decry, than to see how they are likely to be overcome by so prejudiced and narrow-minded a monarch.

From *The Saturday Review*.

THE NATURALIST IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.*

BRITISH Columbia is neither a very interesting nor a very agreeable country. The winters are long and bitterly cold, and the snow lies deep for six months out of the twelve. The natives subsist principally on fish, and are stunted in growth, and inferior in type to the meat-eating Indians of Oregon. Their numbers are estimated at present at 30,000; but they are steadily decreasing, and retiring before the advance of the white man. There is nothing very remarkable about the scenery; there is but little big game to attract the sportsman. The shortest sketch of the country and its inhabitants would be sufficient to satisfy our curiosity; and we are therefore very glad that Mr. Lord, a painstaking and zealous naturalist, has almost entirely confined himself to the special subjects for the sake of which he joined the Boundary Commission, and has thereby furnished us with two volumes at once amusing and instructive. Perhaps the most remarkable fact in the natural history of British Columbia is the extraordinary abundance of fish generally, and of salmon particularly. It is no exaggeration to say that salmon swarm in such numbers that the rivers cannot hold them. In June and July every brook, every rivulet, no matter how shallow, is so crammed with salmon that from sheer want of room they push one another high-and-dry upon

the pebbles. "Each, with its head up stream, struggled, fought, and scuffled for precedence. With one's hands only, or more easily by employing a gaff or a crook-stick, tons of salmon could have been procured by the simple process of hooking them out." Once started on their journey, the salmon never turn back. As fast as those in front die, fresh arrivals crowd on to take their places and share their fate. "It was a strange and novel sight to see three moving lines of fish — the dead and dying in the eddies and slackwater along the banks the living, breasting the current in the centre, blindly pressing on to perish like their kindred." For two months this great salmon army proceeds on its way up stream, furnishing a supply of food without which the Indians must perish miserably. The winters are too severe for them to venture out in search of food, even if there was any to be obtained; from being destitute of salt, they are unable to cure meat in the summer for winter provisions, and hence for six months in the year they depend on the salmon, which they obtain in such vast numbers in June and July, and preserve by drying in the sun. There is little doubt that an important and profitable trade might be developed on the Fraser and Columbia rivers if salmon in large numbers were salted and cured for European consumption. Providence has favoured the Indian with another source of provision for the winter, fully as important as the salmon. The candle fish supplies him at once with light, butter, and oil. When dried and perforated with a rush, or strip of cypress bark, it can be lighted, and burns steadily until consumed. Strung up and hung for a time in the smoke of a wood fire, it is preserved as a fatty morsel to warm him when pinched with cold; and by heat and pressure it is easily converted into liquid oil, and drunk with avidity. That nothing may be wanting, the hollow stalk of the sea wrack, which at the root end is expanded into a complete flask, makes an admirable quart bottle — without any false bottom, moreover — and so, when the Indian buries himself for long dreary months in his winter quarters, neither his larder nor his cellar are empty, and he has a lamp to lighten the darkness. The steamers have frightened away both the candle fish and the Indian from their old haunts, and they have both retreated to the north of the Columbia river. Amongst other inhabitants of the salt and fresh waters of these regions, we may notice the halibut and the sturgeon, both of which attain to an immense size. The bays and

* *The Naturalist in Vancouver Island and British Columbia*. By John Keast Lord, F.Z.S., Naturalist to the British North American Boundary Commission. 2 vols. London: Richard Bentley.

inlets along the coast abound in marine wonders. There feasts and fattens the clam, a bivalve so gigantic that no oyster knife can force an entrance, and only when his shell is almost red hot will he be at last constrained to open the doors of his dwelling. And there lies in wait the awful octopus, a monster of insatiable voracity, of untameable ferocity, of consummate craft, of sleepless vigilance, shrouded amid the forest of sea-wrack, and from the touch of whose terrible arms no living thing escapes. It attains to an enormous size in those seas, the arms being sometimes five feet in length, and as thick at the base as a man's wrist. No bather would have a chance if once he got within the grasp of such a monster, nor could a canoe resist the strength of its pull; but the Indian, who devours the octopus with great relish, has all the cunning created by necessity, and takes care that none of the eight sucker-dotted arms ever gain a hold on his frail bark.

In glancing at the insects of British Columbia we must take especial notice of the mosquitos. These extraordinary pests, which flourish equally in the coldest and in the hottest climates, appear to attain to their greatest perfection in the regions between the Columbia and Fraser rivers. Mr. Lord, who has been well bitten by them in every quarter of the globe, must be admitted to be an impartial judge, and therefore we will give his verdict:—

If you have never been in British Columbia you do not know anything about insect persecution. . . . A wanderer from my boyhood, I have met with these pests (mosquitos) in various parts of our globe . . . and I imagined that I had endured the maximum of misery they were capable of producing. I was mistaken; all my experience, all my vaunted knowledge of their numbers, all I had seen and suffered, was as nothing to what I subsequently endured. . . . I can convey no idea of the numbers except by saying they were in dense clouds, truly, and not figuratively, a thick fog of mosquitos. Night or day it was just the same; the hum of these bloodthirsty tyrants was incessant. We ate them, drank them, breathed them; . . . we lighted huge fires, fumigated the tents, but all in vain. They seemed to be quite happy in a smoke that would stifle anything mortal, and they grew thicker every day. Human endurance has its limits. A man can not stand being eaten alive. It was utterly impossible to work . . . our camp had to be abandoned; we were completely vanquished and driven away—the work of about a hundred men stopped by tiny flies.

Only one thing deters mosquitos; that is water. After once attaining the winged state they will not venture far over water. The Indians take advantage of this, and during the mosquito season live on the lakes, and sleep on platforms supported on poles driven into the mud. But if restless or troubled with nightmare, the sleeper is apt to roll off the platform into the lake. When there are no mosquitos there are equally unpleasant visitors in the shape of sand-flies and breeze-flies. Which of these two torturers is the worst it is difficult to say, but in each case the lady-fly is the persecutor, her lord living in comparative indolence. The mouth of the lady sand-fly is not a loveable one, being a bundle of fearful lancets, the sheath of which forms a tube through which the blood is sucked. Blood flows from every puncture made by these insects, and an idea of their voracity may be gleaned from the fact that one of Mr. Lord's best mules was killed by them in less than three hours. In two respects they are preferable to mosquitos, for they object to smoke, and at night they take a few hours' repose. Mosquitos never sleep. The breeze-fly is, on the whole, rather worse than the sand-fly, being nearly ubiquitous and of great power:—

One barely hears the sound of its clarion shrill and hum of its quickly vibrating wings, ere one feels a sharp prick, as though a red-hot needle had been thrust into the flesh; stab follows stab in quick succession, and unless active measures of defence be resorted to, the skin speedily assumes the form of a sieve.

Like the mosquito, the breeze-fly is averse to water, and deer and wild cattle escape from them by plunging into the lakes, and immersing their whole bodies, nothing being visible but a forest of horns, and the tips of their noses, kept above water for the purpose of breathing.

There is one insect whose presence makes some amends for the assaults of these miserable bloodsuckers, and to the charms of whose music Mr. Lord pays ample homage. It has been a fashion to scoff at the Greeks for celebrating in deathless verse the song of so trumpery an insect as the cicada, and to assert that their love for such slender music must have been either exaggerated or simulated. The Greeks, however, were never untrue to nature, and it is pleasant to hear how in these latter days an independent observer in the other hemisphere confirms their testimony:—

There was one sound—song, perhaps, I may venture to call it—that was clearer, shriller, and more singularly tuneful than any other. It never appeared to cease, and it came from everywhere—from the tops of the trees, from the trembling leaves of the cottonwood, from the stunted underbrush, from the flowers, the grass, the rocks and boulders, nay, the very stream itself seemed vocal with hidden minstrels, all chanting the same refrain.

An especial feature of the cicada's song is that it increases in intensity when the sun is hottest, and, indeed, one of the later Latin poets mentions the time when its music is at its highest as an alternative expression for noon. Mr. Tennyson, with singular inadvertence, speaks in *Enone* of the grasshopper being silent in the grass and of the cicada sleeping when the noonday quiet holds the hill. Without going back to the fountain-head, he might have remembered Keats's lines:—

When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead:
That is the grasshopper's.

But the smallest reference to the Greek poets would have shown how intimately the song of the cicada is associated with the hottest hours of the day. He is called by Aristophanes *ήλιουμανής*—mad for love of the sun; and by Theocritus *αθαλίον*—scorched by the sun. When all things are parched with heat, says Alcæus, then from among the leaves sounds the song of the sweet cicada. His shrill melody is heard in the full glow of noontide, and the vertical rays of a torrid sun fire him to sing. Over and over again we meet with allusions to the same peculiarity. Lastly, we may mention that cicadæ are regularly sold for food in the markets of South America. They are not eaten now, as, according to Athenæus, they were eaten at Athens, *αναστομώσεως χάριν*—as a whet to the appetite—but they are dried in the sun, powdered, and made into a cake.

The snakes in British Columbia are few in number, and comparatively harmless from the severity of the climate. Rattlesnakes swarm on the slopes of the Rocky Mountains, but they are inert, and very different from their formidable brethren in Central America. Mr. Lord never saw one attempt to spring at a man, a horse, or even a dog;

and though he was in the habit of teasing and poking them with twigs, he never succeeded in provoking them to an attack. Possibly failure in this case was more fortunate than success. The rattle is used medicinally in the same way as ergot of rye and is in great demand by the Indian women. As to birds, it is noticeable that the owl is as much an object of superstition fear as in other parts of the world. The barking crow possesses the most remarkable polyphonic powers. It can shriek, laugh, yell, shout, whistle, scream, and bark, and it is peculiarly jealous of any more musical songster occupying attention, and is sure to resent the injury by an immediate intrusion of its own husky voice. Magpies abound and their thievish and even murderous propensities seem developed to the utmost. They are a sore plague to the traveller, for if any of his horses or mules have the least abrasion of the skin, the magpies are sure to find it out, and swoop down, and with beak and claw tear away at the wound. Nor, if turned out to graze by himself, would the animal stand the slightest chance against his persecutors.

We have left the quadrupeds to the last because large four-footed game is comparatively scarce, and the smaller animals are of no particular importance. The true Indian dog is nothing more than a tamed or partially tamed coyote, or prairie wolf; but there is a peculiar breed of white long-haired dogs that appears to have been imported from Japan; and Mr. Lord is satisfied, from this and other circumstances, that the Japanese visited the coast of North-Western America long prior to any other people. Traditions exist among the Indians of strangers having come amongst them long before they had seen Europeans; and, in addition, Mr. Lord detected words of indisputable Japanese origin in the dialects spoken by some of the coast tribes. The Columbian skunk is as perfect an example of its species as the Columbian mosquito. It is a social, agreeable little animal, but slightly unsavoury:—

Mix the very worst mud from the Thames on a summer's day, at low water, with Rimmel's soap, a gasworks, fellmonger's yard, and knacker's boiling furnace; and I will venture to assert that the odour produced, even if concentrated by the subtle power of chemistry, would be a mild and pleasant perfume, when matched against that of the skunk. . . . A handkerchief odourised with scent so permanent would defy the combined powers of soap, soda, and washerwoman to remove the mephitic bouquet, as long as the fabric retained its entirety.

The virtue of skunk perfume consists in its permanence. Once acquired it is never lost. Whatever a skunk has touched remains skunky to the end of time. Gloves, trap, trousers, any thing that has come in contact with the *Mephitis mephitis*, may be buried deep in the earth for weeks, but when exhumed, the odour is as fresh as ever. Mr. Lord had as etter addicted to the killing of skunks, but for weeks after an encounter he could not bear him to come into his presence; "the sickening factor seemed to gain in strength as it exhaled from the dog, volatilized by the heat of his body." Skunks have an amiable weakness for warm clothing; and if comfortably covered up in rugs and furs, a sleeper may very likely be favoured in the night with a visit from two or three, who will run across his bed, and, unlike more ethereal visitants, will leave a decided trace behind. An attempt to escape from the skunk might leave the fugitive a prey to the mosquitos. The alternative is not agreeable, but it is one which is likely enough to present itself to any traveller in British Columbia.

From The Spectator, April 25.

SPIRITUAL POWERS.

THE very curious case which has this week been brought before the Court of Chancery, and which at the moment of our writing is undecided, gives a new aspect to those spiritualist manifestations that have long formed the subject of gossip. Few persons have not, some time or other, met with a believer in spirit-rapping. Few have not heard of the wonders produced by the agency of Mr. Home, of the chairs which have floated with him in the air, of the sentences which have been written down by unseen hands, and of the music of the spheres which has been marked by strange violations of the law of harmony. But it is a remarkable fact that all these matters should involve a legal issue, and that the spirits, in whom 11,000,000 Americans (a thousand times as many as St. Ursula's virgins) believe, should be put in Chancery. Whatever may be the questions of fact and law raised by the pleadings in the case of "Lyon v. Home," we shall of course look at the matter from an outside point of view. We have no wish to utter an opinion on the merits or to throw a doubt on the sincerity

and good faith of either party. Whether Mrs. Lyon's version is true, and Mr. Home gained an undue influence over her by spiritual manifestations, or Mr. Home's version is true, and Mrs. Lyon transferred 30,000*l.* to him of her own free-will, the story is none the less singular, and the moral of it none the less certain.

What seems to be admitted is that Mrs. Lyon was left a widow in 1859, being then between sixty and seventy years old. Shortly before his death her husband told her that they should meet again in seven years, and she took this to be a warning that she would not survive him longer than that. But just when the seven years expired she was told that her death was not necessary for the purpose of realizing the prediction; if she became a spiritualist, her husband would come to her. This led her to communicate with Mr. Home, and either at her first interview with him, or at a subsequent one, several messages from her husband were rapped out to her. After various expressions of love and attachment had passed from the spirit world to the widow, directions were given her to receive "Daniel," i. e., Mr. Home, as her son, and to settle 700*l.* a year upon him. Mrs. Lyon says the message came through Home, and was to this effect:—"Daniel is to be our son; he is my son, therefore yours. Do you remember before I passed I said a change would take place in seven years? That change has taken place." And then "*the table kicked up its legs ecstatically*," to show that the spiritual husband and father was "happy, happy, happy." It is not stated that Mr. Lyon when alive resembled Sir Robert Hazlewood, of Hazlewood; but his death seems to have inspired him with a passion for triplets. Before that he had said, "I love, love, love you," and his love for his newly discovered son led him to guard his favourite figure three with four noughts to its right. Mr. Home says that Mrs. Lyon wanted to allow him 1,000*l.* a year, but that on his replying that he did not like the idea, she rose, flung her arms round him, and kissed him, saying, "It shall be just as you like, darling!" What he did like was 30,000*l.* worth of stock, sold out by Mrs. Lyon, and transferred to him, with deeds confirming the transfer, and settling a further sum of 30,000*l.* upon him, subject to her own life interest. According to his account, Mrs. Lyon was extremely robust and vigorous, both in body and mind. He always addressed her as his mother, telling her at the same time that there were plenty of old ladies to whom he gave the same name.

The suggestions made by both sides as to a contemplation of marriage are too disgusting to be dwelt upon. We prefer to think that the relations between Mr. Home and Mr. and Mrs. Lyon were of a filial kind, than that Mr. Home wished to forestall a subsequent discovery by making Mrs. Lyon his spiritual wife.

Mr. Home does not deny that the spirits had an influence over Mrs. Lyon. All he says is that he did not produce it. "From my earliest childhood," he tells us, "I have been subject to the occasional happening of singular physical phenomena in my presence, which are most certainly not produced by me or by any other person in connection with me. I have no control over them whatever." He fully believes in the existence of spirits, "good and bad, which can and do,"—that is, we presume, the good can and the bad do,— "manifest their presence to us." Eleven million rational Americans hold the same belief. So does the Emperor of Russia. Mr. Home is not responsible for the grotesque and undignified phenomena which are sometimes caused by the spirits. He cannot help it if raps come to the table the moment Mrs. Lyon sits down to it, or if raps attend the cab in which he drives to the City for purposes of transfer. If he happens to be out walking on Sunday, and raps come to his umbrella informing him that the air is God's church and birds God's choristers, that is a matter between the spirits and their ruler. Instead of the spirits having placed Mrs. Lyon under his influence, they put him under her care. She wrote to him in the most familiar strain when he was away from town, calling him her dearest son and her dearest Daniel, and urging him to include oysters amongst his articles of diet. His contention is, that although the command from the spirits came through him and was for his benefit, it was perfectly genuine, it was in no sense procured by him, but was voluntarily obeyed by Mrs. Lyons, a clear-headed, sensible woman, acting with her eyes open. Even if it be impossible to satisfy the Court of Chancery that there are spirits which exert such an influence, the fact that Mrs. Lyon believed herself to be obeying their orders, and that this belief was wholly independent of Mr. Home, might be material to the issue. But in this respect the burden of proof is cast upon Mr. Home. A Court of Equity considers that a deed of gift made by any person in favour of another, "especially if any confidential or fiduciary relation sub-

sists between the parties," is open to suspicion, and that proof must be given "of the absence of any thing approaching to imposition, over-reaching, undue influence, or unconscionable advantage." As Mr. Home cannot well subpoena the spirits themselves to appear and give evidence, as there are no perpetual commissioners in the other world before whom affidavits can be sworn, and as Vice-Chancellor Giffard's table is not likely to kick up its legs ecstasically in cross-examination, the defendant is deprived of the help of his most valuable witnesses. But for this difficulty, it might be well if spirits could be called upon to assist blind and ignorant mortals in some of the most serious concerns of life. It is not always easy to arrive at truth in courts of justice. Witnesses do not know every thing, they sometimes will not tell what they do know, and they sometimes, when they profess to know the most, do not tell the truth about it. How useful it would be if a spiritual being was present to supply these gaps, and to furnish a test for truthfulness. The spiritual witness might look into the mind of its mortal fellow, and warn the court of the approach of perjury. Spiritual detectives might fly off to corroborate any thing said about things and places at a distance, and spiritual telegrams would come into the hands of counsel, to put them on the scent of discrepancies and falsehoods. We might even have a jury *de medietate corporis*, composed half of men and half of spirits. Mr. Home himself would probably have selected such a tribunal.

Till we come to such a state of things, we are afraid that the judgment of the world will be against all spiritual interference. In olden days it was thought necessary to guard property against the superstitious fears of dying sinners. A man found himself on the point of leaving the world for which he had lived, and in which he had found all his pleasure. The wealth which he had lavished or hoarded could profit him no longer. He began to regret that he had done nothing for his poorer fellow-men, that he had not denied himself temporal gratifications, that he had never thought of the life which was to follow. What was more natural than that he should think of doing some good with the remains of his fortune, and of earning after his death some of those prayers and blessings which he had heard were so powerful? We need not recapitulate the provisions of the Statutes of Mortmain, or allude to the priestly counsel and comfort which smoothed

the dying bed of the penitent. The singular thing here is that the law has to be invoked in favour of a woman who is stated to be vigorous and robust in mind and body, and who, on being cross-examined, showed herself remarkably business-like and clear-headed. This woman, not in a sudden fit of enthusiasm, not under the effect of any bodily duress, not moved by any natural feelings of affection or regard, not weakened by illness or in fear of death, transferred the sum of 30,000*l.* to a man whom she had seen four times, and for each of whose visits she had paid a liberal, but not a fabulous price. Both parties to the transaction agree that there was a cause for it, and that this cause was a superstition infinitely more degrading than that which led men to purchase heaven at the expense of their children. The spirits held out no inducement of any kind to make Mrs. Lyon transfer her stock to the medium. Her spirit husband was happy already, and loved her three times over even before she adopted Daniel. We cannot see what Mrs. Lyon was to gain by her obedience. The spirits, too, might well consider before they gave up the valuable services of Mr. Home, and helped to render him independent. It has been said, and with some authority we believe, that his powers as a medium left him as soon as his name was entered in the books of the Bank of England. This, however, is nothing more than what he himself admits as to the irregularity of the spiritual visits. "Sometimes I am many months, and once I have been a year, without them." It would be ungrateful of them to forsake him wholly, after he had obeyed them so implicitly as to accept a fortune from Mrs. Lyon, and to instal her among the many old ladies whom he addresses as mother. We have seen, too, that this is the very time when he is most in need of their services. If the fortune is taken away from him they will have done him no good by procuring it for him originally. Like the juggling fiends in Macbeth, they will have kept the word of promise to the ear and broken it to the hope. The case which is being tried is to some extent a test of the reality of spiritual manifestations, and will show whether the spirits are, as some have always held, an imposture, or are possessed of such powers as will be recognized by the Court of Chancery.

From The Saturday Review.

THE SPANISH MYSTICS.*

MYSTICISM is a phase of religious sentiment, or rather of religious thought — for it touches on both the moral and the intellectual nature of the soul — common to every creed which has exercised a real and lasting influence on mankind. The severe character of Judaism, with its sharply defined outlines of doctrine and temporal promises, left less room for it than a belief which centres in the Person of an incarnate God. Yet the Psalms and the Song of Solomon, if we are to attach any weight to the interpretations of Christian commentators, are deeply tinged with mysticism. Even Mahometanism has had its contemplative dervishes, and Buddhism reckons its monks and eremites by thousands. If there were no mystics among the ancient Greeks and Romans, with the solitary exception of the Pythagorean attempt at a kind of monastic discipline, it was because to them religion was a matter of poetry and art, or a function of civil life, rather than a spiritual affection or a conviction of the reason. But Christianity, which has more profoundly influenced and moulded the human mind than any other form of faith, true or false, has been the great school of mysticism. And though Protestantism is commonly supposed to represent the subjective, and Catholicism the objective, element of belief there can be no doubt that the Catholic mystics have greatly outnumbered their rivals of the Reformed Confessions. The Church, indeed, often looked with suspicion during their lives on the wanderers from the beaten track of popular orthodoxy whom she honoured after death. There have been two great outbursts of mystical devotion in her communion (we do not, of course, forget that France and Italy have also had their schools of mystics) — one during the fourteenth century in Germany, preceding the first mutterings of the Reformation; the other coeval with its early triumphs during the sixteenth century, in Spain. Tauler and Henry Suso, the leading prophets of German mysticism, were suspected of heresy in life, though the latter has since been "beatified;" and both are claimed by Protestants to this day as their natural precursors and allies. Louis of Leon was five years in prison; St. Theresa, the great heroine of Spanish mysticism,

* *Les Mystiques Espagnols.* Par Paul Rousselot, Agrégé, Professeur de Philosophie au Lycée Impérial de Dijon. Paris: Didier et Co. 1867.

narrowly escaped imprisonment; and St. John of the Cross was actually incarcerated by the Holy Office at Toledo; yet the last two are canonized saints. Nor can there be any doubt, as regards the great body of either the German or the Spanish mystics, of their entire and even passionate loyalty to the Romish Church. To inquire why Protestantism has proved a less congenial soil for the growth of this kind of religious earnestness would carry us too far from the more immediate subject of the work before us. It is obvious, however, to observe that an atmosphere of intellectual conflict is unfavourable to meditation, while the implicit acceptance of an unquestioned dogma secures at once the leisure and the subject-matter for its exercise. The question raised in the introduction to the present volume, as to the historical origin and significance of the galaxy of Spanish mystics who cluster round St. Theresa, is capable of more direct reply. And it has a literary and national, no less than a psychological, interest from the fact, very justly insisted upon by M. Rousselot, that mysticism is the real philosophy of Spain; she never had any other, either in mediæval or later times. The Jesuit theologians, Suarez and Mariana, were great thinkers; but they were more of moralists than metaphysicians. And experience shows, what might have been anticipated *a priori*, that the development of philosophical speculation is generally in an inverse ratio to the dominating force of religious sentiment:—

Ce n'est pas des travaux de plusieurs générations de penseurs, de leurs témérités, de leurs doutes que sortira le mysticisme que nous nous proposons d'étudier. Issu de la foi, essentiellement catholique dans ses origines et dans ses traits, il ne restera cependant pas en dehors de toute conception philosophique, non dans la masse, mais chez ses maîtres et ses guides. Ce ne sont pas des philosophes qui deviennent mystiques, ce sont des mystiques qui ne dédaignent pas d'étudier les philosophes: la philosophie n'altère en rien l'originalité ni surtout la spontanéité de leur inspiration première: elle ne crée pas leur mysticisme, elle s'y introduit ou s'y adjoint.

This helps to suggest a general explanation of the phenomenon of Spanish mysticism in the sixteenth century; but a glance at the circumstances and previous history of the country will lead us to a more exact appreciation of it. What admirers call the religious spirit, and hostile critics the bigotry, of Spain, is the result of a course of events which have gone far to identify

patriotism with Catholicism as an integral constituent of the national character. Up to the end of the sixth century, Spain was Arian, and when converted to Catholic Christianity, under King Recared, in 587, she espoused and defended her new creed with a jealousy and fierceness of affection which may be compared to the Protestant feeling of our own country in the reign of Elizabeth. To be a loyal Spaniard was to be a loyal Catholic. Nor was this a mere evanescent phase of sentiment. The constant presence of Moors and Jews, always at secret or open enmity with their Christian fellow-countrymen, kept it alive in all its pristine intensity for centuries, till it became ingrained into the very life-blood of the people. As our author puts it, "in defending her religion, Spain was defending herself." And, accordingly, the clergy became, to all intents and purposes, the supreme authority in the country. The long line of Councils of Toledo—half synods, half parliaments—of which no less than fourteen assembled between the third in 589, when the too famous *Filioque* was added to the Nicene Creed, and the sixteenth in 693—concerned themselves with questions of all kinds, from the doctrine of the Incarnation to the laws of the realm and the succession of the dynasty. The King reigned; but the Council generally governed, or, to say the least, he only governed through it. Moreover, the manifold divisions of race, climate, and natural temperament in different parts of Spain—containing at one time a hundred separate States—could only be welded together by the bond of a common religious sentiment into national unity. Castilian and Andalusian, Catalan and Valencian, Galician and Aragonese, with all their varieties of habit, circumstances, and culture, became one nation through their devotion to one faith. And hence the establishment of the Spanish Inquisition—which was not imposed from without, but a spontaneous growth from within—in the thirteenth century, and the horrible cruelties of which it was afterwards guilty, bear some analogy to the persecution of Roman Catholics under Elizabeth, and the penal laws against their religion in Ireland, which, till comparatively recent times, disgraced our Statute-book. It was the outcome of the religious sentiment, taking the shape of patriotism and national pride, which had quite as much to do formerly with the greatness as since with the decadence of Spain.

And if the Inquisition was one expression

of the same peculiarities of national character which found another vent in mysticism, it also had a direct influence in creating the mystical literature of the Reformation period by making almost every other kind of literature impossible. Cardinal Ximenes at the beginning of the century, finding the clergy sunk in the grossest ignorance, did much, according to his lights, to promote intellectual culture, especially by founding the University of Alcalá, multiplying printing-presses, and editing the Complutensian Polyglot, which was a decided advance on contemporary versions of the Bible, though far, of course, behind the standard of modern criticism. But he, too, kept a strong hand over any heretical tendencies of the press. He refused permission for a translation of Scripture into the vernacular, maintaining that it ought to be confined to the three languages inscribed on the Title of the Cross; he burnt a valuable collection of Arabic works variously reckoned at 5,000, 80,000, and 1,500,000 volumes, and strenuously supported the Holy Office. By the rules of that office, no work could appear without special authorization; and the author, printer, seller, and reader of unlicensed books were alike liable to confiscation of their goods, excommunication, and even death. The noblest literature must wither under such a system; and a country which had none, or next to none, except romances, mystery plays, and Lives of Saints, was not likely to take a new start in producing one. The Spaniards had never been a speculative people; and philosophy was, of course, next to heterodox theology, the most dangerous subject to meddle with, when error, or suspected error, might bring the delinquent to the stake. Nor does the philosophy of the Spanish Arabs appear to have excited any appreciable influence over their Christian fellow-citizens. They borrowed much from the Arabs in manners, language, dress, architecture, and mental deportment — if the expression may be allowed — but very little of positive opinion or modes of thought, and still less from the Jews. Nor do the writings of the German mystics of the fourteenth century seem to have been known in Spain. Their mystical literature was a native product of the soil, fostered by the peculiarities of their history and national temperament, and brought to the surface by the backwater of the great current of the Renaissance and Reformation movements then sweeping over Europe. Neither of these movements had much direct influence in Spain. What little there was

of Protestant aspirations was promptly and completely stamped out by the Inquisition, as an offence equally against Church and State. One safety-valve alone was left open to the higher moral and intellectual life of the people — though even that, as we have seen, was not free from danger — and those who in France or Germany might have become heresiarchs, in Spain became mystics. It was their way of fighting Protestantism with its own weapons of subjective faith. It is also true, as M. Rousselot observes, that, at an epoch of moral and religious revolution, those who shrink from the agony of doubt and the strife of tongues are naturally impelled to take refuge in the hidden depths of an inner world of belief and contemplative fervor, where controversy cannot penetrate. The religious idea, unable to expand freely without, is thrown in upon itself, and takes the shape of mysticism. The romance literature of Spain, which idealized chivalry as the mystics idealized religion, contributed something to the same result. St. Theresa had been passionately fond of it in her youth, and "Amadis of Gaul" was the favorite study of Ignatius Loyola at the beginning of the long illness which fixed his new vocation. It was no violent transition to pass from such works to the *Autos Sacramentales* of the poets or the Lives of the Saints. Some of the mystics, as Louis of Leon, were themselves no mean poets; and their influence again re-acted on contemporary poetry, and even on art. Lopez de Vega, Calderon, and Murillo were their natural interpreters to the outer world. And it is an observable feature of the Spanish mystics that nearly all of them wrote in their own language — which they did much to mould and perfect — and thus appealed, not to a select few, but to the great mass of their fellow-countrymen. Their piety was essentially of the Western, not of the Eastern, type, and did not withdraw them from the ministry of religion or the duties of active life. They wished to purify society, not to leave it and found a new Thebaid. And their writings differ from those of the French mystics of the next century, and the mediæval mystics of Italy, in having a more practical scope, and dealing less (partly through the pressure of the Inquisition) with philosophical or theological speculation. On the other hand, they have more in common with the German mystics of the fourteenth century; both movements were of national and spontaneous growth, and had no contact with scholasticism; the latter, indeed, was a re-

action against it. But even then the German writers, Eckhart especially, betrayed unconscious germs of that pantheism which blossomed more fully two centuries afterwards in the system of the Protestant Jacob Böhme, and later again in the Hegelian school of our own day. Of this, the Spanish mystics show no trace.

We have purposely dwelt on the general characteristics and origin of Spanish mysticism rather than on the individual writers whose lives and works are examined in detail by M. Rousselot. For a fuller account of them, those who are interested in the subject may be referred to his pages. St. Theresa and St. John of the Cross are the best known of the group. The former is one of the very few Roman Catholic devotional authors who have attained a certain popularity beyond their own communion. The complete works of St. John of the Cross were published four years ago in an English translation, with a preface by Cardinal Wiseman, and were noticed at the time in our columns. The cardinal directs attention to that practical and common-sense feature of their teaching to which reference has been made already. It was, or was certainly intended to be, the mysticism of common life, and not exclusively of the cloister. And it is very observable that all authentic portraits of St. Theresa represent her, not as she has been idealized in fancy pictures into a swooning hysterical visionary, but with firmly set, almost masculine, features, and an unmistakable look of resolution and strong sense. Both she and her friend and disciple, St. John of the Cross, led lives of incessant activity. In another respect, the cardinal's estimate of them throws light on some remarks of M. Rousselot's when he insists on the minute familiarity of these writers with Scripture, and their habitual use of it in their devotional systems. This was clearly due, in great measure, to the impetus given to biblical studies by Ximenes. If one result was to produce in his own University of Alcalá a few Protestant writers, who were speedily obliged to quit their native soil, "deadly to every non-Catholic doctrine," a more prominent effect was seen in the scriptural basis of the writings of the mystics. Into the metaphysical and psychological questions necessarily involved in the subject, as a whole, we have no space to enter here. It may suffice to recall the words of the late Sir J. Stephen, in his biography of St. Francis Xavier, which few thoughtful readers would care to dispute, that "whatever may be thought of these voices from within, it is at least clear that nothing mag-

nificent or sublime has ever yet proceeded from those who have listened only to the voices from without."

From The Athenæum.

MARYLAND AND LORD BALTIMORE

Terra Mariæ; or, Threads of Maryland Colonial History. By Edward D. Neil. (Philadelphia, Lippincott & Co.)

MARYLAND is the least lettered of all the United States, and she has heretofore done little towards collecting the materials of her story.

At first sight, such a fact seems rather odd; for, although truth compels us to say that Maryland is the least lettered of all the States, such a saying will be a great surprise to the belles and beaux of Baltimore. For Baltimore is a city of high pretensions; a city of song, of war, of patriotism; apt to trol out much poetic passion, to clothe itself in steel, to apostrophize the gods, and dash away Northern scum, under the influence of wax-lights and champagne. Maryland is rich, not only in chivalry, but in contradictions.

Baltimore, her bright little capital — with its aristocratic surface cut in two parts by the plebeian Jones's Falls — is called the City of Monuments, from the presence in its streets of three or four severities in stone, which seem to have wandered away, in a state of ghostly fitfulness, from some neighbouring Kensal Green or Père La Chaise. No guest of a week in that gay and sparkling town will think of it mainly as the place where he saw the Armistead sculpture and the Washington column. Baltimore will live in his mind as a city of lovely girls, of passionate song, and of perfect terrapin. It will keep its place, when things of higher interest may have passed away, by the colour of its streets, by the dash of its people, by the heat of its pavement, by the frolic of its quays. Other cities of the Union have their charm. Boston is very massive, Richmond is very picturesque. New York abounds in riches, Chicago in enterprise, New Orleans in wickedness. St. Louis is fervid, Philadelphia nobly built; but Baltimore has a charm beyond nearly all cities in America, which many a visitor has felt without being able to describe. The streets are very sunny, the citizens very gay. But

these things may be seen elsewhere, in places of which you do not feel the instant charm. Perhaps the secret lies in a certain combination of brightness and thoughtlessness in the city and the people, which is rather Sicilian than American. New York and New Orleans are far more dissipated cities than Baltimore; yet for a kind of decorous excess in the ways of vice — for dancing and dicing, for driving and drinking, for all the delights which are supposed to hang about wine, woman, and song — this city on the Chesapeake bears away the bell.

Your true Marylander is a jovial, hospitable, frank, illogical, and impulsive fellow; liable, in times of excitement, to much patriotic fever, which he is apt to catch when sitting at dinner-tables and standing in front of pianofortes. When this fever is on him, he is wildly picturesque, and not quite harmless. But his fits of savage defiance commonly pass off in words. Happily for mankind, when the disease is at its worst, he can sit and sing himself away, — the freedom upon which he most of all piques himself being his right of song.

The contradictions of Maryland begin with its name. Maryland is called after a queen whose name was not Mary. Indeed, we have met with persons, who would not like to have been called country gentlemen, who fancied that Catholic Maryland was called after Queen Mary, just as Protestant Virginia was called after Queen Bess. Our readers, of course, are well aware that Maryland was called after Henrietta, consort of Charles the First — “and thereby hangs a tale.” When the heroic daughter of Henri the Great came into England, nobody could pronounce her French name of Henriette Marie; and even her husband preferred to call her by the English form of Mary. Henriette herself never adopted this change. To the last, she signed her letters in the feminine form of her father's name; but the common people only knew her as Mary, and the likeness of her ordinary name to that of the “bloody” queen was one element of suspicion against her in the troubled times through which she had to pass. But for this vulgar obstacle, the fair country on Chesapeake Bay would have been called Henrietta Land; in which case, a softly-sounding word would have been lost to the fair and lively patriots of Baltimore.

Henrietta Land, my Henrietta Land!

would hardly have roused the pulses of a people open to the intoxication of sweet sounds.

Lord Baltimore, who founded the colony of

Maryland, was a convert to the Roman Church. His first design in putting money out to interest as a planter was to do good to his soul, while securing a fine estate to his family; but he was not always quite so steadily bent on carrying out his principles as he seemed to be on filling his pockets. In fact, George Calvert, the Yorkshire lad, who learned his first lessons in taking care of his own fortunes from Sir Robert Cecil, was not the kind of man to make sacrifices, even for a religion in which he believed. It is more than doubtful whether George Calvert believed in the mass and the pope. In this world, there was only one person in whom he had perfect confidence; and that was — himself. It was said of him, as of many a better man, that he could not afford a conscience. He was poor, and not proud. He married young, and had a household of boys and girls; no less than ten of them in all. Other children he also had to provide for; born to him in love, but not in law. Altogether, he was not in a position to be choice in his ways of life; and there is only too much reason to infer that he sacrificed his first religion to what he fancied was going to be his interest.

No man in that age, not even his master, Cecil, was more keenly alive to the advantages which may come to a clever fellow from standing by the winning party, and carrying his assistance to the stronger side. In his early time, George Calvert led a hard and hopeless kind of life. His father, Leonard Calvert, was a Yorkshire squire, of no large means. He did “not belong to the nobility of England,” says Mr. Neill, who has written for the Maryland market a detailed account of the State founder. Mr. Neill appears to have rather vague notions about the English peerage. We fear he will be rather shocked to find that the Yorkshire squire had just as much to do with the English nobility as his son George. Calvert was in due time made an Irish baron; a very different thing from being made an English peer. The fine points of our usages in these matters of dignity are nearly always lost upon those who are not to the manner born. The difference between English knighthood and Hanoverian knighthood used to puzzle foreigners completely; and King William's pleasant way of rubbing his palms, and chuckling over his own adroitness in putting a fellow off with the Hanoverian article, could not be made intelligible to a stranger. The title was the same, and a knight is a knight all the world over. Yet every man who was fobbed off with the foreign article felt the indignity in

his heart of hearts. But the difference between a Hanoverian and an English knighthood was not half so striking as that between an English peerage and an Irish barony. One is a power, the other is but a name. An English baron sits in the House of Lords; and a large fraction of the governing might of this great empire passes into his hands. The Irish baron gets nothing with his title, except the social courtesies. In fact, his title is an incumbrance; for, while it gives him no right to sit in the House of Lords, it prevents him from sitting for any Irish constituency in the House of Commons. The dignity is a disqualification. Hence, an Irish peerage, when it stands alone, is rather a joke with us, who are fond of realities, and have very little of the Siamese reverence for rulers who do not rule. Now, George Calvert, who lived to plant the Roman Catholic colony of Maryland, was made Baron Baltimore in the peerage of Ireland; and no man of the family has ever become a member of the English nobility. This is the simple truth; and we shall be sorry if it offend the good people of Baltimore, who pique themselves on having been planted by a lord, while the neighbouring States were planted by commoners, like Walter Raleigh and William Penn. Calvert was only an Irish lord.

For many years after his arrival in London, with a keen appetite and an empty pocket, the smart Yorkshire lad pined in a back room of Sir Robert Cecil's office—doing the humblest drudgery of a clerk; looking after farm accounts, seeing to the bailiffs, and making himself generally useful. He had one great advantage for such work,—he wrote a hand which a child could read. Only those who have been condemned to read a good deal of the correspondence of Bacon's contemporaries can tell how far the possession of this happy gift might go towards making a man's fortune. Only three or four men had it; and they all became Secretaries of State, and nearly all of them peers. This was Dudley Carleton's chief merit, just as it was George Calvert's merit. Yet Calvert remained an obscure clerk in Cecil's office for nearly a dozen years, and only emerged from his obscurity when his master died. Two circumstances helped him. In his old age, Cecil had few friends, and no confidants of his own rank in life. He made his clerk one of his executors; and Calvert's duties in this office made him a man of consequence. In the next place, King James, alarmed at the idea of giving his great minister a suc-

cessor, resolved that he would not appoint another Chief Secretary of State. In fact, James knew that his secretary had been the real governing power; that he had received presents and bribes from all the foreign kings and princes; and he wished to keep both the power and the profit of power in his own hands. He said he would, in future, be his own Secretary of State. Very wisely he kept on some of Cecil's penmen; among others, the shrewd Yorkshire gentleman, who wrote Italian and Spanish as well as Latin and French. In fact, if not yet in name, Calvert became one of James's foreign secretaries; and, in the course of six or seven years of humble drudgery in this new office, he became Sir George, and nominal Secretary of State.

In this position, he attached himself to every one who was rising in the world,—to Somerset, to Bacon, to Buckingham; but not so closely as to involve himself in their troubles. His policy was to rise slowly and safely; never to provoke envy and ill-will by his sudden airs of greatness; to run easily with the tide; and get himself on high and dry ground before the moment of its ebb.

The great business of Calvert's official life was the negotiation for a Spanish match; and the change in his religion was closely connected with that event. Calvert fully believed that an Infanta would come to London as future queen, and that through her influence England would be brought under the control of Rome. He therefore made his peace at an early day. He played for a great stake; he played with skill, patience, foresight; and if events had come about as he expected, Calvert would have been the most powerful man in England. Instead of a poor Irish barony, and a grant of wild land in the New World, he would have been able to ask and obtain such favours as had crowned the handsome George Villiers. And the events on which he reckoned were not so wildly improbable as they may now appear. It is certain that half the people of England were still Catholic at heart. The higher classes, it is true, were mainly Protestant; but men like Calvert fancied that these higher classes would follow the fashions set by the court; and that a lovely Spanish lady would draw the whole world behind her to the man. Every thing seemed to favour this idea. A great many worldly-wise people were getting themselves reconciled. The faith of James was of doubtful orthodoxy. His queen had been reconciled with Rome. He wanted a Catholic wife for his son; and he

was ready to stipulate that his grandchildren should be taught by Jesuits and priests. More than half his privy council was suspected of popish practices. Who, then, would be likely to oppose the coming Catholic queen? It required Naseby and Dunbar to answer that question.

At the time when Calvert avowed himself a convert, he had every thing to gain at court by his declaration. The tide had then set strongly towards Rome; and if the common people growled and threatened, no one supposed that their distant murmurs could either make or mar the fortunes of a Secretary of State. If, by his arts, Calvert could sensibly aid in bringing the project of a Spanish match to a happy end, he might ask for any reasonable reward in his sovereign's gift.

In the meanwhile, he had a great match of his own in view, — an alliance between his son Cecilius and Lady Ann, daughter of Lord Arundel, the proudest and staunchest of Catholic peers. For such an alliance, the Calverts were only too glad to make sacrifices; and the marriage of Cecilius and Lady Ann was not solemnized until all the Calvert family had been brought into the fold of Rome.

Sir George was not hard to persuade. Indeed, nothing was more easy to him than to sacrifice an opinion and a sentiment when it became his plain interest to give such proofs of his devotion. What he practised he also taught. One of his Yorkshire friends was Wentworth, afterwards so famous as the Earl of Strafford. In those days, Wentworth was a liberal, much opposed to court intrigues. When the king attempted to levy money under privy seals, Wentworth resisted stoutly; on which Calvert wrote to warn his old friend against the dangers into which he was running for a mere trumpery sum of money: — "I have been here now some two or three months," he said in a letter to his old Yorkshire friend and neighbour, "a spectator upon this great scene of State, where I have no part to play; but you have, for which your friends are sorry. It is your enemies that bring you on the stage when they have a hope to see you act your own notable harm; and therefore keep yourself off, I beseech you, *et redimas te quam queas minimo*. Furnish not your enemies with matter of triumph, when, without detriment either to your honour or conscience, you may give them the foil if you will; and remember the old tale of the rain that fell upon all the world except two who kept themselves in a cellar, and how sorry they

were afterward for their providence." Calvert never thought of men resisting such demands as the king was then making, on principle. It was to him, then and always, a question of so much money. More than once he wrote to Wentworth on the subject; and it is likely enough that the shrewd, practical advice of Calvert had some share in that conversion of Wentworth to the king's views which ended in his violent death. At first, the great Yorkshire gentleman was slow to take these hints. On the point of departure for Newfoundland, Calvert wrote again to Wentworth in the same strain of grovelling prudence: — "I should say much more to you were you here, which is not fit for paper; but never put off the matter of your appearance here, for God's sake; but send your money into the collector's without more ado."

The failure of Prince Charles's romantic journey to Madrid was the ruin of Calvert's greater hopes. On the prince's return, Calvert found his own position at court much weakened; and, fearing that the seals of his office would be taken from him by the king, he began to look about him for a buyer. Strange to say, he found a man willing to buy; and then he obtained Buckingham's leave to sell. Sir Albert Morton was the lucky man; and the price agreed upon between the hucksters for the transfer of this great public office was 6,000*l*, and an Irish barony. It was clearly understood at court that the Irish barony was to be either kept or sold at Calvert's own option. For some time, it was understood to be on sale, but no one tempted the holder by a sufficient bid; and at length Sir George determined to keep the lordship for himself.

It is a very sad story; but then it is the truth; and in this rather dirty way the colony of Maryland came to be planted by a lord.

Calvert had got from the king a grant of land in the bleak north, which he tried to settle, and could not. He then took advantage of his position at court to rob the Virginia Company of some of their best lands on the Chesapeake; for a new Catholic princess had come into England from Paris; and men of Calvert's new persuasion were extremely powerful in the ante-chambers of Whitehall. By rather foul play, he got a grant of the land; and Charles himself inserted in his patent the name of Terra Mariæ, which the colonists turned into English as Maryland. Calvert did not live to settle the country thus given to him; but the colony thrived apace: and King Charles at least lived long enough to hear that the

colony planted by a nobleman, and named by himself, was the very first colony in America to turn against him in the day of his distress.

The story of Maryland is not altogether a pleasant story to relate; but readers who care for detail in such things may profitably consult the little volume by Mr. Niell.

From The Congregationalist.

REV. ALBERT BARNES.

The meagre reports of public rumor, so unsatisfying to those deeply interested in this great and good man, have elicited the following facts from his own pen.

F. D. H.

"I AM forbidden to write, and I am now writing this with my eyes closed, by the aid of a machine,—the same which Mr. Prescott used, in writing his histories. . . . Even this I do at some peril of blindness. My general health is perfect. As perfect as it could be, at my time of life—now in my seventieth year. I am able to do as much work as ever without fatigue. My only difficulty is with my eyes, and there the difficulty is a serious and alarming one.

I am threatened with blindness, and am commanded not to read or write or preach, or *think*.

I was very well all last winter, did all my ordinary work, and the extra work of my Lectures (Evidences of Christianity) and was using my eyes very moderately and quite comfortably, until August, when suddenly and unexpectedly, alarming symptoms, consisting of flashes of light appeared; and I thought it necessary to consult my physicians. I did so, and was commanded to *stop at once*, on penalty of total blindness. I therefore resigned my pastoral office."

Then follow facts of which the public are already informed. At a much later date, April 21, 1868, he again writes:

"I am not, as yet, afflicted with total

blindness, and I still *hope* that I may be saved from that great calamity, though there are alarming indications, increasing rather than diminishing, that if I live much longer, I shall be; and that I may end my course, as not a few do—as a blind old man. Perhaps it will make the exceeding splendor of heaven, if I am permitted to behold it, more glorious to my view.

My son, as I told you, reads to me, but that leaves many hours heavy and unoccupied. I have, however, much to interest me in my garden (Eden's Bank—his summer home). Now that I have not any thing to employ myself about, I am endeavoring to put my grounds in a better and more tasteful order than they have been heretofore. At least a very innocent employment and a means of grace. Why not? A man ought to be the better for seeing the works of God all around him, and by seeing those works developed under the operation of his own hands.

Those who have seen "Eden's Bank" can scarcely conceive it possible. No man can make a flower bloom, but one may be an instrument of causing one to bloom, where otherwise there would be none, and thus bring out, so to speak, a new manifestation of the power, the skill, and the goodness of God.

When I received your letter I had just returned from a "residence" in the Dominion of Canada, where I had gone to secure a copyright of my Notes on the Psalms, in England. I had ample opportunity to understand the capabilities of that climate in regard to temperature, for they all said, that this has been the coldest winter that had ever been known in Canada.

The first volume of this work has been published in London, and will be issued with all convenient despatch in this country. This completes my work on the Bible,—a work which has occupied my leisure hours for forty years—which has been to me an unfailing source of enjoyment, and which has met with a degree of success which I never expected or hoped for. The mere result of Sovereign goodness and grace."

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

No. 1253. — June 6, 1868.

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EARLY LOVE.

TO EVA.

Yes, we must sever, Eva dear ;
But, though our sorrows flow,
Thy semblance still shall bless me here,
In solitude and woe.

Though fate, dear Eva, bids us part,
I'll love as warmly true,
As when in my enamoured heart
Thine image, dearest, grew.

With thee were all my loves of youth ;
My childhood's dreams were thine ;
Thy name, in fond, devoted truth,
Was mingled then with mine.

When age that shades our bosom's light,
Each cherished trace shall wear,
That name shall live as pure and bright
As when 'twas written there.

1815. — Drake.

THE LITTLE FAIR SOUL.

A LITTLE fair soul that knew not sin
Looked over the edge of Paradise,
And saw one striving to come in,
With fear and tumult in his eyes.

"O ! brother, is it you ?" he cried,
"Your face is as a breath from home,
Why do you stay so long outside ?
I am athirst for you to come.
Tell me first how our mother fares,
And did she weep too much for me ?"

"White are her cheeks and white her hairs,
But not from gentle tears for thee !"

"Tell me where are our sisters gone ?"

"Alas ! I left them weary and wan !"

"And tell me, is the baby grown ?"

"Alas ! he will be soon a man !
Cannot you break the gathering days,
And let the light of Death come through,
Ere his feet stumble in the maze,
Crossed safely by so few, so few ?
For like a cloud upon the sea
That darkens till you find no shore,
So was the face of Life to me,
Until I sank for evermore !
And like an army in the snow
My days went past, a treacherous train,
Each silent when he struck his blow
Until I lay among them, slain !"

"O ! brother, there was a path so clear !"

"It might be — but I never sought."

"O ! brother, there was a sword so near !"

"It might be — but I never fought."

"Yet, sweep this needless gloom aside,
For you are come to the gate at last."

Then in despair that soul replied,
"The gate is fast ! The gate is fast !"

"I cannot move the mighty weight,
I cannot find the golden key,
But hosts of heaven around us wait,
And none has ever said No to me.
Kind Saint, put by thy palm and scroll,
And come undo the door for me !"

"Rest thee still, thou little fair soul,
It is not mine to keep the key."

"Sweet angel, strike these doors apart !
That outer air is dark and cold."

"Rest thee still, thou little pure heart,
Not for my word will they unfold."

Up all the shining heights he prayed,
For that poor Shadow in the cold,
Still came the word, "Not ours to aid !
We cannot make the doors unfold !"
But that poor Shadow, still outside,
Wrung all the sacred air with pain,
And all the souls went up and cried
Where never cry was heard in vain.
No eyes beheld the pitying Face,
The answer none might understand,
But dimly through the silent space
Was seen the stretching of a hand.

M. B. SMEDL

— Good Words.

THERE is a rather amusing suggestion in *Orchestra*. The way in which musicians take popular air and tease it to death with what are pleased to call variations on it, is oftening enough to the patience of those who, all their love of music, have no great interest of mere legerdemain. It is irreverence proposed in the wicked journal I have named try the effect on poetical readers of introducing similar variations into poetry : as thus —

To be, fiddle — or not to be, diddle —
That is the question, de rol de dol day,
Whether 'tis nobler, doodle — in the min
suffer, poodle —

The slings and arrows, noodle — of our
ous fortune, foodle —

Or to take arms, kafoozleum — against a
of troubles, kafoozleum — and by oppo
end them, ti roodle, ti roodle, ti roodll
ray.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF THE REIGN
OF GEORGE II.

NO. III. — THE MAN OF THE WORLD.

THERE are few things in the world so sad as biography; which is but another way of saying that there is nothing so sad as life when it runs its ordinary course and lasts its appointed time. History, being on a larger scale, saves itself from the burden by the constant succession of new figures which crowd after each other on its canvas. The tragic element is kept in check by the larger story behind, in which each individual has but a passing share. The literature of imagination in all its varied forms, poetical, dramatical, or simply narrative, occupies itself with but some culminating point in life, some grand exceptional episode, some striking incident — or the story of youth, ever new and ever varied, though always the same. But the sober Muse of individual biography, which traces over and over again the same inevitable career, is a veiled and mournful figure at her best. Where her subject is one of those brief and passionate tragedies which sweep a great soul suddenly out of the world on the fiery breath of battle, or by the fierce struggle of genius with misfortune, she is at her happiest. Whom the gods love die young: the sun that goes down at noon surrounds itself with a thousand lurid clouds and wild reflections of light in darkness; but it avoids all the *morne* monotony, the insufferable depression, the pitiful pathos and weariness of the life which lingers out to its last moment amid the wreck of all things. Age is sad, not so much because it is age, as because the man who attains it stands on a pedestal of melancholy isolation. Death upon death must have fallen heavy on his heart ere he could reach that point of unenviable superiority. The air about him echoes dully with the sound of lamentation; his friends have fallen around him like the leaves in autumn; his hopes in all probability have shared the same fate. If love survives for him at all, it is the love of self-sacrifice — the devotion which leads some child or friend to give up individual happiness for the sake of duty — an offering bitter-sweet. Thus the story of men's lives is always sad. There could be no more awful commentary on existence than is implied in such a series of sketches as we are at present engaged upon; and in this commentary there are few chapters more painfully instructive than that which concerns the courtly figure now before us, the urbane

and polished Chesterfield, statesman, orator, and moralist, but, above all, man of the world.

Chesterfield was born to the possession of most of the good things for which men sigh. The heir to an English earldom, well-born (to use a word at which he himself scoffs), highly educated, highly endowed, a man to whom every prize of life was open, there is something in the very splendour of the circumstances under which he made his entrance into the world which, to a certain extent, explains his character. He was full of individual ambition — the good things won for him by his ancestors were not enough to satisfy his restless mind. To make greatness for himself, to advance by his own merits, to secure admiration, applause, and advantage on purely personal grounds, was the great object of his desire. The vantage-ground from which he set out was to such a mind a positive injury. Had he been the son of a poor gentleman compelled to win his way slowly, in the first place to a living, and after to all attainable honours, the chances are that Chesterfield would have been a better man. But his position changed the character of all the rewards to which he could aspire. It shut out the possibility of wholesome toil for wholesome advantage. It made the favour of a king, the admiration of society, his highest aim. From his first outset in the world until the moment when, with a certain pathetic humour, going out for his daily drive, he explained to his French visitor that he was going to rehearse his interment, the man Chesterfield was swallowed up in the actor whose part it was to please, to dazzle, to outshine all his surroundings, "to make every man he met like, and every woman love" him. In pursuance of this object he laboured as men labour for the noblest purposes of ambition — he educated, polished, pruned, and cultivated himself as at a later period he endeavoured, with less success, to cultivate his son. He kept himself before the public eye; he said his say upon everything, publicly with the fine periods of elaborate oratory, privately with stinging epigrams of wit. Even his pursuit of pleasure was laborious and for a purpose. When he formed his style with all the pains of a professional elocutionist, he was not more completely at work than when he put himself through a course of such pleasant vices as were then supposed to complete and ripen the reputation of a gentleman. Consciousness of himself and his intentions go with him through everything. Nothing spontaneous, nothing unpremeditated, is in the

fatally well-balanced being which rises before us in all his self-revelations. We are not sure even how far it is possible to apply such a word to the utterances of Chesterfield. The self which he reveals is an artificial self. It is not the natural coxcombry which calls forth a not unkindly smile, nor the wisdom which, however limited, has some truth of experience in it, that he places before us when he draws the curtain, but rather the impersonation of a carefully-manufactured social creed, a system which he himself knows to be hollow, though he thinks it needful. What true self there was in the man, what human sense there might be in him of the failure that attended all his efforts — failure in himself, failure in his boy, humiliation, loss, abandonment — there is not a word to say. With a certain fidelity to his creed which is almost touching in its steadiness, the old man even tries, after these two failures, to leave the inheritance of his philosophy, with his lands and his titles, to the far-off kinsman who was his heir. Strange faith, which almost outdoes in its pertinacity the highest religious devotion! The prophet had made but little by it, and had failed totally in transmitting it to his first disciple. But with the humility of a fanatic he is ready to grant that his must have been the fault, and gives testimony with the pale lips of the dying that his system itself was divine!

Chesterfield was born in September 1694, and seems to have been brought up chiefly by his grandmother, the Marchioness of Halifax. In 1712 he went to Cambridge, from which place he writes, with a curious evidence of the difference of education in those days and in our own, to his former tutor, M. Jouneau, a French pastor to whose care his grandmother had confided him. It was the month of August, and he had been passing a week with the Bishop of Ely. "In this short time," writes the lad, "I have seen more of the country than I had before seen in all my life, and it is very pleasant hereabouts." A youth of eighteen who could find a landscape like that which surrounds Ely novel and agreeable is indeed a variety upon the experienced boys of our own day. Already, however, the young undergraduate betrayed his tendency towards the study which was to distinguish his life. "I find this college," he adds (Trinity Hall), "infinitely the best in all the University, for it is the smallest, and is full of lawyers who have been in the world, and *qui savent vivre*." The account of his life at Cambridge which he gives to his son forty years after, is far from agreeing with the boyish wit and sophistication of

his letters. "At the University," he says (writing, no doubt, at poor Philip, who loved learning better than the art of *savoir vivre*), "I was an absolute pedant. When I talked my best, I quoted Horace; when I aimed at being facetious, I quoted Martial; and when I had a mind to be a fine gentleman, I talked Ovid. I was convinced that none but the ancients had common sense; that the classics contained everything that was necessary, useful, or ornamental to men; and I was not even without thoughts of wearing the *toga virilis* of the Romans instead of the vulgar and illiberal dress of the moderns." Lord Chesterfield plainly does himself injustice in this, after the manner and with the same object as does a converted coalheaver, who describes to his astonished audience the horrible depths of iniquity in which he once wallowed. His early letters show none of this pedantry. They are in embryo very much what his later letters are — full of well-turned sentences, a lively if somewhat elaborate wit, and intense appreciation of all the arts and graces of society. In one, indeed, the budding politician discloses himself with a little outburst of youthful freedom. The accession of George I., which occurs while he is in Paris, fills him with satisfaction. If he had not liked it for himself, he says, the sadness of the French and the English Jacobites on the death of the Queen would have convinced him of its benefit. "But when I see," he adds, "how far things had already gone in favour of the Pretender and of Popery, and that we were within an inch of slavery, I consider the death of this woman (to wit, Queen Anne) as absolutely the greatest happiness that has ever befallen England; for if she had lived three months longer, she would no doubt have established her religion, and, as a natural consequence, tyranny; and would have left us after her death a bastard king, as foolish as herself, and who, like her, would have been led by the nose by a band of rascals." This is strong language for a man to use whose future efforts to lead kings by the nose were most unwearied, though seldom successful. In the same letter the young traveller gives an amusing description of the way in which he had profited by his travels. "I shall not give you my opinion of the French," he says, "because I am very often taken for one of them, and some have paid me the highest compliment they think it in their power to bestow, which is, 'Sir, you are like one of ourselves!'" I shall only tell you that I am insolent. I talk a great deal, loudly and with arrogance; I sing and dance

as I walk; and above all I spend an immense sum in hair-powder, feathers, and white gloves."

A curious story is told by Dr. Maty of Chesterfield's entrance into public life. He was elected member for the borough of St. Germans in Cornwall, in the year 1715. It was the first Parliament under the house of Hanover, and the young legislator took the earliest opportunity of letting loose his opinion with a freedom not unlike that with which he had expounded it in writing, in the letter we have just quoted. He said, speaking of Harley and Bolingbroke, that "he was persuaded that the safety of his country required that examples should be made of those who betrayed it in so infamous a manner." When he had ended his speech, a member belonging to the opposite party went over to the new orator: he "complimented him upon his *coup d'essai*," and added "that he was exactly acquainted with the date of his birth, and could prove that, when he was chosen a member of the House he was not come of age, and that he was not so now: at the same time he assured him that he wished to take no advantage of this, unless his own friends were pushed; in which case, if Chesterfield offered to vote, he would immediately acquaint the House with it." The young man still wanted some weeks of being one-and-twenty when this conversation took place, and he knew the consequences, which were the instant annulling of his election and a fine of £500. In such a case discretion was evidently the better part of valour. Accordingly he "answered nothing; but making a low bow quitted the House directly and went to Paris." Thus abruptly his first attempt at politics came to a premature end.

Soon after this amusing incident the mouldering feud between the King and Prince of Wales broke out into open enmity, and Chesterfield, who had been appointed Lord of the Bedchamber to the latter, was for nearly a dozen years shut out from all preferment. With the hopes natural to the adherents of a young prince, he bore this acute exclusion from all gains and honours, believing in a better time to come. The Court at Leicester Fields was gay and young, and much more worth frequenting than the heavy old Hanoverian Court at St. James's. And though Chesterfield made the mistake of devoting himself to the special service, not of the true mistress of the house and society, but of Lady Suffolk, yet no doubt the life was one that suited him and developed his mind. The wittiest men and the prettiest women in England met there

in the slipshod grandeur of the time, with the high spirits of youth, and the stimulus of a common butt as well as of a common expectation. The nasty old Court half a mile off, the heavy wicked German women, the old King with his hideous favourites, must no doubt have afforded the best of subjects for social satire and high-spiced gossip. How it could possibly have happened that Chesterfield found his wife there it is impossible to divine. But there could not have been any question of Mademoiselle Schulemberg when he and the wits of the time met the pretty maids of honour in the apartment of the Princess's bedchamber woman in waiting, "the fashionable evening rendezvous," as Horace Walpole tells us, "of all the most distinguished wits and beauties."

Towards the end of this pleasant period of expectation, Chesterfield was unwillingly obliged to go through his share of domestic duty in the way of attending his father during his last illness. The Earl had been a harsh and unloving father, and, indeed, seems to have treated his eldest son with downright injustice, preferring a younger brother, upon whom he heaped favours—a circumstance which gives what excuse is possible to the tone in which his son speaks of him. Brethby, the seat of his family, to which Lord Chesterfield's illness called his heir, was intolerable to the young man of fashion. In the whole series of letters, extending over so many years of his life, only two are dated from this ancestral house. In the first he declares that if his imprisonment lasted much longer he should go mad of it. "This place," he writes, "being the seat of horror and despair, where no creatures but ravens, screech-owls, and birds of ill omen seem willingly to dwell; for as for the very few human faces that I behold, they look, like myself, rather condemned than inclined to stay here." Fortunately, the sentiments of our grand seigneurs, as well as their habits, have changed since that time. The modern country-house system, with its heaps of visitors, seems to have been attempted by Sir Robert Walpole at Houghton, to the grave displeasure and animadversion of his neighbours, to whom it was an instance of *luxu effréné*. But Chesterfield loved town, and claved to it. It was "filial piety" alone that induced his exile, — a piety, he writes coarsely — though it was Lady Suffolk, a woman not without delicacy of mind and feeling, who was his correspondent — surpassing that of Æneas, "for when he took such care of his father he was turned of fourscore, and not likely to

trouble him long. . . . Had his father been of the same age as mine, he would not have been quite so well looked after." He was delivered, however, from this bondage in a few months, and became Earl of Chesterfield at the ripe age of thirty-two, shortly before his Prince became King: so that all the good things of life seemed about to fall at once into his expectant hands.

These expectations were but poorly realized. The new reign did not, as has been already described, produce the overturn that was looked for, and the dependents of the Court were grievously disappointed. Chesterfield, however, seems to have been one of the few for whom the King, so curiously baffled and cheated out of his own way at the outset of his career, felt it incumbent upon him to do something. And accordingly the ambitious Lord of the Bedchamber was sent off as Ambassador to Holland, the Minister probably being very glad to be rid of so sharp a tongue and so keen a critic. It is at this point in his career that Lord Hervey pauses in his story of Queen Caroline and her Court to describe with cutting and bitter force the character and appearance of his rival courtier. We are not told of any personal quarrel existing between them, but the picture is so uncompromising, so venomous and vindictive, that it is impossible not to see some sharper feeling than mere political opposition behind. Chesterfield, with other too-subtle politicians, had paid Court to Lady Suffolk, the supposed possessor of George's affections, instead of his wife, his real sovereign. And this piece of over-wise folly was punished by the dislike and tacit enmity of the Queen. But even Hervey's sympathy with the Queen's dislike is not enough to point such periods as those he devotes to the description of this new claimant of honour. "His person was as disagreeable as it was possible for a human figure to be without being deformed," he says. "He was very short, disproportioned, thick and clumsily made, with black teeth and a head big enough for a Polyphemus. One Ben Ashurst, who said few good things though admired for many, told Lord Chesterfield once that he was like a stunted giant, which was a humorous idea, and really apposite." He then proceeds, evidently by way of making his sketch more impressive, to compare the character of Chesterfield with that of his friend Lord Scarborough. The latter, he tells us, "always searched after truth, loved and adhered to it; whereas Lord Chesterfield looked on nothing in that light—he never considered what was true or false, but re-

lated every thing in which he had no interest just as his imagination suggested it would tell best; and if by suiting, adding, or altering any circumstance, it served either the purpose of his interest, his vanity, or his enmity, he would dress it up in that fashion without any scruple and often with as little probability; by which means, as much as he piqued himself upon being distinguished for his wit, he often gave people a greater opinion of the copiousness of his invention and the fertility of his imagination than he desired. Lord Scarborough had understanding with judgment and without wit; Lord Chesterfield, a speculative head with wit and without judgment. Lord Scarborough had honour and principle, Lord Chesterfield neither: the one valued them wherever he saw them: the other despised the reality, and believed those who seemed to have most had generally only the appearance, especially if they had sense. Patriotism, adherence to a party, the love of one's country, and a concern for the public, were his common topics for ridicule; he would not scruple to own that he thought the laws of honour in man and the rules of virtue in woman, like the tenets of an established religion, very proper things to inculcate, but what the people of sense and discernment of both sexes professed without regarding, and transgressed while they recommended. Nor were the tempers of the two men more unlike than their understanding and their principles. Lord Scarborough being generally splenetic and absent, Lord Chesterfield always cheerful and present; everybody liked the character of the one without being very solicitous for his company; and everybody was solicitous of the company of the other without liking his character. In short, Lord Scarborough was an honest, prudent man, capable of being a good friend; and Lord Chesterfield a dishonest, irresolute, imprudent creature, capable only of being a disagreeable enemy."

It is strange to think that all this concentrated essence of ill-will should have lain bottled up for more than a century in a friendly English country-house to be poured forth, so long after both were dead, upon the memory of an ancient rival. It will be clear to the reader that the harmless figure of Scarborough is introduced only by way of foil to the darker lines that describe his companion. And yet there appears no quarrel between Hervey and Chesterfield to justify this posthumous rancour. Unless in some secret path unknown to history, they never seem to have come in each other's way; and Chesterfield, though more immediately

successful in public life than his painter, was never successful enough to call forth the bitterness of envy to such a point. The defects of his personal appearance are evidently exaggerated in this truculent sketch; but his portrait by Gainsborough, which is said to be the best, affords some foundation for the picture. The face is heavy, rugged, and unlovely, though full of force and intelligence; and his unheroic form and stature are points which Chesterfield himself does not attempt to conceal.

The embassy to Holland, Lord Mahon informs us, was his first public appointment; and it reveals a good point in his character, a power of interesting himself, not for the moment but permanently, in those whose public interests were placed in his hand. Holland throughout his life continued one of the objects of his care. Besides his letters to the Minister, which are filled with public affairs, there are a few addressed to Lady Suffolk, in which the private life of the Ambassador is reflected. He sends a "tea and chocolate service" for the Queen's acceptance, made "of metal enamelled inside and out with china of all colours," and is "extremely sensible" of the honour she does him in accepting it; and he informs his fair correspondent that "there is an extreme fine Chinese bed, window-curtains, chairs, &c., to be sold for between seventy and eighty pounds," which he imagines she might like for her retirement at Marble Hill. He gives her at the same time a sketch of his daily existence. "I have all the reason in the world," he says, "to believe that my stay here will be beneficial both to my body and soul; here being few temptations, and still fewer opportunities to sin." . . . "My morning," he adds, "is entirely taken up in doing the King's business very ill, and my own still worse; this lasts till I sit down to dinner with fourteen or fifteen people, when the conversation is cheerful enough, being animated by the *patronazza* and other loyal healths. The evening, which begins at five (!) o'clock, is wholly sacred to pleasures; as for instance the Fornalt (a public promenade) till six; then either a very bad French play, or a *reprise* at quadrille with three ladies, the youngest upwards of fifty, at which with a very ill run one may lose, besides one's time, three florins; this lasts till ten o'clock, at which time I come home, reflecting with satisfaction on the innocent amusements of a well-spent day which leave no sting behind them, and go to bed at eleven with the testimony of a good conscience. In this serenity of mind I pity you who are forced to endure the tumultuous

pleasures of London." For these pleasures of course the exile sighs—but he bears with sufficient equanimity his banishment among the Dutchmen, entering into all their affairs with a zeal which made him ever after an authority on the subject, yet with an eye upon the West Indian ships and their curiosities, as well as on the sentiments of the Pensionary and the politics of Europe in general. It would seem that he did so well as to merit on his return not only the white wand of Lord Steward, but the greater honour of the Garter, for which he had addressed a petition to Lord Townshend during his exile, and which was bestowed upon him at his return.

It was after the conclusion of this mission that his marriage took place, an event to all appearance utterly unimportant in his life, and difficult to account for in any way. His wife was Melusina Schulemberg, niece, or, as some thought, daughter, of the Duchess of Kendal the mistress of George I., a woman belonging to a totally different milieu from his, and who had by no means escaped with clean hands from the intrigues of the shameless German council which surrounded the Hanoverian King. Hervey describes her somewhere as "an avaricious fury;" but Hervey, as we have seen, could be bitter. Only a few years before she had been one of the central figures in a scheme for the recall of Bolingbroke, for which little business twelve thousand pounds were, it is said, paid to her by his French wife. She had been created Countess of Walsingham in her own right by George I., and "her fortune," Dr. Maty tells us, "was suitable to her rank." Had this marriage taken place in the previous reign, it might have been supposed a step in that elaborate pursuit of success which was Chesterfield's object in life; but this could not be the case in the reign of Caroline. According to Dr. Maty, however, it had been projected years before, but prevented by George I. on the ground of the lover's gambling habits; by which suggestion two very unromantic figures are quaintly placed before us as plaintive victims of a long engagement, like any suffering curate and his humble love. The result, however, of the postponed union, and the difficulties with which love had to struggle in this case, is curious enough. "On changing her condition," says the same authority, "she did not leave the Duchess of Kendal; and Lord Chesterfield, who was their next-door neighbour in Grosvenor Square, most constantly divided his time between his business in his own house and his attentions and duties in the other.

Minerva presided in the first, and in the last Apollo with the Muses!" Chesterfield, perhaps, of all historical figures, is the one that harmonises best with the droll idea of having a wife who lived next door!

After this marriage, however, we hear next to nothing of Lady Chesterfield; the only reply her husband makes to the congratulations of a friend at so early a date as a month after, is the composed remark, "I will not take up your time with any compliments to you upon the part you are so good as to take in whatever concerns me —"! Her name does not occur half-a-dozen times in his correspondence. They had no children; and the wife, it is evident, made little difference in, and was of very small importance to, his life.

A short time previous to this marriage, however, a little event had occurred which was of more account to the hard and brilliant man of the world than all the revolutions of Europe. A poor little illegitimate boy stole into the world in which he had no business to be; a creature without rights, or name, or any lawful place on this earth: and straightway a miracle happened greater than any in Moses. The dry rod budded, and felt through all its arid fibres the rushing in of new life; a heart woke in the cold bosom, filling it with the strangest inspiration that ever possessed a man. It was love, half noble, wholly pathetic in its devotion, which thus sprang up in the hitherto barren existence, — such a love as few have felt, and none except himself revealed; divine, yet most earthly, patient, tender, pure, ignoble, vile. We give for form's sake the record of Chesterfield's existence — so many years in office, so many incidents, pleasures, and honours. But he himself has presented to us the quintessence and sublimated spirit of his life, the best and worst of him, blended in one of those amazing human combinations which nothing can resolve into their absolute elements. This new created heart, where no one ever expected a heart to be, beating high with tenderness, yearning, fond ambitions, fears, and hopes — yet so mean in its highest flight, so earthly, base, and sensual, so heavenly patient and forbearing, so devilish in counsel, so wise in care, brooding with an infinite and untiring love over every minute detail of the cherished being dependent on it, is one of the strangest sights that ever was opened up for the wonder of men and angels. Philip Stanhope was no more worthy to be the object of it than Lord Chesterfield was to exhibit this typical, awful, divine passion; at once the love of a devil and the love of a God.

It began in 1732 with the life which this wonderful paternal affection alone made remarkable. The urchin could scarcely have been out of petticoats before, amid all his political occupations, between the cares of office and the cabals of opposition, the statesman, happy in his task, wrote out his little epitomes of history, his little sketches of schoolboy mythology: "Romulus and Remus were twins, and sons of Rhea Sylvia," writes the father; and next moment turns to the affairs of Europe, to hot debates in Parliament, to all the whirl of imperial business. Nothing distracts him from that sweet occupation. He could not transmit either name or rank to the one creature whom he loved; but he would make of him, if mortal might could do it, the most shining man of his generation, the captain of a new age. Poor Chesterfield! If he had been a better man, and his aim a nobler aim, it is possible that the heart of the bystander would have felt an ache less keen for all his wisdom and folly and downfall. As we look at him in his many occupations in that bustling world so different from our own, there is little to love, little to honour in the brilliant worldling; but to see him smile over his little letters, and compose his careful abridgments, makes the heart melt and the eye fill with tears. There is nothing in history more touching, more pathetic than this picture; especially as all along, from the tender childish beginning, throughout the patient course of years, the spectator standing far off, and seeing all, knows that this grand enterprise, in which the man has embarked his life, must fail.

Lord Chesterfield's personal political career was a curiously unsuccessful one. His powers seem to have been fully acknowledged on all sides. He not only studied to be, but was, a good speaker; though Dr Maty admits that he was more popular in the House of Lords than he had ever been in the House of Commons. There were, however, reasons for this, which his biographer gives with delicious gravity. "Our nobleman was not heard with so much applause in the Lower as in the Upper House," he says. "Refined wit and delicate irony are often lost in popular and numerous assemblies. Strength either of argument or voice, a flow of pompous words, and a continual appeal to the passions, are in such places the best arms to support a good cause or to defend a bad one. The case is very different in the House of Peers. Minds cast in a finer mould affect to despise what they call the vulgar arts; and, raised equally above fears and

feelings, can only be affected by wit and ridicule, and love to find some of that elegant urbanity and convivial pleasantry which charms them in private life." This explanation is as fine as the minds of those peers to whom the physician-biographer looks up with *naïf* and loyal adoration. Horace Walpole, however, though nothing but a commoner, seems to have been capable of comprehending the qualities of Chesterfield, and describes him on one occasion as having made "the finest oration I ever heard." Even Lord Hervey admits "that he was allowed by everybody to have more conversable entertaining wit than any man of his time." Thus popularly gifted, and at the same time a man of really enlightened views on some points, a sturdy partisan, faithful to his friends and considerate of his dependants, and a personage of sufficient importance in the public eye to be worth any minister's attention, Chesterfield was yet invariably snubbed, held at arm's length, and kept down by everybody in power. Considering what was his peculiar ambition, and the immense efforts he made to further it, the fact of his constant failure is very curious. The few essays he was permitted to make in government seem to have been decidedly successful, especially his Lord-Lieutenancy of Ireland. But his useful work stood him in as small stead as his gift of oratory, or his brilliant social powers. Notwithstanding that he had every quality necessary to command success, he attained it only by moments. In the time of the first George he was related to the powerful minister Stanhope, but neutralised this advantage by attaching himself to the interests of the Prince of Wales; and when his Prince became King, Chesterfield, once more unlucky, lost the benefit of his favour with the Sovereign by opposition to the Queen and her Minister. He was one of the men whose fortune it is to be perpetually in opposition. His first embassy to the Hague won him, as we have already said, a Garter and a place in the Household; but he lost the latter very shortly after by opposing Walpole in his Excise scheme. This was in 1732. For ten years afterwards he not only set himself in bitter enmity against the Government, but was even an exile from Court, the home of his soul, so to speak, and betook himself to the new Prince of Wales as by a decree of fate. Even Walpole's downfall did not bring back his adversary into office. The new Ministry had maintained a troubled existence for two or three years, before necessity compelled the King and Cabinet

to receive the obnoxious statesman among them. In 1744, when it was thought his influence with old friends the Dutch might be of use, he was called back to office, with a grudging promise of the Lord-Lieutenancy in Ireland after he fulfilled his mission. His mission was to persuade the Dutch to join in the war then being waged throughout Europe on behalf of Maria Theresa. The trifling circumstance that he did not approve of this war, does not seem to have been taken into account either by himself or his colleagues; though it is stated with delightful prescience by Dr. Maty. "Were the account he is said to have written of this embassy ever to see light," says this candid historian, "it would appear how earnest he was to obtain from the Dutch what he believed they ought to, and perhaps wished they would, refuse." After he had fulfilled with indifferent success this uncongenial mission, he went to Ireland, — a post in which he remained for less than a year, and where he distinguished himself by good intentions at least, and a desire for the real advantage of the country, which, according to Dr. Maty, made his name "revered by all ranks and orders of men;" and of which Lord Mahon, less ecstatic and at a greater distance, can still say, "His name, I am assured, lives in the honoured remembrance of the Irish people as perhaps next to Ormond, the best and worthiest of their long viceregal line."

This is a great deal to say, if we could have the least confidence that the Irish people herein mentioned were in any way identical with the real nation as now recognized. We fear it is not possible to come to any such conclusion. The Ireland which Lord Chesterfield, briefly and justly, according to the views of his time, governed, was one from which he hoped to be able to extirpate the "Popish religion and influence" by "good usage, supporting the charity schools, and adhering strictly to the Gavel Act." This Gavel Act (heaven be praised, not one in a thousand of the present generation so much as know it by name!) was a law by which "all Popish estates at the death of the Popish possessor were divided in equal parts, share and share alike, among his Popish relatives who are the nearest of kin, if they all continue in their religion; but if one of them turn Protestant, he becomes the heir-at-law." The Irish nation which applauded Chesterfield — the people who a few years before had been roused by Swift into a unanimous popular opposition against Walpole's copper money — could only have been the dominant Prot-

estants, who had still their foot upon the neck of the conquered country, and who have left us so many pleasant tangles to unravel.

It was in '45, that fatal date for the Highlanders and the Stuarts. The last most sad, hopeless, and magnanimous of rebellions was in full career when Chesterfield landed in Ireland, of which great fears were also entertained. "In an island esteemed not less boisterous than the element that surrounds it, he was particularly happy in quieting and captivating the turbulent disposition of the inhabitants; and Cicero, whom he had constantly before his eyes as an orator, became also the object of his imitation in his government," says his biographer. He addressed himself, in opening the Irish Parliament, Dr. Mary also tells us, to "a feeling people, with the authority of a ruler, and the affection of a father." But he did a great deal better than propose to himself the example of Cicero, or please the "feeling people" with addresses. He was wise enough not to irritate the Popish helots into too much sympathy with their rebel brethren in Scotland. He did not follow the example set him in England of shutting up the Roman Catholic chapels, and banishing the priests, but let everything go on as usual, keeping a wary eye upon possible malcontents, and warning them that, indulgent as he was, not Cromwell himself could be harder, if once roused. He was as tender of their finances as if they had been his own; he took pains to provide arms and other munitions through means of honest men, and not by ruinous and villanous contracts. He saw justice done impartially, without respect of creed; and did everything in his power to promote the beginnings of industrial enterprise, in which, he was enlightened enough to see, lay the real hopes of Ireland. In the letters which he wrote after his return to various people in Ireland, this subject is the continual burden. He suggests the manufacture of bottles, of paper, of potato-starch, of every new invention he can hear of. "These are the sort of jobs," he writes to his correspondent, Prior, who was a member of the Dublin Society, and a man of energy and public spirit, "that I wish people in Ireland would attend to with as much industry and care as they do jobs of a very different nature. Those honest arts would solidly increase their fortunes, and improve their estates, upon the only true and permanent foundation, the public good. Leave us and your regular forces in Ireland to fight for you; think of your manufactures at least as much

as of your militia, and be as much upon your guard against Poverty as against Popery; take my word for it, you are in more danger of the former than of the latter."

In other letters, Chesterfield repeats and enlarges upon this advice, with many warnings against the familiar demon claret, which was wasting the means of the Irish gentry. "I wish my country-people," he says, — "for I look upon myself as an Irishman still — would but attend half as much to those useful objects as they do to the glory of the militia and the purity of their claret. Drinking is a most beastly vice in every country, but it is really a ruinous one to Ireland. Nine gentlemen in ten are impoverished by the great quantity of claret which, from mistaken notions of hospitality and dignity, they think it necessary should be drunk in their houses. This expense leaves them no room to improve their estates by proper indulgence upon proper conditions to their tenants, who must pay them to the full, and upon the very day, that they may pay their wine merchants." . . . "It may seem vain to say so," he continues in another letter, "but I will own that I thought I could, and began to hope that I should, do some good in Ireland. I flattered myself that I had put jobs a little out of fashion, and your own manufactures a little in fashion, and that I had in some degree discouraged the pernicious and beastly practice of drinking, with many other pleasant visions of public good. . . . Fortune, chance, or providence — call it which you will — has removed me from you, and has assigned me another destination, but has not, I am sure, changed my inclinations, my wishes, or my efforts, upon occasion, for the interests and prosperity of Ireland, and I shall always retain the truest affection for and remembrance of that country — I wish I could say, of that rich, flourishing, and industrious nation."

These anxious wishes and affectionate sentiments sprang from a connection with Ireland which lasted little more than six months. At the first glance it does not seem a likely post for Chesterfield. But he liked it, took to it kindly, and threw himself into it heartily; which, of course, was reason enough why he should be called away and the post given to an utterly indifferent man, who cared nothing about Ireland. He left his viceregal court to go to Bath, being ill, with the intention of making a speedy return. But the Ministry were at the time in great difficulties, labouring between peace and war, and unable to hold together, and Chesterfield had re-

covered in some degree his ancient favour with King George, and was useful to them. He amused the King, or rather, to use the much finer language of Dr. Maty, "he was assiduous in paying his court at those hours when kings may sometimes lay aside majesty and remember they are men, and, ready to seize any opportunity to divert and to please, he sometimes succeeded in unbending the bow of his master, and seducing him into a laugh," a sublime result of which an instance is given. An important place in the Government had been allotted to some one personally disliked by the King, and to whose nomination he refused his consent. When matters went so far that nobody dared speak of this appointment again, Lord Chesterfield took it in hand. "As soon as he mentioned the name, the monarch angrily refused, and said, '*I would rather have the devil!*'" "With all my heart," said the Earl; "I only beg leave to put your Majesty in mind that the commission is indited to *our right trusty and right well-beloved cousin.*" This sally had its effect. The King laughed, and said, "My lord, do as you please."

When a man could be had to lighten in this way the communications between the King and his Ministers, it was not to be supposed that he could be permitted to return to Ireland, especially as one of the Secretaries of State, Lord Harrington (another Stanhope), finding himself crossed, balked, and humiliated by his colleague the Duke of Newcastle, had just resigned his office. It was conferred upon Chesterfield "in a manner," his biographer says, "which made refusal impossible," and he was "transferred from a post where he enjoyed ease, dignity, and profit, to one attended with great difficulties, and, in the present circumstances, with danger." His post was that of "Secretary of State for the Northern Department," and the ticklish condition of the States of Holland, in which he had a special interest, was, or ought to have been, his particular charge. But Chesterfield was not more fortunate than Harrington had been. He found his efforts neutralised, and his labour made vain, by the interference of his colleague, "who left him scarce a shadow of power." The one thing he seems to have succeeded in doing was getting his friend Mr. Dayrolles, one of his chief correspondents, appointed Resident at the Hague. But as for any real influence over the troubled affairs of the time, it is evident that Chesterfield might as well have been in Ireland or at the end of the world. "The two brothers" were managing or mis-

managing the allied armies abroad. Holland was on the brink of general ruin and bankruptcy, with nobody ready to help her, Marshal Saxe on her borders, and England her only ally, refusing terms of peace, yet unprepared for war. Chesterfield struggled his best, but was thwarted on every side by secret correspondences and underhand intrigues. "Charles Bentinck arrived here the day before yesterday," he writes to Dayrolles; "but what his business is is yet a secret to me, neither his brother nor he thinking it necessary to communicate anything to me, though in my department. The affairs are all transacted secretly with the Duke of Newcastle, Sandwich, and Chabannes." "You judge very right," he adds, "in thinking that it must be very disagreeable to tug at the oar with one who cannot row, and yet will be so paddling as to hinder you from rowing. . . . Neither the state of foreign nor domestic affairs will permit me to continue much longer in my present situation. I cannot go on writing orders of which I see and foretell the fatal tendency. I can no longer take my share of either the public indignation or contempt on account of measures in which I have no share. I can no longer continue in a post in which it is well known that I am but a *commis*, and in which I have not been able to do one service to any man, though ever so necessitous, lest I should be supposed to have any power, and my colleague not the whole."

Thus disgusted with the plottings which took away everything but the semblance of power from his hands, he resigned his office, and with it political life. This was in the beginning of the year 1748; so that, notwithstanding his long devotion to politics, he was in office altogether only about six years out of the two-and-twenty which he had spent in the service of the public. When it is considered how great and versatile his talents were, what a thirst for "pleasing" possessed him, and how many advantages he had in the outset of his career, this is very unaccountable. No other statesman of his day was so continually thwarted, so thrust aside by every possible rival. The scraps of power he enjoyed were wrung from the governments under which he held office chiefly by the impossibility of finding any one else fit for the post. No party wanted him, or sought his support. And yet, in addition to his personal claims, he had the positive recommendation of having done all the work intrusted to him well, and of having, in one case at least, shown real meaning and inten-

tion, and a true idea of the position. Whether it might be that he was too clever for his colleagues, none of whom were men of genius, or in reality too subtle for the work itself, going about it with craft that overshoot its mark, as in his idea of ruling George II. by means first of Lady Suffolk and then of Lady Yarmouth, it is impossible to say. But notwithstanding that success was the object of his life, notwithstanding what has been called the marketable morality which moved him, and the want of any harsh and uncompromising principle that could have stood in his way, it is evident that Chesterfield's political life was a failure — a weary, thankless, hopeless struggle for an end which he could never attain.

A curious evidence of the conscientiousness of a man from whom we are little disposed to expect such a quality is conveyed to us in the fact that, though intensely addicted to gambling, he gave it up entirely while in office. The night after his resignation he went back to his favourite weakness; an example of public, if not of personal, virtue.

All this time, however, while he had been fighting in opposition and struggling in office, "the boy," the great object of his life, had been growing into intelligence and early manhood. We have no absolute ground on which to form a judgment of what this boy was. He appears to us in the curious seclusion of a being continually addressed but never replying, covered as with a veil of silence and passive opposition. We do not know that he put himself in opposition; indeed what evidence there is would seem to say that he never opposed anything in actual words; but the fact that all the volumes addressed to him are left without audible reply, invests the unseen figure with this air of resistance, silent and unexpressed. So far as appears, Philip Stanhope must have been a lout of learning, sufficiently good intentions, and talent enough to be the despair of any ambitious father — a boy capable of solid instruction to any amount, taking in his education with a certain stolid persistence, and following the counsels addressed to him with exasperating docility, but no sort of spontaneous impulse. As we glance over these brilliant, worldly, hideous pages, the often repeated injunctions, the elaborately varied advice, the repetition, line upon line and precept upon precept, of all that code of manners and morals, — a profound pity for the unhappy lad upon whom this stream descended will by times move the mind of the reader. How it must have worried, vexed, disqui-

eted, and discouraged the cub who was more bear than lion! — how his languid ambition must have sickened and his feeble desires languished under the goad of that enthusiasm which never flags! — how he must have hated the mere idea of "pleasing," or attempting to please! We have no record that the boy was wicked, as he might well have been. Judging by human nature in general, indeed, one would be more disposed to believe that he must have subsided into dull virtue, of that tame domestic order which dismayed his father's soul. Such a hypothesis would be justified by the discovery of his marriage, which Chesterfield made only after his death. In his wanderings over the Continent and in his life in Paris he appears but dimly, under the rain of command, counsel, direction, criticism, railery, and persuasion which shrouds him round like a mist. The position is tragic from the father's side, but it is half absurd and half pitiful on that of the son. If any kind of response had but come now and then out of the stillness, it would have broken the spell a little. But the voiceless soul stands mute, and takes all in — or throws all off from the armour of *amour propre* and self-will — one can not tell which. It is the most curious situation, humorous, touching, laughable. Out of the clouds and darkness appears the one man talking eagerly, straining his eyes, straining all his faculties, employing all the resources of infinite skill and patience to touch and influence the other; and that other opposing a dead silence, a heavy acquiescence, a passive resistance to all this vehemence, eagerness, and passion. The poor fellow's brains must have got confused with the eloquence poured forth upon him, the keen pricks of ridicule, the instructions which omit nothing and leave nothing to private judgment. The spectator weeps a tear of blood for the father, thus staking all upon one throw; but there is also a certain pity in his mind for the boy. What effect could such perpetual stimulants have upon a tame nature incapable of any sovereign impulse? Philip Stanhope must have listened with weariness, with dull struggles of impatience, with a growing bewilderment — he must have sought refuge in silence, in obscurity and concealment. No doubt he felt with the infallible certainty of self-consciousness that he was not a man who could ever fill up the ideal set before him. The desire of his soul must have been to be let alone. On the other side, that passion of parental love which insists on perfection, and demands success — which would give its last

drop of blood for its child, yet requires a strain of excellence, a height of attainment to which only genius could reach — has, notwithstanding all its faults, but too sure a claim upon our sympathies. Yet the object of this too ambitious affection, the dull soul that could neither rise to the mark nor catch the contagion of enthusiasm, is to be pitied too.

Nothing could be more careful and elaborate than Philip Stanhope's education. When the child had attained his eighth year, we find him in the hands of three masters — Mr. Maittaire, who seems to have had the principal charge of him, a classical tutor, and a French one — besides the unceasing letters of his father, who had already begun to discourse to him on his own improvement, mental, social, and spiritual. Already at this early age a thousand inducements, warnings, subtle little strokes of wit, and delicate raileries, are poured forth upon the boy to convince him of the necessity of those graces which he seems from the beginning to have held at arm's length. It must have been a certain hunger of the heart, and aching need of companionship, which induced Chesterfield to set up this little boy into the position of a reasoning and reasonable creature, and address him almost as man to man; or else the child must have revealed his character at a singularly early period to the keen eye which scrutinised him from every point, and to which nothing that concerned him was indifferent. At eight years old the burden of the strain is very much what it is at eighteen. "Il suive souvent," the anxious father says to the awkward urchin, "qu'un homme qui a beaucoup d'esprit, et qui ne sait pas vivre, est moins bien reçu qu'un homme qui a moins d'esprit mais qui a *du monde*. . . . Cet objet mérite votre attention : pensez y donc, et joignez la modestie à une assurance polie et aisée." A little later Philip was sent to Westminster School, where, Dr. Maty informs us, "he acquired a great fund of classical erudition," and where his progress in every possible way was watched over and accompanied by the same running commentary of advice, encouragement, soft railery, the tender humour of a much-experienced man flowing forth on the young son from whom he expects everything with a hopefulness of love which no experience can teach. "Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well," he says, and goads the boy thereupon with playful pricks of ridicule. Chesterfield was busy in his short reign in Ireland at this moment, and his letters were few. But his many occupations did not in-

terfere with the one correspondence of his life. Amid all his cares he had time to attend to "the book that I published not quite fourteen years ago. It is a small quarto," he says, with that soft laugh in his voice which is so near tears and so tremulous with love; "and though I say it myself, there is something good in it: but at the same time it is incorrect, and so inaccurate that I must have a better edition of it published, which I will carefully revise and correct. It will soon be much more generally used than it has been yet," he adds, with fond hopefulness; "and therefore it is necessary that it should '*prodire in lucem multo emendatior*.'"

And here begins the tragedy of Chesterfield's life — his chief claim on human regard, detestation, and sympathy. The reader will be more than man to whose eye there steals no moisture, and whose heart swells with no emotion, before this wondrous record. The soul of the scheming man of the world was moved with the purest, the noblest ambition. A fresh life, a new creature was in his skilled and able hands. He would mould it to the highest form that manhood could take. The excellence of all the nations should concentrate in this English boy. Whatever wisdom, love, wealth, troops of friends, the power of literature, the grace of courts could do to inform and improve, should be done for him. The stuff was there, the father said to himself, with proud affection — it wanted but cultivation, labour, care; and he himself, master of all arts, with masters of every art under the sun to back him, was ready for the work. He saw his son already the chief diplomatist in Europe, the greatest statesman in England, adding a new lustre to the name of Stanhope, though he could make no claim to its titles. When he accepted, reluctantly, the post of Secretary of State, it was with an eye, his biographer tells us, to the probable fulfilment of its duties, one day or other, by his boy. From the moment of Philip's entry into the world, a self-abnegation, most touching and perfect, a reference of everything to the new life, appears in his father's mind. Henceforward his studies, his labours, his ambition, have all an object out of himself. His friends become precious to him chiefly in proportion to their power to serve his son; his wealth, his position, the prestige of his own talents and powers, stream all into one current, tributary to the advancement and perfection of Philip Stanhope. It is a standing wonder to the reader how any man could have so enlarged on one subject without becoming utterly monotonous and wear-

some; and it is a greater wonder still to mark the sublime love which inspires the whole, which condescends to the most trifling subjects, and stoops to the lowest vices, yet never altogether loses its innate divinity. It is a love which goes so far as to veil itself, to abjure all its natural majesty, to bring itself to the level of its object, and discourse to him with the assumed calm of an ordinary companion. We doubt whether such a sight has ever been seen in the world either before or since. Even in the estimate which has been made of him by posterity, it is as the author of a system of social philosophy, a polite moralist and sage, that Chesterfield holds rank; and not as a martyr and prophet of sovereign and fatal love.

When the boy was still very young, he was sent to travel under the charge of a tutor, "Mr. Harte, a gentleman of Oxford," — "d'une erudition consommée," as Chesterfield describes him to his friend Madame de Monconseil, but whom Dr. Maty gives no very good account of. He "certainly had none of the amiable connecting qualifications which the Earl wished in his son," says the biographer. "Whoever will take the trouble of tracing the different steps of Mr. Stanhope's education, will perceive that this fundamental error in the plan was the source of all the future mistakes in his conduct. Under the charge of Mr. Harte, the boy went to pursue his studies first in Lausanne and then in Leipzig, pursued everywhere by his father's letters, which exhorted him to learn everything that was to be learned, to make himself acquainted with the national economy of every place he passed through, with its history and relations to other countries, and with everything that could be of use to him in his future career as a diplomatist. His residence in Leipzig was specially with the intention of learning German, an accomplishment so uncommon in those days, that he is supposed to be "almost the only Englishman who either can speak or understand it." But, above all, it was good manners, good breeding, politeness, the arts of society, which Philip was required to cultivate. On this subject his tender counselor is diffuse, — he cannot exhaust it, or come to an end of the exhortations, the entreaties, the examples, and warnings he thinks necessary. "My plan for you from the beginning has been to make you shine," he says. "*Les manières nobles et aisées, la tournure d'un homme de condition, le ton de la bonne compagnie, les graces, le je ne sais quoi qui plaît*, are as necessary to adorn and introduce your intrinsic merit as the polish is to the diamond." "You must always ex-

pect to hear more or less from me upon that important subject of manners, graces, and address." This is the prevailing tone of the long and patient letters lavished upon the boy. The skill with which the subject is varied is wonderful. When the heavier labour of education is over, the young fellow goes to Italy to begin in earnest that process of polish to which all his life his father has been directing him — and then there comes to be a certain solemnity in the paternal exhortations. It is thus that Chesterfield explains to his son, aged seventeen, the system of education according to which he had been brought up: —

"From the time that you have had life, it has been the principal and favourite object of mine to make you as perfect as the imperfections of human nature will allow; in this view, I have grudged no pains nor expense in your education; convinced that education more than nature is the cause of that great difference which we see in the characters of men. While you were a child, I endeavoured to form your heart habitually to virtue and honour before your understanding was capable of showing you their beauty and utility. Those principles which you thus got, like your grammar rules, only by rote, are now, I am persuaded, fixed and confirmed by reason. And, indeed, they are so plain and clear that they require but a moderate degree of understanding either to comprehend or practise them. Lord Shaftesbury says, very prettily, that he would be virtuous for his own sake if nobody were to know it, as he would be clean for his own sake though nobody were to see him. I have, therefore, since you have had the use of your reason, never written to you on these subjects: they speak best for themselves; and I should now just as soon think of warning you gravely not to fall into the dirt or the fire as into dishonour or vice. This view of mine I consider as fully attained. My next object was sound and useful learning. My own care first, Mr. Harte's afterwards, and of late (I will own it to your praise) your own application, have more than answered my expectations in that particular, and I have reason to believe will answer even my wishes. All that remains for me then to wish, to recommend, to inculcate, to order, and to insist upon, is good breeding, without which all your other qualifications will be lame, unadorned, and to a certain degree unavailing. And here I fear, and have too much reason to believe, that you are greatly deficient." . . . "A man of sense," Chesterfield adds, in another letter, "care-

fully attends to the local manners of the respective places where he is, and takes for his models those persons whom he observes to be at the head of the fashion and good-breeding. He watches how they address themselves to their superiors, how they accost their equals, and how they treat their inferiors; and lets none of those little niceties escape him which are to good-breeding what the last delicate and masterly touches are to a good picture, and of which the vulgar have no notion, but by which good judges distinguish the master. He attends even to their air, dress, and motions, and imitates them liberally and not servilely—he copies, but does not mimic. These personal graces are of very great consequence—they anticipate the sentiments before merit can engage the understanding—they captivate the heart, and give rise, I believe, to the extravagant notion of charms and philters. Their effects were so surprising that they were reckoned supernatural. The most graceful and best bred men, and the handsomest and genteel women, give the most philters; and, as I verily believe, without the least assistance of the devil. Pray be not only well-dressed, but shining in your dress—let it have *du brillant*. I do not mean by a clumsy load of gold and silver, but by the taste and fashion of it. Women like and require it: they think it an attention due to them: but, on the other hand, if your motions and carriage are not graceful, genteel, and natural, your fine clothes will only display your awkwardness the more. But I am unwilling to suppose you still awkward; for surely by this time you must have caught a good air in good company. . . . If you will be pleased to observe what people of the first fashion do with their legs and arms, heads and bodies, you will reduce yours to certain decent laws of motion. You danced pretty well here, and ought to dance very well before you come home; for what one is obliged to do sometimes, one ought to be able to do well. And you should endeavour to shine. A calm serenity, negative merits and graces, do not become your age. You should be *alerte, adroit, vif*: be wanted, talked of, impatiently expected, and unwillingly parted with in company. I should be glad to hear half-a-dozen women of fashion say, ‘*Où est donc le petit Stanhope? Que ne rient-ils? Il faut avouer qu’il est aimable.*’ All this I do not mean with regard to women as the principal object, but with regard to men, and with a view of making yourself considerable. For, with very small variations, the same things that please women

please men; and a man whose manners are softened and polished by women of fashion, and who is formed by them to an habitual attention and complaisance, will please, engage, and convince men much easier and more than he would otherwise.”

Alas, poor Philip! Pleasing was not his occupation in this world. All these, and a thousand more advices to the same effect, he must have received with the docility of habit and despair. His unwearied Mentor lays curious tender transparent traps for him in the shape of letters he professes to have received about *le petit Stanhope*—all couched in Chesterfieldian language, noting the same advantages and the same defects; he approaches the everlasting subject now from one side, now from another; he embodies it in sparkling little treatises; he drags it in unawares in unexpected postscripts; he prays, bribes, threatens, shows how easy it is, how indispensable, how attractive. Two large and closely printed volumes, of which this is the perpetual burden, were shed upon the lad, notwithstanding all the double difficulties of posts and distances in those days, between his eighth and his one-and-twentieth year; but Philip major and Philip minor seems to have remained the same lout, with the same deficiencies throughout all.

We may remark, while quoting these letters, that they contain some very remarkable bits of literary criticism, in one of which he assures his son that the works he finds difficult to understand are generally not worth reading; giving as an instance “*Dante, whom the Italians call Il Divino.*” but whom Chesterfield himself never could read, and thought, “depend upon it,” not worth the while!

Philip was launched upon the world in Paris before he had attained his nineteenth year, and his father’s instructions were redoubled. At even an earlier age, Chesterfield had not hesitated to address his son familiarly on the subject of those common vices which nowadays are shrouded in decent silence, and certainly do not form a common subject of discussion between (comparatively) innocent sons and (comparatively) well-behaved fathers. It is in this respect that these pages become hideous. The man whose care for his boy is as anxious and as minute as that of a mother, gives to his eighteen-year-old pupil direct injunctions to licentiousness. He does what he can to fix his wavering youthful fancy on one or half-a-dozen persons, and urges upon him as a duty to himself the breach of all

honour, purity, and decency — indicating even by name the individuals to whom he ought to attach himself. These horrible suggestions are made with a composure and good faith which astounds the reader. It is evident that Chesterfield meant no particular harm, that he was only recommending to his boy such conduct as became a young man of spirit, and would be to his credit and advantage. The same letters which convey those hideous instructions, convey also the best of advice, the evidence of the tenderest anxiety.

The glimpse herein afforded of the corruption of society is appalling. It was a corruption which had even lost all conscience of itself. Nobody can be more emphatic than is Chesterfield against *low* vice — the wretchedness that dragged a man down to the lower classes of society. But things bore a different aspect on the higher levels. "Above all," he cries, "may I be convinced that your pleasures, whatever they may be, will be confined within the circle of good company and people of fashion. These pleasures I recommend to you; I will promote them, I will pay for them; but I will neither pay for nor suffer" (says the stern father) "the unbecoming, disgraceful, and degrading pleasures — they cannot be called pleasures — of low and profligate company. I confess the pleasures of high life are not always strictly philosophical; and I believe a Stoic would blame my indulgence; but I am yet no Stoic, though turned of five-and-fifty; and I am apt to think you are rather less so at eighteen. The pleasures of the table among people of the first fashion may, indeed, sometimes by accident run into excesses, but they will never sink into a continued course of gluttony and drunkenness. The gallantry of high life, *though not strictly justifiable*, carries at least no external marks of infamy about it; neither the heart nor the constitution are corrupted by it; and manners possibly are improved."

This fine distinction, and the still finer indignation with which the line is drawn, takes away the spectator's breath. He stands astonished and listens to the good father recommending with a benign smile to his son's assiduities a certain fair young matron whom nobody had yet beguiled from her duty. Chesterfield does it with such an air of indicating the right thing to do, that the reader, as we have said, is too much amazed to be able for the moment to realise any other feeling. When the poor boy was but fifteen, in Switzerland, his

father had asked him playfully if he had yet found, "quelque belle, vos attentions pour laquelle contribueroient à vous décorer." He was not twenty when this other villanous piece of advice was given to him. What can be said for such a counsellor? He is awful in his smiling experience, his horrible suggestions. Of all depravity in the world there can be none so great as that of the father who would corrupt his boy. And yet this devil's counsellor, with his wicked words on his lips, looks out over sea and land after his nursing with a yearning love that is almost divine. Such problems are beyond human power to solve. They can be cleared up only by One who knows and sees, not in part, but all.

At the very moment when he offered these abominable advices to his son, Chesterfield placed him, with many a detail of his wants and wishes, under the care of various ladies in Paris, among others of Lady Hervey, the "sweet Lepell" of old, a woman against whom scandal had never breathed. He conciliates these ladies, especially Madame de M^{on}conseil, with the delicate flutter of confidence at once in her friendliness and her powers: "votre garçon — votre fils adoptif," he calls the boy, and receives her report of him, and artfully acts upon it in his letters, while concealing from Philip who his critic was. It would seem that the worst of which the poor boy could be accused was an ungraceful manner, — "une pente à désapprouver tout, et un penchant à disputer avec aigreur et empire," — sins which were natural enough in a youth forced to premature blossom, and more highly educated than almost any one he knew. His sojourn in Paris, with all the care of the ladies, and all his father's appeals, does not seem to have had any effect upon him; nor indeed had anything. A bear he had come into the world, and a bear evidently to the last he remained. His establishment in Paris would have been sufficient had he been heir of all the Stanhopes. "You will have your coach, your valet-de-chambre, your own footman, and a valet-de-place, which by the way is one servant more than I had. . . . I would have you very well dressed," Chesterfield adds, "by which I mean dressed as the generality of people of fashion are — that is, not to be taken notice of for being more or less fine than other people; it is by being well dressed, not finely dressed, that a gentleman should be distinguished." All these expenses, however, the young man was to keep up on two

thousand francs a-month—a proof that Paris was a less expensive place a hundred years ago than it is now.

Politeness and good manners, *les graces*, though they hold the largest place in these letters, leave space for another subject which is urged upon the neophyte with almost as great persistency; and that is the art of public speaking. *Orator fit* is the text of many a discourse. Everything can be made but a poet, Chesterfield adds, with steady adherence to the proverb. "It is in Parliament that I have set my heart upon you making a figure," he says; "it is there I want you to be justly proud of yourself, and to make me justly proud of you. This means that you must be a good speaker there; I use the word *must*, because I know you may if you will. . . . Let you and I analyse this good speaker, . . . and we shall find the true definition of him to be no more than this: A man of good common sense who reasons justly and expresses himself eloquently on that subject upon which he speaks. There is surely no witchcraft in this. A man of sense without a superior and astonishing degree of parts, will not talk nonsense upon any subject, nor will he, if he has the least taste or application, talk inelegantly. . . . I have spoken frequently in Parliament and not always without some applause, and therefore I can assure you from my experience that there is very little in it. The elegance of the style, and the turns of the periods, make the chief impression on the hearers. Give them but one or two round and harmonious periods in a speech which they will retain and repeat, and they will go home as well satisfied as people do from an opera, humming all the way one or two favourite tunes that have struck their ears and were easily caught. Most people have ears, but few have judgment; tickle those ears, and depend upon it you will catch their judgments such as they are." "You will be of the House of Commons as soon as you are of age," he continues in another place, "and you must first make a figure there, if you would make a figure or a fortune in your country. . . . In your destination you will have frequent occasions to speak in public; to Princes and States abroad; to the House of Commons at home: judge then whether eloquence is necessary for you or not; not only common eloquence, which is rather free from faults than adorned by beauties; but the highest, the most shining degrees of eloquence. For God's sake have this object always in your view and in your thoughts. Turn your tongue early to per-

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suasion; and let no jarring dissonant accents ever fall from it. Contract a habit of speaking well upon every occasion, and neglect yourself in no one. Eloquence and good breeding alone, with an exceeding small degree of parts and knowledge, will carry a man a great way; with your parts and knowledge, then, how far will they not carry you?"

Thus flattering, arguing, remonstrating, entreating, the anxious artist laboured at the work which he was determined to elaborate into perfection. Alas for such determinations! Had Chesterfield been working in clay or marble, his perseverance must have had its reward. But the material in which he worked was one which even genius cannot move. The boy on whom all these efforts were spent defeated them by that dumb power of human stupidity which is perhaps the most awful of all forces. Nothing could be higher than the ambition which his father entertained for him in those days of his youth, when everything might yet be hoped. That he should make a figure in Parliament was the indispensable and undoubted beginning, anxiously looked forward to, yet still a matter of course; and that being secured, everything else would naturally follow. "If to your merit and knowledge you add the art of pleasing," he writes, "you may very probably come in time to be Secretary of State; but take my word for it, twice your merit and knowledge without the art of pleasing would at most raise you to the *important post* of Resident at Hamburg or Ratisbon." The father did not know when he said these words that he was uttering an unconscious prophecy. Almost the only posts which poor Philip ever held were these two very missions which are here mentioned with contempt.

We are not told by what gradual process the statesman's high hopes were brought down to a certain satisfaction, or pretended satisfaction, with this poor level of possibility. Chesterfield is heroic in his silence; he leaves not a word behind him to express the passionate disappointment, the bitter mortification, which must have been his as he looked on the commonplace figure of which his imagination had made a hero. Neither to the young man himself, nor to any of his correspondents does he bewail the downfall, or blame the heavy soul which thus resisted all his efforts. In the silence, amid all the gathering shadows of his own infirmities, in his deafness and seclusion and the sufferings of approaching age, the father must have taken his burden to him, and made up his mind to it with

a dumb fortitude which is more noble than any speech; his patience, like his love, being half divine.

At last the moment arrived when all these anxious preparations were to come to the trial. The boy took his seat in Parliament at the age of twenty-one; and with "infinite pains" his father attempted "to prepare him for his first appearance as a speaker." The young man seems to have succeeded tolerably well on the whole," says Dr. Maty, "but on account of his shyness was obliged to stop, and, if I am not mistaken, to have recourse to his notes. Lord Chesterfield used every argument in his power to comfort him, and to inspire him with confidence and courage to make some other attempt; but I have not heard that Mr. Stanhope ever spoke again in the House."

Thus came to an end all the high expectations with which Chesterfield for twenty years had beguiled his own troubles, the tedium of declining health, of forced inactivity, and an unsuccessful public career. His son had been to mend all and create a new lustre for the fading life; and now the cherished boy had taken his first step, not within the brilliant boundaries of success, but to that flat plain of mediocrity from which no efforts could ever raise him. The event was one of as great importance in the life of Chesterfield as the loss of an empire, and his personal condition was such as to give every blow of the kind double weight; but not a moan, not a complaint, escapes from the lips of the vanquished man. He must have reconciled himself to the extinction of all his hopes with an incredible force of will, a power of self-restraint which reaches the sublime. He describes himself with pathetic playfulness as "conversing with my equals the vegetables" in his Blackheath garden immediately after. "All the infirmities of an age still more advanced than mine crowd in upon me," he says. "I must bear them as well as I can, — they are more or less the lot of humanity, and I have no claim to an exclusive privilege against them. In this situation you will easily suppose that I have no very pleasant hours; but, on the other hand, thank God," adds the indomitable soul, "I have not one melancholy one, and I rather think my philosophy increases with my infirmities." Thus he takes up his burden with a patience worthy a nobler creed. No more hope for him — no dream of tender glory in his boy. Life over, health over, the dear fiction scattered to the winds that had been his joy. But not a word breaks from the father's com-

pressed lips — not to Dayrolles even, not to Madame de Monconseil, who had shared his hopes and schemes, does he ever acknowledge that Philip has failed. Never was there a picture of proud patience, love, and self-command more complete.

Some years after, young Stanhope went to Hamburg as Resident there, a post which his father immediately, with the strange half-conscious cunning of affection, represents to himself and everybody else as for the moment exceptionally important. He afterwards went to Ratisbon, as if a certain fate had attended Chesterfield's words. A better appointment, that of Resident at Venice, of which he had been confident, was refused by the King himself, on account of his illegitimate birth — a sting which his father must have felt in all its keenness. Finally he went to Dresden, and after repeated attacks of illness died at the age of thirty-six. The fact of his failure does not diminish Chesterfield's care of him, nor make his eagerness to seize every opportunity of advancing or improving both him and his position less apparent. But the interest of the reader fails in Philip when his education is over. From the moment we ascertain how little credit he will ever do to all those pains, how little he will ever realise all those hopes, a certain anger and contempt takes possession of the spectator's mind. We are less patient with him than is his father. Indignation takes the place of forbearance. But yet the unfortunate young fellow, forced upwards to a point of attainment which nature forbade him to reach, put upon a strain to which his strength was totally unequal, is not without a certain claim upon our sympathy. No doubt his father at the last, opening his sad eyes, came to recognise the limits of nature, and suffered the last pang of paternal pride, — the consent of his own judgment that nothing else was possible — the melancholy indulgence of contempt.

After Philip's death a discovery almost more miserable was made by his father. The son for whom he had done so much, and with whom he had given up, as it were, the privileges of a father, to insure perfect confidence and trust, had contracted a secret marriage, which he had not the courage, even on his deathbed, to reveal. We judge of the effect of this communication only by analogy, for Chesterfield still says not a word of his own pangs; no plaint breaks from him on his son's death, no word of reproach or unkindness disturbs the grave politeness with which he addresses the widow

of whose existence he had no idea. There is something awful in the silence with which the old man shrouds his heart, — that heart which had spoken so lavishly, so minutely, so tenderly in the old days. Deaf, old, feeble, racked with pain, worn out with the exquisite contrivances of suffering which are permitted to strike us, body and soul, in our most susceptible parts, not one cry still breaks from his lips. Half Christian, half Stoic, he stands alone and sees everything he had loved and trusted crumble down around him; and says nothing. It is as a polished trifler, a social philosopher, an instance of extreme cultivation, *finesse*, and falsehood, that the ordinary English reader looks upon Chesterfield; yet there he stands, sad as any prophet, stern as a Roman, patient as a Christian, forgiving all things, bearing all things. Strange, solemn, almost sublime ending to an unheroic life.

For at the very last of all, after all those griefs, his heart does not close up, as a heart ravaged by overmuch love might well be expected to do. He could still take thought for his heir, and put down, over again for his use, his epitome of philosophy; and the last letter we shall quote is one addressed to his grandsons, Philip's boys, born in secret, whose very being he might have taken as an injury, had he been as worldly a man as he gave himself out to be, but whom, on the contrary, he took to his heart, and at once undertook to provide for from the moment he was aware of their existence. It is thus he writes in the last year of his life, when worn down by weakness and suffering, to these two children: —

TO CHARLES AND PHILIP STANHOPE.

"I received a few days ago two of the best written letters I ever saw in my life — the one signed Charles Stanhope, the other Philip Stanhope. As for you, Charles, I did not wonder at it, for you will take pains, and are a lover of letters; but you idle rogue, you Phil, how came you to write so well that one can almost say of you two, *Et cantare pares et respondere parati*? Charles will explain this Latin to you.

"I am told, Phil, that you have got a nickname at school from your intimacy with Master Strangeways, and that they call you Master Strangerways — for to be sure you are a strange boy. Is this true?

"Tell me what you would have me bring you both from home, and I will bring it you when I come to town. In the meantime, God bless you both!" —

With this last touch of nature let us wind up the pathetic record. "Give Dayrolles a chair," were the dying man's last words, they say, and the attendant doctor calls the world to observe that "his good-breeding quitted him only with his life." But with all deference to established prejudices, we believe our readers will conclude with us that the tender little letter above is a more true conclusion to that strange force of paternal love which lasted as long as Chesterfield's life.

We are aware that in all this we have departed entirely from the traditional usage which should have made Chesterfield's letters and his system of philosophy our subject instead of himself. These letters are within everybody's reach; but they are not so wonderful, so unique, or so manifold, as was the man.

DEAD HOPE.

Hope new born one pleasant morn
Died at even;
Hope dead lives nevermore,
No, not in heaven.

If his shroud were but a cloud
To weep itself away;
Or were he buried underground
To sprout some day!
But dead and gone is dead and gone
Vainly wept upon.

Nought we place above his face
To mark the spot,
But it shows a barren place
In our lot.
Hope has birth no more on earth
Morn or even;
Hope dead lives nevermore,
No, not in heaven

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

— *Macmillan's Magazine*.

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THE TEACHING OF ENGLISH.

By E. A. ABBOT.

THE following remarks, concerning the teaching of English, can lay no claim whatever to attention except so far as they are the results of experience. It will, therefore, be best to entrust the care of theories to the more able hands of Professor Seeley, whose suggestions originated the practice described below; and, plunging at once into work, to imagine our class before us, the books open (say a play of Shakespeare, *Richard II.* for example), the boys expectant, and the master ready. It is quite certain, however, that the latter fiction — I mean the readiness of the master — will depend to some extent upon the distinctness of his conception of his object. Let us, therefore, apologize for keeping the class and our visitors a few moments waiting while, without theorizing whether the study of English be desirable, or necessary, or worthless, we ask ourselves what object we wish to attain by this study.

I answer, not the knowledge of *words*, or of the laws of *words* (except in a secondary degree), but, in the first place, the knowledge of *thoughts* and the power of *thinking*, and, in the second place, the attainment of the idea of "a book," as a work of art.

If English is to be regarded merely as an instrument for training boys as the classical languages train them, from that point of view English does very imperfectly what Latin and Greek do far more perfectly; and, should I ever be converted to that belief, I would at once give up English studies altogether.

There has been a great deal of exaggeration on this subject. The merit of the classical languages, as a method of training, when tolerably well taught, is precisely that which Mr. Lowe, in his remarkable speech at Liverpool, refused to recognise in them. They force boys to "weigh probabilities." Out of the ten or twenty meanings of the Latin word "*ago*" found in a dictionary, a boy must select the right meaning by "weighing probabilities" and pondering the context. Inflections give additional scope for the hunting and digging faculties. A boy has to disentomb nominatives, hunt after accusatives, eliminate all manner of other possible constructions of a dative until he is forced to the "*dativus commodi*," and the like. Surely no one will maintain that in these respects the training afforded to English boys by their own uninflected language

is equal to the training afforded by Latin or Greek.

Hence the study of English as a study of *words* will be, comparatively speaking at all events, a failure, and likely also to superinduce a petty word-criticizing spirit of reading which is to be avoided. For these reasons, both etymology and grammar ought, in the study of English, to be kept in strict subordination to the study of thought. The great question ought always to be, "What does the author mean?" and the continual requirement from the pupils ought to be, "Put the meaning exactly into your own words." Of course, directly the question is asked, "What does the author mean?" grammar and etymology will at once step in under their proper ancillary character, doubly valuable because used as servants. They will not merely afford their usual mental training, they will also disabuse boys of the notion that grammar and etymology are infernal machines destined for their torture.

Wherever grammar and etymology illustrate the laws of thought, there they have their place in English studies; but where they do not illustrate, or cannot be made to appear to boys to illustrate thought (as for instance where etymology simply illustrates the laws of euphony), they ought to be carefully kept out of sight. Thus, if we take *Richard II.* act i. sc. 2, —

"Thou art a traitor and a miscreant,"

I should think the derivation of "miscreant" far more important than that of "traitor," and the process of thought traceable in the former (or even in the latter) word far more important than the law which drops the *d* in both words. In the same passage, a few lines above,

"Each day still better other's happiness,"

if you were to ask young boys what is the meaning of the verse, and then, when some careless boys would show (as I think some would show, and know that some have shown) that they had misunderstood it, were to ask them to parse "better," I think even the average boy, instead of feeling aggrieved by the question, would have a new light shed upon parsing and grammar, on finding their aid useful for the understanding even of his native language.

But now I come to the great objection, which is, as I think, felt by many old experienced schoolmasters. "There is no work," they say, "no digging, in all this; the boys cannot get it up; there's nothing to get up

—no lexicon to be turned over, no grammar to be thumbed; the masters must lecture the boys; the boys are merely the recipients, and, at best, repeaters of what they have received."

I don't think this is so. It is true there will be comparatively little turning over dictionaries and very little use of grammars in preparing an English lesson. But is it not a most valuable result that boys should be taught that the mere looking-out of words does not constitute mental work? Is it not work for boys that they should be forced to *think*, that they should be obliged to turn over, not lexicons, but *thoughts*, and perpetually be compelled to ask themselves, "Do I understand this?"

But it may be said, "You cannot get boys to do this." On the contrary, — and this is almost the only point on which I speak with perfect confidence, — I am sure you can. Boys may not do it at first; but as soon as they perceive the kind of questions which they must be prepared to answer, they will work most thoroughly and satisfactorily in preparation. The great business of the master will be to prevent them from working too hard, and from accumulating a number of pieces of philological and grammatical information which, as not tending to illustrate the meaning of the author, must be stigmatized as *cram*. The derivations alone of the words in a single scene of a play of Shakespeare would take several hours of a boy's time. Therefore the master will not merely, with great self-denial, suppress his rising inclination to pour out his own superfluous knowledge, and to convert words into pegs whereon to hang his dissertations, he will also encourage his pupils to keep to the point, and nothing but the point, directing their labours (and this will be absolutely indispensable at first) by giving them at the conclusion of every lesson some indications of the difficulties which they must be prepared to solve in the next lesson. In a word, there must be this understanding between master and pupils: that the former, though he may ask more, is to be contented if the latter shows that he understands exactly what his author means, and has formed an opinion about the truth or falsehood of it. Other questions may be asked, but warning should be given of them beforehand.

And now let us return to our pupils whom we left patiently perusing their Richard II. Last week they received notice of the questions that would be asked, with the exception of those that arise naturally from the passage, most of which they are expected to

anticipate without warning. I turn to the bottom boy.

"The which he hath detain'd for lewd employments."

"What was the original meaning of the word 'lewd'?" He answers, or ought to answer (for notice has been given of this question), as his dictionary tells him, "connected with the laity." "What process of thought is traceable in the change of meaning which the word has undergone?" He cannot answer: the question passes to the top, and you are told that "it was thought that the laity were not so good as the clergy, and so the name came to be considered a reproach." Perhaps you extract from another boy that "by degrees the word came to express that particular kind of badness which seemed most unclerical."

That is of the nature of a luxury. We pass to a more solid question.

"We thank you both: yet one but flatters us
As well appeareth by the cause you come."

"Explain the construction in the second line. Put the argument into the form of a syllogism, showing the suppressed major. Is it correct or incorrect?" This question brings a clear-headed boy to the top, or near it, and we pass on.

"That he did plot the Duke of Gloster's death
Suggest his soon-believing adversaries,
And consequently like a traitor coward
Sluic'd out his innocent blood."

"Illustrate, by the derivations of the words, the Shakespearian use of 'suggest' and 'consequently.'"

"That which in mean men we entitle patience
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts."

"Give reasons for justifying or condemning this maxim. What are the two faulty extremes between which lies the virtue patience? What is the mean between cowardice and the other faulty extreme?"

"Yet can I not of such tame patience boast."

"What is the difference between 'patience' and 'tameness,' 'tameness' and 'cowardice'?"

Then come two questions of which notice has been given. "What marked difference is there between Richard's language before and after his return from Ireland? Explain it. What is there in common between

Hamlet and Richard?" After obtaining satisfactory answers evincing thought and study, and coming not far short of the mark, you can, if the class seems worthy of the information, guide them, by a series of searching questions carefully arranged, to a more complete answer than they have been able, unassisted, to give.

Then, passing to the subject of rhythm —

"As near as I could sift him in that argument."

"Is there any rule with reference to the number of syllables in a Shakespearian line? How would you scan this verse? —

"Setting aside his blood's high royalty,
And let him be no kinsman to my liege,
I do defy him, and I spit at him.
Call him a slanderous villain and a coward,
Which to maintain I would allow him odds
And meet him, were I tied to run afoot,"
&c.

"Analyse this sentence, pointing out the main proposition or propositions, parsing 'setting' and 'let,' and expressing the whole sentence in a number of affirmative and conditional sentences."

"Ere my tongue
Shall wound mine honour with such feeble
wrong
Or sound so base a parle, my teeth shall tear
The slavish motive of recanting fear," &c.

"Expand the metaphor contained in the two first lines into its simile. Is it in good taste? Give reasons for your answer. Explain the meaning of 'feeble wrong.' Give the derivations and meaning of 'parle.' What is the metaphor in 'sound so base a parle?' What is the derivation of 'motive,' and how does the derivation explain the Shakespearian and the present use of the word?"

I have forborne, for space' sake, to show how the answers to such questions, even when not entirely satisfactory, would give evidence of preparation, above all of mental not merely manual book-thumbing preparation, and would afford to the teacher a test of the diligence of his pupils as well as a means of developing their intelligence. Many may think these questions absurdly easy. I should be glad if they were found so; but my experience indicates that boys ranging in age from thirteen to sixteen will not find such questions too easy, and that for younger boys much easier questions would be necessary.

It may be well here to add that though a knowledge of Latin has been presupposed above in our imaginary class, and must always be most useful in an English lesson, yet it is not necessary. It is no more, or but little more, useful for such a purpose than a knowledge of German. It is certainly possible so to teach English even without the aid of Latin or German as not to leave one's pupils at the conclusion of the lesson under the impression that they have been studying "a collection of unmeaning symbols." The boys may be told the meanings of the roots "fer," "scribe," "sent," and hence led on to infer, from the knowledge of these roots and of a few prefixes, the meanings of the compound words "refer," "suffer," "infer," "consent," "dissent," "assent," "resent," "subscribe," "inscribe," "describe;" and there is no more difficulty in learning English thus than there is in learning Latin thus. There is less difficulty, for side by side with this method another can be employed. Boys who know nothing but the vernacular can be trained to explain many words, such as "contract," by themselves suggesting different uses of the word: "I contract my expenditure," "I contract for the building of a bridge," "I contract a debt." Then from these meanings they can eliminate what is accidental in each, and leave behind that which is common to all, the essence of the word. The former is the deductive, synthetic, and shorter, the latter is the inductive, analytic, and more natural method. A teacher may justify his preference, but not his neglect, of either.

For young boys (between eleven and fourteen suppose) it is scarcely possible to frame too easy questions. One point never to be lost sight of is to make all the questions illustrate the sense; and one danger never to be forgotten is the danger of insisting on too much. Let your young pupils read the whole of their play for the sake of the story; expect them, if you like, to be able to tell you what they think of King Richard and of Bolingbroke, but do not let them prepare — do not let them imagine they can prepare — more than fifty or sixty lines critically in the course of a school-term, so as to understand and explain the text thoroughly. For such a class questions on the meanings of words will constitute a large part of our English lesson, and will reveal deep abysses of ignorance.

"First heaven be the record to my speech!
In the devotion of a subject's love,
Tendering the precious safety of my prince,"
&c.

Let us suppose you have already asked the pupils to parse "be," — not, I fear, an unnecessary question. "What is the meaning of the word 'precious'?" "Nice." "Dear." "Good." "Kind." You might annihilate the last answer by eliciting from the class that a jewel is called "a precious stone;" but as the word is somewhat disused, except in that kind of maternal colloquy which probably originated some of the above-mentioned answers, I think you would be forced by the want of materials for analysis to fall back on "price," and teach synthetically. But it is different when you come to ask, "What do you mean by 'record'?" Your answers will come fast and thick, and, amid a heap of nonsense, you will pick out "monument," "book," "history." Then, by suggesting the office of the "recorder," and asking the class whether they have ever seen the "Record Office," you will at last extract from some one that "as a man takes down the notes or record of a speech that it may be afterwards remembered, so the Power who rules in heaven is asked to register the words of Bolingbroke that they may never be forgotten." Then if you like (but it is a luxury, or at all events, not a necessary) you can, should your class be learning Latin, point out to them how much trouble they would have saved themselves if they had remembered that "recorder" means, "I call to mind," and hence "record" signifies that by which one causes oneself or others to recollect. The same use first of analysis, than of synthesis, first of induction, then of deduction, may be made in eliciting the meaning of "devotion."

Beside being subjected to such examinations, the pupils ought also to read passages in class, having their faults pointed out to them, and receiving marks for correctness, clearness, and taste. Recitations, essay-writing, and paraphrases are also most useful.

I cannot quit this part of my subject without expressing my very strong belief that a knowledge of the processes of induction and deduction, and of the relation between a metaphor and simile, and the manner in which the latter is expanded into the former, ought to be communicated to boys earlier than is now customary. We want to teach boys to think. Now thought has metaphors for its materials, logic for its tools. And therefore to set boys on the study of thought without a knowledge of logic or of metaphor is to set them building a castle of shifting sand, — soon built, soon unbuilt. It is possible to teach (1) the processes by which we arrive at the know-

edge, or what we call the knowledge, of general and particular propositions; (2) the stages of such processes in which we are most liable to be deceived; (3) a few of the commonest fallacies corresponding to those different stages, without making boys "smatterers;" and if a teacher knows what he wants to teach, and confines himself to it, it may be taught in an hour and a half, and tested every day throughout the term. As regards metaphors, boys should be made not merely to get up the definition of "metaphor" and "simile," which is of little or no use by itself, but, as soon as they have attained the idea of proportion, to expand each metaphor into its simile by supplying the one or two missing terms of the proportion. Thus, "the ship ploughs the sea." "How many terms are here given?" "Three." "How many do you want for the simile?" "Four." "Supply the missing term, and give the whole proportion." "As the plough is to the land, so is the ship to the sea." And in "the mountain frowns," the two missing terms could of course be supplied in the same way. This might be taught thoroughly to upwards of sixty boys, between the ages of eleven and fourteen, in less than half an hour; and it would be difficult to overvalue such a stimulant and test of intelligence.

After receiving this preliminary information, a boy would need nothing more in order to prepare for his English lesson but a dictionary and a handbook. I daresay it is possible to find many faults in all existing dictionaries and handbooks, particularly in dictionaries; but still, with such treatises as Dr. Angus's "Handbook" and Chambers's "Etymological Dictionary," a teacher can work away pretty well. And when I hear the cry for English teaching met with the cry for English text-books, I am tempted to think of the old proverb about the workman who found fault with his tools.

This brings us to the question of text-books, by which I mean authors edited with notes. I frankly avow that, unless they give very little and very carefully-selected information, they seem to me worse than useless. Of course I admit that for Early English or even for Elizabethan writers text-books are desirable. But it is evident to me that, if an English book is edited with answers to all questions that can fairly be asked, all obscurities explained, all necessity for thought removed, then, though such books may exactly suit crammers for Civil Service examinations, they are useless for us; there is an end of the training which we desire. The notes ought only to illustrate

historical questions, explain archaic words or idioms, give parallel passages, and now and then hints to direct the reader to the meaning of a very difficult passage. They ought not to explain fully any obscurities, nor paraphrase any sentences, nor completely elucidate any thoughts.

I do not believe in "extracts" or "specimens," except where Early English is being studied more for the words than the thoughts. In different schools the matter may present itself under different aspects; but at many middle-class schools there must always be a great number of boys who may get no idea of literature or of the meaning of "a book" at home, and it therefore seems necessary that they should have the opportunity of acquiring that idea at school. Even in the lowest classes I should prefer to use a book that should contain tales or poems complete in themselves, however short.

For the same reason, I should not trouble myself much about the "History of English Literature," at all events till the pupils had reached the highest classes in the school, when such a study would imply something more than mere cram. I cannot help thinking that, in the middle and at the bottom of most schools, the study of a "history of literature" would be little more than ornamental cram. Besides, there is the question of time. If it could be combined with the study of authors, well; but where could you find the time?

I would have each of the lower classes working at two subjects, one a longer book for home reading, the other a short poem, for school-work. The home book should be studied for the book as a whole; boys should not be troubled with detail, but merely be examined occasionally in the plot, characters, &c., in such a way as to bring out for them the drift of the book and purpose of the author. The shorter poem should be thoroughly studied with all minutest details. The home-work should teach boys what is literature, the school-work what is thought. A beginning might be made with "Robinson Crusoe" and Byron's "Sennacherib," or some other short, intelligible, and powerful poem; then "Ivanhoe" and the "Armada;" then Plutarch's "Coriolanus" and the "Horatius Cocles," Plutarch's "Julius Caesar" and Gray's "Ruin seize thee;" Plutarch's "Agis and Cleomenes" and the "Battle of Ivry;" then "Marmion;" then the "Allegro" and "Penseroso," or "Comus;" then (in the class in which those boys leave who are intended for commercial pursuits) Pope's "Iliad;" then

part of the "Paradise Lost;" then part of the "Fairy Queen;" then Chaucer's "Knight's Tale" or Dante's "Inferno" (in English), or the "In Memoriam," or some of the poems of Dryden, Pope, or Johnson. It would be well, if time could be found for it, to include in the subjects of the highest class some specimens of Early English. For though the study of Early English approximates to the classical studies, yet it cannot be denied that the philological knowledge obtained from the study of Early English pronouns, and of the employment of the subjunctive, and an acquaintance with the obstacles, impediments, and barrenness which made Early English what it was, contribute in no slight degree to the exact understanding of the expressions of Elizabethan and of Modern English.

A play of Shakespeare might be read during another term throughout almost every class in the school. Shakespeare and Plutarch's "Lives" are very devulgarizing books, and I should like every boy who leaves a middle-class school for business at the age of fifteen, suppose, or sixteen, to have read three or four plays of Shakespeare, three or four noble poems, and three or four nobly-written lives of noble Greeks and Romans. I should therefore like to see Plutarch's "Lives" in the hands of every English schoolboy; or, if it were necessary to make a selection, those biographies which best illustrate one's "duty toward one's country."

Now let me answer one objection. It may be said, "The object you have described is desirable, but can be attained by the study of Latin and Greek, and does not necessitate the study of English. There are metaphors and syllogisms, thoughts as well as words, in the classical languages, and not in English merely. Why cannot all this be done in Latin and Greek?"

I answer, "Is it done?" Can any classical master deny that often, when he has wished to elucidate the thought of his author, some enveloping difficulty of *ὁ* or *μή* has extinguished the thought in a mist of words? Of course you meant to point out to your pupils that, from one point of view, the *Ilissus* is as important as, or more important than, the *Mississippi*; that, whether it be *Brasidas* with five hundred men, or *Napoleon* with five hundred thousand, it matters nothing as regards the principles on which cities and battles are won or lost: you intended, no doubt, to make your pupils feel the exquisite Sophoclean irony which sets poor strutting *Oedipus* spinning like a cockchafer for the

amusement of gods and men; but did you? I am afraid that you have almost persuaded yourself that you did; but a regard for truth must induce you to confess, on second thoughts, that Brasidas was smothered in his case, and the Sophoclean irony extinguished by a tribrach in the fifth foot. Or, if you thought of it, you found it was getting late, and you could not do your forty lines, or your page and a half, unless you "kept to the point."

Classical scholars are like Alpine travellers, who ascend a mountain on the pretext of a glorious prospect, or scientific observations; but ninety-nine out of a hundred climbers find that when they have reached the top they are too tired to see anything, and that it is so late that there is nothing to see; and then, coming down again by the most difficult way they can select, they secretly confide to their most intimate friends their private conviction that the exercise is the great thing after all.

No doubt Latin and Greek might be taught much better than they often are. I do not envy the teacher who can teach them, without obliging his pupils to "weigh probabilities;" but, for the study of thought, English is evidently more ready to our hand, because in other languages that study cannot commence till they have been translated into English.

I do not think that English can ever supersede or do the work of Latin and Greek, even for boys who leave school at the early age of fifteen. But, on the other hand, I venture to suggest that Latin and Greek may be unable to do the work of English. I am convinced that the study of English may be undertaken so as to interest, stimulate, and develop the student; that it is perfectly compatible with the discipline and competition of very large classes; that its success, as also the success of other studies, depends, to some extent, upon the way in which it is taught, but that, even when taught tentatively by those who will be very glad to receive hints how to teach it better, it may produce results not altogether unsatisfactory.

From The Saturday Review.

SPIRITUALISM IN CHANCERY.

THERE seemed to be no special reason for the death of the great Pan of the age, but for the last few years nobody has heard anything of Spiritualism, or the rappers. Spiritualism in England fell under a hand which,

if not ignoble, could scarcely be said to be distinguished, and it never recovered the discredit which one of its hierophants, Mr. Coleman, encountered in his libel on Mr. Sothorn the actor. There are now no *séances* at which Bishops and Cabinet Ministers assist on the sly, and it requires something like an effort of the memory to recall, as it is difficult to the mind to believe, that, it is not so very long ago that the *Cornhill Magazine*, when edited by Mr. Thackeray, committed itself to accrediting the narrative of Mr. Home's suspension, self-poised, in the air, while the *Times* of a period within the present lustrum recommended its readers to witness the performances of one Foster, who was soon afterwards detected, but to whom the first of our newspapers scarcely hesitated to attribute the power of working what were only not miracles because they revealed the deepest and highest mysteries of the highest life. The fall of Spiritualism was as rapid as its rise, but it exhaled, unlike the ghost whose euthanasia the Spiritualists used to quote, with a curious perfume and a melodious twang. Spirit-rapping and table-turning died out from among us, not because our precious "mother-age" is too wise for it — the mother-age, like the lady in Southey's *Doctor*, is fool enough for anything — but because the great British intelligence exchanged one set of prophets for another, and gave itself over to its Beales and its Potter, instead of its Davenports and Fosters. Among the more respectable of the sages was a gentleman named Home; indeed respectable is not the epithet for him. Whenever anything was said about the oddness of the fact that "the sperrits" used to frequent a second floor back in Red Lion Street, Holborn; and when it was objected that the Pythonesses were equally guiltless of grammar and clean linen, that the oracles used to talk such dreadful nonsense, that in the spirit world Bacon had degenerated into the intelligence of Dr. Cumming or a Christian Young Man, and that Shakspeare, when disembodied, indited verses which a Tupper would be ashamed of, we were usually confronted with the honoured name of Home. He and Judge Edmonds — an American jurist, who, we believe, is not apocryphal — were trump-cards of the Spiritualists. Mr. Home had written a book, and his enemy had not ventured to quote it against him — "*Incidents in My Life*, by D. D. Home, 1863." This autobiography contained the history of a remarkable young man who had, according not only to his own account, but to that of other people, risen superior to the discouraging accidents of birth, partly

by his talents and sincerity, and more particularly by his engaging manners, and who by a good marriage with the daughter of a wealthy Russian nobleman had attained fortune, and at the same time the confidence and respect of all sorts of fine folks, ascending in the social hierarchy so far as to be the guest of Emperors and Kings. All this was not only much to Mr. Home's credit, but it really did acquire confidence for him. As Mrs. Howitt, writing in defence of Spiritualism, had occasion to remark, "Mr. Home is surrounded with all the outward accessories of station and wealth, together with a host of friends;" and this circumstance was certainly in his favour. He might be, like Valentine Gueliolus, a medium of two centuries ago, or like Swedenborg, mistaken in his own estimate of his gifts, a fanatic or an enthusiast; but he was not an impostor. He did not show off his gifts for lucre or gain. What he did and said proved a man in earnest, and there were no grounds for demurring to his friends' testimony in his favour. This was what the world knew about Mr. Home. He had written a book not devoid of interest, and with little or no bluster in it. It was full of all sorts of wonderful tales of the usual sort, or rather of unusual instances of the usual phenomena; but nothing more. There was nothing known or said about Mr. Home discreditable to him. Circumstances, when Spiritualism was the fashion, led us to look generally at the *Spiritual Magazine*, and almost the last numbers which we saw of it were those for the autumn of 1866. The November number contained the announcement of the establishment of the Spiritual Athenæum at 22 Sloane Street. The object of the institution, "of which Mr. D. D. Home is appointed Resident Secretary," was announced to be to form "a rallying point for spiritualists and their friends for the interchange of information and for consultation, and where 'sittings,' under judicious arrangements, shall be regularly held with Mr. Home and other mediums." The promoters believed "that Mr. Home's mediumship, free of all conflicting influences, may thus be made wider and more practical in its beneficial effects." A further object or "duty" of the executive committee was "to make such arrangements as shall secure facilities for healthy, useful, and instructive communion to those who seek, as well as those who are willing to give, information 'concerning spiritual gifts,' while promoting social intercourse aiming at loftier and holier objects, checking the spread of materialism, &c." The subscription re-

quired was 5l. 5s. annually, and the Council consisted of "Mr. Brocklebank, Lombard Street; Dr. Elliotson; Captain Drayson, R.A., Woolwich; Count de Gendres; Mr. Gibson; Mr. Gledstanes; Dr. Gully, of Malvern; Mr. Carter Hall; Mr. Humphreys; Mr. Jencken; Mr. Perdicaris; Mr. Rudall; Mr. Spratt; Mr. Sterling; and the Rev. J. G. Wood, of Belvedere, Kent."

Mr. Home's position in 1866, as Resident Secretary and hired medium of the Athenæum, seems hardly consistent with the wealth and station which he appears to have had in 1863. But this can be accounted for. Upon his Russian wife's death it turned out either that her fortune was not settled on the husband, or the settlement was disputed. Be this, however, as it may, the mere fact that Mr. Home was obliged to accept a secretary's salary was no discredit to him. We may think the Spiritual Athenæum a very queer institution; but neither it nor its Resident Secretary — given Spiritualism — was to be wondered at or suspected. The Athenæum was launched late in 1866, and among the earliest members was a widow lady named Lyon, who at that time was in her 73rd or 74th year and the seventh of her widowhood, and who was in the possession of upwards of 100,000*l.* at her absolute disposal. From what has come out on the trial of Lyon v. Home, it seems that Mrs. Lyon first heard, if not of Spiritualism, at least of the Athenæum, through Mrs. Sims, a photographer in Tyburnia. On the 2nd or 3rd of October, 1866, Mrs. Lyon went to Sloane Street, and instantly realized

. . . that saw of might,
He never loved who loved not at first sight.

Spiritualism and Mr. Home were the exact truths and blessings which she had long been looking for. Her husband's death in 1859 had affected Mrs. Lyon in a remarkable way. It seems that some such promise or understanding had taken place, between Mr. and Mrs. Lyon, as that which is familiar in the famous story of the Beresford Ghost — which, by the way, is the exact double of the older tale of Capt. Sydenham and Major Dyke recorded by Glanvil. Mrs. Lyon believed that her dead husband would always be present with her, and perhaps would communicate with her; and she entertained a conviction that she should only survive him seven years. It was in 1866 that this mystic and fatal period of seven years was about expiring, and this conviction of her approaching death, or re-

union with her husband, Mrs. Lyon mentioned to Mrs. Sims, the photographer who first sent Mrs. Lyon to the Athenæum, suggesting a remarkable interpretation of her presentiment—namely, that she might be reconciled to her husband by means of “the head-Spiritualist, Mr. Home.” We are not aware whether Mrs. Sims communicated Mrs. Lyon’s private history to the Resident Secretary of the Athenæum, but at the very first interview with that gentleman the spirit of Mr. Lyon deceased, through Mr. Home, immediately announced to his “beloved Jane—I am Charles, your own beloved husband. . . . I am with you always. I love, love, love you as I always did.” This was on the 3rd of October, and Mrs. Lyon was so pleased with the message, or rather presence, of her husband, that she presented Mr. Home, the medium, with 30*l*. Three days afterwards the beloved Charles announced to the beloved Jane that what he had darkly intimated as to occur at the end of the mystic seven years was the adoption of Daniel Home as their son. This delightful intimation was rewarded with 50*l*. On the very next day another message from the husband announced that her adopted son was to be endowed with 700*l*. a year. Here appears Mr. Carter Hall, introduced by Mr. Home, who—so says Mrs. Lyon—calculated (not without raising a question as to the magnitude of the sum) the principal necessary to secure this modest and simple patrimony; and on the 10th of October Mrs. Lyon actually transferred stock to Mr. Home representing 24,000*l*. sterling. Early in November the revelations from the spiritual world were renewed. Mr. Home fell into a trance, and the deceased Lyon announced that his widow must execute a will leaving all her property absolutely to Mr. Home. This will was drawn up by Mr. W. M. Wilkinson, a friend of Mr. Home, a spiritualist believer and author, and who, in Mr. Home’s autobiography, testifies to his merits and to the truth of his powers. On the 10th of December a further transfer of 6,000*l*. was made to Mr. Home, in order to complete the sum of 30,000*l*., and a previous revelation had ordered the destruction of all previous wills. Towards the end of January Mr. Wilkinson prepared, and Mrs. Lyon executed, an assignment of a mortgage for 30,000*l*. to the adopted son, who had now, in obedience to the spirit voice, taken the name and arms of Lyon. After this, Mr. Home, now Mr. Home Lyon, appears to have been favoured with no more revelations. Like the boa

constrictor, it seems that a medium’s powers of revelation and deglutition are intermittent. After being thoroughly gorged, serpent and Spiritualist become dull and heavy. Mr. Home went out of town. Absence did its usual cold work. Mrs. Lyon began to think that she had somehow got hold of the wrong spirit. So she consulted a witch in Endor—we mean Mrs. Berry, whose daughter was a medium. Again the spirit of the deceased Lyon appeared and denounced Home as an impostor, and asserted that the spirit who had suggested the gifts of 60,000*l*. was only his, Mr. Home’s, familiar spirit. The result was that Mrs. Lyon sent for Home, informed him that he was a swindler, and demanded the return of her gifts. To this Mr. Home demurred, and proposed a compromise, to the effect that he was to give up the 30,000*l*. mortgage, but retain the 30,000*l*. money. Whereupon Mrs. Lyon, under other advice—not Mr. Wilkinson’s—files a bill in Chancery, praying for a declaration that the several transfers of stock and the assignment of the mortgage were fraudulent, not binding upon Mrs. Lyon, and must be set aside.

This is the substance of the famous case, *Lyon v. Home*, which is now before Vice-Chancellor Giffard. About the material facts there is no dispute. Mr. Home admits them all. He claims to have had his mysterious power since he was six months old. He says that in his case the laws of gravity have been suspended; that he has floated on the ambient ether; that he has repeatedly, and with few suspensions of his power, exercised it; that through him, apart from his own will, and by what means he knows not, the spirits and souls of the departed do communicate with this present world. He does not deny that through his instrumentality or mediumship the spirit of the deceased Lyon did commend his adoption to Mrs. Lyon, and did suggest the will and the gift of 60,000*l*. He admits that on a previous occasion he got, through the assistance of the spirits, an annuity of 150*l*. from a believer in Spiritualism. But he says that Mrs. Lyon’s generosity was perfectly spontaneous, and was mainly instigated by personal affection, in which an erotic element was to be traced; that he personally used no undue or any other influence, but that it was all the spirits’ work, and that he was throughout irresponsible. Here we may remark that it is very difficult to see what the difference is between Mrs. Lyon’s account of the matter and Mr. Home’s.

The question for the Vice-Chancellor to decide is whether gifts made at the alleged dictation of the spirit of the deceased Lyon are to be sustained with reference to public policy. That is a matter with which we are all concerned, whether we believe Mrs. Lyon or Mr. Home — both or neither. Mr. Home assumes that the spirits have spoken, so does Mrs. Lyon. What they disagree about is this, whether Mrs. Lyon did or did not personally affect Mr. Home. Mrs. Lyon says that all along she disliked and more than half suspected Home; but that she did what, she did in full reliance upon the authenticity of the spiritual message, and the dictation of her husband, who, as she believed, was speaking through Home. Now that she is convinced that the intimations were not true and genuine, she wants her money back. Mr. Home, on the other hand, is obliged to assert the authenticity of the messages; and further, he suggests a personal preference, if not love; and therefore argues that the gift ought to be sustained, because the influence under which it was bestowed was legitimate. It does not appear that, even now, with all her shrewdness and cleverness, Mrs. Lyon has given up all belief in Spiritualism; all that she says is that Home has, as a spiritualist, taken her in. We repeat that, whichever view is entertained by the Court as to the motives of Mrs. Lyon, on either side there still remains the very serious question to the community whether intimations from the spiritual world are to be recognised by the Court of Chancery.

Mr. Home may be a very honest person, and may have only used the supernatural powers which he cannot help exercising. But, taking him at his own word, his honesty leads to very odd results. In other words, the spirit world does business in a way which, if it is to be authorized by an English Court, must entail the necessity of a new code, not only of morality, but of law, for this everyday world. Mr. Home gets out of a rich old fanatical widow, who is of such a temper as to be at feud with her own and her husband's relatives, a fortune of very great value. He introduces his own familiar friends — Mr. Carter Hall, Mr. Rudall, Mr. Perdicaris, Mr. Jencken, and others — to this widow. He brings in

not only a circle of his own friends, but his own solicitor, an entire stranger, who belongs to, and writes up, his own sect and principles. The result is that he gets 60,000*l.* down out of his votary, and secures the reversion to the remainder of her fortune. His friends, we are told, were alarmed at the splendid gains netted by Mr. Home, and, as they say, remonstrated, not against the principle, but against the magnitude of the gifts. But be this as it may, Home's contention is simple. He has done nothing wrong, nothing which the law ought to or can interfere with, nothing conflicting with public policy, by receiving under these circumstances 60,000*l.* What he wants the Court to believe is, that no undue influence — and it is utterly immaterial whether it is the influence of Home himself or of Mr. Lyon deceased — has been employed, and that the Court is bound not to interfere. This is not only what Mr. Home urges, but what his friends and advisers, Mr. Carter Hall and Mr. Wilkinson, urge. In the face of this, which is all that we are concerned with, it is irrelevant whether Mrs. Lyon was or was not inspired with the same sort of passion which, with its sweet pangs, attracted octogenarian Mrs. Piozzi to Augustus Conway. Nor is it necessary to say whether the spirit revelations are or are not true. However true they may be, our question is, whether we are to allow them to be other than undue influences. The spirits may be very virtuous, pious, pure, disinterested, and righteous, and might arrange mundane things better than we do; but their sort of purity and righteousness is quite incompatible with our poor unspiritual society, such as it is. And, therefore, we cannot come to an understanding with the spirits. In other words, we reckon that the Vice-Chancellor will have to notify to all and singular spirits and souls of the righteous and unrighteous, to all witches and wizards, ghosts and ghost-seers, goblins and mediums, spirit drawings and airy harps, and to the whole tag-rag and bobtail of devils and devilkins, that deeds of gift, assignments, and wills dictated by the spirits to rich and silly widows, will be summarily set aside as transactions which English law and equity decline to recognise.

From Once a Week.

SOCIABLE SILENCE.

THERE is a silence which is felt to be sociable, when the silent associates are tried and trusty friends. Wherever, in fact there is implicit confidence, and an underlying sense of general sympathy, it is often a relief to be able to hold one's peace without any risk of misapprehension. Whereas, with a comparative stranger, one puts on company manners, and has to keep up the shuttle-cock of colloquial inanity with all one's battle-door might. Everybody who has friends must have felt this; and though — nay, because the feeling is a common one, it may be interesting to show by examples how it has been expressed in literature.

Horace Walpole tells a story of two old cronies, who, sitting together one evening till it was quite dark, without speaking, one called to the other, "Tom, Tom." "Well," said his friend, "what do you say?" "Oh," said the other, "are you there?" "Ay," said old Tom. "Why, then, don't you say *humph*?" demanded the first. So that there was but a felt presence the silence was enjoyable between these twain. The mute companionship was scarcely the less companionable for being mute. Old friends, remarks Walpole in another of his letters, are the great blessing of one's later years — half a word conveys one's meaning. He makes this remark in reference to the loss of his intimate friend Mr. Chute, whom he used to see oftener than any one, and to whom he had recourse in every difficulty. "And him I loved to have here, as our friendship was so entire, and we knew one another so entirely, that he alone was never the least constraint to me. We passed many hours together without saying a syllable to each other; for we were both above ceremony."

It is the concluding couplet in the following lines that best attests the confiding friendship that existed between Sir Walter Scott and Mr. Skene:

To thee, perchance, this rambling strain
Recalls our summer walks again;
When doing naught — and, to speak true,
Not anxious to find aught to do, —
The wild unbounded hills we ranged,
While oft our talk its topic changed,
And desultory, as our way,
Ranged unconfin'd from grave to gay;
E'en when it flagged, as oft will chance,
No effort made to break its trance,
We could right pleasantly pursue
Our sports in social silence too.

Wisely and well La Bruyère says that, merely to be with those we love is enough. To indulge in reverie the while; to talk to them; not to talk to them; to think about them; to think on matters indifferent and irrelevant to them, — but with themselves beside us, — all goes well on that single condition: *tout est égal*. The Abbé Barthélemy speaks happily of those happy moments between like-minded friends, when the very silence is a proof of the enjoyment each feels in the mere presence of the other; for it is a silence productive of neither weakness nor disgust. They say nothing, but they are together. *On ne dit rien, mais on est ensemble*. Rousseau is even rapturous in his eulogies of sympathetic silence; he dilates with enthusiasm on the quantity and quality of good things that are said without ever opening the mouth — on the ardent sentiments that are communicated without the frigid medium of speech. Fénelon expatiates on the charm of free communion, *sans cérémonie*, with a dear friend who don't tire you, and whom neither do you tire; you see one another; at times one talks; at others, listens; at others, both keep silence; for both are satisfied with being together, even with nothing to say. *"On ne se dit rien, on est content d'être ensemble sans se rien dire."*

For those who have managed that things shall run smoothly over the domestic rug, says the author of *Orley Farm*, there is no happier time of life than the long candle-light hours of home and silence. "No spoken content or uttered satisfaction is necessary. The fact that is felt is enough for peace." This fact is touchingly exemplified in the American story of *The Gay-worthys*, in the instance of stolid Jaazaniah Hoogs and his leal-hearted wife Wealthy. We see Jaazaniah in his chair, the three-legged chair tilted up, the man whittling a stick, and whistling. Wealthy is busy chopping, following her own solitary thoughts, but feeling a certain habitual comfort in having him at her elbow. Standing up for the poor soul, she maintains in one place that his thoughts come out in his whistling: he could never make such music as that out of nothing. "You never heard it, nor nobody else, as I have. Why, when we're sitting here, all alone . . . he'll go on so [whistling], that I hold my breath for fear o' stopping him. It's like all the Psalms and Revelations to listen to it. There's something between us then that's more than talk." — Presently it is beside his death-bed that she sits, in the same expressive silence. "She sat by him for hours; sometimes lay-

ing her hand softly down upon the coverlet, and letting his seek it, as it always would; and the spring breath and music in the air spoke gently for them both, and there was something between them that was more than talk."

One thinks of Dr. Johnson in his last illness, visited by Malone, and proving so unusually silent that the visitor rose to leave, believing him to be in pain, or incommoded by company. "Pray, sir, be seated," Johnson said. "I cannot talk, but I like to see you there." Indeed, great talker in every sense as the doctor had been in his prime, he was never insensible to the value of sympathetic silence. During his tour to the Hebrides, his companion, Boswell, took the liberty one evening of remarking to Johnson, that he very often sat quite silent for a long time, even when in company with a single friend. "It is true, sir," replied Johnson. "Tom Tyers described me the best. He once said to me, 'Sir, you are like a ghost; you never speak till you are spoken to.'" Boswell was apparently incapable of seeing anything enjoyable in social silence. Not so his everyway bigger friend.

A delightful essayist of the present time, discussing the companionship of books, accounts it no forced paradox to say that a man may sometimes be far more profitably employed in surveying his book-shelves in meditative mood, than if he were to pull this or that volume down and take to reading it; "just as two friends may hold sweeter converse in perfect silence together, than if they were talking all the time."

Henry Mackenzie's Montauban congratulates himself on the footing upon which already he stands with his new acquaintance, Monsieur de Roubigné: "He does not think himself under the necessity of eternally talking to entertain me; and we sometimes spend a morning together pleased with each other's society, though we do not utter a dozen sentences." It is of Julia de Roubigné, in the same epistolary novel, that another letter-writer declares, after adverting to the sprightliness of a Mademoiselle Dorville, — "Oh, Beauvaris! I have laid out more soul in sitting five minutes with Julia de Roubigné in silence, than I should in a year's conversation with this little Dorville."

Elia accounts that to be but an imperfect solitude which a man enjoys by himself, and applauds the sense of the first hermits when they retired into Egyptian solitudes, not singly, but in shoals, "to enjoy one another's want of conversation. The Car-

thusian is bound to his brethren by the agreeing spirit of incommunicativeness." In secular occasions, Elia adds, what is so pleasant as to be reading a book through a long winter evening, with a friend sitting by — say a wife — he, or she, too (if that be probable), reading another, without interruption, or oral communication. "Can there be no sympathy without the gabble of words? . . . Give me, Master Zimmermann, a sympathetic solitude."

Lamb's reference to the agreeing spirit of incommunicativeness cultivated in monastic retreats, may remind us of what is told of a celebrated meeting between St. Louis, King of France, in disguise, and Egidius of Assisi, a rich citizen, "famous for many graces," writes Sir James Stephen, "and for not a few miracles." At Perugia the two saints met, and long knelt together in silent embrace. On the departure of the king, Egidius was rebuked by his brethren for his rudeness in not having uttered a word to so great a sovereign. "Marvel not," he answered, "that we did not speak; a divine light laid bare to each of us the heart of the other. No words could have intelligibly expressed that language of the soul, or have imparted the same sacred consolation."

One of the most popular of French authors comments, in his autobiography, on the analogy he professes to have observed between the two races of sailors and forest-rangers, and tells, for instance, how the mariner or the woodman will remain by the side of his best friend, in the one case on the ocean, in the other deep in the forest, without exchanging a single word. But as the two entertain the same train of ideas — as their silence has been no more than a long tacit communion with nature, "You will be astonished to find that, at the proper moment, they have but to exchange a word, a gesture, or a glance, and they will have communicated more to each other by this word, this gesture, or glance of the eye, than others could have done in a long discourse." As Scott and Skene with their sports, so can these

Right pleasantly pursue
Their craft, in social silence too.

Mr. Helps' three Friends in Council return home, after one of their outdoor colloquies, or peripatetic philosophisings, "not sorry to be mostly silent" as they go along, and glad that their friendship is so assured that they can be silent without the slightest danger of offence.

Uncle Sol and Mr. Toots, in *Dombey & Son*, wait patiently in the churchyard, sitting on the copingstone of the railings, until Captain Cuttle and Susan come back. Neither being at all desirous to speak, or to be spoken to, they are expressly described as excellent company, and quite satisfied. Glance again at the same author's picture of Mr. Willet and his companions, Mr. Cobb and long Phil Parkes, enjoying one another's society at the Maypole; and how enjoying it? "For two mortal hours and a half, none of the company had pronounced one word." Yet were they all firmly of opinion that they were very jolly companions—every one—rather choice spirits than otherwise; and their look at each other every now and then is said to have been as if there were a perpetual interchange of ideas going on—no man among them considering himself or his neighbour by any means silent; and each of them nodding occasionally when he caught the eye of another, as if to say, "You have expressed yourself extremely well, sir, in relation to that sentiment, and I quite agree with you."

Mr. Shirley Brooks, in his last and best novel, says: "It is a happy time when a man and a woman can be long silent together, and love one another the better that neither speaks of love. A few years later, and silence is perhaps thought to mean either sorrow or sulks." And if this reflection relate to fiction, here is a sketch from fact, which may go with it—a reminiscence by Mary Anne Schimmelpenninck of her early childhood, and of happy hours spent alone with her mother, for whom absolute quiet was indispensable during many hours of the day:—"She was generally seated at her table with her books, her plans of landscape gardening, or ornamental needlework, whilst I was allowed to sit in the room, but to be in perfect silence, unless when my mother called me to fetch anything, or addressed to me some little kind word, which seemed not so much to break the silence as to make it more complete and happy by an united flow of hearts." The lovers, in a modern poem on love, are taken to be a deal more eloquent in their silence than in their converse:—

Which was most full—our silence or our speech?
Ah, sure our silence! Though we talked high things
Of life and death, and of the soul's great wings,

And knowledge pure, which only Love can teach;
And we have sat beside the lake's calm beach,
Wordless and still, a long and summer day,
As if we only watch'd the insect-play,
Or rippling wave.

The young lover in Mr. Disraeli's *Love Story*, expressly so called, apologizes to Henrietta Temple for a long term of significant silence, with the candid avowal that he's afraid he's very stupid. "Because you are silent?" she asks. "Is not that a sufficient reason?" he submits. "Nay, I think not," replies Miss Temple; "I think I am rather fond of silent people myself; I cannot bear to live with a person who feels compelled to talk because he is my companion. The whole day passes sometimes without papa and myself exchanging fifty words; yet I am very happy; I do not feel that we are dull." So, when the tenant of Wildfell Hall is being courted by Markham, the latter plumes himself on possessing the faculty of enjoying the company of those he loves, as well in silence as in conversation. One feels sure that this faculty was possessed in a marked degree by all the Brontë family, to the youngest of whom we owe the rather grim and very characteristic story last named.

There is a fragment in print of an unpublished play of Leigh Hunt's, picturing an ideal home—a heaven this side the stars, (as happy husband tells his happy wife):—

By men call'd home, when some blest pair are met
As we are now; sometimes in happy talk,
Sometimes in silence (also a sort of talk,
Where friends are match'd) each at its gentle task
Of book, or household need, or meditation.

To like effect, in all intents and purposes, writes the poet of the *Angel in the House*, a sufficiently cognate theme; where Frederick sends his mother this suggestive sketch of his wedded life:—

For hours the clock upon the shelf
Has all the talking to itself;
But to and fro her needle runs
Twice, while the clock is ticking once;
And, where a wife is well in reach,
Not silence separates, but speech;
And I, contented, read or smoke,
And idly think, or idly stroke
The winking cat, or watch the fire,
In social peace that does not tire.

From The Examiner, May 2.

STORMING OF MAGDALA.

Most cordially do we join in the general jubilation, on the successful issue of the Abyssinian Expedition. An expedition which originated and was supported solely on grounds of humanity and justice; — which has been brought to a termination with unhopèd-for speed, by the genius and resolution of its chief, and the self-devotion of his troops; — which is at this moment extorting the admiration of the world, not more by the display of military talent and engineering skill than by the absence of all interested motives; and which, unlike most invasions, instead of devastating and impoverishing the country, leaves it benefited for the time being, by the occupation of the invaders.

The only drawback to our exultation is the doubt which, reluctant as we are to entertain it, still forces itself upon us, — whether the storming of Magdala, and the loss of life involved in that operation, was really a matter of stern, absolute necessity. This painful misgiving has been answered by anticipation in the *Times* with the question, "How could we have turned back leaving Theodore's boasted stronghold untaken, himself unsubdued, and the chiefs who have aided us at his mercy? Nothing short of this decisive blow would have broken the spell of his marvellous prestige, or persuaded the Oriental world that we had not bought him off by a bribe." Now it must be recollected that an engagement had taken place on the 10th inst., in which the Abyssinians had been defeated with heavy loss, and that on the two following days Theodore sent into our camp not only the English captives, but every European in his power. According, therefore, to our own professions from the beginning, and throughout our operations, the whole object of the Expedition was accomplished; and the bombardment of Magdala could not be necessary for a purpose already attained. Then, did any necessity exist, on the grounds on which the storming is vindicated? In what way would the English name have suffered, even if the Oriental world

had believed that we had secured the lives and liberties of our countrymen by a money payment? The victory gained on the 10th would have been a practical answer to the taunt; and the subsequent surrender of the prisoners must have sufficiently broken Theodore's prestige, — supposing it to have been one of our objects to break it, which it was not. Moreover, one of the modes, by which it was hoped in this country that the matter would be settled, was by some accommodation of this kind. No doubt, "the fall of Magdala, defended by the renowned Theodore himself, at a distance of 400 miles from the coast, before a British force despatched from Bombay, may produce a deep impression in every bazaar of Central Asia." But the Expedition was not resolved on, for the purpose of making an impression on Asiatic bazaars; and no such hoped-for impression, as it appears to us, affords any justification of the storming, if not otherwise indispensable.

The plea that we should have left the chiefs who had aided us at his mercy, has more weight in it at first sight; though, by the way, the "aid" which we appear to have received from these chieftains is of a very negative character, being in truth little more than neutrality. But see to what lengths this plea might have carried us. Suppose this chivalrous semi-barbarian, instead of falling on the ramparts — whether by his own hand or by a chance rifle shot — had, after surrendering his prisoners, escaped into the mountain fastnesses, the same scruples as to leaving the chiefs at his mercy would have imposed on us the duty of pursuing, securing, and even dethroning him; for nothing short of this extreme course could have effectually shielded our supposed allies from his vengeance. We cannot, therefore, help feeling grave doubts whether on this ground, any more than on those already discussed, the storming can be justified, and whether our intended interposition between King Theodore and his rebellious or disaffected subjects, would not have laid us open to the charge, at least of "Protection," which, in the defence we have been analysing, is repudiated almost as forcibly as "Annexation."

CHAPTER XV.

ALL January had passed by. That thirtieth of January had come and gone which was to have made Linda Tressel a bride, and Linda was still Linda Tressel. But her troubles were not therefore over, and Peter Steinmarc was once again her suitor. It may be remembered how he had reviled her in her aunt's presence, how he had reminded her of her indiscretion, and how he had then rejected her; but, nevertheless, in the first week of February he was again her suitor. Madame Staubach had passed a very troubled and uneasy month. Though she was minded to take her niece's part when Linda was so ungenerously attacked by the man whom she had warmed in the bosom of her family, still she was most unwilling that Linda should triumph. Her feminine instincts prompted her to take Linda's part on the spur of the moment, as similar instincts had prompted Tetchen to do the same thing; but hardly the less on that account did she feel that it was still her duty to persevere with that process of crushing by which all human vanity was to be pressed out of Linda's heart. Peter Steinmarc had misbehaved himself grossly, had appeared at that last interview in a guise which could not have made him fascinating to any young woman; but on that account the merit of submitting to him would be so much the greater. There could hardly be any moral sackcloth and ashes too coarse and too bitter for the correction of a sinful mind in this world, but for the special correction of a mind sinful as Linda's had been, marriage with such a man as Peter Steinmarc would be sackcloth and ashes of the most salutary kind. The objection which Linda would feel for the man would be the exact antidote to the poison with which she had been infected by the influence of the Evil One. Madame Staubach acknowledged, when she was asked the question, that a woman should love her husband; but she would always go on to describe this required love as a feeling which should spring from a dutiful submission. She was of opinion that a virtuous child would love his parent, that a virtuous servant would love her mistress, that a virtuous woman would love her husband, even in spite of austere severity on the part of him or her who might be in authority. When, therefore, Linda would refer to what had taken place in the parlour, and would ask whether it were possible that she should love a man who had ill-used her so grossly, Madame Staubach would reply as though

love and forgiveness were one and the same thing. It was Linda's duty to pardon the ill-usage and to kiss the rod that had smitten her. "I hate him so deeply that my blood curdles at the sight of him," Linda had replied. Then Madame Staubach had prayed that her niece's heart might be softened, and had called upon Linda to join her in these prayers. Poor Linda had felt herself compelled to go down upon her knees and submit herself to such prayer as well as she was able. Could she have enfranchised her mind altogether from the trammels of belief in her aunt's peculiar religion, she might have escaped from the waters which seemed from day to day to be closing over her head; but this was not within her power. She asked herself no questions as to the truth of these convictions. The doctrine had been taught to her from her youth upwards, and she had not realised the fact that she possessed any power of rejecting it. She would tell herself, and that frequently, that to her religion held out no comfort, that she was not of the elect, that manifestly she was a castaway, and that therefore there could be no reason why she should endure unnecessary torments in this life. With such impressions on her mind she had suffered herself to be taken from her aunt's house, and carried off by her lover to Augsburg. With such impressions strong upon her, she would not hesitate to declare her hatred for the man, whom, in truth, she hated with all her heart, but whom, nevertheless, she thought it was wicked to hate. She daily told herself that she was one given up by herself to Satan. But yet, when summoned to her aunt's prayers, when asked to kneel and implore her Lord and Saviour to soften her own heart, — so to soften it that she might become a submissive wife to Peter Steinmarc, — she would comply, because she still believed that such were the sacrifices which a true religion demanded. But there was no comfort to her in her religion. Alas! alas! let her turn herself which way she might, there was no comfort to be found on any side.

At the end of the first week in February no renewed promise of assent had been extracted from Linda; but Peter, who was made of stuff less stern, had been gradually brought round to see that he had been wrong. Madame Staubach had, in the first instance, obtained the co-operation of Herr Molk and others of the leading city magistrates. The question of Linda's marriage had become quite a city matter. She had been indiscreet; that was acknowledged.

As to the amount of her indiscretion, different people had different opinions. In the opinion of Herr Molk, that was a thing that did not signify. Linda Tressel was the daughter of a city officer who had been much respected. Her father's successor in that office was just the man who ought to be her husband. Of course he was a little old and rusty; but then Linda had been indiscreet. Linda had not only been indiscreet, but her indiscretion had been, so to say, very public. She had run away from the city in the middle of the night with a young man, — with a young man known to be a scamp and a rebel. It must be acknowledged that indiscretion could hardly go beyond this. But then was there not the red house to make things even, and was it not acknowledged on all sides that Peter Steinmarc was very rusty? The magistrates had made up their minds that the bargain was a just one, and as it had been made, they thought that it should be carried out. When Peter complained of further indiscretion on the part of Linda, and pointed out that he was manifestly absolved from his contract by her continued misconduct, Herr Molk went to work with most demure diligence, collected all the evidence, examined all the parties, and explained to Peter that Linda had not misbehaved herself since the contract had last been ratified. "Peter, my friend," said the burgo-master, "you have no right to go back to any thing, — to any thing that happened before the twenty-third." The twenty-third was the day on which Peter had expressed his pardon for the great indiscretion of the elopement. "Since that time there has been no breach of trust on her part. I have examined all the parties, Peter." It was in vain that Steinmarc tried to show that he was entitled to be absolved because Linda had said that she hated him. Herr Molk did not lose above an hour or two in explaining to him that little amenities of that kind were to be held as compensated in full by the possession of the red house. And then, had it not been acknowledged that he was very rusty, — a man naturally to be hated by a young woman who had shown that she had a preference for a young lover? "Oh, bah!" said Herr Molk, almost angry at this folly; "do not let me hear any thing more about that, Peter." Steinmarc had been convinced, had assented, and was now ready to accept the hand of his bride.

Nothing more had been heard of Ludovic since the day on which he had come to the house and had disappeared. Herr Molk, when he was interrogated on the subject,

would shake his head, but in truth Herr Molk knew nothing. It was the fact that Valcarm, after being confined in prison at Augsburg for three days, had been discharged by the city magistrates; and it was the case, also, though the fact was not generally known, that the city magistrates of Augsburg had declared the city magistrates of Nuremberg to be — geese. Ludovic Valcarm was not now in prison, but he had left Nuremberg, and no one knew whither he was gone. The brewers Sach, by whom he had been employed, professed that they knew nothing respecting him; but then, as Herr Molk declared, the two brothers Sach were men who ought themselves to be in prison. They, too, were rebels, according to Herr Molk.

But in truth, as regarded Linda, no trouble need have been taken in inquiring after Ludovic. She made no inquiry respecting him. She would not even listen to Tetchen when Tetchen would suggest this or that mode of ascertaining where he might be. She had allowed herself to be reconciled to Tetchen, because Tetchen had taken her part against Peter Steinmarc; but she would submit to no intrigue at the old woman's instance. "I do not want to see him ever again, Tetchen."

"But, fraulein, you loved him."

"Yes, and I do. But of what use is such love? I could do him no good. If he were there, opposite, — where he used to be, — I would not cross the river to him."

"I hope, my dear, that it mayn't be so with you always, that's all," Tetchen had said. But Linda had no vestige of such hope at her heart. The journey to Augsburg had been to her the cause of too much agony, had filled her with too real a sense of maidenly shame, to enable her to look forward with hope to any adventure in which Ludovic should have to take a part. To escape from Peter Steinmarc, whether by death, or illness, or flight, or sullen refusal, — but to escape from him let the cost to herself be what it might, — that was all that she now desired. But she thought that escape was not possible to her. She was coming at last to believe that she would have to stand up in the church and give him her hand. If it were so, all Nuremberg should ring with the tragedy of their nuptials.

Since Peter had returned, and expressed to Madame Staubach his willingness to go on with the marriage, he had, after a fashion, been again taken into that lady's favour. He had behaved very badly, but a fault repented was a fault to be forgiven. "I am sorry that there was a rumpus, Madame

"Staubach," he had said, "but you see that there is so much to put a man's back up when a girl runs away with a man in the middle of the night, you know."

"Peter," the widow had replied, interrupting him, "that need not be discussed again. The wickedness of the human heart is so deep that it cannot be fathomed; but we have the word of the Lord to show to us that no sinner is too vile to be forgiven. What you said in your anger was cruel and unmanly, but it has been pardoned." Then Peter sat down and lighted his pipe. He did not like the tone of his friend's remarks, but he knew well that there was nothing to be gained by discussing such matters with Madame Staubach. It was better for him to take his old seat quietly, and at once to light his pipe. Linda, on that occasion, and on many others subsequently, came and sat in the room, and there would be almost absolute silence. There might be a question asked about the household, and Linda would answer it; or Peter might remark that such a one among the small city dealers had been fined before the magistrates for some petty breach of the city's laws. But of conversation there was none, and Peter never on these evenings addressed himself specially to Linda. It was quite understood that she was to undergo persuasion, not from Peter, but from her aunt.

About the middle of February her aunt made her last attack on poor Linda. For days before something had been said daily; some word had been spoken in which Madame Staubach alluded to the match as an affair which would certainly be brought about sooner or later. And there were prayers daily for the softening of Linda's heart. And it was understood that every one in the house was supposed to be living under some special cloud of God's anger till Linda's consent should have been given. Madame Staubach had declared during the ecstasy of her devotion, that not only she herself, but even Teteben also, would become the prey of Satan if Linda did not relent. Linda had almost acknowledged to herself that she was in the act of bringing eternal destruction on all those around her by her obstinacy. Oh, if she could only herself be dead, let the eternal consequences as they regarded herself alone be what they might!

"Linda," said her aunt, "is it not time at length that you should give us an answer?"

"An answer, aunt Charlotte?" As if she had not given a sufficiency of answers.

"Do you not see how others suffer because of your obstinacy?"

"It is not my doing."

"It is your doing. Do not allow any such thought as that to get into your mind, and assist the Devil in closing the door of your heart. They who are your friends are bound to you, and cannot separate themselves from you."

"Who are my friends?"

"I am sorry you should ask that question, Linda."

"I have no friends."

"Linda, that is ungrateful to God, and thankless. I say nothing of myself."

"You are my friend, but no one else."

"Herr Molk is your friend, and has shown himself to be so. Jacob Heisse is your friend." He, too, using such wisdom as he possessed, had recommended Linda to take the husband provided for her. "Peter Steinmarc is your friend."

"No, he is not," said Linda.

"That is very wicked, — heinously wicked." Whereupon Madame Staubach went towards the door for the purpose of bolting it, and Linda knew that this was preparatory to a prayer. Linda felt that it was impossible that she should fall on her knees and attempt to pray at this moment. What was the use of it? Sooner or later she must yield. She had no weapon with which to carry on the battle, whereas her aunt was always armed.

"Aunt Charlotte," she said, suddenly, "I will do what you want. — only not now; not quite yet. Let there be time for me to make myself ready for it."

The dreaded visitation of that special prayer was at any rate arrested, and Madame Staubach graciously accepted Linda's assent as sufficient quittance at any rate for the evil words that had been spoken on that occasion. She was too wise to demand a more gracious acquiescence, and did not say a word then even in opposition to the earnest request which had been made for delay. She kissed her niece, and rejoiced as the woman rejoiced who had swept diligently and had found her lost piece. If Linda would at last take the right path, all former deviations from it should be as nothing. And Madame Staubach self-trusted, almost thought, that it could not be but that her own prayers should prevail at last. Linda indeed had twice before assented, and had twice retracted her word. But there had been causes. The young man had come and had prevailed, who surely would not come again, and who surely if coming, would not prevail. And on

Peter himself had misbehaved. It must now be Madame Staubach's care that there should arise no further stumbling-block. There were but two modes of taking this care at her disposal. She could watch Linda all the day, and she could reiterate her prayers with renewed diligence. On neither points would she be found lacking.

"And when shall be the happy day?" said Peter. On the occasion of his visit to the parlour subsequent to the scene which has just been described, Madame Staubach left the room for a while so that the two lovers might be together. Peter had been warned that it would be so, and had prepared, no doubt, his little speech.

"There will be no happy day," said Linda.

"Don't say that, my dear."

"I do say it. There will be no happy day for you or for me."

"But we must fix a day, you know," said Peter.

"I will arrange it with my aunt." Then Linda got up and left the room. Peter Steinmarc attempted no further conversation with her, nor did Madame Staubach again endeavour to create any intercourse between them. It must come after marriage. It was clearly to her God's will that these two people should be married, and she could not but be right to leave the result to His wisdom. A day was named. With a simple nod of her head Linda agreed that she would become Peter's wife on the fifteenth of March; and she received visits from Herr Molk and from Jacob Heisse to congratulate her on her coming happiness.

CHAPTER XVI.

THROUGHOUT February Linda never flinched. She hardly spoke at all except on matters of household business, but to them she was sedulously attentive. She herself insisted on understanding what legal arrangement was made about the house, and would not consent to sign the necessary document preparatory to her marriage till there was inserted in it a clause giving to her aunt a certain life-interest in the property in the event either of her marriage or of her death. Peter did his best to oppose this, as did also Madame Staubach herself; but Linda prevailed, and the clause was there. "She would have to live with you whether or no," said Herr Molk to the town-clerk. "You couldn't turn the woman out into the street." But Peter had

wished to be master of his own house, and would not give up the point till much eloquence and authority had been used. He had come to wish with all his heart that he had never seen Linda Tressel or the red house; but he had gone so far that he could not retract. Linda never flinched, never uttered a word of complaint; sat silent while Peter was smoking, and awaited her doom. Once her aunt spoke to her about her feelings as a bride. "You do love him, do you not, Linda?" said Madame Staubach. "I do not love him," Linda had replied. Then Madame Staubach dared to ask no further question, but prayed that the necessary affection might be given.

There were various things to be bought, and money for the purpose was in a moderate degree forthcoming. Madame Staubach possessed a small hoard, which was now to be spent, and something she raised on her own little property. A portion of this was intrusted wholly to Linda, and she exercised care and discretion in its disposition. Linen for the house she purchased, and things needed for the rooms and the kitchen. But she would expend nothing in clothes for herself. When pressed on the subject by her aunt, she declared that her marriage would be one that required no finery. Her own condition and that of her proposed husband, she said, made it quite unnecessary. When she was told that Steinmarc would be offended by such exaggerated simplicity, she turned upon her aunt with such a look of scorn that Madame Staubach did not dare to say another word. Indeed at this time Madame Staubach had become almost afraid of her niece, and would sit watching the silent stern industry of the younger woman with something of awe. Could it be that there ever came over her heart a shock of regret for the thing she was doing? Was it possible that she should already be feeling remorse? If it were so with her, she turned herself to prayer, and believed that the Lord told her that she was right.

But there were others who watched, and spoke among themselves, and felt that the silent solemnity of Linda's mode of life was a cause for trembling. Max Bogen's wife had come to her father's house, and had seen Linda, and had talked to Tetchen, and had said at home that Linda was — mad. Her father had become frightened, and had refused to take any part in the matter. He acknowledged that he had given his advice in favour of the marriage, but he had done this merely as a matter of course, — to oblige his neighbour, Madame Staubach. He would have nothing more to with it.

When Fanny told him that she feared that Linda would lose her senses, he went into his workshop and busied himself with a great chair. But Tetchen was not so reticent. Tetchen said much to Madame Staubach; — so much that the unfortunate widow was nearly always on her knees, asking for help, asking in very truth for new gifts of obstinate persistency; and Tetchen also said much to Fanny Bogen.

"But what can we do, Tetchen?" asked Fanny.

"If I had my will," said Tetchen, "I would so handle him that he would be glad enough to be off his bargain. But you'll see they'll never live together as man and wife, — never for a day."

They who said that Linda was mad at this time were probably half-right; but if so, her madness had shown itself in none of those forms which are held to justify interference by authority. There was no one in Nuremberg who could lock a woman up because she was silent; or could declare her to be unfit for marriage because she refused to buy wedding clothes. The marriage must go on. Linda herself felt that it must be accomplished. Her silence and her sternness were not now consciously used by her as means of opposing or delaying the coming ceremony, but simply betrayed the state of mind to which she was reduced. She counted the days and she counted the hours as a criminal counts them who sits in his cell and waits for the executioner. She knew, she thought she knew, that she would stand in the church and have her hand put into that of Peter Steinmarc; but what might happen after that she did not know.

She would stand at the altar and have her hand put into that of Peter Steinmarc, and she would be called his wife in sight of God and man. She spent hours in solitude attempting to realise the position with all its horrors. She never devoted a minute to the task of reconciling herself to it. She did not make one slightest endeavour towards teaching herself that after all it might be possible for her to live with the man as his companion in peace and quietness. She hated him with all the vigour of her heart, and she would hate him to the end. On that subject no advice, no prayer, no grace from heaven, could be of service to her. Satan, with all the horrors of hell, as they had been described to her, was preferable to the companionship of Peter Steinmarc. And yet she went on without flinching.

She went on without flinching till the night of the tenth of March. Up to that time, from the day on which she had last consented to her

martyrdom, no idea of escape had occurred to her. As she left her aunt on that evening, Madame Staubach spoke to her. "You should at any rate pray for him," said Madame Staubach. "I hope that you pray that this marriage may be for his welfare." How could she pray for him? And how could she utter such a prayer as that? But she tried; and as she tried, she reflected that the curse to him would be as great as it was to her. Not only was she to be sacrificed, but the miserable man was bringing himself also to utter wretchedness. Unless she could die, there would be no escape for him, as also there would be none for her. That she should speak to him, touch him, hold intercourse with him, was, she now told herself, out of the question. She might be his servant, if he would allow her to be so at a distance, but nothing more. Or it might be possible that she should be his murderess! A woman who has been taught by her religion that she is and must be a child of the Evil One, may become guilty of what most terrible crime you please without much increase of damage to her own cause, — without much damage according to her own views of life and death. Linda, as she thought of it in her own chamber, with her eyes wide open, looking into the dark night from out of her window, declared to herself that in certain circumstances she would certainly attempt to kill him. She shuddered and shook till she almost fell from her chair. Come what might, she would not endure the pressure of his caress.

Then she got up and resolved that she would even yet make one other struggle to escape. It would not be true of her to say that at this moment she was mad, but the mixed excitement and terror of her position as she was waiting her doom, joined to her fears, her doubts, and, worse than all, her certainties as to her condition in the sight of God, had almost unstrung her mind. She had almost come to believe that the world was at its end, and that the punishment of which she had heard so much was already upon her. "If this is to be a doom forever," she said to herself, "the God I have striven to love is very cruel." But then there came an exercise of reason which told her that it could not be a doom forever. It was clear to her that there was much as yet within her own power which could certainly not be so in that abode of the unblest to which she was to be summoned. There was the window before her, with the silent river running below; and she knew that she could throw herself from it if she chose to put forth the power which she still possessed. She

felt that "she herself might her quietus make with a bare bodkin." Why should she

"Fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after life,
The undiscovered country from whose bourne
No traveller returns, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of."

Linda knew nothing of Hamlet, but the thought was there, exact; and the knowledge that some sort of choice was still open to her, if it were only the choice of sending herself at once to a world different from this, a world in which Peter Steinmarc would not be the avenger of her life's wickedness, made her aware that even yet something might be done.

On the following morning she was in the kitchen, as was usual with her now, at an early hour, and made the coffee for her aunt's breakfast, and for Peter's. Tetchen was there also, and to Tetchen she spoke a word or two in good humour. Tetchen said afterwards that she knew that something was to happen, because Linda's manner to her had been completely changed that morning. She sat down with her aunt at eight, and ate a morsel of bread, and endeavoured to swallow her coffee. She was thinking at the time that it might be the case that she would never see her aunt again. All the suffering that she had endured at Madame Staubach's hands had never quenched her love. Miserable as she had been made by the manner in which this woman had executed the trust which circumstances had placed in her hands, Linda had hardly blamed her aunt even within her own bosom. When with a frenzy of agony Madame Staubach would repeat prayer after prayer, extending her hands towards heaven, and seeking to obtain that which she desired by the painful intensity of her own faith, it had never occurred to Linda that in such proceedings she was ill-treated by her aunt. Her aunt, she thought, had ever shown to her all that love which a mother has for her child, and Linda in her misery was never ungrateful. As soon as the meal was finished she put on her hat and cloak, which she had brought down from her room, and then kissed her aunt.

"God bless you, my child," said Madame Staubach, "and enable you to be an affectionate and dutiful wife to your husband." Then Linda went forth from the room and from the house, and as she went she cast her eyes around, thinking that it might be

possible that she should never see them again.

Linda told no lie as she left her aunt, but she felt that she was acting a lie. It had been arranged between them, before she had entertained this thought of escaping from Nuremberg, that she should on this morning go out by herself and make certain purchases. In spite of the things that had been done, of Valcarm's visit to the upper stories of the house, of the flight to Augsburg, of Linda's long protracted obstinacy and persistently expressed hatred for the man who was to be her husband, Madame Staubach still trusted her niece. She trusted Linda perhaps the more at this time from a feeling that she had exacted so much from the girl. When, therefore, Linda kissed her and went out, she had no suspicion on her mind; nor was any aroused till the usual dinner-hour was passed, and Linda was still absent. When Tetchen at one o'clock said something of her wonder that the fraulein had not returned, Madame Staubach had suggested that she might be with her friend Herr Molk. Tetchen knew what was the warmth of that friendship, and thought that such a visit was not probable. At three o'clock the postman brought a letter which Linda herself had dropped into the box of the post-office that morning, soon after leaving the house. She had known when, in ordinary course, it would be delivered. Should it lead by any misfortune to her discovery before she could escape, that she could not help. Even that, accompanied by her capture, would be as good a mode as any other of telling her aunt the truth. The letter was as follows:—

"Thursday Night.

"DEAREST AUNT,—I think you hardly know what are my sufferings. I truly believe that I have deserved them, but nevertheless they are insupportable. I cannot marry Peter Steinmarc. I have tried it, and cannot. The day is very near now; but were it to come nearer, I should go mad, or I should kill myself. I think that you do not know what the feeling is that has made me the most wretched of women since this marriage was first proposed to me. I shall go away to-morrow, and shall try to get to my uncle's house in Cologne. It is a long way off, and perhaps I shall never get there; but if I am to die on the road, oh, how much better will that be! I do not want to live. I have made you unhappy, and everybody unhappy, but I do not think that anybody has been so unhappy as I am. I shall give

you a kiss as I go out, and you will think that it was the kiss of Judas; but I am not a Judas in my heart. Dear aunt Charlotte, I would have borne it if I could. — Your affectionate, but undutiful niece,

"LINDA TRESSEL."

Undutiful! So she called herself; but had she not, in truth, paid duty to her aunt beyond that which one human being can in any case owe to another? Are we to believe that the very soul of the offspring is to be at the disposition of the parent? Poor Linda! Madame Staubach, when the letter was handed to her by Tetchen, sat aghast for a while, motionless, with her hands before her. "She is off again, I suppose," said Tetchen.

"Yes; she has gone."

"It serves you right. I say it now, and I will say it. Why was she so driven?" Madame Staubach said never a word. Could she have had Linda back at the instant, just now, at this very moment, she would have yielded. It was beginning to become apparent to her that God did not intend that her prayers should be successful. Doubtless the fault was with herself. She had lacked faith. Then as she sat there she began to reflect that it might be that she herself was not of the elect. What if, after all, she had been wrong throughout! "Is anything to be done?" said Tetchen, who was still standing by her side.

"What ought I to do, Tetchen?"

"Wring Peter Steinmarc's neck," said Tetchen. "That would be the best thing." Even this did not bring forth an angry retort from Madame Staubach. About an hour after that Peter came in. He had already heard that the bird had flown. Some messenger from Jacob Heisse's house had brought him the tidings to the town-hall.

"What is this?" said he. "What is this? She has gone again."

"Yes," said Tetchen, "she has gone again. What did you expect?"

"And Ludovic Valcarin is with her?"

"Ludovic Valcarin is not with her!" said Madame Staubach, with an expression of wrath which made him start a foot back from where he stood.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, when he had recovered himself, and reflected that he had no cause for fear, "she is no better than she should be."

"She is ten times too good for you. That is all that is the matter with her," said Tetchen.

"I have done with her, — have done with

her altogether," said Peter, rubbing his hands together.

"I should think you have," said Tetchen.

"Tell him to leave me," said Madame Staubach, waving Peter away with her hand. Then Tetchen took the town-clerk by his arm, and led him somewhat roughly out of the room. So he shall disappear from our sight. No reader will now require to be told that he did not become the husband of Linda Tressel.

Madame Staubach did nothing and said nothing further on the matter that night. Tetchen indeed went up to the railway station, and found that Linda had taken a ticket through to Mannheim, and had asked questions there, openly, in reference to the boats from thence down the Rhine. She had with her money sufficient to take her to Cologne, and her aunt endeavoured to comfort herself with thinking that no further evil would come of this journey than the cost, and the rumours it would furnish. As to Peter Steinmarc, that was now all over. If Linda would return, no further attempt should be made. Tetchen said nothing on the subject, but she herself was by no means sure that Linda had no partner in her escape. To Tetchen's mind it was so natural that there should be a partner.

Early on the following morning Madame Staubach was closeted with Herr Molk in the panelled chamber of the house in the Egidien Platz, seeking advice. "Gone again, is she?" said Herr Molk, holding up his hand. "And that fellow is with her of course?"

"No, no, no!" exclaimed Madame Staubach.

"Are you sure of that? At any rate she must marry him now, for nobody else will take her. Peter won't bite again at that bait." Then Madame Staubach was compelled to explain that all ideas of matrimony in respect to her niece must be laid aside, and she was driven also to confess that she had persevered too long in regard to Peter Steinmarc. "He certainly is a little rusty for such a young woman as Linda," said Herr Molk, confessing also his part of the fault. At last he counselled Madame Staubach that she could do nothing but follow her niece to Cologne, as she had before followed her to Augsburg. Such a journey would be very terrible to her. She had not been in Cologne for years, and did not wish to see again those who were there. But she felt that she had no alternative, and she went.

CHAPTER XVII.

FOR very many years no connection had been maintained between the two women who lived together in Nuremberg and their nearest relative, who was a half-brother of Madame Staubach's, a lawyer, living in Cologne. This uncle of Linda's was a Roman Catholic, and had on this account been shunned by Madame Staubach. Some slight intercourse there had been on matters of business, and thus it had come to pass that Linda knew the address of her uncle. But this was all that she knew, and knowing this only, she had started for Cologne. The reader will hardly require to be told that she had not gone in company with him who a few weeks since had been her lover. The reader, perhaps, will have understood Linda's character so thoroughly as to be convinced that, though she had submitted to be dragged out of her window by her lover, and carried away to Augsburg in the night, still it was not probable that she should again be guilty of such indiscretion as that. The lesson had not been in vain. If there be any reader who does not know Linda's character better than it was known to Herr Molk, or even to Tetchen, this story has been told in vain. All alone she started, and all alone she made the entire journey. Long as it was, there was no rest for her on the way. She went by a cheap and slow train, and on she went through the long day and the long night, and on through the long day again. She did not suffer with the cold as she had suffered on that journey to Augsburg, but the weariness of the hours was very great, and the continuation of the motion oppressed her sorely. Then joined to this suffering was the feeling that she was going to a strange world in which no one would receive her kindly. She had money to take her to Cologne, but she would have none to bring her back again. It seemed to her as she went that there could be no prospect to her of returning to a home which she had disgraced so thoroughly.

At Mannheim she found that she was obliged to wait over four hours before the boat started. She quitted the railway a little after midnight, and she was told that she was to be on board before five in the morning. The night was piercing cold, though never so cold as had been that other night; and she was dismayed at the thought of wandering about in that desolate town. Some one, however, had compassion on her, and she was taken to a small inn, in which she rested on a bed without removing her clothes. When she rose in the morning, she walked

down to the boat without a word of complaint, but she found that her limbs were hardly able to carry her. An idea came across her mind that if the people saw that she was ill they would not take her upon the boat. She crawled on, and took her place among the poorer passengers before the funnels. For a considerable time no one noticed her, as she sat shivering in the cold morning air on a damp bench. At last a market-woman going down to Mayence asked her a question. Was she ill? Before they had reached Mayence she had told her whole story to the market-woman. "May God temper the wind for thee, my shorn lamb!" said the market-woman to Linda, as she left her; "for it seems that thou hast been shorn very close." By this time, with the assistance of the woman, she had found a place below in which she could lie down, and there she remained till she learned that the boat had reached Cologne. Some one in authority on board the vessel had been told that she was ill; and as they had reached Cologne also at night, she was allowed to remain on board till the next morning. With the early dawn she was astir, and the full daylight of the March morning was hardly perfect in the heavens when she found herself standing before the door of a house in the city, to which she had been brought as being the residence of her uncle.

She was now, in truth, so weak and ill that she could hardly stand. Her clothes had not been off her back since she left Nuremberg, nor had she come prepared with any change of raiment. A woman more wretched, more disconsolate, on whose shoulders the troubles of this world lay heavier, never stood at an honest man's door to beg admittance. If only she might have died as she crawled through the streets!

But there she was, and she must make some petition that the door might be opened for her. She had come all the way from Nuremberg to this spot, thinking it possible that in this spot alone she might receive succour; and now she stood there, fearing to raise the knocker on the door. She was a lamb indeed, whose fleece had been shorn very close; and the shearing had been done all in the sacred name of religion! It had been thought necessary that the vile desires of her human heart should be crushed within her bosom, and the crushing had brought her to this. She looked up in her desolation at the front of the house. It was a white, large house, as belonging to a moderately prosperous citizen, with two windows on each side of the door, and five above, and then others again above them. But there

seemed to be no motion within it, nor was there any one stirring along the street. Would it not be better, she thought, that she should sit for a while and wait upon the door-step? Who has not known that frame of mind in which any postponement of the thing dreaded is acceptable?

But Linda's power of postponement was very short. She had hardly sunk on to the step, when the door was opened, and the necessity for explaining herself came upon her. Slowly and with pain she dragged herself on to her feet, and told the suspicious servant, who stood filling the aperture of the doorway, that her name was Linda Tressel, and that she had come from Nuremberg. She had come from the house of Madame Staubach at Nuremberg. Would the servant be kind enough to tell Herr Grüner that Linda Tressel, from Madame Staubach's house in Nuremberg, was at his door? She claimed no kindness then, feeling that the woman might take such claim as a disgrace to her master. When she was asked to call again later, she looked piteously into the woman's face, and said that she feared she was too ill to walk away.

Before the morning was over she was in bed, and her uncle's wife was at her bedside, and there had been fair-haired cousins in her room, creeping in to gaze at her with their soft blue eyes, touching her with their young soft hands, and calling her Cousin Linda with their soft voices. It seemed to her that she could have died happily, so happily, then, if only they might have been allowed to stand round her bed, and still to whisper and still to touch her. But they had been told that they might only just see their new cousin and then depart, — because the new cousin was ill. The servant at the front door had doubted her, as it is the duty of servants to doubt in such cases; but her uncle had not doubted, and her uncle's wife, when she heard the story, wept over her, and told her that she should be at rest.

Linda told her story from the first to the last. She told everything, — her hatred for the one man, her love for the other; her journey to Augsburg. "Ah, dear, dear, dear," said aunt Grüner when this was told to her. "I know how wicked I have been," said Linda, sorrowing. "I do not say that you have been wicked, my dear, but you have been unfortunate," said aunt Grüner. And then Linda went on to tell her, as the day so much dreaded by her drew nearer and nearer, as she came to be aware that, let her make what effort she would, she could not bring herself to be the man's wife, — that the horror of it was too powerful for

her, — she resolved at the last moment that she would seek the only other relative in the world of whom she knew even the name. Her aunt Grüner thoroughly commended her for this, saying, however, that it would have been much better that she should have made the journey at some period earlier in her troubles. "Aunt Charlotte does not seem to be a very nice sort of woman to live with," said aunt Grüner. Then Linda, with what strength she could, took Madame Staubach's part. "She always thought that she was doing right," said Linda, solemnly. "Ah, that comes of her religion," said aunt Grüner. "We think differently, my dear. Thank God, we have got somebody to tell us what we ought to do and what we ought not to do." Linda was not strong enough to argue the question, or to remind her aunt that this somebody, too, might possibly be wrong.

Linda Tressel was now happier than she had remembered herself to have been since she was a child, though ill, so that the doctor who came to visit her could only shake his head and speak in whispers to aunt Grüner. Linda herself, perceiving how it was with the doctor, — knowing that there were whispers though she did not hear them, and shakings of the head though she did not see them, — told her aunt with a smile that she was contented to die. Her utmost hope, the extent of her wishes, had been to escape from the extremity of misery to which she had been doomed. She had thought often, she said, as she had been making that journey, that her strength would not serve her to reach the house of her relative. "God," she said, "had been very good to her, and she was now contented to go."

Madame Staubach arrived at Cologne four days after her niece, and was also welcomed at her brother's house. But the welcome accorded to her was not that which had been given to Linda. "She has been driven very nearly to death's door among you," said the one aunt to the other. To Linda Madame Staubach was willing to own that she had been wrong, but she could make no such acknowledgment to the wife of her half-brother, — to a benighted Papist. "I have endeavoured to do my duty by my niece," said Madame Staubach, "asking the Lord daily to show me the way." "Pshaw!" said the other woman. "Your always asking the way, and never knowing it, will end in her death. She will have been murdered by your prayers." This was very terrible, but for Linda's sake it was borne.

There was nothing of reproach either from Linda to her aunt or from Madame Stau-

bach to her niece, nor was the name of Peter Steinmarc mentioned between them for many days. It was, indeed, mentioned but once again by poor Linda Tressel. For some weeks, for nearly a month, they all remained in the house of Herr Grüner, and then Linda was removed to apartments in Cologne, in which all her earthly troubles were brought to a close. She never saw Nuremberg again, or Tetchen, who had been faithful at least to her, nor did she ever even ask the fate of Ludovic Valcarm. His name Madame Staubach never dared to mention; and Linda was silent, thinking always that it was a name of offence. But when she had been told that she must die, — that her days were indeed numbered, and that no return to Nuremberg was possible for her, — she did speak a word of Peter Steinmarc. "Tell him, aunt Charlotte, from me," she said, "that I prayed for him when I was dying, and that I forgave him. You know, aunt Charlotte, it was impossible that I should marry him. A woman must not marry a man whom she does not love." Madame Staubach did not venture to say a word in her own justification. She did not dare even to recur to the old tenets of her fierce religion, while Linda still lived. She was cowed, and contented herself with the offices of a nurse by the sickbed of the dying girl. She had been told by her sister-in-law that she had murdered her niece. Who can

say what were the accusations brought against her by the fury of her own conscience?

Every day the fair-haired cousins came to Linda's bedside, and whispered to her with their soft voices, and looked at her with their soft eyes, and touched her with their soft hands. Linda would kiss their plump arms and lean her head against them, and would find a very paradise of happiness in this late revelation of human love. As she lay a-dying she must have known that the world had been very hard to her, and that her aunt's teaching had indeed crushed her, — body as well as spirit. But she made no complaint; and at last, when the full summer had come, she died at Cologne in Madame Staubach's arms.

During those four months at Cologne the zeal of Madame Staubach's religion had been quenched, and she had been unable to use her fanaticism, even towards herself. But when she was alone in the world the fury of her creed returned. "With faith you shall move a mountain," she would say, "but without faith you cannot live." She could never trust her own faith, for the mountain would not be moved.

A small tombstone in the Protestant burying-ground at Cologne tells that Linda Tressel, of Nuremberg, died in that city on the 20th of July 1863, and that she was buried in that spot.

A SMILE AND A SIGH.

A SMILE because the nights are short !
And every morning brings such pleasure
Of sweet love-making, harmless sport :
Love, that makes and finds its treasure ;
Love, treasure without measure.

A sigh because the days are long !
Long long these days that pass in sigh-
ing,
A burden saddens every song :
While time lags who should be flying,
We live who would be dying.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

— *Macmillan's Magazine.*

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE TRIAL.

Not only the letter came, but the Admiral himself brought it, and at this point nothing could be clearer than the defence. Martin Prévost's letter to Raoul was dated the 13th of October, the day before his death, and ran thus; —

"MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,

"I have well considered your request, and I have decided to grant it. Here are the two thousand francs for which you seem to have such pressing need. You most likely exaggerate the use they will be of to you; if not, I shall be glad to have helped you, and if they do serve you, and you repay me, you will have taught me that a kindness is not always thrown away. Hitherto I have found that it did no good whatever, either to the doer or the receiver.

"Yours truly,

"MARTIN PRÉVOST."

The Juge d'Instruction was so vexed that he tried several means of neutralising the effect of this document; — suggested that it might be forged! but its authenticity was immediately proved. Then he flatly declared that it did not diminish the probability of the prisoner's guilt, for that he might, having received these two thousand francs, have murdered old Prévost in order to obtain more.

Raoul had been forced to avow a part of the real truth, and to admit that this sum of two thousand francs was given to M. Léon Duprez that he might speculate with it! This was tortured into a heavy charge against him, and he was denounced as one of those adventurers of our age, who will "do anything to get money!"

Raoul now confessed that when the sum confided to Léon Duprez was lost, his position became — to himself — intolerable. For he was no longer indebted to a man who, remembering the service rendered to his own mother by Madame de Morville, required it voluntarily by a service to the latter's son; he stood indebted to Monsieur Richard Prévost, a man he scarcely knew, and had no particular reason to like, and he could not even reveal the circumstance of the debt owing to the uncle. "I had but one thing for ever before my eyes," said Raoul; "the necessity for saving every sou of my salary, in order one day to be able to relate the facts to Monsieur Richard while returning him his money." In order to do this he had deprived himself of the very

necessaries of life, and this was his simple reason for taking at night a fourteen miles' walk across the country instead of paying the three francs to the diligence from the station.

Not only did the magistrate refuse to admit this explanation, but it was evident that the avowals of pecuniary embarrassment to which, — however humiliating they were, — Raoul was obliged to have recourse, prejudiced his examiners still more against him. He was, by his own showing, extremely poor, therefore, argued the French judicial mind, capable of anything! It would take a vast deal now to make out his innocence. The Admiral, — who discovered his nephew's real position in all its details for the first time, — behaved admirably, and assured Richard Prévost that the money owing to his uncle should be refunded in a week, the time to write to Paris and go through the formalities of getting the sum cashed through the Post Office. This did something, but still other circumstances were not got rid of; and one fresh circumstance had occurred which looked very ugly indeed for Monsieur de Morville.

It was proved by two or three witnesses that the letter R was written over and over by the Breton between, or by the side of the P's and M's. They were great big capital letters. They were existent on the 25th of April, — the day of the St. Marc, — and they were non-existent on the morning of the 27th, when the Maire went up to la Chapelle à Prosper. Now, a dozen persons remembered Raoul's presence at the fête of the 25th, and his being one of the group to whom the son of the Juge de Paix told the story of the "large capital R's," after which the Maire had said he would go up and "see the whole with his own eyes."

But, worse again than this, a farm labourer who was coming across from Jouzy in the middle of the night of the 26th, and who took the short cut by the path leading near Prosper's shed, was surprised by seeing some one rubbing very hard at the board where the Breton's "images" were known to be drawn. He thought it was the bûcheron himself, and went nearer, but it was not him, it was a bourgeois, and he wore a straw hat.

"Was it like the one the prisoner usually wore?" asked the juge.

"Well;" — the witness couldn't say, "but he rather thought it was!" It was bright moonlight, but he only saw the man's back. Witness was in a great hurry, for he was going to see his wife who was in service at D——, and who was ill, and he

had to be back again at Jouzy by seven or eight o'clock in the morning. This again told sadly against Raoul. Evidently the letters meant Prosper and Morel, and Raoul and Morville; the thing was as clear as day, and all further interrogatories now were time wasted, so at least the judge opined; and he made out the committal of both prisoners, who were both despatched to the Central Jail of the Department, situate in the Chef Lieu.

Six weeks passed by, and towards the middle of June the case was to come on. The Chef lieu du Département was a small town, and could scarcely house all the people who flocked to it to be present at the trial. Besides that, a large number of the principal inhabitants of D—— were forced to attend as witnesses. The Vêrancour family, the Curé, Richard Prévost, the doctor, the Maire, in short most of the notables of D—— had to take up their quarters for a few days, at all events, at the assize town.

The acte d'accusation was made out with an unmistakable animus against Raoul, whilst the Breton was treated as a wretched, weak-witted, superstitious tool in the younger man's hands; and after the trial had lasted three days the impression touching Monsieur de Morville's culpability had not been removed. Monsieur le Curé's persuasion of his innocence had never varied from the moment the letter from old Prévost was found sending him the two thousand francs. He scouted all idea of his not being loudly pronounced guiltless, and obliged poor Vêvette to share his belief, and to preserve strength enough to hide her own secret from her father and sister.

It was a lovely June evening, and Félicie and Vêvette were sitting at the open window of their little salon in the hotel of the "Armes de Bretagne," when the doctor came in. "Well," cried Vêvette, eagerly, "to-day's 'audience' seems to have been very favourable! Papa's testimony, he thinks, produced a real effect. What a shame it is to keep on torturing a man in such a way when they know he is innocent, and that he must be acquitted!"

"Doctor," said Félicie, more calmly, "you look uneasy; has anything fresh occurred? The trial lasted long to-day."

"Yes," rejoined the doctor, "something has happened that is unpleasant. The testimony of the man, Colin Mercier, who saw some one rubbing at the black board behind Prosper's chapel, but did not see who it was, might be got over, for Monsieur Raoul had probability on his side when he said that it

would have been a most extraordinary fact that he should be up in the woods at one o'clock in the morning instead of being quietly at home in his bed; but" —

"So then it was at one o'clock in the morning the man was seen rubbing on those great big R's?" interrupted Vêvette with an accent of contempt.

"Yes," replied the doctor, "but that is not all. Raoul's argument was destroyed. For unhappily at eleven o'clock on that very same night Raoul was met by Daniel Leroux the farrier, coming down the lane from the church at D——, and after exchanging a bon soir with him, Daniel saw him walk on towards the high road and cross it."

"Mon Dieu!" cried Félicie, with a vivacity unusual in her, "Mon Dieu! this is dreadful."

"It is very perplexing," added the doctor thoughtfully, "for this time, you see, he was recognised."

"What did Raoul say to that?" asked Félicie, with anxiety.

"He turned white as a sheet, I am sorry to say, and absolutely refused to answer on any other question."

"The case stands thus, then," observed Vêvette, who had neither stirred nor spoken; "at one o'clock on the night of the 26th to the 27th, Raoul is now supposed to have been seen erasing those initial letters which point at him, and at eleven on the night he was positively spoken to on the road. That is a strong case against him," she added slowly, and with a curious intensity of look and tone.

"It is so," rejoined the doctor.

Vêvette seemed absorbed in her reflections. "As he is not guilty," she said after a pause and as if speaking to herself, "there is a murderer somewhere, — but who is it?"

"Probably old Prosper alone," remarked the doctor, "and all the rest is in his imagination; but the case is a bad one for Monsieur Raoul, for, unluckily, when you come to have to do with justice, innocence and acquittal are not the same thing."

"And Raoul might be condemned?" said Vêvette.

"You take it quietly!" retorted Félicie "but it is a most horrible thing. And the question is of the life of a man we have known all our lives, — a man of our own class too!"

"Human life is an awful thing before God, be it whose it may!" murmured Vêvette, and there was a solemnity about her that must have struck her two companions had they not been too busy with their own thoughts.

Vévette sat still and silent till the doctor rose to go, and then she rose too, and left the room. It was twilight now, and the moon was just heaving herself slowly up behind the towers of the cathedral. It was a glorious evening. The next morning was the fourth day of the trial, and at ten o'clock as usual the judges took their seats upon the bench. The court was crowded, as it had been on each day. The windows had to be opened on account of the heat, and a long ray of bright sunlight streamed in, and fell upon the crucifix at the extreme end of the long low hall, and just at the President's back.

The prisoners were brought in, and, accompanied by the gendarmes, took their places on the seats allotted for the accused. The Breton looked as he had done all along, a perfect type of illuminated stupidity, if you can conceive the two things going together. Half of the time he was on his knees, with his bony hands clasped together on his breast, or busy telling a big chaplet of wooden beads, with his wandering eyes glaring out of his gaunt head, casting mute appealing glances at the crucifix. In Raoul there was a great change; a fearful change since the previous day; so said those who had been present at the last audience. He was frightfully pale, and there was an air of stern despair about him that chilled those who gazed.

Just as the President was about to declare the day's sitting open, an usher of the court was observed to put a letter into his hands. The judge read it apparently with great attention, and then, as he seated himself, said; — "In virtue of our discretionary powers we admit Mademoiselle Geneviève de Vêrancour to depose, to a fact which bears upon the present so important and so complicated trial. Let her come forward."

At these words Raoul started back as though he had been shot, and leant against the wooden partition which separated the dock from the public. Through the crowd there ran one of those quivering vibrations familiar to all who know the magnetic impulses of crowds, and this was followed by a deathlike stillness, as through the parting waves of the human sea two figures passed, preceded by the usher of the court. It was the silence of awe. Vévette, simply attired in a plain grey stuff gown, with a little white bonnet, and black veil, came forward, leaning upon the arm of the Curé for support.

"Collect yourself, and do not be alarmed," said the President kindly, as the Curé took off the veil from the sweet face of the girl,

who at that moment seemed to have fainted. "Let a chair be brought for the witness."

But she had recovered herself already. "I can stand," she said, in a low but audible tone, and she came one step on, resting her left hand upon the Curé's stout right arm. "I am quite ready."

"Your name, age, and domicile?" asked the President, with an expression which was almost paternal in spite of his august and terrible functions.

"Marie Angélique Anne Geneviève de Vêrancour; seventeen last March; resident at the Château de D——," was the reply, in a low but firm voice.

"You have a deposition to make which Monsieur le Curé of D—— tells us is of great importance to the case under examination; is that so?"

The girl trembled convulsively, made a hurried sign of the cross, and as though, at the last moment, losing all her courage, clasped her hands in agony, and turning to the priest, ejaculated; — "Oh, mon père!"

Raoul dropped upon both knees, buried his head upon his arms crossed upon the bar, and groaned audibly. White, as though every drop of blood had left her, stiff as though she were a corpse risen out of her coffin, Vévette now stood forward, and in a voice, the singularly penetrating tones of which will be remembered to their dying day by all who heard them, she spoke thus: "Monsieur le President, on the night of the 26th to the 27th of April last, at one o'clock after midnight, Monsieur Raoul de Morville was with me in the pavilion of the garden belonging to my father's house, — the pavilion, the entrance to which is through the door in the so-called 'Rampart,' opening into the lane leading to the church. At a little before twelve he first came into the pavilion, where I had been waiting for him since a little past ten. It was a good deal past one when he left. This, I affirm upon oath."

There ran a hushed murmur through the crowd like the whisper of the awakening wind through leafy trees. Every individual ear and eye were strained towards Mademoiselle de Vêrancour, every individual breath was held. "God in heaven bless the girl!" suddenly burst from the lips of the poor Admiral, down whose bronzed cheeks the tears trickled unconsciously. "She is a hero!"

The President imposed silence on the public, and saying it was necessary to resist all emotion, proceeded with his formal interrogatory. When he asked the accused

what he had to say to the statement of the last witness, Raoul raised his head, and cast an involuntary look of such passionate love at Vévette that it stirred the soul of every man and woman there, and then, lowering his eyes to the ground, "Mademoiselle de Vêrancour," said he, "was my dead sister's friend; we have all been brought up together as brother and sisters; she has wished to save my life; but I cannot admit the truth of her depositions."

But at this Vévette rose up, lovingly indignant. All shame was gone, and all girlish indecision. The woman was there fighting for her love, and stepping forward to the table in front of the bench, on which were laid the written accusations, she spoke again. "Monsieur le President," she said, in a clear, sweet voice that rang through the court, "I ask permission to make a detailed statement of facts. We shall see whether Monsieur de Morville will deny what I have to assert. It is true we were brought up together as brother and sister; but we grew to be more; and we had sworn to each other to be one day man and wife. Monsieur de Morville's object in life was to earn honourably what would render it possible for him to ask my father for my hand. I did not know of the hopes he had had of a quicker realisation of this wish. I knew that his uncle the Admiral had obtained for him a position in Paris. When the father of Monsieur de Morville fell suddenly ill, and he returned to D—— on leave, I saw at once that he was very unhappy, and I feared — I can't say what; for I had but one fear, lest something should separate us. We had no means of meeting save in secret, and that was extremely difficult. He was to return to Paris in a few days; I was too wretched! I could not bear it! I wrote to him and told him to come to the pavilion in the garden at ten or half-past ten at night, where I would meet him. I was sure every one would be gone to bed by that time, and that I could go out without being perceived. I was in the pavilion before half-past ten, and I waited. I heard every hour and half-hour strike; — half-past nine, then ten, then half-past, then eleven, and then half-past eleven; and then at last he came, and we talked long of all our hopes and fears. It was likely to be our last meeting for we could not say how long; and we were, and we are, all in the whole world to each other! At last one o'clock struck! Everybody knows what a loud deep bell our parish church has. You can hear it miles distant. When I heard that I was frightened, and told him

it was time for him to go. We spoke a few more last words and then we parted, and when I got up the terrace steps and went through the dining-room window, the half hour after one was striking. Ask Monsieur de Morville if he can deny that!" she added, a smile of absolute triumph curling her fevered lips. "Ask him for the few lines I wrote him. He will have certainly kept them!"

"Accused, what have you to say?" repeated the President.

But Raoul was powerless; crushed by both despair and joy. To have the intensity of poor Vévette's love for him thus proved, and at the same time to feel that were she his wife the next day it would not, in public esteem, restore the bloom to her honour; this was too much, and coming after so much misery it utterly vanquished him. He had covered his face with his hands, and was sobbing like a child. There were few in the crowd who were not weeping too, at sight of these two poor young lovers, who were trying so hard to see which should sacrifice most to the other.

At last, Monsieur de Morville stood up, and, with quivering features, said, "Monsieur le President! I appeal to you not as a judge, but as a man. I can not answer! You feel that I have nothing to say!"

"Then I have!" exclaimed Mademoiselle de Vêrancour, and, turning towards the prisoner —

"Raoul!" she cried, "remember that the worst is told. On your life hangs my life, and my honour can only be retrieved by our love. Raoul, for the love of God, and for my sake, speak, and tell all the truth!"

There was a pause, during which you heard how each man held his breath, and then, with downcast eyes and singular embarrassment, Raoul confirmed all that Vévette had said.

"When did you receive the witness's letter?" was asked of him.

"About eight o'clock, at the café. I had but just the time to run across the fields to La Morvillière, speak to Brigitte, — my father's old servant, — make her believe I was gone to bed, and then steal out of the house by the back way, and walk back again to D——. It takes a good hour and a quarter to go from D—— to our house, and it was striking eleven when I turned into the lane that skirts the kitchen garden of the Château. I stopped to see that there was no one near, and I heard footsteps. I walked down the lane, and Daniel Leroux, the farrier, passed. He said good-night to me, and I answered his greeting. The last

stroke of eleven was striking then. I immediately went on. Instead of going to the gate that opens into the garden, I went past it, walked right by Leroux, keeping before him till I reached the high road, there I crossed, and went straight into the woods, watching to see him out of sight. He took to the right hand up the road towards his own house, and when I no longer feared to be seen, I came out from the trees, recrossed the road, ran down the lane, opened the gate, and in the pavilion found Vé—Mademoiselle Geneviève waiting. All she has said is true," he concluded in an almost inaudible voice. At this moment Raoul's innocence was the innate conviction of every human being present; but there was still a great deal to be elucidated.

"How did you contrive to get your note given to Monsieur de Morville?" inquired the President.

"I gave it to Mère Jubine's daughter Louison," replied Vévette, blushing deeply.

"At what hour?"

"At about four."

"Did you tell her to deliver it directly?"

"Yes; at once, without any delay."

Louise Jubine, who was amongst the witnesses, and had already deposed to some minor detail, was recalled. She was a very fine looking girl, rather over-dressed for her station.

After the preliminary questions, all of which she answered in confirmation of Vévette's deposition, the President addressed her. "If you received that note at four, with charge to deliver it at once, why did you only give it to the accused at past eight?"

Louison hung her head, grew scarlet, twisted her cap-strings round her fingers, and said she had "rather not reply."

"But you must reply," retorted the Judge, sternly. "You are upon oath, and if you don't answer truly, I will send you to prison."

Louison trembled all over, but when the question was again put she stammered out,—

"Because, before taking it to Monsieur Raoul, I gave it to Monsieur Richard Prévost." A strange murmur arose from the crowd at this announcement.

"Why did you do this?" inquired the Judge. "Tell the whole truth, girl, or beware of the consequences."

"Because," she answered, with a little less difficulty, "Monsieur Richard had told me, ever since Monsieur Raoul's return from Paris, always to tell him everything that

went on between Monsieur Raoul and the Château, and particularly whatever concerned Monsieur Raoul and Mademoiselle Vévette."

"And you were so intimate with Monsieur Richard that you implicitly obeyed all his commands?" added the Judge.

The girl put her handkerchief to her face, and her reply was inaudible. Monsieur Richard was now called as a witness and sworn in. He looked ghastly. He said the heat and his long-continued state of ill health made him quite faint. The President ordered a chair to be brought for the witness. When the question was put to him WHY he had given to Louise Jubine the directions she had stated, he said he was absolutely ignorant of the whole thing, and that Louison had invented the entire story. And so saying, he attempted to make light of it, and smile, but his lips stuck to his teeth as though they were gummed, and the smile wouldn't come.

All this time the bûcheron had remained immovable, muttering his prayers, telling his beads, and gazing at the crucifix. "Prosper Morel!" said the President, "do you still persist in declaring that Raoul de Morville was not your accomplice?"

"I don't know him!" reiterated the old man, with a gesture of impatience. "I have said so all along."

"Then who was your accomplice?"

"I will not answer that," mumbled the woodcutter. "I murdered my master. Let me go to my doom in peace. Let me go to my expiation!"

"Prosper Morel!" suddenly exclaimed the Curé, in a loud, solemn tone, and the prisoner rose to his feet mechanically, and stood stiff, as a soldier at "attention." "Prosper Morel!" he repeated, "I told you to distrust your own heart, and to beware of revenge; but the truth must out. You must speak, for your silence will cause a second murder to be committed."—The Breton shook and shrunk into himself.—"Prosper Morel! as you hope at your last hour for forgiveness from Him,"—and the priest stretched forth his arm and pointed at the figure of Christ over the tribunal,—tell the whole truth now! The innocent must be saved. Who was it tempted you to murder Martin Prévost?"

The old man clutched his beads with a tighter grasp, and as though compelled by a power he dared not resist. "Monsieur Richard!" he said, in a hollow tone, and then took to telling his beads again, as though he were telling them for his very soul.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE SENTENCE.

THE whole situation was altogether changed by the arrest and imprisonment of Richard Prévost, which ensued immediately on Prosper's confession. After the first few preliminary questions had been put to the woodcutter and to his newly-discovered accomplice, the proceedings of that day were suddenly brought to a close, and the trial was suspended for two or three days, while a fresh act of indictment was made out, which placed Monsieur Richard by the side of the other two prisoners, accused of the murder of his uncle, Martin Prévost. During this short lapse of time poor Vévette had other terrible battles to fight; but nothing daunted her now, and she fought all her enemies stoutly, — even her father and sister. As might be supposed, Mademoiselle Félicie's virtuous resentment passed all description, and she was for adopting the most stringent measures. The Vicomte had decreed the immediate removal of his erring child to her convent at Poitiers, in spite of the protests and supplications of the Curé de D —. The Admiral proposed that a first cousin of his own, an elderly widow lady, inhabiting a country house in the environs of the Chef Lieu, and proverbial for the severity of her morals and piety, should take charge of Mademoiselle de Vérancour till her marriage with Monsieur de Morville. "She shall never marry him," had replied the Vicomte.

When this was repeated to Vévette, she merely sat down and wrote a note to her father, of which she sent a copy to her sister also. It only contained these words; — "You have forced me into rebellion, when all I asked was humbly to implore your pardon. Marry Raoul I will. I would have married him at the foot of the scaffold. If any obstacle be put in the way of this union, and of my possibility of doing my duty and ensuring his happiness, I will proclaim the betrothal of my sister to Richard Prévost in all its details. I am driven to this. I would rather die than do it, but I will not sacrifice Raoul." The answer to this was, that the unnatural and abandoned girl might do what she chose, and go whither she listed; that her father cast her off, and desired never again to hear her name.

Félicie's secret was saved, and the Admiral, accompanied by the Curé, placed Vévette under the care of the Baronne de

Préville, who for the time being proved to be to as a mother to her.

The trial was resumed three days after its suspension, and in the corner of it devoted to the accused was now Monsieur Richard, a miserable object so wizened and shrivelled that twenty years seemed to have passed over him; and he sat, with his head propped upon a bottle, he perpetually smelt at a bottle of Cologne, and seemed for ever trying to persuade himself that, rich as he was, harm could in the end come to him. His defence of himself was so utterly weak and silly, he so evidently broke down when he was seized in the pitiless machine of legal investigation, that morally he was plain at once, and — said the gentlemen — "he deprived the case of all interest from the outset."

Raoul's position was now a totally different one, and his whole bearing showed that he knew his innocence was triumphantly proved, and he could afford to feel pity for the two wretched men to whom he stood, at all events awake. He was likely to be the judgment for crime. The aspect of old Prosper had undergone a change. All traces of his former self had disappeared, but a terrible being was waged by the Breton between gratified revenge and his strong desire to imperil his immortal soul. Even then a glance of tiger-like fire shot out from his eyes, and went across over his fellow-culprit, to be satisfied atoned for by convulsive muttering prayers.

The story told by Prosper Morville was simply this; — His master had, upon his last complaint made against him, the Maire for poaching, discharged him with such exceeding harshness, that he vowed to be revenged. Besides, he had no earthly means of gaining his bread, and he was frightened past all reasoning by the prospect of dying of hunger in a prison. Well; his old master gave him a small sum, and consented to keep him on "a little longer;" but he, Prosper, did not forget his master, and his fright endured, for he might be sent adrift at any hour in this state of his mind. "Monsieur Richard," as he always called him, took advantage of this, and only a very few days after old Prosper had agreed to give the butcher's trial, the young man tempted him to fall.

The following was the mode of execution of the deed: — On the night

13th of October the bûcheron, who was lying in wait in the kitchen garden just beyond the courtyard, was introduced by Richard Prévost into the latter's own room, while Madame Jean was giving his supper to Nicholas down in the kitchen. Nothing could be easier, and concealment was perfect. Monsieur Richard pretexted one of his feverish headaches;—said good-night to his uncle, — who was, as usual, busy with accounts, — and retired to his own room, where he had concealed Prosper.

The only little circumstance that was at all out of the common way was elicited from Madame Jean in her testimony as to what had occurred on that night. Monsieur Richard, she said, invariably slept without a night-light, having on a table by his bed-side a candle and a plentiful supply of lucifer-matches. On the night of the 13th, however, he said he should like a night-lamp, for that the pain in his head was so severe that he might, perhaps, not have strength to strike a light, should he want one during the night. A lamp was accordingly placed on the chimney-piece, and prevented Richard Prévost from being in the dark, all alone with the future murderer of his uncle.

The bûcheron's description of the hours that then elapsed was that he himself had slept a good part of the time, but that, whenever he woke up, he saw Monsieur Richard in his arm-chair, sitting up reading by the light of the little lamp. About five o'clock, he said, the atmosphere grew chilly, and Monsieur Richard shivered very much, and got up and took a bottle from a cupboard, and gave him, — Prosper Morel, — a glass of something to drink, which made him feel reckless of any thing or anybody. It was neither brandy nor rum; — he knew the taste of both; it was a white liquor, very strong, but very bitter. Monsieur Richard then softly opened his door, beckoned Prosper on, and they crossed over the passage to the lumber-room, where, with the implements the Breton had in his pockets, they, without making the least noise, took out the window-pane. That done, — which was the work of a quarter of an hour, — they went back into Monsieur Richard's room, and waited till Madame Jean should have got up and gone out to mass, and Nicholas have set forth on the errand to the post-office which Monsieur Richard knew had been given him overnight. A few minutes before half-past six the house was empty of every one save Martin Prévost. When they heard the house door close on Madame Jean, Monsieur Richard unlocked

his room-door, let out Prosper Morel, and, pointing with his finger to the room upstairs, whispered these words; "Whatever ready money there is in the caisse shall be yours."

"And then I went upstairs and did it," said the old man; "and when all was over I stamped three times on the floor, — as we had agreed I should do; — and Monsieur Richard came up, but he only came to the door. He would not come in. He pointed to a small deal box standing on the drawers. I brought it to him. Then he said I must empty the large open drawer of the caisse, over which 'Monsieur' had been standing when I struck him. I did so. He put, as I have already stated, all the gold and notes and pocket-books into the deal box, and gave it to me, and then, too, he showed me the shoes, and I shut 'Monsieur's' door, and we went downstairs, and I got away." The bûcheron said he supposed Monsieur Richard had gone to bed directly after he had seen him, — Prosper, — safely on the other side of the courtyard.

To all this Richard Prévost opposed only the weakest system of defence, and so utterly miserable was his whole attitude, that upon the face of the eminent barrister appointed to defend him, and lured down from Paris at a moment's notice, and at almost the cost of his own weight in gold, you might read the blankest disappointment, and something nearly akin to disgust. His sagacity, however, quickly told him that on his own client could be rest no hopes of success; but that on the eccentricity of the Breton's character must depend his last chance of obtaining a mitigation of his client's fate. So he endeavoured to prove the absolute madness of the woodcutter, and built the entire system of the defence on the fact of Prosper having been the only murderer, and all the rest being simply hallucination. But this did not now suit the old man's humour: he had been brought to tell the whole story, and now that it was told, he strenuously resisted every attempt to impugn the thorough accuracy of his depositions.

"I was discharged by the Juge d'Instruction as innocent," said he. "I had nothing more to fear. I was free! If the truth, and the fear of God's justice had not driven me to it. I needed never to be where I now am. For the first few weeks after the deed, I did not seem to mind it much, — only I did not like seeing anything that reminded me of 'Monsieur.' I lived up yonder, only coming down into D—— to church. But I took to getting sleepless at nights;

and in all my dreams, when I did sleep, I saw my old master, and he pursued me and haunted me. He said he could not get up, and I have sometimes felt him crawling about my feet, and catching hold of them, and asking me to help him to get up. . .

Well, then, the judgment of God came, and on All Souls'-day of last year He put it into Monsieur le Curé's mouth to say the words that were to save my soul. Since then you know all. I have no more to say. I murdered my master, and now, for the love of our dear Lord Jesus, let me go to my doom; let me expiate what I have done, and secure the salvation of my soul!" Beyond this he would not go, but every one felt he had told the truth, and all the rhetoric of the French bar would have been powerless to alter their conviction.

When the presiding Judge put it to the jury whether the three accused were guilty of the murder of Martin Prévost, those twelve wise citizens returned to the box after a five minutes' absence, and their foreman gave as a verdict that, as to the accused De Morville, not so much as a shade of suspicion rested upon him; that, as to the other two, they found Richard Prévost and Prosper Morel guilty of the wilful murder of Martin Prévost, but with "extenuating circumstances!"

Whether these wonderful "circumstances," inseparable, as it would now seem from the verdict delivered upon every difficult case in France, were really attributable to the complications of the trial itself, which passed the understanding of the jury, or to the eloquence of the defendant's counsel, was never known.—That eloquent pleader said the whole was owing to him, and he was paid in proportion.

The sentence was, of course, penal servitude for life.

When the sentence was passed, Richard Prévost had fainted, and had to be carried away apparently lifeless, and the Breton dropped his beads from his hands, and stood transfixed. When the gendarmes touched him and forced him to move, he clasped his hands as if in agony, and went his way between the two guardians of the law, muttering the "De profundis" over and over, with the convulsive ardour of sheer despair.

CHAPTER XXV.

CONCLUSION.

DURING the few days that the bûcheron remained in prison previous to his removal to his permanent place of detention, he was

quite inconsolable, and inaccessible even to the arguments of the Curé who attended him constantly. His one fixed idea being that the sacrifice of blood was alone valuable, and that by his death alone could he expiate his crime, Prosper regarded himself as doomed to eternal punishment through the unbelief of his judges. The notion that, from sheer impiety, the earthly umpires of his fate had refused to help him to the salvation of his soul, so filled the Breton with rage, that every now and then he gave it vent in the most fiercely gloomy denunciations against all his countrymen in general, but in particular against those of the spot where he had sinned and been sentenced. It was of no use that the Curé sought to persuade him that, by submission, he might expiate his crime; and that the long-enduring silent horrors of penal servitude might be turned to an even better account than death. It was all of no use. Death was his chimera,—his passion,—and he despaired because he had been deprived of it.

The two last days, however, of his stay in prison he had become more calm, had quietly partaken of his prison fare; and, when told that four-and-twenty hours later he would be "translated" to his final destination, he had asked pardon of his jailer for all the trouble he had given him. When his cell was opened the next morning he was found dead. He had hung himself.

The means by which he achieved his end were easy. Dressing himself in his upper clothing, he had taken off his shirt and twisted it into a thick rope. He had contrived to draw his bed under the kind of square loop-hole which served him as a window, and heaping table and chair upon the bed, had been able to reach to the iron bars, round which he managed to knot his newly-invented cord. The rest was not difficult. It merely required the overthrow of the chair and table. Both were found upon the ground. The old man had accomplished his purpose, and had carried out what he believed to be the Law. In his dark superstitious mind the fact of the punishment constituted everything, and in his craving to be redeemed by paying the price of blood, he wholly lost sight of the sin of self-murder.

As to Richard Prévost, it was impossible to execute his sentence, for he never left his bed again, and lingered two months in the jail-infirmary. He shrunk from the Curé of D—, but longed for doctors, for he fancied they could make him live;

and he loved life so dearly! It was all one that life was to be infamy. It was life!—That it was to be poverty, labour, silence, solitude,—no matter; it was to be life!—To go on breathing, feeding, sleeping, and waiting for the next day! Dr. Javal came from Cholet, and examined him, and said there was no need for him to die; and Richard caught at this, and would have kissed Dr. Javal's hands; and the old doctor from D—, with a queer sort of expression on his face, observed, that there might be no need for him to die, but that the great difficulty was that, somehow or other, he couldn't live. "People will die sometimes," said he, "although we think they ought to remain alive." After passing through a species of typhus-fever, and jaundice, and then a low fever that resembled ague, Richard Prévost was obliged to hear that he had not many days to live, and that he had better wind up his accounts with the other world. This announcement terrified him less than had been supposed, for his strength was so exhausted that the tight grip itself, with which he had held life was relaxing, and he would probably let existence go without any very great struggle.

And so it was. When "the time came," he had no longer any power left wherewith to retain what he had ceased to be able to use, or, indeed, to comprehend. He sent to St. Philbert for the Abbé le Roy, and confessed to him. The strong piety, the robust faith of the Curé of D— were too much for him; he dreaded them, and foresaw comfort in the small practices and small prayers, in the medals, beads, and images of the narrow-minded priest of St. Philbert. He wanted some one to hush-up his conscience and tell him "not to be afraid;" and this he got. The Abbé le Roy, indeed, called his end an edifying one; and, from the way in which he spoke of it, very nearly ran the risk of inspiring naughty boys with the notion that crime was a fine thing if it necessarily brought about such sweet humility in the departing criminal. Richard Prévost confessed. Yes, confessed everything! and did not seem to find any particular hardship therein.

When all was told, of course the Abbé le Roy impressed upon his penitent the necessity of making public whatever was not of a private nature in his confession; so that, while the name of Félicie was never guessed by a living creature, the details of the crime Richard had instigated were fully revealed. Every word the Breton had spoken was strictly true. Richard Prévost had tempted him to murder the old man, and the

murder was committed precisely as Prosper Morel had stated. The one thing alone about which Richard really did seem to care was Raoul de Morville's forgiveness, which, of course, was generously granted. He said he could not withstand what the circumstances of Raoul's letter prompted him to do; and once that letter in the hands of the Juge d'Instruction, things took their own course, and Richard Prévost believed himself safe.

He had heard with terror of the "capital R's" drawn by Prosper amongst his other figures, and resolved to invent some means of destroying them;—for he thought they indicated an intention on Prosper's part to accuse him. He had naturally kept watch on Raoul,—and enlisted Louison for that purpose into his service;—for he never knew what might occur; and when he read Vévette's note to the latter, he,—Richard,—felt certain that there must be two or three hours in the night for the employment of which Raoul could never account. By this he profited; stole out of his own house by the back way, went up to the bûcheron's shed, found him asleep, effaced all trace of the fatal letters, and believed no one had seen him; but persuaded himself that, had any one done so, it would be easy to turn suspicion towards Monsieur de Morville.

When Richard Prévost had ended his terrible confession, the Abbé le Roy began to indulge in descriptions of the various and irresistible forms which "the demon" takes in order to lead men astray; and by sheer force of habit, he warned his penitent, as if there were any further opportunities of transgression lying before him. Above all, he was hard upon Satan, for having assumed the shape of the unwitting, and so pious, and well brought up Mademoiselle Félicie! "It is always thus!" said he; "it is by that most unholy, most abominable of all passions, love, that the demon plots the fall of men. If you had not been driven to madness by your unhappy uncle's refusal to allow you to aspire to the object of your choice, you would never"—

The dying man stopped him. "Pardon, mon père," he whispered, laying his cold clammy fingers on the priest's arm, "I am innocent there;—quite innocent; it was not for Mademoiselle Félicie; I could have done without her! but I saw that my uncle might live a long time, and that I might die before he did even; that, at best, I should probably be long past my youth when I got his money; and that seemed to me so very, very sad, so unjust, that it became unbearable; and I was tempted, as I have told you. Indeed, that is the truth, the entire truth. Not

Mademoiselle Félicie! no, no! I really could have done without her!" And that was the truth, and the Abbé le Roy was glad that it was so.

And so the cause of sin was not love, but greed. Impatience! impatience to enjoy!

One person, — the only one from whom no secret could be kept, — fully confirmed Richard Prévost's statement, and that person was Madame Jean. "Seigneur Jésus!" said she, when the priest of St. Philbert talked with her over her deceased young master. "I should never have suspected Monsieur Richard of loving any one. I won't swear that he was capable of becoming a saint for money, but I would have sworn that he was incapable of committing a crime for love!" Now Madame Jean herself did, four weeks after Richard Prévost's demise, marry the Brigadier de Gendarmerie, and she gave as a reason that, "you couldn't tell whom to trust!" which enigmatical sentence was interrupted by the evil-minded into meaning that Madame Jean was afraid, if she did not marry the gendarme, of being murdered by him in order that he might steal her money.

As to Mademoiselle Félicie, her situation became promptly a satisfactory one, — which was gratifying, considering what a practical, right-thinking, meritorious young person she was, with so well-regulated a mind! "All in such perfect equilibrium," said the public. She went, immediately after the trial, to stay at Tours, with the worldly-minded relative who had been in the habit of sending her and her sister Paris newspapers. There she completely enslaved a stout, good-looking, middle-aged colonel, almost as well-born as he was intellectually common-place, and possessed of fortune sufficient to render the post of mistress of his house an agreeable one. With him Félicie de Vrancour contracted a marriage which was a model for all proper and sensible marriages between well-born people. No hint of her so nearly becoming Madame de Châteaubréville with the thousands a year of the then unsuspected criminal to spend, and for which, had the position been achieved, the whole department would have courted her; — no hint of this will ever, believe me, get abroad. Félicie will always, as she does now, go into that society which deems itself the best, and in it she will continue to be esteemed and honoured, being at the same time only just enough pitied, to prevent her being envied, for her close connection with that blameable young woman her sister, whom, to the end of time,

Félicie will with a shudder of mourning virtue style that "unfortunate creature!"

And what of Vévette? No opposition of any kind being offered by the Vicomte, the necessary formalities were accomplished, and Raoul and Vévette became man and wife, the ceremony being performed by the Curé of D——, and the Admiral being the chief witness. The Curé made them no discourse upon the occasion, he only blessed them from the depths of his very heart, and solemnly told them to be all in all to each other.

The Admiral immediately offered a home to Raoul and his wife, until he could find some employment for the former. They all proceeded to Paris, taking with them Monsieur de Morville the elder, whose unconscious state saved him from all the miseries which had fallen on those nearest to him. The Admiral's means were not large, but he was respected, and had influence. He soon obtained for his nephew the post of vice-consul in one of the Spanish Republics of South America. It was an unhealthy place, where no man of any value would go, but where, if he could contrive to preserve life, fortune might be honestly made by a clever enterprising man. Of course Raoul accepted, and so did Vévette, and they went forth together hand in hand, serene and grave, trustful in Providence, and convinced that total unselfishness alone, and passionate devotion to another, can sweeten the solemnity of life.

In the world they left behind them, both were severely judged. After the first emotion was over, the public unanimously condemned poor Vévette, and the masculine part of the community were angrily taken to task by all their female relatives if they allowed an expression of interest or compassion for her to escape them. "What an example for Julie or Marie, or Catherine or Louise!" That was the argument used, and it never failed of its effect; and the brow-beaten male, whenever it was applied to him, hung his head and felt small; and so poor Vévette came to be regarded everywhere as a black, black sheep, and in one heart only, in that of the Curé of D——, will she for ever remain a "ewe lamb."

If in ten or fifteen years Monsieur and Madame de Morville, — as is very possible, — return from their tropical exile wealthy, and with the renown of excellent services attaching to Raoul's name, they will be what is termed "well received," and perform the irksome function which is described as "going everywhere," but

"Society" will be on its guard against any intimate adoption of them; and the institution called in France *La Famille* will regard them as a menace, for Pater and *Mater-familias* will cordially unite in holding up their hands at sight of this erring couple, who, not content with loving, went and married for love.

That is the real crime; the mere love is to be got over. Here and there a broken heart — *voilà tout* ! Not much harm therein; but to go marrying for love; — oh! no!

"What would become of us all," would cry Society in France, "if the matrimonial association were once to be established on the all-for-love principle!"

THE SLEEPING BLOODHOUND.

"SLEEPING!" — Yes, but the sleep of death!
Never again will thy terrible breath
Waken the forest when night is still:
Never again, on his perilous way,
Shall the breathless fugitive hear thy bay,
Echoing hoarse over mountain and hill!

Quiet the limbs once so fleet and so strong,
To bear thee the rough mountain pathways
along;
Dull are the eyes once so watchful and bright.
Vainly now striveth the bugle's shrill blast
To rouse thy deep voice, as in days that are
past —
Hushed thy heart's beating, and ended thy
might.

Ay! sleep now, and rest, for thy work is all
done —
The quarry is tracked, and the long race is
run —

The woods for the last time have rung with
thy cry.
Oh, faithful and brave one! Oh, trusty and
bold!
At my feet thou art lying, so stiff and so cold —
Thou heeds't not his voice, though thy mas-
ter is nigh!

I must e'en say, Farewell — it is useless to
sorrow;
When evening falls grey, I shall miss thee to-
morrow,
And vainly may call thee when morning
breaks bright.
Ah! thus, one by one, all the things that we
cherish
'Neath Time's ruthless hand fall too surely, and
perish!
My dog — dear, dead Moro — for ever Good
night.

— *St James's Magazine.*

From Macmillan's Magazine.

THE AMERICAN LECTURE-SYSTEM.

BY THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON, OF
NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND, U.S.

ACROSS the prairies of the American continent, five hundred miles west of the Missouri river, and about midway between the Atlantic and Pacific shores, there moves westward into the wilderness a railway construction-train of eighty vans. There is no house within a hundred miles, nor sign of human existence save that connected with the new railway itself. Far to right and left, among distant mountains, are fifteen hundred wood-choppers; far in advance are two thousand men, grading the track; behind them follows a smaller force, laying the wooden sleepers. In the rear of this last army the construction-train halts; a truck, drawn by two horses, takes on a load of rails with the necessary chairs and spikes, then the horses set off at a gallop. They stop where ten men are stationed, five on each side, opposite the last pair of rails yet laid. The truck has a pair of rollers, two men on the right seize a rail and throw it on the roller, three others run it out to the proper distance, while the group on the left are similarly employed. With a single swing, the end of each rail is forced into the chair already laid. The chief of the squad shouts "Down!" when the second chair is at once set, and the next rail grasped. Twice in every minute there comes from each side the line that cry of "Down!" It is the measured footstep of advancing civilization. With each day's sunset more than two additional miles of this habitable globe have been permanently girdled and possessed by man. These iron rails once laid, all else follows — all the signs and appliances of American social order: the farm, the workshop, the village, the church, the school-house, the *New York Tribune*, the *Atlantic Monthly*, and — the popular Lecture-system.

The village once established, the railway becomes its tributary; bears its products to the market, brings it means of comfort and of culture. Soon there must be imported some apparatus for social recreation, a juggler — a travelling "circus," a band of "Ethiopian Minstrels" with "banjo" and "bones." But this is not enough. Gradually the New England element, which is apt to be the organizing and shaping force in a north-western town, calls loudly for some direct intellectual stimulus. It must see the men of note, must have some contact with the more cultivated Eastern mind. "Eu-

rope," says Emerson, "stretches to the Alleghanies." From beyond the Alleghanies then, must intellectual delights be sought. Let us have the orator, the philosopher, the poet; but as we cannot go to him, he must come to us.

Yet at first the soil is rather unprepared for intellectual culture, pure and simple; it must be administered in combination with something else for a time. Youth and levity crave a dance, for instance; the dance is conceded; but since many of the guests must ride twenty miles for their pleasure, it will be an obvious economy to appoint the lecture for the same evening, permitting on admittance-fee to serve for both. "Ticket to Emerson and ball, one dollar." There is no end to these combinations in the earlier stages of intellectual colonization. There lies before me a handbill, printed last winter in a village of Indiana, wherein Mr. J. Jackson offers to read Hamlet for twenty-five cents, ladies free. He modestly adds that "after the reading he will develop a plan for the formation of a company, with a small capital, for the manufacture of silk handkerchiefs of a quality superior to anything in the market, and will relate some incidents of his early life in connexion with this particular article." Thus Mr. J. Jackson artfully allures his audience to tears, and then staunches their griefs with his own pocket-handkerchiefs.

These are the germs of the Lecture-system. After a time these crude beginnings are matured and systematized, and arrangements are made for a separate course of lectures, which may at the utmost include concert or two, and perhaps a dramatic reading — pocket-handkerchiefs not included. A public meeting is perhaps called; some simple organization is effected, perhaps in connexion with some local charity which may share the profits of the enterprise while provision is made against any deficit by the subscriptions of a few energetic men. Officers are appointed — usually a Lecturer-committee — to select the speakers, a Secretary to invite them, a Treasurer to pay them, and a President to introduce them to the audience. The lecture then becomes the weekly excitement of the place; all local appointments make way for it, and attracts people from long distances. This is if they be of New England birth; for the popular lecture cannot exist below a certain parallel of latitude, while foreign immigrants are apt to avoid it — or to taste of it as they do of any other national dish, with courtesy, but not with relish.

A winter's course of lectures may vary

from a half-dozen to a score. At first, each local organization acts on its own responsibility. Soon it is found practicable for a few adjacent towns to co-operate in their plans, thus offering to their favorite lecturers a series of engagements on the same line of travel. Carrying this method yet farther, there has grown up an extensive organization of "Western Literary Societies," whose range extends from Pittsburg in Pennsylvania to Lawrence in Kansas. The agent of this association, Mr. G. L. Torbert, of Dubuque, Iowa, has, during the past winter, negotiated between thirty-five lecturers and one hundred and ten societies, arranging for each society a tolerably regular course of lectures, and for each orator a continuous series of engagements, longer or shorter. In the autumn he issued his list of speakers, with their respective subjects and prices, leaving each society to make its selection from the list. The lecturer has no trouble about the matter after he has once inspired the Western public with an appetite for his services. He states his demands, the agent does all the rest; and the happy itinerant leaves home with a printed circular in his pocket, assigning his dozen or his hundred engagements, as the case may be. Perhaps he has never heard the names of many of the towns where he is to find his audiences; no matter, he is sure that they will all be there, posted a day's journey apart, along his designated route. Arriving at each town, he will surely find his committee-man awaiting him, and each will recognise the other by that freemasonry of the eye which brings host and guest together. So smoothly, in short, does the great machine revolve that there is no likelihood of interruption, unless from some great snowstorm blockading twenty lecturers on as many railways, and thus disappointing a score of audiences. For an appointment once missed can by no means be taken up again; the traveller must hasten on for the next.

It is an exciting life, thus to find one's self moving to and fro, a living shuttle, to weave together this new web of national civilization. Were the audiences never so dull, the lecturer's task would have interest in view of its results. But the audiences are rarely dull, and it is usually worth the labour that it costs him to meet them face to face. True, he must spend night after night in "sleeping-cars," taking such slumber as he may while his rocking cradle is whirled on. He rises at dawn, perhaps, for some comfortless change of conveyance, or some shivering wayside breakfast. He

dozes half the day, and in his waking hours risks his eyes over newspapers, or his temper over politics. He arrives hungry at his place of destination, and must perhaps hasten at once, having reached the lowest ebb of human forlornness, to his lecture-room. But there the scene changes. With the glare of the gas lamps there comes a sudden stimulus, such as the footlights give to the jaded actor. The lighted hall looks familiar, the faces appear well known; it seems to be the same friendly audience that has travelled with him from the Atlantic shore. At any rate, these men and women will laugh where their predecessors laughed, applaud where they applauded. It may seem hard to throw new life into an opening paragraph that has done daily duty at precisely that hour for the four weeks previous, but it can be done. Animation comes back, a new allusion occurs, a fresh image; the lecture is trite, to be sure, but surely a poor wanderer may be forgiven for a few vain repetitions, if his object be that his children may repeat their daily bread. So he contends bravely for his one glorious hour against an atmosphere of *too* crowded life and the inertness of an asphyxiated audience.

Closing with such climax of eloquence as heaven may send, he retires meekly to his seat, and accepts with due modesty the guarded compliments of the presiding officer. In return, the lecturer praises the intelligence of that particular audience and the convenient architecture of the Town Hall; and then, descending from the platform, he shakes hands with the Committee of Arrangements and the Board of Selectmen. All now is peaceful, and he retires with a sense of conscious virtue to his hotel, or is perhaps received as a guest in some little Western home, a bit of transplanted New England, where he finds Longfellow's "Dante" on the table, and Millais's "Huguenot" on the walls. There he finds himself overwhelmed with kindnesses, for which no return is asked save the last item of gossip from the cities, and then his spirits rise with this easy popularity, and he thinks lecturing a delightful career.

The next morning, too, when the drive to the railway seems pleasant in the frosty air, and he whirls away, a hundred dollars richer, to fresh fields and pastures new, the life he leads seems yet attractive. It is only as the day goes on, and his jaded spirits droop steadily from the morning excitement to the noon collapse, that he again settles into a proper sense of his for-

lorn condition. Then savage fancies begin to haunt his breast, and he likens himself to that fabled piece of comfortless ornithology, the huma, which hovers unceasingly and never alights. It is a symbol so suitable to this hapless profession that Dr. Holmes, in the "Autocrat," confesses to having employed it on two successive lecturing tours to the same kind hostess at the same tea table.

But tea table and kind hostess belong not always to the lecturer. More often he encounters the stern hardships of American hotel life. In the large cities he may often obtain sumptuous fare at corresponding prices, but the village inn of English traditions has no existence in America, and in its place are sorrow, privation, and weariness of the flesh. The lecturer goes forth boldly on his first trip, assuring the wife of his bosom that she need not fear for him, since he can subsist on the simplest fare. He sends back words of lofty cheer from the first stopping place, while he explores the savoury luncheon, packed by her fair hands in its basket. Too late he learns that the simplest fare is the one thing that neither love nor money can commonly procure him, after the basket is once empty; and he finds to his cost that digestive organs which have been trained to simplicity are precisely those most endangered by lard and fried pork. Worst of all, the lecturer's nervous system is a part of his stock-in-trade, and upon his material food and drink depends the intellectual pabulum of his audience. He has encountered an obstacle which can only be conquered by reforming the dietetic habits of a nation. Dickens' tale of "Mugby Junction" had but a moderate success in America, and I fancy that it was because it portrayed a condition of culinary things so superior to the average on our own railways, that we could never quite understand his complaint.

So seriously is this great evil brought home to the lecturer's daily life, that he sometimes feels moved to begin at the foundations, and discourse on the cookery-book. This present writer, when young and inexperienced, did thus essay to break a feeble lance against American pie. How little knows any foreigner, when he hears the name of this dish, that though to him it has been a mere luxury of the dessert, it is in this republic one of the great ruling forces. Cotton is dethroned, slavery is fallen, but pie is still king. Pie rules the court, the camp, the grove, and, of course, the railway station. I have known a farmer's wife

to say soberly that she had given up making bread, because her children preferred pie. Accordingly, on one occasion, this modest lecturer protested against this excess of indulgence. He spoke especially of the accustomed mince pie of America, which he justly described as consisting of something white and indigestible at the top, and something moist and indigestible at bottom, with untold horrors in the middle. Returning homeward by rail next morning, he found his lecture under discussion by two passengers. A respectable dame had asked another if she had heard it.

"No," she answered, "I didn't. But Miss Jones she come home that night, and she flung her hood right down on the table, and says she—'There,' says she, 'Mr. Jones, I'm never goin' to have another o' them mince pies in the house just as long as I live,' says she. 'There was Sammy,' says she, 'he was sick all last night, and I do believe it was nothin' in all the world but just them mince pies,' says she."

"Well," said the other lady, a slow, deliberate personage, "I do suppose that them kind of concomitants ain't good things."

Here the conversation closed, but Sam Weller did not feel more gratified, when he heard the Bath footmen call a boiled leg of mutton a "swarry," and wondered what they would call a roast one, than I when my poor stock of phrases was reinforced by this unexpected polysyllable.

This is a sample of the racy personal criticisms which may await the lecturer. Passing usually unrecognised in his travelling dress, he may be asked to describe his own appearance, may be advised to attend his own lecture or else dissuaded from it, may assist in the dissection of his own mental traits, or officiate at the funeral of his own reputation. Each professional tour may thus replenish his stock of anecdotes for the next. A well-known lecturer was lately ascending the steps of some great hotel, he being in very travel-stained condition, and bearing his valise in his hand. A red-faced, over-dressed lady paused in her descent to accost him. "Pray," said she, "are you the porter?" "No, madam," he courteously responded, "are you the chambermaid?"

Sometimes, to be sure, he may discover that there is some quite different basis for the popular zeal which he at first claimed as personal to himself. I remember that once, when travelling on a small branch railway to fulfil an engagement, I heard on the way a good deal of talk about that

evening's lecture. Conductors, brakemen, and passengers were all comparing notes about it, and all seemed to agree that nothing should prevent them from being present. I could not quite make out their special point of sympathy, but sat in pleasing meditation on the intelligence of this particular region. By the time we drew near the terminus, the conductor had his eye on me as the only stranger and the probable orator. When he accosted me, and I owned the fact, he burst eagerly into conversation. "You are probably not aware," he said with dignity, "that the President of the Lecture-association, who should introduce you to-night, is absent from the village, and that you will be introduced by the Vice-President, who is engineer of this very train." Here was the elucidation! All this intellectual interest was but *esprit du corps*. When the time came, the engineer introduced me, very quietly and properly; in his evening dress, he would have passed for a robust geological professor. I found him a most intelligent man, and a reader of Emerson; and he took me home on his locomotive the next morning.

I have dwelt chiefly on the recent expansion of the American Lecture-system in the Western States, because it is there most thoroughly organized, and takes its most characteristic forms. In the maturer civilization of the Eastern States it is more mingled with other intellectual influences, and it also needs less of centralized organization. Lecturers are more accessible, and can make their own arrangements. An effort is now being made, however, by the "American Literary Bureau" at New York, to introduce into the Eastern circuit something of the method which prevails at the West. Its superintendent, Mr. James K. Medbery, has made engagements for nearly thirty lecturers during the past winter, in eight different States of the Union, including a portion of the field covered also by the "Associated Western Literary Societies." There are probably some two hundred such societies west of the Alleghanies, and several times that number in the Atlantic States. More accurate statistics have not yet been obtained.

The stronghold of the system has always been in Massachusetts, where it originated; it has spread thence westward, but not far southward; it has never taken much hold in New York city, for instance, nor in the Middle States generally, while in the Slave States it never gained a footing at

all. It came into existence about forty years ago; and one of its leading founders was our great school reformer, Horace Mann. At first there were no professional lecturers, but each local course was carried on by the lawyers, physicians, and clergymen of the neighbourhood. As certain lecturers became more popular, they extended their range, and were paid a fee. Fifteen dollars was a large fee at first — ten dollars seemed more reasonable; and it was long before it crept up to twenty-five and fifty. Even now the standard of prices at the East remains far below that prevailing at the West, partly because the lecturers have not so far to go, and partly because there are more competing entertainments, and the community will not, therefore, pay so much.

The introduction of professional lecturers, while strengthening and popularizing the system, has doubtless tended to banish the old style of lectures.

The present aspect of things must be quite unlike the English system of "Mechanics' Institutes," where some eminent professor gives instructions in Geology, or Barnes Newcome discourses to his constituents on the "Poetry of the Domestic Affections." With us, poetry and science have almost left the field. The popular lecture is coming to be a branch of that national institution "the stump." Politics, long excluded by common consent, now threaten to exclude every thing else. The long slavery agitation, and the war for the Union, very properly brought this element in, and it certainly shows no symptoms of going out. The public demands a glimpse of every public man, and especially every prominent reformer; and not that only, but they wish to see him, as if he were an Indian warrior, in his war-paint. Wendell Phillips may be patiently heard for once discoursing discreetly on the "Lost Arts," or on "Street-life in Europe," but the next season he must come in all his terrors, and thenceforward he must bring tomahawk and scalping-knife every time.

Now this tendency has its good results. Great public questions must be discussed, and they can nowhere be discussed so well. There are problems now pressing upon us which political parties sedulously avoid, and for which the Lecture-system gives an opening — as, for instance, the question of suffrage for women, both sides of which are now being ably advocated through this means over the length and breadth of the land. Again, even party questions can thus be handled without the trammels of party.

The popular lecture is the antidote to the caucus. On its free platform, the statesman speaks for himself alone, and commits nobody; he rises as if in committee of the whole, and proceeds without reference to a prospective division. Moreover, an outlet is thus afforded to men who keep aloof from all party ties. I have seen Wendell Phillips received with admiration and delight by audiences of whom not one in a hundred would admit the truth of his assertions—until twelve months after they were uttered.

But with this great good there comes an evil also. What public policy gains by this change of theme, literature and art lose. With the name "Lyceum" is also passing away the "Lyceum lecture." The scholar recedes from sight, and the impassioned orator takes his place. There is no time for Longfellow to analyze "Dante," nor for Lowell to explain *Hamlet*, while Sumner thunders the terrors of the Lord against a delinquent President, or Anna Dickinson pleads for the enfranchisement of one half the human race. Agassiz is now the only popular lecturer on science who can be said to have an hearing; and Emerson is the only very prominent literary man who now keeps the field. Holmes has almost ceased lecturing, by his own choice, since his great success as a magazinist; and George Curtis seems to have withdrawn himself from all permanent literary work since winning such easy fame on the platform. Yet the old style of "instructive" lectures has not wholly vanished; nobody yet wishes absolutely to exclude them; and there is fortunately always in the field some Arctic explorer, or some slayer of gorillas, whose narratives, if they do not always fill the mind with facts, at least afford a vigorous tonic to the imagination. And if science and art are banished from the popular organizations, they occasionally find refuge in the larger cities, under the special shelter of some "Cooper Institute" in New York, or "Lowell Lectures" in Boston. There, if reports be true, these elevated pursuits can have it all their own way, and a man may venture on such depths of wisdom as to rid himself at last of all human audience, except his wife and the janitor.

But even with these drawbacks, the American Lecture-system has this great result, that it furnishes a ready standard by which to try all prominent men. They must at least face the people eye to eye. This ordeal of the gaslight displays to all beholders the face, the form, the bearing of

the speaker. Once placed before his public he can no more evade inspection than if he were a statue in the public square. All men are not statuesque, and the most subtle genius may often shrink, it is true, from such a glare of publicity. It is a test which bears severely on the over-sensitive, or on those ill-furnished with voice or presence. It moreover tends to the ignoring of all thoughts which cannot be put up in available parcels of sixty minutes' compass. But on the other hand, it helps to train each speaker into a whole manhood; it saves the philosopher from becoming a pedant, the student from being an intellectual voluptuary, and it places each in broad, healthy contact with his fellow-men.

Before this popular audience your finer points will probably fail of appreciation, your cheapest effects may tell better than your choicest; there is no room for the subtle and evanescent, nor yet for the profound; but on the other hand, you know that your broadest common-sense, your heartiest sympathy, your manliest courage, will be sure of appreciation. You have to do with people who do not ask to be flattered, and will not bear to be patronized; who insist on hearing something to interest them, and are ready and eager to be taught.

It is good for the man of literature or science to meet such an audience; it makes him one of the people; he goes back to his library strengthened. He finds that whatever else the mass of men like or dislike, they always like true manhood. Knowledge, grace, taste, even logic, are all secondary to this. Horace Greeley, who is at once the idol and the butt of a large portion of his countrymen, got the mastery of a whole Western audience, as they laughed at his uncouth entrance, by the simple announcement of a self-evident proposition. "I suppose it to be a fact universally admitted," he said, in his whining voice "that I am the worst public speaker in America." The voice whined, but the man did not. Everybody knew that he was a bad speaker, and that he was invited, nevertheless, because he had something to say. So much being established, he went on and said it.

A man may thus make himself acceptable by a single available quality; but the more such qualities he combines the more numerous will be his invitations, and the higher his price. In large towns it has almost come to be taken as an axiom that high-priced lectures are the only good economy. No matter how much money!

man asks, if he can draw an audience that shall be in proportion. It was thought a bold thing when Henry Ward Beecher raised his price to two hundred dollars. Yet I have known lecture-associations to run themselves in debt by employing cheap local lecturers, and to clear themselves at last by sending for this expensive favourite. John B. Gough and Anna Dickinson now receive the same high compensation, and probably both these lecturers have now more invitations during the year than Beecher. Gough was an importation from the platform of the temperance agitation, and at once found the new field equally favourable and far more lucrative. A sort of evangelical comedian, he is the idol of many worthy people who never saw good acting on any other stage; and he is a favourite with many others who can tolerate his contortions for the sake of his drollery. He does not offer much to the intellect, true, but he often touches the heart; and something is due to a man who makes laughter an ally of good morals.

Miss Dickinson deals rather in tears than in smiles. She owed her first celebrity, perhaps, to the unwonted combination of twenty years of womanhood with a remarkably clear head for political questions. But she could not have retained it for eight years without giving evidence of other elements of power. She has good looks, perfect self-possession, an effective voice, readiness of illustration, fidelity to principle, and great magnetic power; and yet, with all these, she seems to me a far less attractive speaker than her chief predecessor, Lucy Stone, who never called forth one-half so much enthusiasm. Courage is certainly among Miss Dickinson's traits, for during the last Presidential campaign she made a triumphant tour among the roughest mining regions of Pennsylvania, speaking in some places where almost any man of like opinions would have been mobbed into silence. She was probably the most effective orator sent out by the Republican Committees during that election, and certainly earned the right to pass from that theme to her present one, the enfranchisement of her sex. This she treats under the piquant title, "Idiots and Women," borrowing the sarcastic juxtaposition from the statute-books. It is quite an art, by the way, to launch a new lecture under a pungent name. "Book, sir, book? It's the title," Longman used to say; and if a lecture is to be kept afloat for a whole season, it must sail under a flag of its own that shall be quite distinctive.

Next in popularity comes, doubtless, Wendell Phillips, and next to him, probably, George William Curtis. These are the lecturers who still represent polished culture on the platform, and both carry thither a certain high-bred air, which is always most seductive when combined with radical opinions. Wendell Phillips has won public favour while always keeping in advance of public opinion—the highest test of power. Recognised by all as the foremost of American orators, he has never yet paused one moment to enjoy the fruits of past successes, and will die in the harness as a radical. Curtis cannot be compared with Phillips in intellectual power, nor in extent of service; he perhaps gives his hearers as much thought as they demand, but that is not much, whereas Phillips gives them more, forces it upon them. Nor is Curtis so prophetic in insight, nor so free from party ties. But he has all the qualities for a popular favourite, combined with singular rectitude of the moral nature; nothing can be more charming than his rhetoric, more agreeable than his voice, more graceful than his elocution; and he has before him a distinguished and useful career, though widely unlike that literary life for which he at first seemed destined. Both these orators, indeed, might help to refute that mistaken impression, first fixed in the European mind by De Tocqueville, to the effect that the cultivated men of America keep aloof from politics. Here are two men who have been utterly swept aside from the pursuits of pure intellect by overpowering public demands, and if neither has yet taken office, it is because the time has not come.

A more recent favourite in the lecture-room, who can also venture to ask high prices for his lectures, is Theodore Tilton, editor of the *New York Independent*. This is a weekly religious newspaper of great popularity and influence, and gives him an excellent pedestal. But he shows in the lecture-room the same ability which has built up the *Independent*, while he is so free from bigotry as to be constantly charged with latitudinarianism; he has, moreover, a very sympathetic nature, a ready wit, and that sunny disposition which is such a priceless gift to a reformer.

I can think of no other speakers who habitually venture to exceed the hundred-dollar limit for even their Western lectures, although Sumner and Agassiz may sometimes fix a higher price upon a short series. Our English visitor, Henry Vincent, has received one hundred and fifty dollars, I be-

lieve, for each of his sixty Western lectures, and is said to have won popularity.

There still remain a few acknowledged leaders who should especially be mentioned. Emerson, for instance, still retains his hold upon his countrymen, after some thirty years of lecturing, and is heard with respect and attention. A Western agent is said to have justified Emerson's continued popularity, not on the ground that the people understand him, but that "they think such men ought to be encouraged," which is, after all, creditable to the public mind. He is not a man to draw crowds, but, on the other hand, few of the crowd-drawing orators can venture to give a separate course of lectures on their own responsibility, as he sometimes does. Indeed, he is heard to the best advantage before an audience of his own gathering, especially in Boston, where there are enough who are trained to follow his thoughts, and are not daunted by the *lumen siccum* of that upper air.

Edwin Whipple aids Emerson in keeping a place upon the lecture-platform for the literary class. Bayard Taylor represents the indefatigable travellers, and his reports of his latest trip are always well received by that large class who (as Goethe says in his analysis of playgoers) do not care to think, but only to see that something is going on. The Rev. Dr. Chapin, of New York, is almost the only clergyman, save Beecher, who stands high as a lecturer also, and the effects he produces are due rather to a natural heartiness and vigour than to any depth of thought or culture. He has the trait, which Emerson thinks essential to the orator, of "giving out vast quantities of animal heat." Frederick Douglass represents the coloured race with a natural eloquence that twenty years of public speaking have only matured. His glow and fervour are extraordinary, and so is his dramatic power: there is, too, a sort of massiveness about him which is contributed partly by his grand *physique*; and he surpasses in his perception of the finer felicities of the language all other "self-made men" I have ever known.

There are many other lecturers than these, and it is impossible to draw the line at which one ceases to be a "professional." I have mentioned these names, not from any personal preferences of my own, but because they are confessedly the most popular, as is further proved by the infallible test of the money-market. It will be seen that the profits of the most successful lecturers must be very large, for there are three or four who can always command an audience, and

can, if they please, prolong indefinitely the usual season of four months. I see no reason why Gough should not annually earn thirty thousand dollars in this profession, so long as his strength and popularity hold out. Even for those lower on the list of favour, the compensation is out of all proportion to that obtained by the best literary work. Theodore Tilton is said to have been offered twelve thousand dollars for the current year, as editor of the *Independent*, on condition of undertaking no other work, or seven thousand dollars with permission to lecture as much as he pleased. He unhesitatingly chose the latter. But the salary given to popular editors gives no index of the price for first-class literary work; and Hawthorne could hardly have earned from a magazine, by a month's labour, what a leading lecturer may harvest every night. The literary class may thus gain very much by even a small share in the successes of the lecture-room. A successful winter's tour means a trip to Europe next summer, or a year's leisure for some extended literary work. Theodore Parker habitually invested the income arising from his lectures in the precious library which he bequeathed to the city of his love. And it is pleasant to know that these profits are not gained at the expense of the institutions with which one deals, for lecture-associations are almost always self-supporting; and I know one in Worcester, Massachusetts, whose net profits for the last three years have averaged twelve hundred dollars after paying to the lecturers an average price of one hundred dollars.

I am, perhaps, laying too much stress on the financial aspects of this intellectual itinerancy; but no apology is needed to Englishmen, at least, since, when they come among us as public speakers, they show a proper willingness to accept this practical aspect of the profession. I remember that, when Thackeray was here, and was hesitating between two competing offers for his lectures, he seemed quite relieved when we assured him that in America he needed no apology for yielding to the soft seductions of an additional fifty dollars. And now that Dickens gathers in his nightly thousands, it may be pardoned to us homebred mortals if we look sharply after our hundreds.

It may be said, in summing up, that the American Lecture-system is constantly expanding and becoming better organized as to its methods, as well as more liberal in its rewards; but that, as to themes and treatment, it has not yet taken its final form.

Because public affairs now engross the larger share of attention, it does not follow that it will be always so. The excitements produced by slavery are outlasting its lifetime, and until the Southern States are "re-constructed" on principles of universal justice, there can be no permanent calm. But it seems altogether likely that after the coming Presidential elections, there may come a period of peace; and literature and art, the children of peace, must then resume their sway.

It will then be found permanently true that there are elements in the popular lecture which no form of literature can supply. The different lecturers who have been named in this essay are persons of the most various gifts and training, with but this one point in common, that almost all of them are orators born, rather than writers; or at least reach the public through the oratorical gift. Subtract the audience, and their better part is gone. Emerson is probably the only one among them whose lectures, printed precisely as they are delivered, would be a permanent contribution to literature, — and it is, perhaps, this very fact which stands most in his way as a lecturer. Oratory and literature still remain two distinct methods of utterance, as distinct as sculpture and painting, and as difficult to unite. Their methods, their results, and their rewards, are wholly different. It is the general testimony of those who have tried both, that they put poorer work into their speeches than into their writings; but that, on the other hand, the very act of speech sometimes yields such moments of inspiration as make all writing seem cold. Thought must be popularized, execution made broader and rougher, before it can be appreciated in an instant by a thousand minds; but those thousand minds give you in return a magnificent stimulus that solitude can never supply. It is needless to debate which is best: it is the difference between light and heat.

From The Saturday Review.

WALT WHITMAN'S POEMS.*

SOME years ago, when a few copies of a volume called *Leaves of Grass* found their way into this country from America, the general verdict of those who had an opportunity of examining the book was that much of it was indescribably filthy, most of it mere

* *Poems by Walt Whitman.* Selected and Edited by William Michael Rossetti. London: John Camden Hotten. 1898.

incoherent rhapsody, none of it what could be termed poetry in any sense of the word, and that, unless at the hands of some enterprising Holywell Street publisher, it had no chance of the honour of an English reprint. In part this opinion is already proved to have been a mistaken one, for a West-end publisher has taken compassion on the stranger, and now presents it to the British public in a comely form. It may be as well to state at the outset, that the volume published by Mr. Hotten is not precisely a reprint of the original *Leaves of Grass*. It contains much new matter written since the appearance of that work, and does not contain any of the pieces marked by that peculiar freedom of speech which is generally associated in men's minds with the name of Walt Whitman. For the sake of all parties, the prurient as well as the prudish, lest the one should be unnecessarily alarmed or the other led into an unremunerative venture, it is only fair to say that there is nothing in the present edition to disqualify it for decent society, not to say qualify it for a place in the *Bibliothèque bleue*. It has cost Mr. Rossetti severe pangs, so he informs us, to part with so much as, from considerations of prudence, he has been obliged to exclude. "This peculiarly nervous age," this "mealy-mouthed British nineteenth century," with its present absurd notions about decency, morality, and propriety, could not be expected to receive "the indecencies scattered through Whitman's writings" in that æsthetic spirit in which they should be accepted; and, as he was unwilling to mutilate, "the consequence is that the reader loses *in toto* several important poems, and some extremely fine ones — notably one of quite exceptional value and excellence, entitled *Walt Whitman*." In one respect we are willing to admit the loss sustained in this last instance. The "poem" here referred to is the one which contains the key to Walt Whitman's philosophy and poetic theory. It is in it that he describes himself and his qualifications for the office of poet of the future, grounding his claim upon the fact of his being "hankering, gross, mystical, nude, one of the roughs, a kosmos, disorderly, fleshy, sensual, no more modest than immodest"; and proposing to produce poetry of corresponding qualities, a promise which we must say he most conscientiously fulfils. Its excellence may be open to question, but about its value to the reader who wishes to understand Walt Whitman there can be no doubt whatever.

The present edition is to be considered as an experiment. By excluding everything

offensive, the editor hopes to induce people to reconsider the case of Walt Whitman, and reverse the verdict which has been already pronounced. This, we need scarcely observe, is rather more than they can be fairly asked to do, while the evidence which supports the gravest of the charges brought against him is suppressed. But this is not all that Mr. Rossetti expects. The present selection is so to brace and fortify the British mind that in a short time, he trusts, it will be able to relish what now in its weakness it rejects. A complete edition of Walt Whitman, with all the dirt left in, he looks forward to as "the right and crowning result" of his labours. This is but the school-boy's pudding, which, if we only finish it off, is to be succeeded by a full meal of the uncommonly strong meat he has in reserve for us. A fellow-countryman of the poet's, who had unsuccessfully besieged the virtue of a married lady, is said to have consoled himself with the reflection that, at any rate, he had "lowered her moral tone some." Though he himself had not gained his point, his labours, he thought, had diminished the difficulties in the way of the next comer. Something of this sort appears to be the modest mission of the present volume. We must confess we should very much prefer to see Mr. Rossetti employing himself on some task more worthy of his abilities. He has on many occasions done good service as a critic to literature and art, but we cannot look upon his present enterprise as one in any way beneficial to either. He desires to have Walt Whitman recognised, not merely as a great poet, but as the founder of a new school of poetic literature which is to be greater and more powerful than any the world has yet seen. He is not, it is true, entirely alone in this attempt. There have been already certain indications of a Walt Whitman movement in one or two other quarters. More than a year ago there was a paper in the *Fortnightly Review*, which, however, was not so much a criticism of his poetry as of his person, the writer having had, as well as we recollect, the privilege of reviewing him as he bathed — an important advantage, certainly, in the case of a poet whose principal theme is his own body. Then Mr. Robert Buchanan took him up in the *Broadway* magazine, and, saying nearly all that has ever been said against Walt Whitman — that he is no poet and no artist, that he is gross, monotonous, loud, obscure, prone to coarse animalism and to talking rank nonsense — nevertheless arrived at pretty much the same conclusion as Mr. Rossetti, at least as to the powerful influence

he is to exercise over the literature of the future. Something of this sort we might indeed, have expected. There are people whose reading of the Horatian saying about popular opinion is "*nunquam vulgus rectus videt*," and who always set themselves to find virtues in everything that is generally condemned. Besides, it would be idle to deny that Walt Whitman has many attractions for minds of a certain class. He is loud, swaggering, and self-assertive, and gets credit for strength with those who worship nothing that is not strong. He is utterly lawless, and in consequence passes for being a great original genius. His production is unlike anything else that has ever appeared in literature, and that is enough for those who are always on the look-out for novelty. He is rich in all those qualities of haziness, incoherence, and obscurity which seem to be the first that some readers now days look for in poetry. But, above all, he runs a muck with conventionalities and decencies of every sort, which naturally endears him to those silly people who take childish delight in seeing the respectability of the world pulled by the nose, and who they consider its stupid prejudices shocked. We need scarcely say we do not suspect a man of Mr. Rossetti's taste and judgment of this kind of enthusiasm. If we were to hazard a theory, we should be inclined to attribute his advocacy of Walt Whitman to poetical claims to an impatience of the feebleness, emptiness, and sentimentality so abundant in modern poetry. The feeling one with which we do not quarrel; we only object to the form in which it finds expression. A plague of tinkling cymbals is not to be met by a counter-treatment of sounding brass.

An admirer of Walt Whitman has no immense advantage. There is no standard by which his idol can be measured, no known test which can be applied to prove his quality. There is, therefore, a wide field for that dogmatic assertion which is the favourite argument of the transcendental critic. You must not object that his poetry has no melody, music, or form. It is something above and beyond all requirements of that kind. You are not to raise the objection that in a great deal of what he writes there is no meaning at all, and in a great deal more the meaning, when got at, is utterly commonplace. Poetry like Walt Whitman is not to be judged of by any one who is influenced by narrow considerations of meaning. You are not to take exception to his language, that it is a vile jargon of his own coining. A poet of this order naturally

rises above the trammels of precedent in the matter of language. As to the absence of imagination, invention, fancy, art, and sundry other things more or less looked for in poetry, to complain of this in the present instance only shows that you are incapable of understanding the subject. This sort of argument always tells powerfully with the timid, with those people who are haunted by a nervous dread of being set down as dull and commonplace if they allow common sense to influence their judgment; and besides, it has the merit of being unanswerable, except by contradiction. When a man shows you something with all the outward and visible signs of a wheelbarrow, and tells you it is an Act of Parliament, it is very hard to know what to say to him; and it is just as hard to know what to say when you are offered something like the following and told it is poetry, and poetry of a very high order. As the admirers of Walt Whitman always protest against his being judged of fragmentarily, we take the shortest poem we can find, instead of giving the queerest extract:—

VISAGES.

- Of the visages of things — And of piercing through to the accepted hells beneath.
 Of ugliness — To me there is just as much in it as there is in beauty — and now the ugliness of human beings is acceptable to me.
 Of detected persons — To me, detected persons are not, in any respect, worse than undetected persons — And are not in any respect worse than I am myself.
 Of criminals — To me, any judge, or any juror, is equally criminal — and any reputable person is also — and the President is also.

Now it may be that this is not balderdash, though we must confess to a strong suspicion that it is; but if it is poetry, all we can say is, we must find some other word for Shakespeare. Walt Whitman himself is much more candid on this point than his advocates. He certainly declares himself to be a poet, but at the same time he describes the offspring of his muse as a "barbaric yawp." We have no very definite idea as to the precise nature of a yawp, but, whatever it may be, it can scarcely be poetry.

We must do Mr. Rossetti the justice of admitting that he does not entirely rely on dogmatism in pleading the cause of his *protégé*. He does assign some few reasons why Walt Whitman should be accepted as "the poet of the epoch." In a paper which appeared in a weekly journal, he puts the

claim on the rather curious ground of his being an "initiator in the scheme and structure of his writings, and an individual of audacious personal ascendant." But in the preface to the present volume he comes more plainly to the point. The reader, he says, is not to ask himself, or return any answer to the questions, whether or not Walt Whitman is like other poets, or whether or not the particular application of rules of art which is found to hold good in the works of other poets, and to constitute a part of their excellence, can be traced also in his work. "Let the questions rather be—Is he powerful? Is he American? Is he new? Is he rousing? Does he feel, and make me feel?" To each of these questions we should be disposed to answer simply "No," were it not that an unqualified negative is scarcely polite. We can see no reason for considering Walt Whitman powerful. Strong he may be, but it is only in the sense in which an onion is strong. His noise, bluster, and arrogance are no more indications of true strength than the swagger of the professional athlete at a country fair, who struts up and down the stage in salmon-colored tights, and passes for a Hercules with the crowd from the way in which he feels his muscles in public. That he is American in one sense we must admit. He is something which no other country could have produced. He is American as certain forms of rowdiness and vulgarity, excrescences on American institutions, are American. But that he is American in the sense of being representative of American taste, intellect, or cultivation, we should be very sorry indeed to believe. New he certainly is, but it is only in his audacity, and in the abnormal structure of his poetry; there is not a new thought in his writings from beginning to end. As to the other questions, the answer must depend very much on individual temperament. Whether or not he himself feels we cannot tell, but, so far from being rousing or making his reader feel, we should say that with ninety-nine out of a hundred average readers Walt Whitman, taken in any quantity, would be found to be about as soporific a poet as ever produced a yawn. But even if all these questions could be answered in the affirmative—even if we were to concede that Walt Whitman is powerful and new and American and fopping, and throw into the bargain what his friends invariably lay great stress upon, his magnificent physique and his irreproachable character in private life—still all this, we submit, does not make him out to be a poet. To call a

man a poet merely because he holds forth in rhapsodical style about one man being as good as another, everything being all right, every one having a right "to do as he dam pleases"—if we may venture to quote the concise language of Transatlantic liberty—and other dogmas of the same sort, is to confuse the functions of the poet and the stump orator; and generally, when Walt Whitman has any meaning at all, it amounts to no more than this. Very often he has no meaning whatever. In his fury he breaks out into a mere perspiration of words, and strings substantives together for pages on a stretch, the result being a something which is as much like poetry as an auctioneer's catalogue. To be sure there is scattered through his pages a vast amount of that vagueness which to some tastes has the true poetic charm. No doubt there are people who consider this sort of thing very fine:—

OF THE TERRIBLE DOUBT OF APPEARANCES.

The skies of day and night—colours, densities, forms—May-be these are (as doubtless they are) only apparitions, and the real something has yet to be known;
May-be seeming to me what they are (as doubtless they indeed but seem) as from my present point of view—And might prove (as of course they would) naught of what they appear, or naught anyhow, from entirely changed points of view.

But if it is very fine, then so is Miss Codger's outburst on being introduced to Elijah Pogram:—

But why we call them so, or why impressed they are, or if impressed they are at all, or if at all we are, or if there really is, oh gasping one! a Pogram or a Hominy, or any active principle, to which we give those titles, is a topic, spirit-searching, light-abandoned, much too vast to enter on.

But of course the special charm of Walt Whitman is that he is so—what his admirers call—unconventional; that is, that he says things which other people do not say, and in language which other people do not generally use. His unconventionality, however, is of a very cheap sort. It is nothing more than the unconventionality

of the man who considers clothes conventional, and goes about without them. It is true that for the present we are spared the bolder strokes of his genius in this respect, but, as has been already mentioned, it is only for the present; and besides, Walt Whitman's grossness is not accidental, but constitutional. It arises partly from an insensibility to the difference between that which is naturally offensive and that which is not, partly from his peculiar theory of poetry. As it is a fundamental principle of his to recognise no law of any kind, and to submit to no restrictions of artistic propriety, it follows that with him all subjects are equally fit for poetic treatment. As Mr. Rossetti puts it, "he knows of no reason why what is universally seen and known, necessary and right, should not also be allowed and proclaimed in speech," and it is just this ignorance of his which, independently of other reasons, makes any attempt to set him up as a poetic model mischievous to the interests of literary art. It is not a question of squeamishness or hyper-sensitiveness. There is no prudery in objecting to nastiness, nor is there any originality, honesty, manliness, or courage in obtruding what even instinct teaches us to avoid. We cannot say, however, that we anticipate any serious injury to English or American literature from the influence or popularity of Walt Whitman's poetry, so long at least as people are courageous enough to use their common sense, and do not allow themselves to be led away by transcendental "high-falutin" into pretending an admiration which they do not feel.

THE last new use of steel is for the manufacture of billiard balls. It is claimed for the metal balls that they are more elastic than those of ivory, and are not liable to crack and chip. But how about the weight? An ordinary ivory ball weighs about five ounces, and as steel is rather more than four times as dense as ivory, the new balls, if they be solid, must weigh over a pound and a half each. Play with such would be hard work. One great merit of the steel balls would certainly be their stability of form: ivory balls are apt to get out of truth as a mechanic would say, which their steel rivals are not likely to do.

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THE RETURN FROM COURT.

A. D. 1660.

I.

THE times are changed, girl; take away my sword;
 Hang it up yonder by the old torn flag:
 One useless as the other nowadays —
 The battered, blunted steel, and blood-stained rag.
 Up at Whitehall they stared and jeered to see
 The fashion of this trusty blade of mine —
 My grandsire's gift; it served me well enow,
 When down from Naseby heights we charged in line.

II.

The King, the King? — women are gossips all!
 I've naught to tell thee of the sights at Court.
 'Spin and be virtuous,' girl; thou scarce shalt hear
 Of Portsmouth's flashing eyes, or Sedley's sport.
 Wouldst see a king? look at the Martyr there,
 Whose sad proud smile great Vandyke
 limned for me;
 And for whose noble sake his son shall have
 All that his cause has left me — sword and knee.

III.

O ay, he called me by my name; he spoke
 With his rare courtly grace of bygone days:
 Spoke of my boy, who saved him at Dunbar;
 Spoke of Black Don, the horse he used to praise.
 He puzzled somewhat — Rupert set him right —
 Of Harry's death, the night of Worcester field;
 Some quip of Rochester's was said too near,
 Or Castlemaine's low laugh too lightly pealed.

IV.

No more of Courts for me. I'll to the fields;
 I've none too many acres left to plough.
 There's richer dowry for a pedlar's wench
 Than I can give my Line's last rosebud now.
 Thou'rt like thy mother too; just so she looked
 The day we gathered in Northampton town —
 The day she bade us never heed the bode,
 When the wild wind had blown the standard down.

V.

'Live for the King; die for the King!' she said,
 I'll do her bidding duly, first and last.
 I am but peevish, girl; old men forget
 The glorious summer of their prime is past.
 And he was gracious, but he needs, you see,
 A readier tongue than mine — a quicker wit.
 I'll bide at home, and take the spade, and try
 To weight thy pretty hand with gold by it.

VI.

Broad lands and lordships! — never them;
 We gave them frankly; we'll no them, lass.
 I would he'd not forgotten Harry's en
 But he is kind at heart — there, let
 My brave boy laughed, and bade God King,
 Just as the Roundhead gave the fir
 I'll do it all again — pshaw, girl, no t
 The times are changed, I say; has sword!

— *Tinsley's Magazine.*

WYATT'S LAMENT FOR ANNE B

WE hunted all that bright May day
 The red deer through the forest f
 And many a bolt pursued its way;
 But not a string that day I drew,
 For in my heart this weary chime
 Of words rang on in ceaseless time,
 "Had I been free and thou been

My thoughts turned back, for all be
 Was sickening, and the ready clu
 Of memory seized, retraced once m
 Days bright and sweet, hopes false
 How many days more bright, more
 How many hopes more just, more n
 "Had I been free and thou been

Days when by all our tell tale court
 My love was bruited, and thy hu
 Deepened a shade while in bold sp
 The stolen token forth I drew,
 Flashing the tablet and the chain
 Before half-angry eyes. Oh vain!
 "Had I been free and thou been

Back to that gay and ghastly hunt
 To deeper shade the king withdr
 And rested there, as was his wont,
 Surrounded by the courtier crew.
 Each other heart leaped to the wine
 One heavy thought lay still on min
 "Had I been free and thou been

The king sate still, the meal was d
 And silent every mocker grew i
 It came, the sign, that shuddering;
 Uprose the king full in my view
 "Tis done. Up, follow we the sp
 I murmured while my breath grew
 "Had I been free and thou been

— *Om*

From The Quarterly Review.

- Art. III. — 1. *Posthumous Works of the late Reverend Robert South, D.D., containing Sermons on several Subjects, an Account of his Travels into Poland, Memoirs of his Life and Writings, &c.* 1 vol. London, 1717.
2. *Opera Posthuma Latina Viri Doctissimi et Clarissimi Roberti South, S. T. P., Eccl. Westmonast. et Ædis Christi, Oxon. Canonici, &c. Nunc primum in lucem edita.* Londini, 1717.
3. *Animadversions upon Dr. Sherlock's Book, entitled 'A Vindication of the Holy and Ever-blessed Trinity,' &c.* By a Divine of the Church of England (R. South). London, 1693.
4. *Tritheism charged upon Dr. Sherlock's New Notion of the Trinity. And the Charge made Good, &c.* By a Divine of the Church of England (R. South). London, 1695.
5. *Sermons preached upon Several Occasions.* By Robert South, D.D., Prebendary of Westminster, and Canon of Christ Church, Oxford. A New Edition, in four volumes, including the Posthumous Discourses. London, 1843.

MR. HENRY HOLBEACHE tells us that all mankind may be divided into two great classes, Cavaliers and Roundheads. The Cavaliers are those vigorous, prosperous gentlemen, who instinctively respect constituted authorities and venerate tradition, who find their proper place amid the decencies and respectabilities of an ancient and undisturbed society, who are ready with sword or pen to maintain that state of things in which they have themselves happily grown up, and look with dislike and contempt upon all movers of ancient landmarks. On the other hand, the name 'Roundhead' is given to the ragged regiment of those who are ready to fight for an idea; who are at war with the easy routine and comfortable order of established civilisation, and wish to reform society on principles which seem to them not only true, but of the utmost importance to man.

Perhaps it may seem a little fanciful to extend the well-known party names of our seventeenth-century struggle to the great contest always going on in the world between old habit and innovation, but at least no one will hesitate to recognise in Robert South the very type of a Cavalier preacher, in the proper sense of the term. We can well believe that, at an age when a man's

blood is generally somewhat cooled, he professed his readiness to exchange cassock for buff-coat to aid in putting down Monmouth's rebellion; for we see in his works an air of burly defiance, and an eagerness to slash with his keen blade at any enemy who presents an opening, which tell of a spirit akin to that which charged with Rupert against the stern ranks of the Ironsides. Such a warrior-divine as South is only produced in an age when vigorous combats are waged with no blunted swords. The definiteness of thought, the keenness of animosity, the vigour of invective which distinguish this famous preacher, are the product of an age of contention, and a society cultivated indeed, but not delicate or scrupulous.

Robert South was throughout his long life a prosperous man. His father was a London merchant in easy circumstances, and in his country house at Hackney the future preacher was born in 1638. In due time, probably about 1646 or 1647, he was sent to Westminster School, then rising to the height of its fame, where he became a King's Scholar. The head-master was Richard Busby, the most famous teacher of that time, whose keen glance saw the hidden talent in the 'sulky boy' put under his charge; * one of the ushers, during a part at least of South's school-time, was Adam Littleton, expelled from Oxford for his frank avowal of royalist opinions; an excellent scholar and theologian, afterward well known as the author of a much-used Latin-English Dictionary. And among the boys at Westminster in South's time were found several who afterwards made themselves a name in the world beyond the cloisters. Here he may probably have seen James Heath, whose 'Brief Chronicle' and 'Flagellum' have earned him in our own days the nickname of *Carrion* Heath; Nathaniel Hodges, the brave physician who remained in London, when many fled, to care for the sufferers in the terrible year of the Plague; Philip Henry, the nonconformist divine, father of the better-known Matthew, the commentator; John Mapletoft, physician and theologian, one of the founders of the Societies for Promoting Christian Knowledge and for the Propagation of the Gospel; Henry Stubbe, the Bodleian Librarian, noted in after-time for the contempt he poured on the Royal Society; Robert Hooke, one of the most distinguished members of that

* We may conjecture that South was soundly flogged at school, to judge from the feeling way in which he deprecates excessive flogging in the sermon 'On the Education of Youth.' — (*Sermons*, II. 292.)

Society, who at school 'invented thirty several ways of flying,'* and at Oxford initiated Robert Boyle into the Cartesian philosophy; a greater than any of these, John Dryden, who was nearly of his own standing; and, somewhat his junior, a thoughtful boy from Somersetshire, John Locke, afterwards to follow Shaftesbury into exile and be deprived of his studentship, while his old schoolfellow, a prosperous dignitary, was at the height of his fame. We can hardly imagine that there was, even in boyhood, any very warm friendship between the arrogant and vehement South and the candid and tolerant Locke; and when the preacher, years afterwards, spoke of some who had gone forth from the school 'who did unworthily turn aside to other by-ways and principles' than the usual loyal ones of Westminster, he may possibly have glanced at Locke's Whig principles. Probably no schoolmaster ever sent forth so many pupils distinguished in after life in Church and State, in policy and science, as Dr. Busby from Westminster, over which he presided for more than half a century.

South was at Westminster while the Long Parliament, sitting hard by, attempted to govern England; if the Westminster boys then enjoyed the privilege of entering the house while a debate was going on, he may have seen Speaker Lenthall in the chair, and heard the debate on the Remonstrance from Cromwell's army. He was at Westminster when the High Court of Justice sat in Westminster Hall to judge the King; and on the day after the sentence, when the troops were gathering in the cold January morning in the open space before Whitehall, and the King was holding his last conference with faithful Juxon; upon that 'black and eternally infamous day of the King's murder,' he tells us that he himself heard the King publicly prayed for in the school 'but an hour or two (at most) before his sacred head was struck off.'† It is commonly said that South himself read the prayers on that morning. He had all the love for his old school which a vigorous, hearty Englishman generally retains through life. Many years later, when South was a dignified Canon and Prebendary, a 'very great person'—no less a man than Lord Jefferys—planned a meeting of 'Old Westminsters,' and asked South to preach on the occasion in the Abbey. He had prepared the sermon from which we have just quoted, in which he lauds the school

for training up 'her sons and scholars to an invincible loyalty to their Prince, and a strict, impartial conformity to the Church, when the scheme was dropped on the death of Charles II. South, who was clearly disappointed that Jefferys 'thought fit as Chancellor to reverse what his Lordship as Chief Justice had determined,' printed the sermon which he had not himself been able to preach, thinking that 'possibly some other may condescend to do it, as before, in several such cases, the like has been too well known to have been done!'

The troubles of the time did not interrupt the even course of Westminster School. Some of the Independents did indeed suggest its suppression, as a hot-bed of Royalist principles, but Cromwell was too wise a man to condescend to petty persecution of this kind. South was elected to Christ Church in 1651, the year in which the hopes of the Stuarts were crushed for the time at the battle of Worcester. Oxford, at the time when South entered it, a boy of eighteen, had by no means shared the peaceful lot of Westminster. It had long been a centre of 'malignancy,' and scarcely a Head or a Professor had passed unscathed the scrutiny of the Parliamentary Commissioners. Cromwell himself was Chancellor; the Vice-Chancellor, for the greater part of South's undergraduateship, was the newly appointed Dean of Christ Church, Dr. John Owen, the coryphæus of the Independents; the same who shocked a poor bible-clerk of Merton, Anthony Wood, by 'going in quirpo like a young scholar, with powdered hair, snake-bone bandstrings (or bandstrings with very large tassels), lawn band, a large set of ribbons pointed at his knees, and Spanish leather boots with large lawn tops, and his hat mostly cocked.'* Probably this splendid array occasioned much the same kind of 'sensation' in the University, that the present excellent Vice-Chancellor would cause if he were to walk down 'the High' in a wide-awake and knicker-bockers. Owen, in spite of his voluminous theology, seems to have coveted lay distinction; for in 1654 he was a candidate for the representation of the University in Parliament, and was actually returned; but the House refused to recognise his renunciation of his orders—he had been regularly ordained—and the election was declared null and void. He does not appear,

* Wood's 'Athenæ,' iv. 98. 'In quirpo' = in cuerpo (Spanish), i.e. in doublet and hose, without cloak or gown.

† Your Spanish host is never seen in cuerpo, Without his paramentos, cloke, and sword.
(Ben Jonson, 'New Inn,' ii. 5.)

* Wood's 'Athenæ,' iv. 628 (Ed. Bliss).

† Sermon 'On the Education of Youth.'—(Sermons, ii. 300.)

however, to have neglected his duty as Dean; he was a kindly and genial man, very anxious to encourage the scholars of his house, and Anthony Wood assures us that South won his favour. The stories related in the 'Memoirs' of the reciprocal annoyance practised by the Dean and the student do not appear worthy of much credit. The religious opinions of undergraduates were probably not much enquired into at this time by those in power; and South was not disposed, at any period of his life, to make needless difficulties about conforming to things as they were.

The principal records of South's life in Oxford from 1651 to the Restoration are the Latin works published after his death. Here are to be found the verses on Cromwell's treaty with the Dutch (1654) which were sometimes cast in South's teeth in after years; not quite fairly, perhaps, for he wrote on Cromwell's success, a theme probably prescribed by the authorities of his college, with just as much real feeling as he might have employed on the battle of Salamis, and in any case it would fare ill with the reputation of many distinguished men, if their youthful verses were to be admitted as proof of shameless inconsistency. His verses and declamations of this period are not of remarkable merit, and were never published by himself, with one exception, and that he in vain endeavoured to recall. The most amusing among them are the burlesque questions which he maintained as 'Terræ-Filius.' The 'Terræ-Filius' was the chartered libertine of the 'Public Act.' There was no limit to the license of his tongue. Taking for his text some harmless question — for instance 'whether ears or eyes are more useful for the acquisition of science?' — he filled his speech with pungent allusions to the peccadilloes of conspicuous persons. This jovial solemnity was in fact not unlike 'the famous Saturnalian feasts among the Romans, when every scullion and skip-kennel had liberty to *tell his master his own*, as the *British* mobility emphatically style it.'* A royalist 'Terræ-Filius' would no doubt take the opportunity of casting ridicule on Puritan heads of houses, and it is not wonderful that the authorities of South's time attempted to restrain the antique liberty. The Fescennine license of the Public Act was in fact under discussion in 1658, the year of the Protector's death. † The Terræ-Filius of course

sometimes overstepped even the wide bounds allowed him, and felt the vengeance of the insulted Dons. For instance, about 1658, Mr. Lancelot Addison of Queen's, the father of the essayist, was compelled on his knees to implore the pardon of Convocation for the transgression of his tongue, and some years later Mr. Gerard of Wadham, for reciting a Terræ-Filius speech written by South himself, then a great dignitary of the University, was expelled. The wit of compositions of this kind is naturally, for the most part, evanescent; the covert allusions to the faults and peculiarities of the men of the time are no longer taken. South's jokes, at all events, have lost colour and flavour in two hundred years. It seems now rather a poor jest, when the Terræ-Filius declares himself inclined to believe the well-known theory that the moon is made of cheese, for he had observed it considerably diminished in bulk since the Cambridge men had been in Oxford! The point is lost of the suggestion (apropos of the device of 'Alma Mater Cantabrigia') that it was natural that Cambridge should adopt a *cup* among her emblems, when a Proctor sold beer, and therefore prevented students from entering taverns, not to spoil his own trade; nor is there much drollery in saying that Fuller's jokes were preserved in the archives at Cambridge and exhibited among the antiquities of the place; or in discussing the number of atoms that go to make up a Cambridge joke. But all these, though they have now grown stale, no doubt served their purpose, and raised a laugh in St. Mary's — the Sheldonian Theatre as yet was not — when they were first uttered. The allusion to the cheese-devouring Cantabs was no doubt highly relished by those who had seen so many Cambridge men thrust into good berths at Oxford by the Parliamentary visitors, and beheld not a few Cambridge scholars among those who flocked to Oxford for preferment, of whose mortified countenances, puling voices, eyes lifted up, and short hair, Anthony Wood has left us so unpleasant a picture.*

South is said to have been ordained in 1658 by one of the deprived bishops; † though Wood, whom South had made his enemy by one of his rough jokes, declares that he preached in Oxford without orders. ‡ However qualified, in 1659, while the question of the future government of England still hung in doubt, he preached the summer assize sermon at Oxford. The main pur-

* Amhurst's 'Terræ-Filius,' No. 1. At the time that this book was published (1721) the 'Terræ-Filius' had not long been obsolete.

† Wood's 'History and Antiquities of Oxford,' II. 670, &c.

* 'Fasti Oxon.,' 104 (Ed. Bliss).

† 'Posthumous Works,' p. 10.

‡ 'Athenæ Oxon.,' IV. 633.

pose of the sermon is to recommend faithful endurance of persecution, if need should be, for the sake of Christ; but it is not difficult to discern in it the preacher's preference for the proscribed worship, the 'Common-prayer and surplice,' of the Church of England. 'If ever,' he says, 'it was seasonable to preach courage in the despised, abused cause of Christ, it is now, when his truths are reformed into nothing, when the hands and hearts of his faithful ministers are weakened, and even broke, and his *worship* extirpated in a mockery, that his *honor* may be advanced.'* His sarcastic allusions to the Puritan ministry and worship were not obvious enough to afford a handle for his enemies, until he made them plain by notes when he published the sermon a few days before the restored King landed in England. When he preached before the King's Commissioners (July 29, 1660) there was no longer any need for disguise or ambiguity. He could frankly set forth his ideal of a Christian minister, and give full course to his contempt for the unlearned and fanatical teachers who had filled the pulpits during the late troublous times. On them he pours forth with eager delight the sarcastic mockery in which he so much excelled. He has no mercy for 'such mountebanks and quacks in divinity as have only two or three little experiments and popular harangues to amuse the vulgar with, but, being wholly unacquainted with the solid grounds and rules of science . . . are pitifully ignorant and useless as to any great and worthy purposes; and fit for little else but to show the world how easily fools may be imposed upon by knaves.' These unlucky sectaries offended alike his judgment and his taste. Their barbarous style, their tendency to allegorise plain history, their numerous perplexing and artificial divisions, were abominations to one whose conceptions of oratory had been formed on Cicero and Quintilian. Those who use these quibbling divisions are, he says, 'wholly mistaken in the nature of wit; for true wit is a severe and manly thing. Wit in divinity is nothing else but sacred truths suitably expressed.† It is not shreds of Latin or Greek, nor a *Deus Dixit* and a *Deus benedixit*, nor those little quirks or divisions into the *ὄν*, the *δύο*, and the *καθόρι*, or the *egress*, *regress*, and *progress*, and other such stuff (much like the style of

a lease) that can properly be called wit. For that is not wit which consists not with wisdom.' And again he falls foul of the 'whimsical cant' of his old enemy John Owen, his *issues*, *products*, *tendencies*, *breathings*, *indisellings*, *rollings*, *recumbencies*. But his description of the method of Puritan preachers—a method even now not wholly extinct—in composing their sermons, is worth giving at length:—

'I hope it will not prove offensive to the auditory, if to release it (could I be so happy) from suffering by such stuff for the future, I venture upon some short description of it; and it is briefly thus:—First of all, they seize upon some text, from whence they draw something which they call a doctrine, and well may it be said to be *drawn* from the words: forasmuch as it seldom naturally flows or results from them. In the next place, being thus provided, they branch it into several heads; perhaps twenty, or thirty, or upwards. Whereupon, for the prosecution of these, they repair to some trusty concordance which never fails them, and by the help of that they range six or seven scriptures under each head; which scriptures they prosecute one by one, first amplifying and enlarging upon one for some considerable time, till they have spoiled it, and then that being done they pass to another, which in its turn suffers accordingly. And these impertinent and unmediated enlargements they look upon as the motions and breathings of the Spirit, and therefore much beyond those carnal ordinances of sense and reason, supported by industry and study; and this they call a *saving way* of preaching, as it must be confessed to be a way to save much labour, and nothing else that I know of.'*

And the gesture with which these tiresome discourses were delivered was as distasteful to him as the matter:—

'Can any tolerable reason be given for those strange new postures used by some in the delivery of the word? Such as shutting the eyes, distorting the face, and speaking through the nose, which I think cannot so properly be called preaching, as toning of a sermon. Nor do I see why the word may not be altogether as effectual for the conversion of souls, delivered by one who has the manners to look his auditory in the face, using his own countenance and his own native voice, without straining it to a lamentable and doleful whine, never serving to any purpose, but where some religious cheat is to be carried on.†

South's scorn for the unlearned persons who had crept into the ministry during the Commonwealth breaks forth indeed repeatedly in his earlier sermons, not always in

* 'Interest Deposed and Truth Restored.'—*Sermons*, i. 52.)

† This exactly corresponds with Pope's conception:—

'True wit is Nature to advantage dressed,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed'
(*Essay on Criticism*, vv. 297-8.)

* 'The Scribe Instructed.'—*Sermons*, ii. 82.

† *Ibid.*, p. 88.

the most decorous style. For instance, in the sermon on 'Ecclesiastical Policy,' he tells us that a short time before —

'Many rushed into the ministry as being the only calling they could profess without serving an apprenticeship. . . . Had, indeed, the old Levitical hierarchy still continued, in which it was part of the ministerial office to flay the sacrifices, to cleanse the vessels, to scour the flesh-forks, to sweep the Temple, and carry the filth and rubbish to the brook Kidron, no persons living had been better fitted for the ministry, and to serve in this nature at the altar. But since it is made a labour of the mind, as to inform men's judgments and move their affections, to resolve difficult places of scripture, to decide and clear off controversies, I cannot see how to be a butcher, scavenger, or any such trade, does at all qualify or prepare men for this work. . . . We have had almost all sermons full of gibes and scoffs at human learning. . . . Hereupon the ignorant have taken heart to venture upon this great calling, and instead of cutting their way to it, according to the usual course — through the knowledge of the tongues, the study of philosophy, school divinity, the fathers and councils — they have taken another and shorter cut, and having read perhaps a treatise or two upon the Heart, the Bruised Reed, the Crumbs of Comfort, Wollebius in English, and some other little authors, the usual furniture of old women's closets, they have set forth as accomplished divines, and forthwith they present themselves to the service; and there have not been wanting Jeroboams as willing to consecrate and receive them, as they to offer themselves.' *

We can well believe (as the author of his memoirs tells us was the case) that the preacher was 'highly applauded for many excellent and sarcastical expressions against the sectarists late in power.' The restored Royalists must have been indeed gentle and forbearing if they had not enjoyed the dissection of their late triumphant adversaries by the hand of so great a master of moral anatomy. They did, in fact, not only applaud but reward their champion. Preferment was showered on the successful satirist. A few weeks after the Restoration he was made Public Orator of Oxford; before he was forty he was a Canon of Christ Church and Prebendary of Westminster; and about 1677 the latter Chapter conferred on him the rectory of Islip. He had besides a patrimonial estate. The older men who had suffered for the royal cause not unnaturally murmured at this rapid preferment of a young divine who was in no need and had suffered nothing. Many cavaliers, both lay and clerical, had reason to com-

plain of the little consideration accorded to their losses and services. As South himself said, in his characteristic manner, many years afterwards, 'if a man's loyalty has stripped him of his estate, his interest, or relations, then, like the lame man at the pool of Bethesda, every one steps in before him.' *

Few University orators have had such occasions for displaying their powers of panegyric as fell to the lot of South. In 1661 Clarendon was installed as Chancellor, and the young orator had to address him in the usual complimentary speech. But a few days afterwards a deputation came down to Oxford from the House of Commons to thank the academics for their exemplary loyalty to the King during the late rebellion, and specially for their victorious arguments against the solemn league and covenant; it fell to South's lot to thank the honourable gentlemen for descending from the study of princes and kingdoms and the secrets of empire to the bookish haunts of the University. In July, 1663, the body of the venerable Juxon, Archbishop of Canterbury, was solemnly buried in the chapel of his old College, St. John's, and the mortal remains of the once President, William Laud, Juxon's old friend and patron, were brought from their resting-place in Allhallows, Barking, and laid by his side. The Public Orator celebrated the double obsequies, as was fitting, with an oration in the Divinity School. In September of the same year he offered the greetings of the University to the King and Queen, who paid a visit to faithful Oxford, and presented for an 'ad eundem' degree James Duke of Monmouth, already an M.A. of Cambridge. In July, 1664, was laid the foundation of the Sheldonian Theatre, with an accompanying oration from South, who professed himself glad to be in the midst of building, after an age of 'reforming' and pulling down. Standing in the midst of the chaos of building-materials, he was reminded — an orator of our days would hardly have ventured on such a reminiscence — of the beginning of the world. He rejoiced that the jocose orations and plays which had desecrated St. Mary's were to be removed to the more fitting scene of a theatre. Alluding to the press, which was to form part of the new building, he hopes that Oxford will soon surpass Leyden as much in printing as she did already in writing; hardly a justifiable sneer at the University of Grotius and Vossius. When the theatre was opened in 1669 South again discharged the office of Orator, in a speech

* 'Sermons,' I. 67.

* 'Sermons,' II. 136.

filled with satirical invectives against Cromwell, the fanatics, conventicles, comprehension, the Royal Society, and the new philosophy, greatly to the disgust of Dr. Wallis, the distinguished Savilian Professor.* This speech is not printed; but if the invectives in any degree resembled those which South put into the mouth of the *Terræ-Filius* of 1671, in which Wallis is especially attacked, they must have been very unbecoming the solemnity of the occasion.

James, Duke of York, who 'gained the title of *Dux*, not only by right of birth, but by the actual conduct of fleets and armies;' William Henry, Prince of Orange, 'sprung on the father's side from the warlike Princes of Nassau, on the mother's from the peaceful James;' Cosmo de Medicis, Prince of Tuscany, 'kinsman and friend of King Charles,' who travelled in England in 1675, were among the noble persons whom the Orator had to bedew with official praise. And, on the whole, he discharged his difficult duty well. But he was not a first-rate Latinist. His orations are, indeed, correct, and fairly idiomatic; but he has not that mastery of expression which results from thinking in Latin; the jokes, which in his expressive English would have flashed out in full force, are very much hampered by the stately folds of the dead language; his conceits savour of English; he has neither the charming archness of Erasmus, nor the classic ease of Muretus; his style is far less truly Roman than that of one of the best Latin writers of later years, John Keble. It was, indeed, hardly to be expected that one whose thoughts flowed so readily into vigorous expression in the vernacular should have equal command of the language of scholars.

The even current of his days was broken by one long journey on the continent of Europe. In 1674 John Sobieski was elected king of the troubled realm of Poland. Mr. Lawrence Hyde, afterwards Earl of Rochester, who was sent as Ambassador Extraordinary to compliment the new King on his accession, proposed to take his old tutor, Dr. South, with him in the capacity of Chaplain: a proposal, says his biographer, 'which the Doctor very readily agreed to, being of a very curious and inquisitive temper, and desirous of being an eye-witness of the posture of affairs in other countries as well as his own.'† He gave an account of what he had learned on his travels in a letter addressed to his 'best friend and honoured instructor,' Edward

Pocock, then Regius Professor of Hebrew at Oxford, and Canon of Christ Church. It appears that Mr. Hyde did not set forth on his mission until June, 1677, and in December of that year Dr. South wrote his letter from Dantzic. He had certainly travelled with his eyes open, and what he had seen and learned he relates well and succinctly in his letter; a letter which must have occupied a considerable space in the letter-bag of the embassy. The King received them at Zolkiew in Galicia. It is worth while to see what manner of man the afterwards deliverer of Vienna appeared to the shrewd Oxford Doctor:—

'This King is a very well-spoken Prince, very easy of access, and extream civil, having most of the qualities requisite to form a compleat gentleman. He is not only well versed in all military affairs, but likewise, through the means of a French education, very opulently stored with all polite and scholastical learning. Besides his own tongue, the Sclavonian, he understands the Latin, French, Italian, German, and Turkish languages. He delights much in Natural History and in all the parts of physick; he is wont to reprimand the Clergy for not admitting the modern philosophy, such as Le Grand's and Cartesius's into the universities and schools; and loves to hear people discourse of those matters, and has a particular talent to set people about him very artfully by the ears, that by their disputes he might be directed, as it hapned once or twice during this embassy; where he shewed a poignancy of wit on the subject of a dispute held between the Bishop of Posen and Father de la Motte, a Jesuit, and His Majesty's confessor, that gave me an extraordinary opinion of his parts. As for what relates to His Majesty's person, he is a tall and corpulent Prince, large fac'd and full eyes, and goes always in the same dress with his subjects, with his hair cut round about his ears like a monk, and wears a furr-cap, but extraordinary rich with diamonds and jewels, large whiskers, and no neckcloth. A long robe hangs down to his heels, in the fashion of a coat, and a waistcoat under that of the same length, tied about the waste with a girdle. He never wears any gloves, and this long coat is of strong scarlet cloth, lin'd in the winter with rich furr, but in summer only with silk. Instead of shoes he always wears, both abroad and at home, Turkey leather boots with very thin soles, and hollow deep heels made of a blade of silver bent hoop-wise into the form of a half-moon. He carries always a large scymiter by his side, the sheath equally flat and broad from the handle to the bottom, and curiously set with diamonds.'*

South seems to have formed no high opinion of the state of Theology among the

* Wallis to Boyle, in Boyle's Works, v. 514.

† 'Posthumous Works,' p. 20.

* 'Posthumous Works,' p. 24.

Poles. He admits, indeed, that they were good Latinists; but the lifeless scholasticism, which elsewhere in Europe was yielding to the 'new philosophy,' was still in full possession of the Polish Universities. It was something new to a divine fresh from Oxford to find Albertus Magnus still in the highest esteem, and entities, modes, quiddities, essences, and the like, interlarded in common conversation, while the Bible was scarcely opened, and the history of primitive Christianity, the battle-field of so many English combatants, was almost unknown.* Nor do the lives of the clergy, at least of the regular clergy, seem to have inspired him with more respect than their studies. These regulars, he says, 'are generally very rich, but not less dissolute and immodest; for they frequently go into the cellars to drink, those being the tippling-places in this country; and sometimes you shall see many of them so drunk in the streets, that they are scarce able to stand or go; and this without either their superiors or the people taking notice of them.'† He clearly discerned, too, the unhappy defects in the constitution of Poland, which effectually prevented the formation of a strong Government, and ultimately caused the ruin of the kingdom.

After his return to England, South seems to have passed his prosperous life at one of his benefices, or on his patrimonial estate; hungering for yet further advancement, said his enemies; content with a private station, though he might have enjoyed the highest dignities, said his friends. On one occasion in particular Charles II. is said to have marked him for a bishopric. In 1681, the story goes, South preached before the King on 'The Lot cast into the Lap.' Speaking of the 'slippery turns' of the world, he said:—

'Who, that had looked upon Agathocles first handling the clay, and making pots under his father, and afterwards turning robber, could have thought that from such a condition he should come to be King of Sicily?

'Who, that had seen Massaniello, a poor fisherman, with his red cap and his angle, could have reckoned it possible to see such a pitiful thing, within a week after, shining in his cloth of gold, and with a word or a nod absolutely commanding the whole city of Naples?

'And who, that had beheld such a bankrupt, beggarly fellow as Cromwell, first entering the Parliament-house with a threadbare, torn cloak and a greasy hat (and perhaps neither of them paid for), could have suspected that in the space of so few years he should, by the murder

of one King and the banishment of another, ascend the throne, be invested with the royal robes, and want nothing of the state of a King but the changing of his hat into a crown?'

At these words, it is said, the King fell into a violent fit of laughter, and, turning to Lord Rochester, said, 'Ods fish, Lory, your chaplain must be a bishop, therefore put me in mind of him at the next death.' The saying is at least 'ben trovato'; but the Sermon, which was one of those published by South himself, is said in the superscription to have been 'Preached in Westminster Abbey, Feb. 22, 1684-(5);' some days, that is, after Charles's death. Whatever be the foundation of this story, it is not to be regretted that Charles's purpose, if ever conceived, was not carried out; for South's keen wit and satirical turn would certainly not have tended to heal the dissensions of the church. He remained to the end of his days, simply the favourite preacher of the 'old cavaliers.'‡ Those who followed Lawrence Hyde as a political leader flocked to the sermons of his famous chaplain. He preached, for the most part, at Oxford, at Westminster Abbey, or before the Court at Whitehall; occasionally he delivered a discourse at the consecration of a bishop or of a chapel; of his parish sermons at Islip, if he delivered any, we have no record, though of course some of the published sermons may have been delivered there, and they are at least as suitable for a country audience as the standard 'discourses' of the last century.

But if South was the favourite preacher of the cavaliers, it was not because he flattered their vices. His turns of phrase might remind them of the stage and the coffee-house, his wit and satire might be not unworthy of Dryden or Congreve, but his morality had the manly vigour of the antique world in the midst of which he was born. He was no Bourdaloue or Massillon to rebuke the vices of a king; but he did not spare the darling abominations of the royalist party in general. Their frivolity, their licentiousness, their false sense of honour, alike offended him; he painted the bullies and rufflers of Charles II.'s days with hardly less gusto than he had done the Paritans. He pitches upon the year sixty, the year of the Restoration, as 'the grand epoch of falsehood, as well as debauchery.'‡ And he satirizes the shameless vice and frivolity of the age in the following passage:—

* 'Sermons,' l. 128.

† South's own term. 'Sermons,' l. 104.

‡ Ibid., l. 201.

* 'Posthumous Works,' pp. 37, 38. † Ibid., p. 69.

'For in respect of vice, nothing is more usual now-a-days than for boys *illico nasci senes*. They see their betters delight in ill things; they observe reputation and countenance to attend the practice of them; and this carries them on furiously to that which of themselves they are but too much inclined to; and which laws were purposely made by wise men to keep them from. They are glad, you may be sure, to please and prefer themselves at once, and to serve their interest and sensuality together.

'And as they are come to this height and rampancy of vice, in a great measure, from the countenance of their betters and superiors, so they have taken some steps higher in the same from this, that the follies and extravagances of the young too frequently carry with them the suffrage and approbation of the old. For age, which naturally and unavoidably is but one remove from death, and consequently should have nothing about it but what looks like a decent preparation for it, scarce ever appears of late days but in the high mode, the flaunting garb, and utmost gaudery of youth; with clothes as ridiculous, and as much in the fashion, as the person that wears them is actually grown out of it. The eldest equal the youngest in the vanity of their dress, and no other reason can be given of it but that they equal, if not surpass them in the vanity of their desires.' *

And where shall we find the swash-buckler style of the tavern-haunters of that day more vigorously sketched than in the following passage:—

'Honour is indeed a noble thing, and therefore the word which signifies it must needs be very plausible. But as a rich and glistening garment may be cast over a rotten, fashionably diseased body, so an illustrious, commanding word may be put upon a vile and an ugly thing; for words are but the garments, the loose garments of things, and so may easily be put off and on, according to the humour of him who bestows them. But the body changes not, though the garments do.

'What is honour but the height and flower and top of morality, and the utmost refinement of conversation?

* * * * *
and yet in spite of nature and reason, and the judgment of all mankind, this high and generous thing must be that in whose pretended quarrel almost all the duels of the world are fought. "Ah! my honour is concerned," says one. "In what, I pray?" "Why, he gave me the lie." "That is, he gave you what perhaps was your own before. But as truth cannot be made falsehood by the work of tongues, so neither can a liar be made a true man by forcing a coward to eat his words, or a murderer become an honest man by a lucky (or rather unlucky) thrust of a lawless sword." "Ay, but he spoke

slightly and reflexively of such a lady." That is, perhaps he treated her without a compliment, and spoke that of her which she had rather a great deal practise than hear or be told of. In short, he might represent her in her true colours; and surely there is no reason that such should be always their own painter, and, while they live by one measure, describe them by another. What right have the vices, or rather slaves, of pleasure to wear the badge and livery of strict and severe virtue? *

And his characteristics of the 'good-natured man,' as he appears to various classes of society, is not unworthy of La Bruyère for vigorous delineation, though it must be confessed that it wants his delicacy of satire.

'And first, when great ones vouchsafe this eulogy to those below them, a good-natured man generally denotes some slavish, glaving, flattering parasite or hanger-on, one who is a mere tool or instrument, a fellow fit to be sent on any malicious errand; a setter or informer, made to creep into all companies; a wretch employed under a pretence of friendship or acquaintance to fetch and carry, and to come to men's tables to play the Judas there; and, in a word, to do all those mean, vile, and degenerate offices, which men of greatness and malice use to engage men of baseness and treachery in.

'But then, on the other hand, when this word passes between equals, commonly by a good-natured man is meant, either some easy, soft-headed piece of simplicity, who suffers himself to be led by the nose, and wiped of his conveniences by a company of sharpening worthless sycophants, who will be sure to despise, laugh, and droll at him, as a weak, empty fellow, for all his ill-placed cost and kindness.

'And the truth is, if such vermin do not find him empty, it is odds but in a little time they will make him so. And this is one branch of that which some call good-nature (and good-nature let it be), indeed so good, that, according to the wise Italian proverb, "it is even good for nothing."

'Or, in the next place, by a good-natured man is usually meant neither more nor less than a good fellow, a painful, able, and laborious soaker. But he who owes all his good-nature to the pot and the pipe, to the jollity and compliances of merry company, may possibly go to bed with a wonderful stock of good-nature over-night, but then he will sleep it all away before the morning. †

The leading incidents of Charles II.'s reign receive less notice in South's *Sermons* than we should have expected from his keen interest in politics, and his readiness in allusion to current events. It is evident enough that he heartily approved the 'oath of non-resistance' to the kingly power; he seems

* *Ibid.*, iii. 3.

† *Sermons*, iii. pp. 10, 11.

* *Sermons*, ii. 301.

to have thought that the Government which passed and enforced the Conventicle Act, the Five-mile Act, and the Test Act, was rather to be censured for leniency than severity; and the outcry, in the reigns of Charles I. and his sons, against arbitrary power seemed to him mere factious virulence.* The 'Popish Plot,' the Exclusion Bill, the 'two famous city cavalcades of clubmen in 1679 and 1680,' and the Rye House Plot, have left but little trace on his pages.† James succeeded his brother and avowed himself a Papist; South declared that if any branch of the Royal Family had unhappily drunk in any of the Popish contagion, they were to blame who had driven them 'from the bosom of the best father and firmest Protestant in the world, and sent them into foreign countries,' amid all the seductions of Roman teaching and ritual.‡ A Roman Catholic took possession of the Deanery of Christ Church, another was placed in the see of Oxford; but South never attacked John Massey and Samuel Parker as he had done John Owen and the Westminster divines; nor do we recollect any allusion to James's famous attack on Magdalen College. When Rochester proposed South as one of the Anglican champions in the discussion which the King had agreed to hear on the 'Rule of Faith,' James rejected him, on the ground that he would bring 'railing accusations' instead of arguments. That he would have railed is likely enough, but he was not deficient in power of argument, and is said to have given much assistance to the divines ultimately chosen to maintain the cause of the Church of England, Jane and Patrick.§ 'The Declaration of Indulgence' must have been in the highest degree distasteful to him, for the whole bent of his mind was intolerant, and he hated Papists almost as much as Puritans; but his sense of duty to his Sovereign probably restrained, if not the expression, at least the publication of his disgust. In a sermon preached (seemingly) in James's reign he expresses his scorn for those 'rattling, rabble-charming words,' 'arbitrary power,' 'evil counsellors,' 'public spirits, patriots, and standers up for their country,' 'zeal for liberty and property, and the rights of the subject,' 'used and applied by some state-impostors, as Scripture was once quoted by the devil;|| nor

can he tolerate the 'cant and gibberish' of calling the schismatical deserters of the Church of England 'true Protestants;' the execution of the law in behalf of the Church 'persecution;' and all base trimming compliances and half-conformity 'moderation,' by the 'senseless insignificant clink and sound' of which words (he says) 'some restless demagogues and incendiaries had inflamed the minds of the sottish *mobile* to a strange unaccountable abhorrence of the best of men and things, and to a fond and furious admiration of the very worst.' It is easy to see that South did not find his 'best of men and things' on the side of the constitutional party. But he was not fond of committing himself; three of his published Sermons were preached in the critical year 1688; the last of them at Westminster Abbey on that very November 5th when William of Orange was landing at Torbay, and London was all astir with preparations to oppose him; yet the political allusions in these sermons are unusually obscure, though when the preacher speaks of the deliverance of 1588, 'when the seas and the winds had a command from heaven to fight under the English colours,' we may not unreasonably conjecture that he was hoping for a similar discomfiture of William's armada.

South acquiesced in the transfer of the Crown to William and Mary; but in criticising the measures of the new government he no longer observed the caution which he had thought prudent under James. The proposed Comprehension and Toleration brought out all the fiery invective with which he had attacked the Puritans thirty years before. In one of his most vigorous sermons, which bears internal evidence of having been preached in the early part of William's reign,* he exhorts the friends of the Church of England to 'give no place by subjection, no, not for an hour,' to those who desired concessions to be made to the non-conformists. He has no longer any scruple about denouncing King James's Declaration, when he can make the Popish tendency of his Indulgence an argument against the proposed toleration. 'Can we believe,' he asks, 'that his design was to keep out Popery? No, surely; for such as believe even transubstantiation itself cannot believe this. So that let all our separatists and dissenters know that they are but the Pope's journey-

* Ibid., ii. 523 ff.

† These are mentioned in the beginning of the Westminster School Sermon. — (*Sermons*, ii. 281.)

‡ *Sermons*, ii. 509.

§ Memoir in *Posthumous Works*, p. 111. Lord Macanlay does not appear to have included this Memoir among the sources whence he derived his account of the discussion. — (*Works*, vol. i. p. 638.)

|| *Sermons*, iii. 3.

* Beside the internal evidence, this Sermon was described as 'a Sermon Preached at the close of the last century,' when it was published in a pamphlet form in 1716. It is on Gal. ii. 5, was printed (by South) in the 5th volume of his *Sermons*, and again (from another copy) in the *Posthumous Works*. — (*Sermons*, ii. 476; iv. 607.)

men to carry on his work; and for aught I know, were but King James among us, might be treated together with his nuncio at Guildhall.' With regard to the ceremonies, he takes much the same ground that Hooker had taken against the Puritans of Elizabeth's time; then he reproaches the Presbyterians with their own intolerance of the 'Baal-priests' of the Church of England in their days of prosperity. There was already enough irregularity in the Church. Already they had seen —

'The surplice sometimes worn, and oftener laid aside; the liturgy so read, and mangled in the reading, as if they were ashamed of it; the divine service so curtailed, as if the people were to have but the tenths of it from the priest, for the tenths he had received from them. The clerical habit neglected by such in orders as frequently travel the road clothed like farmers or graziers, to the unspeakable shame and scandal of their profession; the holy sacrament indecently or slovenly administered; the furniture of the altar abused and embezzled; and the table of the Lord profaned. These and the like vile passages have made some schismatics, and confirmed others; and in a word have made so many nonconformists to the church by their conforming to their minister.*

But the irregularity already existing would be enormously increased by the proposed Comprehension: —

'Then will it also follow that in the same diocese, and sometimes in the very same town, some shall use the surplice and some shall not; and each shall have their parties prosecuting one another with the bitterest hatreds and animosities. Some in the same church, and at the same time, shall receive the sacrament kneeling; some standing, and others possibly sitting; some shall use the cross in baptism, and others shall not only not use it themselves, but shall also inveigh and preach against those who do. Some shall read this part of the Common Prayer, some that, and some perhaps none at all. And where (as in cathedrals) they cannot avoid the hearing it read by others, they shall come into the church when it is done, and stepping up into the pulpit (with great gravity no doubt) shall conceive a long, crude, extemporary prayer, in reproach of all the prayers which the church, with such admirable prudence and devotion had been making before. Nay, in the same cathedral you shall see one prebendary in a surplice, another in a long cloak, another in a short coat or jacket; and in the performance of the public service some standing up at the Creed, the *Gloria Patri*, and the reading of the Gospel; and others sitting, and perhaps laughing, and winking upon their fellow schismatics, in scoff of those who practise these decent orders of the

Church. And from hence the mischief shall pass from priest to people, dividing them also into irreconcilable parties and factions, so that some shall come to church when such a one preaches, and absent themselves when another does. "I will not hear this formalist," says one; "and I will not hear this schismatic" (with better reason) says another. But in the meanwhile the Church by these horrible disorders is torn in pieces, and the common enemies of it the papists, and some (who hate it as much) gratified.*

The Comprehension which South dreaded never came to pass; and few will doubt that it is well for the Church of England that it failed.

Early in the reign of William, South engaged in the great controversy of his life, that with William Sherlock, the Dean of St. Paul's. In the days of William and Mary, Sherlock was perhaps the best abused man in England. So far back as 1674, his 'Discourse concerning the Knowledge of Jesus Christ' — a work in which he certainly spoke in unbecoming terms of one of the deepest Christian mysteries — had given great offence to many, and there seems to have been a talk of censuring it in Convocation. But this odium theologicum was as nothing compared with the storm of mingled theologic and political rancour which was roused by his conduct at the time of the Revolution. After declining to take the oath of allegiance to the new Sovereign he had been suddenly and most opportunely converted, by the perusal of Bishop Overall's 'Convocation Book,' into an adherent of the existing Government, had been reinstated in his Mastership of the Temple, and ultimately preferred to the Deanery of St. Paul's. South, who had himself conformed, could not with a good grace attack Sherlock for his defence of allegiance to the actually existing sovereign power, though he probably looked upon him with no favourable eye; but the Dean gave him an opening of which he was not slow to avail himself. The Socinian controversy was then active in England, and Sherlock contributed to it 'A Vindication of the Doctrine of the Trinity.' The intention of the work was excellent; to show that there is nothing in the doctrine of the Trinity, duly apprehended, contradictory to right reason. The Dean (who, though little younger than South, belonged to a much more modern school of thought), saw clearly that the retention of the terms of scholastic theology led to constant ambiguities and misapprehensions in an age when men's minds were no longer formed by

* 'Sermons,' II. 493.

* 'Sermons,' II. 496.

scholastic training: it was not well to retain the phrases of Duns and Aquinas in the days of Descartes and Locke. He believed that it would be possible to state the doctrine of the Trinity clearly and unambiguously, without departing from the faith, in terms of the new philosophy. But nothing could be more unfortunate than his attempt at a restatement. His terminology was liable to all the objections which attached to the old scholasticism, while it was extremely doubtful whether it could be reconciled with the universal belief of the Church. His description of the three Persons of the Divine Trinity as 'Three distinct infinite Minds or Spirits,' having 'self-consciousness and mutual-consciousness,' was decried on all hands as tritheistic. Those who disliked Sherlock, and they were many, seized the opportunity to take a fling at the unlucky controversialist. South, in particular, fastened on the book with eager animosity; nowhere do we find more striking specimens of his irony and sarcasm than in the 'Animadversions upon Dr. Sherlock's Book' on the Trinity, 'humbly offered to his admirers, and to himself the chief of them, by a Divine of the Church of England.' This tract was published anonymously, but no one seems to have doubted for an instant that it proceeded from South's pen; many theologians of that day might have supplied the learning and the philosophy, but no other than South could have produced that bright style and vigorous invective. A few years later, it might have passed for Swift's; but Swift was as yet an almost unknown young man. The very first sentences of the preface reveal the animus of the book. 'It had been to be wished,' says the Divine, 'and (one would think) might very reasonably have been expected, that, when Providence had took the work of destroying the Church of England out of the Papists' hands, some would have been contented with her preferences, without either attempting to give up her Rites and Liturgy, or deserting her doctrine. But it has proved much otherwise.* . . . 'I can hardly believe my eyes, while I read such a pettit novellist charging the whole Church as fools and heretics, for not subscribing to a silly heretical notion solely of his own invention.' . . . 'Was it the school, the University, or Gravel Lane, that taught him this language?'† In a word,

* 'Animadversions,' p. 1. Sherlock was not one of the Commissioners for the revision of the Liturgy in 1689, however he may have deserted the doctrine of the Church of England.

† 'Animadversions,' p. 3. Gravel Lane is a narrow street near Bankside; then, and probably now, an academy of bad language.

South devoted all his remarkable powers to the congenial task of demolishing the renegade Dean. He has no difficulty in showing that the Doctor was very ill qualified to become a second Athanasius; that his pet definition was not to be reconciled with the decrees of Councils, the opinions of Fathers, the conclusions of Schoolmen; but he is not content with this. He expresses at every turn his contempt for his opponent; he refuses him his style of 'Very Reverend,' for he says that he neither reverences nor fears him. He is not satisfied with refuting the main position of the book; he stands over it and tears it to pieces with the most hearty good will. He falls foul of the Dean's style, his orthography, the very errors of the press; and it is not a little diverting to find South, of whose manner we have seen some specimens, and who himself writes 'prellemence' and 'wreaking with blood,' rating Sherlock's temper and 'insolent way of writing,' and criticising his 'prosopopea,' 'Quadragesimal,' and 'epithite.'* Nay, he cannot refrain from hinting a doubt of Sherlock's perfect happiness in the society of his somewhat imperious spouse, under the guise of an illustration derived from Socrates and Xanthippe; a kind of allusion which the poor Dean had often to endure.

Sherlock was not, however, so far put to confusion but that he published a 'Defence' against his 'Animadverter,' to which South rejoined (still anonymously) in his 'Tritheism charged upon Dr. Sherlock's new notion of the Trinity,' a work which at any rate proves that its author's style had lost none of its vigour, and which was received with a burst of applause from churchmen of the older school. The lay public took a keen, if sometimes cynical, interest in the discussion; substance and hypostasis, self-consciousness and mutual-consciousness became the talk of the coffee-houses; and the Dean and the Prebendary, with Burnet of the Charter-house (who had just shocked the world by his 'Archæologia'), were hitched into a doggerel rhyme, which hinted that religion, affrighted at so much noise, had taken her flight hence. In the end, this profane bandying about of the fundamental doctrines of our faith was found so far from edifying, that the King himself attempted to put an end to the controversy, by an injunction addressed to the Archbishops and Bishops, to the effect, that no preacher whatsoever, in his sermon or lecture, should presume to deliver any other doctrine concerning the blessed Trinity than what was contained in the Holy Scriptures, and was

* 'Animadversions,' pp. 336, 337, 442.

agreeable to the three Creeds, and the thirty-nine Articles of Religion.* It is difficult to conceive what effect this well-intentioned document could have had, for both the combatants claimed to be in harmony with the mind of the Church; nevertheless, this declaration that contests of this kind were displeasing to those in power does seem to have sufficed to put an end to the outward manifestations of debate. Even after this, however, South could not refrain from a fling at Stillingfleet,† who had inclined to Sherlock's side, and had deprecated these intemperate quarrels of authors.

There remains little more to tell of South's life. He continued to preach at least until the end of the century, but probably his popularity waned as the public taste came to prefer the smoother preachers of the age of Queen Anne. One of the last acts recorded of him is his unwearied solicitation of certain Peers on behalf of Dr. Sacheverell.‡ Almost dying, he was carried in a chair to vote, at an election of High-Steward of Westminster, for the Earl of Arran, brother of the attainted Duke of Ormond.§ He died on the 8th of July, 1716, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. Atterbury was then Dean; Pope had some time before published the 'Essay on Criticism' and the 'Rape of the Lock'; the 'Tatler,' 'Spectator,' and 'Guardian' had found their way into every coffee-house and boudoir; and St. John had thought that Dr. South's stall would be an acceptable piece of preferment for his friend Dr. Swift. Perhaps no period of eighty years had brought a greater change in English literature and English modes of thought than the eighty years of South's life.

South fairly realised his own ideal of the Gospel scribe, as depicted in one of his most famous sermons. As the householder, he says:—

'If a man of substance and sufficiency, of a large stock and as large a mind, will entertain his friends and guests with plenty and variety of provision, answerable to the difference of men's palates, as well as to the difference of the season; not confining them to the same standing common fare, but, as occasion requires, adding something of more cost and rarity besides; so our gospel scribe, or preacher, in the entertainment of his spiritual guests, is not always to set before them only the main substantial of religion, whether for belief or

practice, but as the matter shall require, to add also illustration to the one and enforcement to the other, sometimes persuading, sometimes terrifying; and accordingly addressing himself to the afflicted and desponding with gospel lenitives, and to the hard and obstinate with legal corrosives; and since the relish of all is not the same, he is to apply to the vulgar with plain familiar similitudes, and to the learned with greater choiceness of language and closeness of argument; and, moreover, since every age of the Church more peculiarly needs the clearer discussion of some truth or other, then more particularly doubted of or opposed; therefore to the inculcating the general acknowledged points of Christianity, he is to add something of the controversies, opinions, and vices of the times; otherwise he cannot reach men's minds and inclinations, which are apt to be argued this way or that way, according to different times and occasions; and, consequently, he falls so far short of a good orator, and much more of an accurate preacher.*

This is sound and dignified. We should be greatly mistaken if we were to imagine, from the specimens we have seen of South's wit and irony, that he was a mere pulpit-buffoon. Far from it, he was a man of unusual ability and acquirements, both as a scholar and a theologian. He never lost the flavour of philosophy with which he had been imbued when young at Oxford; he studied divinity thoroughly after the manner of his time, and divinity was then a perfectly definite study. Theological theses were drawn with a precision which an equity-draughtsman might envy, and very few theologians of our day could imitate. Most of the doubts and questionings which tend to give a certain vagueness of outline to the teaching of our own days had in the seventeenth century no existence. Differences of doctrine there were in abundance; but certain premises were assumed on all sides, and the same kind of logical training was—at least in the early part of the century—general throughout Europe. Controversialists could at least understand each other, and oppose argument to argument, syllogism to syllogism. Roman, Anglican, Lutheran, Calvinist, and Socinian divines were mutually intelligible. Their armour might be burdensome, but the combatants met with a fair shock in the lists, and lances were generally broken, even if neither was overthrown. Definiteness is one of the most marked characteristics of the seventeenth-century theology. And South belongs entirely to the early part of the seventeenth century in his theology;

* 'The Scribe Instructed.'—(*Sermons*, II. 67.)

* Given in Cardwell's 'Documentary Annals,' II. 830. Dated Feb. 3, 1695.

† In a Dedication to Narcissus Boyle (1698), Archbishop of Dublin.—(*Sermons*, I. 401.)

‡ 'Posthumous Works,' 137.

§ Ibid., 139.

he has no glimpses of the shadowy world which has opened before men's eyes since the days of Kant and Hegel; in his system, all is hard and firm. He was not probably very learned in the fathers, but he knew thoroughly the principal 'Systems' and 'Loca Theologici' of his time, which resulted from the old scholasticism after it had passed through the alembic of the Reformation. The 'points' of the Romish, Socinian, and Predestinarian controversies, the questions of Church government discussed between Independent, Presbyterian, and Episcopalian, were familiar to him, and his arguments, in a limited range, are clear and cogent. And if we think his expressions against his theological opponents unbecomingly harsh, we must remember, that questions of Church government could not be discussed calmly by men who believed that Presbyterianism had caused the great Rebellion, and Independency the murder of the King, and suspected that the Pope had aided and abetted both. His theology has no doubts; he has no hesitation with regard to his own belief, and as little in condemning his opponents. He was not the man to pay respect, with gentle Henry More, to every man's religion; he felt himself to be in the right, and kept no terms with those who were in the wrong. It was not for him, it was hardly for his age, to see in the earnest mysticism of men like George Fox more than the brain-sick aberrations of a madman. The fanatics of Munster and the sober Independents of England are swept in one universal censure. And, strange as it may seem, this puritan-hating divine was a Predestinarian; or rather, as he would probably have preferred to be called, an Augustinian. True, he taught that 'the universal light which we usually term the light of nature' might also be rightly termed 'the light of the Spirit,' a breadth of doctrine certainly much beyond popular Calvinism; yet, he clearly taught that the workings of the Spirit for the conversion of sinners 'are not resistible, inasmuch as they take away our resistance;' the 'effectual converting power . . . in its addresses to the soul is irresistible; it does not persuade, but overpower,'* and this irresistible force of divine grace was the very turning-point of the contest between Calvinists and Arminians. Moreover, he rarely speaks with respect of the Dutch divines who followed Arminius, while he classes Calvin, in spite of his republican opinions, with Erasmus, Melancthon, Politian, and Budæus, as one

of the restorers of 'polite learning.'* He was thoroughly anti-Pelagian; but he was very much more conscious of the deep mystery which veils the working of God's will on man's will than most of his contemporaries.

And he was a sound and careful scholar of the ante-Bentleian school. He read his Greek Testament to much more purpose than most of the divines between his time and our own; and he discusses difficult passages with constant reference to the original text, with a thorough knowledge of the standard authorities of his time, and with unfailing good sense. Hence we never find him, like too many of his contemporaries, preaching on texts which have no relation to the subject in hand, or misled by an ambiguous word in the English translation. Or if he does occasionally take a text which is a mere motto, he frankly admits that he refers it to his subject by 'accommodation.' With his somewhat hard and realistic mind, he hated the far-fetched expositions of Scripture in which some of his contemporaries so much delighted; for himself, he did not profess to 'wire-draw the sense of a place,' so as to make it speak whatever he pleased; 'as some who can interpret Scripture, as if the whole Book of God was only to tell things transacted in England and Scotland, so that there cannot be so much as a house fired, or a leg broken, but they can find it in Daniel or the Revelations.'† Was there, he asks, in a sermon on the martyrdom of King Charles I., anything in the whole Book of God to warrant the rebellion? 'Why, yes: Daniel dreamed a dream, and there is also something in the Revelations concerning a Beast, and a little Horn, and a fifth Vial, and therefore the King ought undoubtedly to die; but if neither you nor I can gather so much from these places, they will tell us it is because we are not inwardly enlightened. But others more knowing, but not less wicked, insist not so much on the warrant of it from Scripture, but plead providential dispensations;'‡ the latter, be it observed, a favourite plea with some divines who had sworn allegiance to William and Mary. § If the apocalyptic divines of those days were more absurd than Dr. Cumming, South was a keener censor than any modern critic.

* Ibid., II. 331.

† 'Sermons,' IV. 491.

‡ Ibid., 602.

§ Dryden alludes to it in the 'Character of a Good Person,' who is clearly a non-juror:—

'Conquest, an odious name, was laid aside,
Where all submitted, none the battle tried.
The senseless plea of *right by Providence*
Was by a flattering priest invented since.'

* 'Sermons,' IV. 452, 460.

In his earlier days, casuistic questions were discussed with an eagerness and a subtlety never known in England since; Jeremy Taylor's 'Ductor Dubitantium,' and Baxter's 'Christian Directory' are well-known instances of a class of works numerous in the seventeenth century. It is evident that moral problems had a great charm for South. He preached frequently on the subject of conscience, and questions of morality are often discussed in sermons of which conscience is not the leading subject. But his plain directness of intellect, and sound moral sense, saved him from the hair-splitting distinctions and quibbling evasions which were too common in his time. Pascal himself had not a more decided abhorrence for the ingenious immoralities of the Jesuit moralists. * Like Chaucer's 'Poore Persone' he 'maked him no spiced conscience,' but hated all attempts to make 'black not so black, nor white so very white.' Nor did he less abhor the ungodly theology of the fanatics, which removed acts from the region of morality altogether. To 'persuade a man that a regenerate person may cheat, and lie, steal, murder and rebel, by way of infirmity, . . . without any danger of damnation,' is indeed (as he says) 'a direct manuduction to all kinds of sin,' † and probably South had seen glaring instances of Antinomian licentiousness.

As to South's political opinions, it is hardly necessary to say that he was a firm and consistent advocate of 'passive obedience,' and a vehement hater of all republicans and their opinions. He preached repeatedly on the anniversary of King Charles I.'s death, and always bestows on the Royal Martyr praise as high as could be given to the greatest of the saints. And, with him, the obedience which subjects owed their sovereign was without condition or limit. Nothing can exceed his indignation against men like Knox and Buchanan, Pareus, and Grotius, if they maintain that any violence on the part of the sovereign, any wrong even to religion, can justify resistance on the part of the subject. ‡ His principal quarrel with the Westminster Confession is that it inculcates only a conditional obedience to the sovereign; Milton is never mentioned but as the 'blind adder who has spit so much poison on the King's person and cause,' § and who 'was so bold as to absolve the subject from

his allegiance.' * And, so far as we know, he acted up to his principles. He never encouraged resistance to the actual sovereign; we do not read of his engaging in any of the Jacobite plots, in which so many clergymen were involved. Even to King William he appears to have been a faithful, if not a very loving subject. He was, in short, one of the most 'conservative' of the old cavaliers; new things pleased him not; he would none of the 'new philosophy,' whether of mind or matter; Descartes, the great master of thought in modern Europe, is (we think) only once mentioned by him, and then simply as an ethical philosopher; the Royal Society, which, while South was yet a young man, numbered Newton among its members, is never mentioned without a sneer; the Church, he says, 'is a Royal Society for settling old things, not for finding out new.' † We do not recollect any allusion to the subject, but it is extremely probable that he ignored Newton's great discovery, if not the Copernican system, to the day of his death.

But if he loved old principles and old thoughts, his style is redolent of the life of his own time. If he does indeed imitate any models, his models are found in the Roman classics, not in preceding writers of English. For in English he had no predecessor; his style is his own, made for his own purposes, and used with consummate art and vigour. He lived at an age when the stately periodic style, of which Hooker furnishes us with the noblest example, was passing away, and the lighter and easier manner of a more restless generation was coming in, while men yet retained a sense of the true value of words and their distinctions in meaning, which another generation somewhat wore away. South's was, in fact, perhaps the raciest period of English style; at least two of the greatest masters of English prose, Dryden and Locke, were his school-fellows, and many others whose names posterity will not willingly let die were his contemporaries. We have seen some specimens of his lighter style, his rapid turns, his pungent allusions, his flashing scorn. But these give an inadequate conception of his powers; he could treat nobler themes in a worthy manner. For instance, in the famous sermon on 'Man made in the Image of God' are passages not surpassed by the greatest masters of English eloquence. Take his description of the state of Adam in Paradise, which, though condemned by Coleridge

* 'The Nature and Measures of Conscience.' — (Sermons, I. 367.)

† 'Of taking Pleasure in other Men's Sins.' — (Sermons, I. 292.)

‡ 'Sermons,' iv. 200 ff.; 367.

§ Ibid., iv. 502.

* Ibid., 262.

† 'Sermons,' I. 206.

as 'rabbinical dotage,'* is certainly a noble specimen of fine fancy and vigorous expression : —

'Adam . . . came into the world a philosopher, which sufficiently appeared by his writing the nature of things upon their names; he could view essences in themselves, and read forms without the comment of their respective properties; he could see consequents yet dormant in their principles, and effects yet unborn and in the womb of their causes; his understanding could almost pierce into future contingents; his conjectures improving even to prophecy, or the certainties of prediction; till his fall it was ignorant of nothing but of sin, or at least it rested in the notion, without the smart of the experiment. Could any difficulty have been proposed the resolution would have been as early as the proposal: it could not have time to settle into doubt.

'Like a better Archimedes, the issue of all his inquiries was *εὑρηκα*, a *εὑρηκα* the offspring of his brain without the sweat of his brow. Study was not then a duty, night-watchings were needless, the light of reason wanted not the assistance of a candle. This is the doom of fallen man, to labour in the fire, to seek truth in *profundo*, to exhaust his time and impair his health, and perhaps to spin out his days and himself into one pitiful, controverted conclusion. There was then no poring, no struggling with memory, no straining for invention; his faculties were quick and expeditious; they answered without knocking, they were ready upon the first summons, there was freedom and firmness in all their operations. I confess it is difficult for us, who date our ignorance from our first being, and were still bred up with the same infirmities about us with which we were born, to raise our thoughts and imaginations to those intellectual perfections that attended our nature in the time of innocence, as it is for a peasant bred up in the obscurities of a cottage, to fancy in his mind the unseen splendours of a court. But by rating positives by their privatives, and other arts of reason by which discourse supplies the want of the reports of sense, we may collect the excellency of the understanding then, by the glorious remainders of it now, and guess at the stateliness of the building by the magnificence of its ruins. All those arts, rarities, and inventions which vulgar minds gaze at, the ingenious pursue, and all admire, are but the relics of an intellect defaced with sin and time. We admire it now only as antiquaries do a piece of old coin for the stamp it once bore, and not for those vanishing lineaments and disappearing draughts that remain upon it at present. And certainly

that must needs have been very glorious, the decays of which are so admirable. He that is comely when old and decrepid, surely was very beautiful when he was young. An Aristotle was but the rubbish of an Adam, and Athens but the rudiments of Paradise.'*

Many other passages show a mastery over the diction of more severe eloquence very remarkable in one who was hardly inferior to Swift himself in the use of homely words for the purpose of ridicule or invective. Sometimes, in his higher mood, South reminds us of Bossuet; there is the same positiveness of mind, the same powerful wielding of the language of indignation or scorn: the same skill in setting off his own case in attractive colours, while he weakens that of his adversary. But he lacks Bossuet's persuasive art; he is very inferior to him in range of thought, and he is entirely destitute of the tender mysticism which we find in Bossuet, and which underlies, indeed, his most vigorous declamation. If Bossuet is not unfitly compared to an eagle, South must be content to be a falcon, though a falcon of keen eye and vigorous flight. There is something in his manly English temper and unhesitating decision which we cannot help liking, even while we disapprove his hardness; we can well believe that he was a genial and kindly companion, though he could not resist the temptation of saying sharp things; and we take leave of him with the impression that we have been in the company of a wit, a scholar, and a theologian whose abilities, in his own line, cannot easily be surpassed.

Sir Hilary charged at Agincourt;

Sooth! 'twas an awful day!

And tho' in that old age of sport,
The rufflers of the camp and court

Had little time to pray,

'Tis said Sir Hilary muttered there
Two syllables by word of prayer;

My first, to all the brave and proud

Who see to-morrow's sun:

My next, with her cold and quiet cloud

To those who find their dewy shroud

Before to-day's be done;

And both together to all blue eyes

That weep when a warrior nobly dies!

On Miss Mitford's authority; Answer "Good night."

* 'Sermons,' l. 24, 25.

* 'Aids to Reflection,' 'Spiritual Religion,' Aphorism X., p. 236 (ed. 1854). It is worth noticing, that South by no means countenances Coleridge's use of the words 'Reason' and 'Understanding.'

CHAPTER XL.

"A RECEPTION" AT ROME.

IT was the night of the Countess Balderoni's weekly reception, and the servants had just lighted up the handsome suite of rooms and disposed the furniture in fitting order, when the Countess and Lady Augusta Bramleigh entered to take a passing look at the apartment before the arrival of the guests.

"It is so nice," said Lady Augusta, in her peculiar languid way, "to live in a country where the people are civilized enough to meet for intercourse without being fed, or danced, or fiddled for. Now, I tried this in London; but it was a complete failure. If you tell English people you are 'at home' every Tuesday or every Thursday evening, they will make a party some particular night and storm your salons in hundreds, and you'll be left with three or four visitors for the remainder of the season. Isn't that so?"

"I suspect it is. But you see how they fall into our ways here; and if they do not adopt them at home, there may be something in the climate or the hours which forbids it."

"No, cara; it is simply their dogged material spirit, which says, 'We go out for a *dejeuné*, or a dinner, or a ball.' There must be a substantial programme of a something to be eaten or to be done. I declare I believe I detest our people."

"How are you, then, to live amongst them?"

"I don't mean it. I shall not go back. If I grow weary of Europe, I'll try Egypt, or I'll go live at Lebanon. Do you know, since I saw Lear's picture of the cedars, I have been dying to live there. It would be so delightful to lie under the great shade of those glorious trees, with one's 'barb' standing saddled near, and groups of Arabs in their white burnouses scattered about. What's this? Here's a note for you."

The Countess took the note from the servant, and ran her eyes hurriedly over it. "This is impossible," murmured she, "quite impossible. Only think, Gusta, here is the French Secretary of Legation, Baron de Limayrac, asking my permission to present to me no less a person than Monsieur de Pracontal."

"Do you mean the Pracontal — the Pretender himself?"

"Of course. It can be no other. Can you imagine anything so outrageously in bad

taste. Limayrac must know who this man is, what claims he is putting forward, who he assumes to be; and yet he proposes to present him here. Of course I shall refuse him."

"No, cara, nothing of the kind. Receive him by all means. You or I have nothing to do with law or lawyers — he does not come here to prosecute his suit. On the contrary, I accept his wish to make our acquaintance as an evidence of a true gentlemanlike instinct; and, besides, I am most eager to see him."

"Remember, Gusta, the Culduffs are coming here, and they will regard this as a studied insult. I think I should feel it such myself in their place."

"I don't think they could. I am certain they ought not. Does any one believe that every person in a room with four or five hundred is his dear friend, devoted to him, and dying to serve him? If you do not actually throw these people together, how are they more in contact in your salon than in the Piazza del Popolo?"

"This note is in pencil, too," she went on. "I suppose it was written here. Where is the Baron de Limayrac?"

"In his carriage, my lady, at the door."

"You see, dearest, you cannot help admitting him."

The Countess had but time to say a few hurried words to the servant, when the doors were thrown open, and the company began to pour in. Arrivals followed each other in rapid succession, and names of every country in Europe were announced, as their titled owners — soldiers, statesmen, cardinals, or ministers — poured in, and "grandes dames," in all the plenitude of splendid toilette, sailed proudly on, glittering with jewels and filmy in costly lace.

While the Countess Balderoni was exchanging salutations with a distinguished guest, the Baron de Limayrac stood respectfully, waiting his time to be recognized.

"My friend, Count Pracontal, madame," said he, presenting the stranger, and, though a most frigid bow from the hostess acknowledged the presentation, Pracontal's easy assurance remained unabashed, and, with the coolest imaginable air, he begged he might have the great honour of being presented to Lady Augusta Bramleigh.

Lady Augusta, not waiting for her sister's intervention, at once accepted the speech as addressed to herself, and spoke to him with much courtesy.

"You are new to Rome, I believe?" said she.

"Years ago I was here; but not in the society. I knew only the artists, and that Bohemian class who live with artists," said he, quite easily. "Perhaps I might have the same difficulty still, but Baron de Limayrac and I served together in Africa, and he has been kind enough to present me to some of his friends."

The unaffected tone and the air of good-breeding with which these few words were uttered, went far to conciliate Lady Augusta in his favour; and after some further talk together she left him, promising, at some later period of the evening, to rejoin him and tell him something of the people who were there.

"Do you know, cara, that he is downright charming?" whispered she to her sister as they walked together through the rooms. "Of course I mean Pracontal. He is very witty, and not in the least ill-natured. I'm so sorry the Culduffs have not come. I'd have given anything to present Pracontal to his cousin — if she be his cousin. Oh, here they are; and isn't she splendid in pearls?"

Lord and Lady Culduff moved up the salon as might a prince and princess royal, acknowledging blandly, but condescendingly, the salutations that met them. Knowing and known to every one, they distributed the little graceful greetings with that graduated benignity great people, or would-be great people — for they are more alike than is generally believed, — so well understand.

Although Lady Augusta and Lady Culduff had exchanged cards, they had not yet met at Rome, and now, as the proud peer moved along triumphant in the homage rendered to his own claims and to his wife's beauty, Lady Augusta stepped quietly forward, and in a tone familiarly easy said, "Oh, we've met at last, Marion. Pray make me known to Lord Culduff." In the little act of recognition which now passed between these two people, an acute observer might have detected something almost bordering on freemasonry. They were of the same "order," and, though the circumstances under which they met left much to explain, there was that between them which plainly said, "*We* at least play on 'the square' with each other. *We* are within the pale, and scores of little misunderstandings that might serve to separate or estrange meaner folk, with us can wait for their explanations." They chatted away pleasantly for some minutes over the Lord Georges and Lady Georginas of their acquaintance, and reminded each other of little traits of

this one's health or that one's temper, as though of these was that world they belonged to made up and fashioned. And all this while Marion stood by mute and pale with anger, for she knew well how Lady Augusta was intentionally dwelling on a theme she could have no part in. It was with a marked change of manner, so marked as to imply a sudden rush of consciousness, that Lady Augusta, turning to her, said, —

"And how do you like Rome?"

A faint motion of the eyelids, and a half-gesture with the shoulders, seeming to express something like indifference, was the reply.

"I believe all English begin in that way. It is a place to grow into — its ways, its hours, its topics are all its own."

"I call it charming," said Lord Culduff, who felt appealed to.

"If you stand long on the brink here," resumed she, "like a timid bather, you'll not have courage to plunge in. You must go at it at once, for there are scores of things will scare you, if you only let them."

Marion stood impassive and fixed, as though she heard but did not heed what was said, while Lord Culduff smiled his approval and nodded his assent in most urbane fashion.

"What if you came and dined here to-morrow, Marion? My sister is wonderfully 'well up' in the place. I warn you as to her execrable dinner; for her cook is Italian, *pur sang*, and will poison you with his national dishes; but we'll be *en petit comité*."

"I think we have something for to-morrow," said Marion, coldly, and looking to Lord Culduff.

"To-morrow — Thursday, Thursday?" said he, hesitating. "I can't remember any engagement for Thursday."

"There is something, I'm sure," said Marion, in the same cold tone.

"Then let it be for Friday, and you'll meet my brother-in-law; it's the only day he ever dines at home in the week."

Lord Culduff bowed an assent, and Marion muttered something that possibly meant acquiescence.

"I've made a little dinner for you for Friday," said Lady Augusta to her sister. "The Culduffs and Monsignore Batti — that, with Tonino and ourselves, will be six; and I'll think of another; we can't be an even number. Marion is heart-broken about coming; indeed, I'm not sure we shall see her after all."

"Are we so very terrible then?" asked the Countess.

"Not *you*, dearest; it is *I* am the dreadful one. I took that old fop a canter into the Peerage, and he was so delighted to escape from Bramleighaia, that he looked softly into my eyes, and held my hand so unnecessarily long, that she became actually sick with anger. Now I'm resolved that the old lord shall be one of my adorers."

"Oh, Gusta!"

"Yes. I say it calmly and advisedly; that young woman must be taught better manners than to pat the ground impatiently with her foot and to toss her head away when one is talking to her husband. Oh, there's that poor Count Pracontal waiting for me, and looking so piteously at me; I forgot I promised to take him a tour through the rooms, and tell him who everybody is."

The company began to thin off soon after midnight, and by one o'clock the Countess and her sister found themselves standing by a fireplace in a deserted salon, while the servants passed to and fro extinguishing the lights.

"Who was that you took leave of with such emphatic courtesy a few minutes ago?" asked Lady Augusta, as she leaned on the chimney-piece.

"Don't you know; don't you remember him?"

"Not in the least."

"It was Mr. Temple Bramleigh."

"What, mon fils Temple! Why didn't he come and speak to me?"

"He said he had been in search of you all the evening, and even asked me to find you out."

"These Seigné curls do that; no one knows me. Monsignore said he thought I was a younger sister just come out, and was going to warn me of the dangerous rivalry. And that was Temple? His little bit of moustache improves him. I suppose they call him good-looking?"

"Very handsome — actually handsome."

"Oh, dear!" sighed the other, wearily; "one likes these gatherings, but it's always pleasant when they're over; don't you find that?" And not meeting a reply, she went on: "That tiresome man, Sir Marcus Cluff, made a descent upon me, to talk of — what do you think? — the church at Albano. It seems our parson there has nothing to live on during the winter months, and he is expected to be alive and cheery when spring comes round; and Sir Marcus says, that though seals do this, it's not so easy for a curate; and so I said, 'Why doesn't he join

the other army? There's a cardinal yonder will take him into his regiment;' and Sir Marcus couldn't stand this, and left me." She paused, and seemed lost in a deep reverie, and then half murmured rather than said, "What a nice touch he has on the piano; so light and so liquid withal."

"Sir Marcus, do you mean?"

"Of course I don't," said she, pettishly. "I'm talking of Pracontal. I'm sure he sings — he says not, or only for himself; and so I told him he must sing for *me*, and he replied, 'Willingly, for I shall then be beside myself with happiness.' Just fancy a Frenchman trying to say a smart thing in English. I wonder what the Cuduffs will think of him?"

"Are they likely to have an opportunity for an opinion?"

"Most certainly they are. I have asked him for Friday. He will be the seventh at our little dinner."

"Not possible, Gusta! You couldn't have done this!"

"I have, I give you my word. Is there any reason why I shouldn't?"

"All the reason in the world. You ask your relatives to a little dinner, which implies extreme intimacy and familiarity; and you invite to meet them a man, whom by every sentiment of self-interest, they must abhor."

"Cara mia, I can't listen to such a vulgar argument. M. de Pracontal has charming personal qualities. I chatted about an hour with him, and he is delightfully amusing; he'll no more obtrude his claims or his pretensions than Lord Cuduff will speak of his fifty years of diplomatic service. There is no more perfect triumph of good-breeding than when it enables us to enjoy each other's society irrespective of scores of little personal accidents, political estrangements, and the like; and to show you that I have not been the inconsiderate creature you think me, I actually did ask Pracontal if he thought that meeting the Cuduffs would be awkward or unpleasant for him, and he said he was overjoyed at the thought; that I could not have done him a favour he would prize more highly."

"He, of course, is very vain of the distinction. It is an honour he never could have so much as dreamed of."

"I don't know that. I half suspect he is a gentleman who does not take a depreciatory estimate of either himself or his prospects."

"At all events, Gusta, there shall be no ambuscade in the matter, that I'm determined on. The Cuduffs shall know whom

they are to meet. I'll write a note to them before I sleep."

"How angry you are for a mere nothing. Do you imagine that the people who sit round a dinner-table have sworn vows of eternal friendship before the soup?"

"You are too provoking, too thoughtless," said the other, with much asperity of voice, and taking up her gloves and her fan from the chimney-piece, she moved rapidly away and left the room.

CHAPTER XLI.

SOME "SALON DIPLOMACIES."

LORD CULDUFF, attired in a very gorgeous dressing-gown, and a cap whose gold tassel hung down below his ear, was seated at a writing-table, every detail of whose appliances was an object of art. From a little golden censer at his side a light blue smoke curled, that diffused a delicious perfume through the room; for the noble lord held it, that these adventitious aids invariably penetrated through the sterner material of thought, and relieved by their graceful influence the more laboured efforts of the intellect.

He had that morning been preparing a very careful confidential despatch; he meant it to be a state paper. It was a favourite theory of his, that the Pope might be "exploité,"—and his own phrase must be employed to express his meaning,—that is, that for certain advantages, not very easily defined, nor intelligible at first blush, the Holy Father might be most profitably employed in governing Ireland. The Pope, in fact, in return for certain things which he did not want, and which we could not give him if he did, was to do for us a number of things perfectly impossible, and just as valueless had they been possible. The whole was a grand dissolving view of a millennial Ireland, with all the inhabitants dressed in green broadcloth; singing "God save the Queen;" while the Pope and the Sacred College were to be in ecstasy over some imaginary concessions of the British Government, and as happy over these supposed benefits as an Indian tribe over a present of glass beads from Birmingham.

The noble diplomatist had just turned a very pretty phrase on the peculiar nature of the priest;—his one-sided view of life, his natural credulity, nurtured by church observances, his easily satisfied greed, arising from the limited nature of his ambitions, and, lastly, the simplicity of character engendered by

the want of those relations of the family which suggest acute study of moral traits, uncompensated by habits of a more reflective kind. Rising above the dialectics of the "office," he had soared into the style of the essayist. It was to be one of those despatches which F. O. prints in blue-books, and proudly points to, to show that her sons are as distinguished in letters as they are dexterous in the conduct of negotiations. He had just read aloud a very high-sounding sentence, when Mr. Temple Bramleigh entered, and in that nicely subdued voice which private-secretaryship teaches, said, "Mr. Cutbill is below, my lord; will you see him?"

"On no account! The porter has been warned not to admit him, on pain of dismissal. See to it, that I am not intruded on by this man."

"He has managed to get in somehow—he is in my room this moment."

"Get rid of him, then, as best you can. I can only repeat that here he shall not come."

"I think, on the whole, it might be as well to see him: a few minutes would suffice," said Temple, timidly.

"And why, sir, may I ask, am I to be outraged by this man's vulgar presence, even for a few minutes? A few minutes of unmitigated rudeness is an eternity of endurance!"

"He threatens a statement in print; he has a letter ready for *The Times*," muttered Temple.

"This is what we have come to in England. In our stupid worship of what we call public opinion, we have raised up the most despotic tribunal that ever decided a human destiny. I declare solemnly, I'd almost as soon be an American. I vow to heaven that, with the threat of Printing-House Square over me, I don't see how much worse I had been if born in Kansas or Ohio!"

"It is a regular statement of the Lisconnor Mine, drawn up for the money article, and if only a tithe of it be true"—

"Why should it be true, sir?" cried the noble lord, in a tone that was almost a scream. "The public does not want truth,—what they want is a scandal—a libellous slander on men of rank; men of note like myself. The vulgar world is never so happy as when it assumes to cancel great public services by some contemptible private scandal. Lord Culduff has checkmated the Russian Ambassador. I know that, but Moses has three acceptances of his protested for non-payment. Lord Culduff has outwit-

ted the Tuileries. — Why doesn't he pay his bootmaker? That's their chanson, sir, — that's the burden of their low vulgar song. As if I, and men of my stamp, were amenable to every petty rule and miserable criticism that applies to a clerk in Somerset House. They exact from us the services of a giant, and then would reduce us to their own dwarfish standard, whenever there is question of a moral estimate."

He walked to and fro as he spoke, his excitement increasing at every word, the veins in his forehead swelling and the angles of his mouth twitching with a spasmodic motion. "There, sir," cried he, with a wave of his hand; "let there be no more mention of this man. I shall want to see a draft of the educational project, as soon as it is completed. That will do," and with this he dismissed him.

No sooner was the door closed on his departure, than Lord Cuduff poured some scented water into a small silver ewer, and proceeded to bathe his eyes and temples, and then, sitting down before a little mirror, he smoothed his eyebrows, and patiently disposed the straggling hairs into line. "Who's there? come in," cried he, impatiently, as a tap was heard at the door, and Mr. Cutbill entered with the bold and assured look of a man determined on an insolence.

"So, my lord, your servants have got orders not to admit me — the door is to be shut against me!" said he, walking boldly forward and staring fiercely at the other's face.

"Quite true, however you came to know it," said Cuduff, with a smile of the easiest, pleasantest expression imaginable. "I told Temple Bramleigh this morning to give the orders you speak of. I said it in these words: — Cutbill got in here a couple of days ago, when I was in the middle of a despatch, and we got talking of this that and t'other, and the end was, I never could take up the clue of what I had been writing. A bore interrupts, but does not distract you; a clever man is sure, by his suggestiveness, to lead you away to other realms of thought: and so I said, a strict quarantine against two people — I'll neither see Antonelli nor Cutbill."

It was a bold shot, and few men would have had courage for such effrontery; but Lord Cuduff could do these things with an air of such seeming candour and naturalness, nothing less than a police-agent could have questioned its sincerity.

Had a man of his own rank in life "tried it on" in this fashion, Cutbill would have

detected the impudent fraud at once. It was the superb dignity, the consummate courtesy of this noble viscount, aided by every appliance of taste and luxury around him, that assured success here."

"Take that chair, Cutbill, and try a cheroot — I know you like a cheroot. And now for a pleasant gossip; for I will give myself a holiday this morning."

"I am really afraid I interrupt you," began Cutbill.

"You do; I won't affect to deny it. You squash that despatch yonder as effectually as if you threw the ink bottle over it. When once I get to talk with a man like you, I can't go back to the desk again. Don't you know it yourself? Haven't you felt it scores of times? The stupid man is got rid of just as readily as you throw a pebble out of your shoe; it is your clever fellow that pricks you like a nail."

"I'm sorry, my lord, you should feel me so painfully," said Cutbill, laughing, but with an expression that showed how the flattery had touched him.

"You don't know what a scrape I've got into about you."

"About me?"

"Yes. My lady heard you were here the other morning, and gave me a regular scolding for not having sent to tell her. You know you were old friends in Ireland."

"I scarcely ventured to hope her ladyship would remember me."

"What! Not remember your admirable imitations of the speakers in the House? — your charming songs that you struck off with such facility — the very best impromptus I ever heard. And, mark you, Cutbill, I knew Theodore Hook intimately, — I mean, difference of age and such-like considered, for I was a boy at the time, — and I say it advisedly, you are better than Hook."

"Oh, my lord, this is great flattery!"

"Hook was uncertain, too. He was what the French call *journalier*. Now that you are not."

Cutbill smiled, for, though he did not in the least know the quality ascribed to him, he was sure it was complimentary, and was satisfied.

"Then there was another point of difference between you. Hook was a snob. He had the uneasy consciousness of social inferiority, which continually drove him to undue familiarities. Now, I will say, I never met a man so free from this as yourself. I have made a positive study of you, Cutbill, and I protest I think, as regards tact, you are unrivalled."

"I can only say, my lord, that I never knew it."

"After all," said Lord Culduff, rising and standing with his back to the fire, while, dropping his eyelids, he seemed to fall into a reflective vein — "After all, this, as regards worldly success, is the master quality. You may have every gift, and every talent, and every grace, and, wanting 'tact,' they are all but valueless."

Cutbill was silent. He was too much afraid to risk his newly acquired reputation by the utterance of even a word.

"How do you like Rome?" asked his lordship, abruptly.

"I can scarcely say; I've seen very little of it. I know nobody; and, on the whole, I find time hang heavily enough on me."

"But you *must* know people, Cutbill; you must go out. The place has its amusing side; it's not like what we have at home. There's another tone, another style; there is less concentration, so to say, but there's more 'finesse.'"

Cutbill nodded, as though he followed and assented to this.

"Where the priest enters, as such a considerable element of society, there is always a keener study of character than elsewhere. In other places you ask, What a man does? here you inquire, Why he does it?"

Cutbill nodded again.

"The women, too, catch up the light delicate touch which the churchmen are such adepts in; and conversation is generally neater than elsewhere. In a fortnight or ten days hence, you'll see this all yourself. How are you for Italian? Do you speak it well?"

"Not a word, my lord."

"Never mind. French will do perfectly. I declare I think we all owe a debt of gratitude to the First Empire for having given us a language common to all Europe. Neither cooking nor good manners could go on without it, and apropos of cooking, when will you dine here? They are good enough to say here that my cook is the best in Rome. When will you let me have your verdict on him?"

Cutbill felt all the awkwardness that is commonly experienced when a man is asked to be his own inviter.

"To-day," continued Lord Culduff, "we dine at the Duc de Rignano's; to-morrow, we have promised Lady Augusta; Friday, we are engaged to the Russian Minister; and Saturday, I believe Saturday is free. Shall we say Saturday, Cutbill — eight for half-past? Now, don't fail us. We shall

have a few people in the evening, so make no other engagement. By-by."

Cutbill muttered out his acceptance, and retired, half delighted with his success, and half distrustful as to whether he had done what he had come to do, or whether, in not approaching the subject, he had not earned a stronger claim to the possession of that "tact" which his lordship had so much admired in him.

"I'm sure he's an old fox; but he's wonderfully agreeable," muttered he, as he descended the stairs. It was only as he turned into the Piazza di Spagna, and saw L'Estrange standing looking in at a print-shop, that he remembered how he had left the curate to wait for him, while he made his visit.

"I'm afraid, from your look," said L'Estrange, "that you have no very good news for me. Am I right?"

"Well," said the other, in some confusion, "I won't say that I have anything one could call exactly reassuring to tell."

"Did he suffer you to go into the question fully? Did he show a disposition to treat the matter with any consideration?"

Cutbill shook his head. The consciousness that he had done nothing, had not even broached the subject for which his visit was ostensibly made, overwhelmed him with shame; and he had not the courage to avow how he had neglected the trust committed to him.

"Don't mince matters with me, for the sake of sparing me," continued L'Estrange. "I never closed my eyes last night, thinking over it all; and you can't lower me in my own esteem below what I now feel. Out with it, then, and let me hear the worst, if I must hear it."

"You must have a little patience. Things are not always so bad as they look. I'm to have another interview; and though I won't go so far as to bid you hope, I'd be sorry to say despair. I'm to see him again on Saturday."

"Two more days and nights of anxiety and waiting! but I suppose I deserve it all, and worse. It was in a spirit of 'greed' — ay, of gambling — that I made this venture; and if the punishment could fall on myself alone, I deserve it all."

"Come, come, don't take on in that fashion; never say die. When do the Bramleighs arrive? — don't you expect them this week?"

"They promised to eat their Christmas dinner with us; but shall we have one to give them? You know, I suppose, how

matters have gone at Albino? The church patrons have quarrelled, and each has withdrawn his name. No: Mrs. Trumpler remains, and she has drawn out a new code of her own—a thirty-nine articles of her own devising, which I must subscribe, or forfeit her support. The great feature of it all is, that the Bible is never to be quoted except to disprove it; so that what a man lacks in scholarship, he may make up in scepticism.”

“And do you take to that?”

“Not exactly; and in consequence I have resigned my chaplaincy, and this morning I received a notice to vacate my house by the last day of the year, and go—I don’t think it was suggested where to in particular—but here comes my sister—let us talk of something else.”

“Oh, George,” cried she, “I have got you such a nice warm coat for your visiting in the cold weather. Will you promise me to wear it, though you will look like a bear? How d’ye do, Mr. Cutbill?”

“I’m bobbish, miss, thank you. And you?”

“I don’t exactly know if I’m bobbish, but I’m certainly in good spirits, for I have heard from some very dear friends, who are on their way to see and spend the Christmas with us.”

L’Estrange turned a sudden glance on Cutbill. It was a mere glance, but it said more than words, and was so inexpressibly sad besides, that the other muttered a hurried good-by and left them.

CHAPTER XLII.

A LONG TETE-À-TETE.

PRACONTAL and Longworth sat at breakfast at Freytag’s Hotel at Rome. They were splendidly lodged, and the table was spread with all the luxury and abundance which are usually displayed where well-paying guests are treated by wise innkeepers. Fruit and flowers decorated the board, arranged as a painter’s eye might have suggested, and nothing was wanting that could gratify the sense of sight or tempt the palate.

“After all,” said Longworth, “your songwriter blundered when he wrote ‘l’amour.’ It is l’argent that ‘makes the world go round.’ Look at that table, and say what sunshine the morning breaks with when one doesn’t fret about the bill.”

“You are right, O Philip,” said the other. “Let people say what they may,

men love those who spend money. See what a popularity follows the Empire in France, and what is its chief claim? Just what you said a moment back. It never frets about the bill. Contrast the splendor of such a Government with the mean mercantile spirit of your British Parliament, higgling over contracts and cutting down clerk’s salaries, as though the nation were glorified when its servants wore broken boots and patched pantaloons.”

“The world needs spendthrifts as it needs tornadoes. The whirlwind purifies even as it devastates.”

“How grand you are at an aphorism, Philip. You have all the pomp of the pulpit when you deliver a mere platitude.”

“To a Frenchman, everything is a platitude that is not a paradox.”

“Go on, your vein is wonderful this morning.”

“A Frenchman is the travestie of human nature; every sentiment of his is the parody of what it ought to be. He is grave over trifles, and evokes mirth out of the deepest melancholy; he takes sweet wine with his oysters and when the post has brought him letters that may actually decide his destiny, he throws them aside to read a critique on the last ballet, or revive his recollections of its delight by gazing on a coloured print of the ballerina.”

“I am getting tired of the Gitana,” said Pracontal, throwing the picture from him; “hand me the chocolate. As to the letters, I have kept them for you to read, for although I know your sputtering, splashing, hissing language for all purposes of talk, its law jargon is quite beyond me.”

“Your lawyer—so far as I have seen—is most careful in his avoidance of technicals with you; he writes clearly and succinctly.”

“Break open that great packet, and tell me about its clear and distinct contents.”

“I said succinct, not distinct. O man of many mistakes. This is from Kelson himself, and contains an enclosure.” He broke the seal as he spoke, and read,—

“DEAR SIR,—I am exceedingly distressed to be obliged to inform you that the arrangement which, in my last letter, I had understood to be finally and satisfactorily concluded between myself, on your part, and Mr. Sedley, of Furnival’s Inn, on the part of Mr. Bramleigh, is now rescinded and broken, Mr. Bramleigh having entered a formal protest, denying all concurrence or approval, and in evidence of his dissent has actually given notice of action against his

solicitor, for unauthorized procedure. / The bills therefore drawn by you I herewith return as no longer negotiable. I am forced to express not only my surprise, but my indignation, at the mode in which we have been treated in this transaction. Awaiting your instructions as to what step you will deem it advisable to take next,

"I am, dear sir, your obedient servant,

"J. KELSON."

"This is a bad affair," said Longworth. "That twenty thousand that you thought to have lived on for two years, astonishing the vulgar world, like some Count of Monte Christo, has proved a dissolving view, and there you sit a candidate for one of the Pope's prisons, which, if accounts speak truly, are about the vilest dens of squalor and misery in Europe."

"Put a lump of ice in my glass, and fill it up with champagne. It was only yesterday I was thinking whether I'd not have myself christened Esau, and it is such a relief to me now to feel that I need not. Monsieur Le Comte Pracontal de Bramleigh, I have the honour to drink your health." As he spoke he drained his glass, and held it out to be refilled.

"No; I'll give you no more wine. You'll need all the calm and consideration you can command to answer this letter, which requires prompt reply. And as to Esau, my friend, the parallel scarcely holds, for when he negotiated the sale of his reversion he was next of kin beyond dispute."

"I wonder what would become of you if you could not cavil. I never knew any man so fond of a contradiction."

"Be just, and admit that you give me some splendid opportunities. No, I'll not let you have more wine. Kelson's letter must be answered, and we must think seriously over what is to be done."

"Ma foi! there is nothing to be done. Mr. Bramleigh challenges me to a duel, because he knows I have no arms. He appeals to the law, which is the very costliest of all the costly things in your dear country. If you could persuade him to believe that this is not fair — not even generous — perhaps he would have the good manners to quit the premises and send me the key. Short of that, I see nothing to be done."

"I have told you already, and I tell you once more, if Kelson is of opinion that your case is good enough to go to trial, you shall not want funds to meet law expenses."

"He has told me so, over and over. He has said he shall try the case by — what is it you call it?"

"I know what you mean; he will proceed by ejectment to try title."

"This need not cost very heavily, and will serve to open the campaign. He will put me on 'the table,' as he calls it, and I shall be interrogated, and worried, and tormented, — perhaps, too, insulted, at times; and I am to keep my temper, resent nothing — not even when they impugn my honour or my truthfulness, — for that there are two grand principles of British law: one is, no man need say any ill of himself, nor is he ever to mind what ill another may say of him."

"Did he tell you that?" said Longworth, laughing.

"Not exactly in these words, but it amounted to the same. Do give me a little wine; I am hoarse with talking."

"Not a drop. Tell me now, where are these letters, and that journal of your grandfather's that you showed me?"

"Kelson has them all, Kelson has every thing. When I believed the affair to be ended, I told him he might do what he pleased with them, if he only restored to me that coloured sketch of my beautiful grandmother."

"There, there! don't get emotional, or I have done with you. I will write to Kelson to-day. Leave all to us and don't meddle in any way."

"That you may rely upon with confidence. No one ever yet accused me of occupying myself with any thing I could possibly avoid. Do you want me any more?"

"I don't think so; but why do you ask? Where are you going?"

"I have a rendezvous this morning. I am to be three miles from this at one o'clock. I am to be at the tomb of Cecilia Metella, to meet the Lady Augusta Bramleigh, with a large party, on horseback, and we are to go somewhere and see something, and to dine, ma foi — I forget where."

"I think, all things considered," said Longworth, gravely, "I would advise some reserve as to intimacy with that family."

"You distrust my discretion. You imagine that in my unguarded freedom of talking I shall say many things which had been better unsaid; isn't that so?"

"Perhaps I do; at all events, I know the situation is one that would be intolerable to myself."

"Not to me though, not to me. It is the very difficulty, the tension, so to say, that makes it enticing. I have I cannot tell you what enjoyment in a position where, by the slightest movement to this side or that, you lose your balance and fall. I like —

I delight in the narrow path with the precipice at each hand, where a step is destruction. The wish to live is never so strong as when life is in danger."

"You are a heart and soul gambler."

"Confess, however, I am 'beau joueur.' I know how to lose." And muttering something over the lateness of the hour, he snatched up his hat and hurried away.

As Pracontal was hurrying to the place of meeting with all the speed of his horse, a servant met him with a note from Lady Augusta. "She did not feel well enough," she said, "for a ride; she had a headache, and begged he would come and pay her a visit, and dine too, if he was not afraid of a dinner en tête-à-tête."

Overjoyed with the familiar tone of this note, he hurried back to Rome, and soon found himself in the little drawing-room which looked out upon the Borghese garden, and where a servant told him her ladyship would soon appear.

"This was very kind of you, very nice," said she, entering and giving him her hand in a languid sort of manner, "to come here and give up the delight of the picnic, with its pretty women and champagne, and pâtés-aux-truffes. No; you are to sit yonder. I I don't know you long enough to advance you to the privilege of that low chair next my sofa."

"I am your slave, even to martyrdom," said he, bowing, and sitting down where she had bid him.

"You are aware, I hope," said she, in the same wearied tone, "that it is very wrong of us to become acquainted. That, connected as I am with the Bramleighs, I ought not to have permitted you to be presented to me. My sister is shocked at the impropriety, and as for Lord and Lady Cuduff, rather than meet you at dinner on Friday they have left Rome."

"Left Rome?"

"Yes, gone to Naples. To be sure, he ought to have been there a month ago; he was accredited to that Court, and he had nothing to do here, which was, however, to him an excellent reason for being here. Why do you make me talk so much? it sets my head splitting, and I sent for you to listen to you, and not to have any worry of talking myself—there, begin."

"What shall I talk about?"

"Anything you like, only not politics, or religion, or literature, or fine arts—people are so unnatural when they discuss these; nor—not society and gossip, for then they grow spiteful and ill-natured; nor about myself, for then you'd fancy you

were in love with me, and I'd have to shut the door against you. Oh, how my head aches! Give me that flacon, pray; then now go back to your place."

"Shall I read to you?"

"No: there's nothing I detest so much as being read to. One never follows the book; it is the tone and accent of the reader, something in his voice, something one fancies an affectation attracts attention, and you remark how his hair is parted, or how his boots are made. Oh, why will you torment me this way—I don't want to talk and you persist in asking me questions."

"If you had not a headache I'd sing for you."

"No, I'll not let you sing to me alone; that would be quite wrong. Remember, monsieur, and when I say remember, I mean never forget, I am excessively prudish; not of that school of prudery that repels, but of that higher tone which declares a freedom impossible. Do you comprehend?"

"Perfectly, madame," said he, bowing low with an air of an ideal reverence.

"Now, then, that we have settled the preliminaries of our—oh, dear!" burst she out, "see what it is to be speaking French! I had almost said of 'our friendship.'"

"And why not, madame? Can you possibly entertain a doubt of that sentiment, at once devoted and respectful, which has brought me to your feet?"

"I never do doubt about anything that I want to believe; at least till I change my mind on it, for I am—yes, I am very capricious. I am charmed with you to-day; but do not be surprised if my servant shuts the door against you to-morrow."

"Madame, you drive me to the brink of despair."

"I'm sure of that," said she, laughing. "I have driven several that far; but, strange to say, I never knew one who went over."

"Do not push torture to insufferance, madame," cried he, theatrically; but, instead of laughing at him, she looked really alarmed at his words.

"Oh, Monsieur Pracontal," cried she, suddenly, "was that little song you sung last night your own? I mean, words and music both?"

He bowed with an air of modesty.

"What a nice talent, to be able to compose and write verses too! But they tell me you are horribly satirical; that you make rhymes on people impromptu, and sing them in the very room with them."

"Only, madame, when they are, what you call in English, bores."

"But I like bores, they are so nice and dull. Do you know, Monsieur Pracontal, if it were not for bores, we English would have no distinctive nationality? Our bores are essentially our own, and unlike all the other species of the creature elsewhere."

"I respect them, and I bow to their superiority."

"It was very kind, very nice of you, to give up your ride over the Campagna, and come here to sit with me in one of my dull moods, for to-day I am very dull and dispirited. I have an odious headache, and my sister has been scolding me, and I have had such unpleasant letters. Altogether, it is a dark day with me."

"I am inexpressibly grieved."

"Of course you are; and so I told my sister you would be, when she said it was a great imprudence on my part to admit you. Not that I don't agree with her in great part, but I do detest being dictated to; isn't it insupportable?"

"Quite so; the very worst form of slavery."

"It's true you want to take away the Bramleigh estates; but, as I said to my sister, does not every one wish to win when he plays a game, and do you detest your adversary for so natural a desire? I suppose if you have a trump more than the Bramleighs you'll carry off the stakes."

"Ah, madame, how glad would I be to lay my cards on the table, if I could be sure of such an opponent as yourself."

"Yes, I am generous. It's the one thing I can say for myself. I'm all for fighting the battle of life honourably and courteously, though I must say one is sure to lose where the others are not equally high-minded. Now I put it to yourself, M. Pracontal, and I ask, Was it fair, was it honest, was it decent of Colonel Bramleigh, knowing the insecure title by which he held his estate, to make me his wife? You know, of course, the difference of rank that separated us; you know who I was—I can't say am, because my family have never forgiven me the *mésalliance*; therefore, I say, was it not atrocious in him to make a settlement which he felt must be a mockery?"

"Perhaps, madame, he may have regarded our pretensions as of little moment; indeed, I believe he treated my father's demands with much *hauteur*."

"Still he knew there was a claim, and a

claimant, when he married me; and this can neither be denied nor defended."

"Ah, madame!" sighed he, "who would be stopped by scruples in such a cause?"

"No, no, there was nothing of love in it; he wanted rank, he wanted high connections. He was fond of me after his fashion, I've no doubt, but he was far more proud than fond. I often fancied he must have had something on his mind, he would be so abstracted at times and so depressed, and then he would seem as if he wanted to tell me something but had not the courage for it, and I set it down to something quite different. I thought—no matter what I thought—but it gave me no uneasiness, for, of course, I never dreamed of being jealous; but that it should be so bad as this never occurred to me—never!"

"I am only surprised that Colonel Bramleigh never thought it worth his while to treat with my father, who, all things considered, would have been easily dealt with; he was always a pauvre diable, out of one scrape to fall into another; so reckless that the very smallest help ever seemed to him quite sufficient to brave life with."

"I know nothing of the story, tell it to me."

"It is very long, it is very tiresome, it is encumbered with details of dates and eras. I doubt you'd have patience for it, but if you think you would, I'm ready."

"Begin then, only don't make it more confused, more tangled, than you can help; and give me no dates—I hate dates."

Pracontal was silent for a moment or two as if reflecting, and then, drawing his chair a little nearer to her sofa, he leaned his forehead on his hand, and in a low, but distinct voice, began:—

"When Colonel Bramleigh's father was yet a young man, a matter of business required his presence in Ireland; he came to see a very splendid mansion then being built by a rich nobleman, on which his house had advanced a large sum by way of mortgage."

"Mon cher M. Pracontal, must we begin so far back? It is like the *Plaideur* in Molière who commences, 'Quand je vois le soleil, quand je vois la lune.'"

"Very true, but I must begin at the beginning of all things, and, with a little patience, I'll soon get on further. Mr. Montagu Bramleigh made acquaintance in Ireland with a certain Italian painter called Giacomo Lami, who had been brought over from Rome to paint the frescoes of this great house. This Lami—very poor, and

very humble, ignoble if you like to say so — had a daughter of surpassing beauty. She was so very lovely that Giacomo was accustomed to introduce her into almost all his frescoes, for she had such variety of expression, so many 'reflets,' as one may say, of character in her look, that she was a Madonna here, a Flora there, now a Magdalene, now a Dido; but you need not take my word for it, here she is as a Danaë." And he opened his watch-case as he spoke, and displayed a small miniature in enamel of marvellous beauty and captivation.

"Oh, was she really like this?"

"That was copied from a picture of her at St. Servain, when she was eighteen, immediately before she accompanied her father to Ireland; and in Giacomo's sketch-book, which I hope one of these days to have the honour of showing to you, there is a memorandum saying that this portrait of Enrichetta was the best likeness of her he had ever made. He had a younger daughter called Carlotta, also handsome, but vastly inferior in beauty to my grandmother."

"Your grandmother?"

"Forgive me, madame, if I have anticipated; but Enrichetta Lami became the wife of Montagu Bramleigh. The young man, captivated by her marvellous beauty, and enchanted by a winning grace of manner, in which it appears she excelled, made his court to her and married her. The ceremony of marriage presented no difficulty, as Lami was a member of some sect of Waldensean Protestants, who claim a sort of affinity with the Anglican Church, and they were married in the parish church by the minister, and duly registered in the registry-book of the parish. All these matters are detailed in this book of Giacomo Lami's, which was at once account-book and sketch-book and journal, and, indeed, family history. It is a volume will, I am sure, amuse you, for, amongst sketches and studies for pictures, there are the drollest little details of domestic events, with passing notices of the political circumstances of the time — for old Giacomo was a conspirator and a Carbonaro, and heaven knows what else. He even involved himself in the Irish troubles, and was so far compromised that he was obliged to fly the country and get over to Holland, which he did, taking his two daughters with him. It has never been clearly ascertained whether Montagu Bramleigh had quarrelled with his wife or consented to her accompanying her father, for, while there were letters from him to her full of affection and regard,

there are some strange passages in Giacomo's diary that seem to hint at estrangement and coldness. When her child, my father, was born, she pressed Bramleigh strongly to come over to the christening; but, though he promised at first, and appeared overjoyed at the birth of his son, he made repeated pretexts of this or that engagement, and ended by not coming. Old Lami must have given way to some outburst of anger at this neglect and desertion, for he sent back Bramleigh's letter unopened; and the poor Enrichetta, after struggling bravely for several months under this heartless and cruel treatment, sunk and died. The old man wandered away towards the south of Europe after this, taking with him his grandchild and his remaining daughter; and the first entry we find in his diary is about three years later, where we read, 'Chambéry, — Must leave this, where I thought I had at last found a home. Nicolo Baldassare is bent on gaining Carlotta's affections. Were they to marry it would be the ruin of both. Each has the same faults as the other.'

"And later on, —

"Had an explanation with N. B., who declares that, with or without my consent, he will make C. his wife. I have threatened to bring him before the Council; but he defies me, and says he is ready to abandon the society rather than give her up. I must quit this secretly and promptly."

"We next find him at Treviso, where he was painting the Basilicata of St. Guedolfo, and here he speaks of himself as a lonely old man, deserted and forsaken, showing that his daughter had left him some time before. He alludes to offers that had been made him to go to England; but declares that nothing would induce him to set foot in that country more. One passage would imply that Carlotta, on leaving home, took her sister's boy with her, for in the old man's writing there are these words, —

"I do not want to hear more of them; but I would wish tidings of the boy. I have dreamed of him twice."

"From that time forth the journal merely records the places he stopped at, the work he was engaged in, and the sums he received in payment. For the most part, his last labours were in out-of-the-way, obscure spots, where he worked for mere subsistence; and of how long he lived there, and where he died, there is no trace."

"Do I weary you, my dear lady, with these small details of very humble people, or do you really bestow any interest on my story?"

"I like it of all things. I only want to follow Carlotta's history now, and learn what became of her."

"Of her fate and fortune I know nothing. Indeed, all that I have been telling you heretofore I have gleaned from that book and some old letters of my great-grandfather's. My own history I will not inflict upon you—at least not now. I was a student of the Naval College of Genoa till I was fourteen, and called Anatole Pracontal, 'dit' Lami; but who had entered me on the books of the college, who paid for me or interested himself about me, I never knew."

"A boyish scrape I fell into induced me to run away from the college. I took refuge in a small felucca, which landed me at Algiers, where I entered the French service, and made two campaigns with Pélissier; and only quitted the army on learning that my father had been lost at sea, and had bequeathed me some small property, then in the hands of a banker at Naples."

"The property was next to nothing, but by the papers and letters that I found, I learned who I was, and to what station and fortune I had legitimate claim. It seems a small foundation, perhaps, to build upon; but remember how few the steps are in reality, and how direct besides. My grandmother, Enrichetta, was the married wife of Montagu Bramleigh; her son—Godfrey Lami at his birth, but afterwards known by many aliases—married my mother, Marie de Pracontal, at Aix, in Savoy, where I was born, the name Pracontal being given me. My father's correspondence with the Bramleighs was kept up at intervals during his life, and frequent mention is made in diaries, as well as the banker's books, of sums of money received by him from them. In Bolton's hands, also, was deposited my father's will, where he speaks of me and the claim which I should inherit on the Bramleigh estates; and he earnestly entreats Bolton, who had so often befriended him, to succour his poor boy, and not leave him without help and counsel in the difficulties that were before him."

"Have you followed, or can you follow, the tangled scheme?" cried he, after a pause; "for you are either very patient or completely exhausted—which is it?"

"But why have you taken the name of Pracontal, and not your real name, Bramleigh?" asked she, eagerly.

"By Bolton's advice, in the first instance, he wisely taking into account how rich the family were whose right I was about to question, and how poor I was. Bolton inclined to a compromise, and, indeed, he never ceased to press upon me that it would be the fairest and most generous of all arrangements; but that to effect this, I must not shock the sensibilities of the Bramleighs by assuming their name—that to do so was to declare war at once."

"And yet, had you called yourself Bramleigh, you would have warned others that the right of the Bramleighs to this estate was at least disputed."

Pracontal could scarcely repress a smile at a declaration so manifestly prompted by selfish considerations; but he made no reply.

"Well, and this compromise, do they agree to it?" asked she, hastily.

"Some weeks ago, I believed it was all concluded; but this very morning my lawyer's letter tells me that Augustus Bramleigh will not hear of it, that he is indignant at the very idea, and that the law alone must decide between us."

"What a scandal!"

"So I thought. Worse, of course, for them, who are in the world and well known. I am a nobody."

"A nobody, who might be somebody to-morrow," said she, slowly and deliberately.

"After all, the stage of pretension is anything but pleasant, and I cannot but regret that we have not come to some arrangement."

"Can I be of use? Could my services be employed to any advantage?"

"At a moment, I cannot answer; but I am very grateful for even the thought."

"I cannot pretend to any influence with the family. Indeed, none of them ever liked me; but they might listen to me, and they might also believe that my interests went with their own. Would you like to meet Augustus Bramleigh?"

"There is nothing I desire so much."

"I'll not promise he'll come; but if he should consent, will you come here on Tuesday morning—say, at eleven o'clock—and meet him? I know he's expected at Albano by Sunday, and I'll have a letter to propose the meeting, in his hands, on his arrival."

"I have no words to speak my gratitude to you."

CHAPTER XII.

A PLAN FOR A HOUSEHOLD.

On the first Sunday in April, St. Cross was closed, and Mr. Marten held service in the great room of the Refuge. This certainly had one good result; it led many parishioners to that place who had never been induced to visit it before, and, in consequence, several stray shillings found their way to its funds. Of course, the enlargement of the house, necessary for its proposed orphanage, could not be proceeded with while the building was needed for public worship; but I arranged with the builder that this improvement should be carried out as soon as the church was in a fair way of completion.

At the same time, it occurred to me to buy a piece of land close to the Church green. The next time we met Mr. Marten, we took him to survey my purchase. It lay on a gentle inclination behind St. Cross, and commanded a fine open view of the surrounding country.

"I intend to build a house on it," I said.

"A fine, healthy site," he answered; "but are you not very comfortable in your present quarters?"

"Oh, yes, indeed," I replied, "ours is a thoroughly good old house, which suits us exactly. A house fit for birth, and death, and sickness, for making love and marriage — not that Ruth or I will require most of its capabilities, but a house is not a home without them."

"Then no new houses are homes, or at least very few," said the rector, dismally stroking his chin, and thinking of more than his words.

"I mean to try and make one," I responded. "Is there any reason why old houses should be better than new ones? In most things the world does not go backwards."

"No, nor in this, really," replied Mr. Marten; "but a thoroughly good house costs money, and in this matter, cash seems scarcer now than formerly."

"I think we are getting to the root of the evil," I observed. "Money is much more plentiful now than it used to be, but every one pretends to be richer than he is, and if a man have enough money to build a real cottage, he builds a sham villa instead."

"And directly he gets fifty pounds a year more, he removes to a greater sham," said Ruth.

"The right method," I said, "is to build a place thoroughly good in its way, however humble that way may be. If it be only a

barn, build it so that it may remain unchanged when the mansion is built before. Why not follow the example of our fathers and rear houses so good and substantial that our successors shall esteem it an honor to keep them up, and may gratify their own tastes by enlarging and beautifying, rather than by destroying?"

"But then the march of fashion strides over neighbourhoods," observed Mr. Marten, "and the son blushes to name where his father lived, and never does so without the modification, 'It was so different then!' And yet I think if there were more right feeling in the world, localities would not be mapped out as at present — in one, outer life all colour and gilding; in another, all mildew and mist."

"You may well say 'outer life,'" said Ruth, grimly, "for inner life is much the same queer mixture everywhere. I believe there are as many heartaches in mansions as in huts."

"But might there not be fewer in both, if they did not keep aloof from each other?" I pleaded. "Would not a kindly interest in others' welfare be a healthy stimulant to many an empty, irritable mind? And mere almsgiving can never give this interest, which naturally grows from near neighbourhood and habitual knowledge. And, on the other hand, would not the world be spared many an outburst of evil passion, if the despair which breeds such were checked by the reassurance of God's protection in a comforting human presence?"

"But still, some localities really grow unbearable," said Mr. Marten.

"Just because they are deserted," I answered. "If people of means and cultivated tastes would stay in them, they could not become unbearable. And though cleanliness and elegance may cost more under these circumstances than under others, let wealthy men remember that the truest charity is that which works indirectly. There is far more self-denial and love in remaining on the spot, to confront the struggle which one's weaker neighbours must wage, than in flying from the scene of action, and then sending back a scanty supply of ammunition. Then, if exertion and example fail to ward off all the surrounding discomforts, let such as remain be cheerfully endured as God's discipline — far better than man's."

"Ah, yes," said Ruth, "if folks only stand steady in the path of duty, they will find penance enough without mounting Simon Stylites' pillar."

"Let us remember," I went on, "that in the few mixed neighbourhoods still left in

London, however deep the poverty of the poor, we never hear of those frightful deaths from starvation and neglect which horrify us in parishes where the richest people are those just able to struggle on without assistance. Let us also remember, when we hear of aged people dying on the bare floors of empty rooms, that many of them have been industrious folks, though engaged upon those humble works to which the necessities of the labour-market forbid wages which will permit saving. Therefore they have had employers, from whom time and distance have separated them, and who only recall their old servants when they hear of their miserable end. I think it would be so much better if commercial men could condescend to keep to the places which keep them."

"But it must be very expensive and difficult to rear a refined family among coarse surroundings," said Mr. Marten.

"Under present circumstances it is so difficult that it is almost impossible," I returned. "As a lonely bachelor I could reside in my house of business in the city, though I was only thought a lunatic for my pains. But as a married man I could scarce have done so. No, the mistakes which have been committed, cannot be hastily remedied. But where it is still possible that a neighbourhood be maintained as an epitome of God's world, with the rich and poor side by side, each to comfort and sustain the other, there let every thoughtful man beware how he begin the evil work of desertion."

"You see the rich draw the rich to them," said Mr. Marten, "even in rural districts, and often in positive contradiction to the dictates of nature. Our village of Upper Mallowe is much healthier than Mallowe itself," he added, turning to Ruth, "for the one is on a hill, and the other in its valley; but then, you see, Mallowe boasts a manor house, and therefore every wealthy man in the adjacent country is anxious to live there."

"Not my brother, sir," remarked Ruth.

"Not your brother, thank God," Mr. Marten was pleased to answer (and I won't say I did not like to hear it!). "But even since my sojourn in this village, an aged farmer, retiring on a considerable fortune, and coveting a quiet little villa for him and his old wife to die in, immediately built the same in Mallowe proper. Nobody lives here except Mr. Garrett, the farmers on their own land, their cottagers, and a few tradespeople, who go away as soon as they can."

"And the clergyman," I added. "And no place is past redemption so long as the cler-

gyman stands bravely to his post. He should always live in his parish, whatever it be."

"So I think," replied Mr. Marten; "only it is sometimes awkward when no house is provided," he added ruefully.

Ruth and I exchanged glances and smiles.

"What a discursive conversation we have had," I remarked, strolling about my new possession, "and it has all started from this little bit of ground, whereon I wish to build a house exactly suited to a well-educated family of moderate means. I want it to be so good and so pleasing as to prove a suggestion for every future erection in Upper Mallowe, that people may say, 'Let our house be at least as comfortable as that behind St. Cross, and then as much better as possible.'"

"But I don't like to see many houses alike," interrupted Ruth. "To follow an example is good, but to imitate is bad. God made no two minds precisely alike, so if two minds produce the same results, one is in slavery."

Then there was a pause.

"Mr. Marten must dine with us to-day," I observed presently; "for to-morrow I must give my instructions for the plan of this house, and I want some hints."

"You must be a better judge than I," he said; "but I shall be very happy to dine with you nevertheless."

And so we adjourned to our own house, and when we had discussed a pheasant and a custard, and the cloth was removed, Ruth placed before us pens, ink, and paper, and then took up her knitting in a way that said she expected us to set about our business immediately.

"For what class of people is this house intended?" asked Mr. Marten.

"For people with about two hundred pounds a year or a little more," I replied.

"Then it must be built so that its proper maintenance will not make undue demands upon that sum," he remarked promptly, as if he had studied the exact possibilities of such an income, which very likely he had, considering it was his own.

"Certainly," I responded, "and so it must not be too large, and yet there must be several rooms, for the income does not fix the size of the family."

"No, indeed," sighed the rector, shaking his head.

"Well, isn't that a very good thing?" I queried. "Would you like poverty to deprive us of life's sweetest blessings? Which do you think the most fortunate — the poor man with loving children, or the rich man

with none? I know my own answer to that question. But to return to our house," I added, taking up a pen and marking on the paper. "I think the door must be in the middle, so let that dot represent it."

"Ah, I like that," remarked the rector, "nothing is better than a nice entrance hall with rooms at each side."

"It must be broad enough to leave a good passage beyond a table and chair and hat-stand," I said, still drawing on the paper; "that is so handy when many messengers come who wait for answers, as in the case of most professional men."

"And how many rooms on the ground-floor?" asked Mr. Marten.

"One at each side of the passage," I replied, "a study and a parlour."

"Then where is the kitchen?" interrupted Ruth.

"At the end of the hall shall be a door," I explained; "this door shall open into a small entry, with three other doors, those on the right and on the left opening into the garden, and that facing the hall into the kitchen. So, by opening the doors on the right and left, a current of fresh air may pass between the sitting apartments and the kitchen, whenever needed to cut off all over-salubrious culinary smells."

"Then all the bedrooms will be upstairs?" queried Mr. Marten.

"Certainly," I answered.

"Have you considered a staircase?" asked Ruth, "amateur architects never do."

"But I have," I replied. "I tell you the front part of the hall shall be wide enough for two people to walk abreast past a roomy table and a comfortable chair. This width is unnecessary at the back of the house. There a flight of stairs can rise to the landing, which will be above the kitchen entry and the back part of the hall, and will be lit by two windows, right and left, like the doors below. All the bedrooms will open on to this landing except one, which must be gained through another."

"I don't exactly understand how you arrange the stairhead," my sister observed.

"Neither do I," I admitted candidly; "but I suppose the architect will do so."

"I think I can see how it could be managed by means of a gallery," said Mr. Marten, criticising my rough plan; "but as you say, these details are best left to professional skill."

"And how many bedrooms do you mean to have?" asked Ruth.

"I think of five," I replied. "One for the heads of the family, extending over the

study, one over the kitchen, two over the parlour, and a little extra chamber above the hall."

"Then you intend the study and the parlour to be rather large?" remarked Mr. Marten.

"Each about sixteen feet by fifteen," I answered.

"But I never thought a man with two hundred a year could live in so large a house as this," he said, very briskly.

"I mean it for an income of two hundred exclusive of house rent," I replied.

"Oh, indeed!" said he, in quite another tone.

"Shall you have the walls papered or wainscoted?" asked Ruth.

"Wainscoted," I replied.

"It costs more at first, but it's cheapest in the end," said my sister, "and it can be kept clean much more easily; and wherever labour is saved, money is saved."

"And the kitchen shall have a red-brick floor," I went on, "and the hall shall be tiled, not with very smart tiles, which put ordinary furniture to shame, but good neat plain ones, so that the heart of the mistress need never be vexed by splitting oil-cloth or ripping carpet."

"How thoughtful you are!" said the rector, with a grave smile.

"And build the house itself with red bricks," put in Ruth. "They look best with the green leaves in summer, and in autumn and winter the sight is as good as a fire!"

"It shall be built with red bricks, Ruth," I assented; "that is another good old fashion which has fallen into disuse."

"Also on account of its cost," said Mr. Marten.

"A short-sighted policy," I answered, "considering that houses are now made of inferior material, and then covered with paint or cement, which needs constant renewal, and gives the owner the perpetual worry and mortification always caused by fading shabbiness."

"But I almost think two hundred a year is too little to keep house upon," remarked Mr. Marten presently.

"Too little for the fantastical existence of boarding-school misses and dandies," answered Ruth, "but just enough for the honest life of good women and brave men."

"But what service can a man secure with such an income?" asked the rector.

"The best service," replied my sister, "the service of love."

"What! set his wife to household work!" exclaimed the rector aghast.

"If I were a man I would not marry a woman who was unworthy of such work," said Ruth drily.

"Unworthy? No!" said Mr. Marten. "But when a woman is highly educated" —

"What is the end of her education?" inquired my sister. "To play a little worse than a professional pianist? — to paint not so well as an artist? — to talk French so that foreigners can just guess what she means? If she can do better than this, she herself can add to the family income; but then, unless she be a wonder, the home will not be quite as happy as if she devoted herself to make the best of her husband's earnings."

"I could not endure that my wife should earn money," said the rector emphatically.

"I will tell you the plain truth, Mr. Marten," retorted Ruth; "you would like to set up your wife as an idol, and then, like all other idols, she would break. Has a woman no soul, sir?" she added almost severely. "Is she neither to serve, nor to save, nor to earn? Will you leave her no way to heaven, sir?"

"I know good women feel with you," answered Mr. Marten reflectively; "but I always thought it was the duty of the men who loved them to save them from themselves."

"To what danger do their natural impulses spur them?" asked Ruth, rather sarcastically. "On what precipice does a good housewife stand?"

"Oh, I don't mean danger exactly," said the rector; "but is not a cultivated mind likely to be dwarfed if set to work which could be as well done by an uncultivated one?"

"The simplest task is done better for real cultivation," answered my sister; "and the raw materials of education are just like seeds, quite valueless if they do not bring forth a crop."

"And let me remark," said I, "that most great and good women — and many who have been merely great — had their full share of the commonest domestic duties."

"Yes, truly," assented Ruth. "Was Grizel Baillie less a lady because she knew the worth of a farthing? Was Joan of Arc less heroic because she had doubtless scrubbed many a floor? Did not Emily Brontë blacken the grates in Haworth Parsonage? And upon my word, she was better employed then than when she wrote 'Wuthering Heights!'"

"Ruth, my dear," I said, "you will prejudice Mr. Marten anew against domestic

work, on the novel ground that it strengthens a woman's mind a little *too* much!"

"Well, if the woman be not a Christian, I'll own that is its tendency," she granted. "But if she be, no matter how strong her mind grows, she'll not forget her place, and her husband will be none the weaker for her strength."

"Then you don't think two hundred a year a bad income to marry on?" said Mr. Marten, smiling.

I must here observe that he had no idea we knew it was his own. That information we had obtained from the *Clergy List*, and I hope my readers will wait awhile ere they condemn us for undue curiosity.

"I think two hundred a year a very good beginning," I answered, "while energy is strong and hope is high. Nay, if all else were promising, I should blame one who, having so much, yet waited for more. For why did God give us hope if we are to avoid occasions for its exercise?"

"Reasonable hope," put in Mr. Marten.

"And if an industrious and able man of thirty possess two hundred a year, is it unreasonable in him to hope that he may have three hundred by the time he is forty?" I asked.

"But if not?" queried the rector, with a dubious smile.

"Well," I said, "should God deny a blossom to our hopes, and give us poverty instead of wealth, and sorrow instead of joy, He will not deny us hearts strong enough to answer, 'It is better so.'"

"Then what becomes of improvidence — is there no such thing?" inquired Mr. Marten.

"Ah, truly there is," responded Ruth, "when a man marries a fool, or a woman does ditto."

"There are other kinds of improvidence, too," I remarked; "when a man marries without reasonable prospect of a permanent income, or without any little fund to fall back upon in emergencies. And yet I have observed that even these cases prosper better than they seem to deserve."

"Should you speak thus to every one, sir?" said the rector, carelessly sketching on a blank sheet.

Now, why did he try to make our conversation personal? I was glad when Ruth answered for me, saying, —

"Of course not. Truths, like physic, must be administered to the right patients. For what cures one, kills another."

At that moment there came to our door a workman from St. Cross, inquiring for the rector. So Mr. Marten bade us a hasty

good-bye, and hurried off. Orderly sister Ruth instantly began to arrange the papers scattered over the table. Presently she paused smiling, and pushed a sheet towards me —

"I declare he has drawn a lady's head!" said she.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE FIRST OF MAY.

WE learned that May-day did not pass unobserved in Upper Mallowe, but that it was a time much dreaded by all prudent fathers and mothers. The festivities were a mere degeneration of the old May-poles and dances, having forfeited whatever beauty and merriment those possessed, and retained only their riotous license, thereby drawing to our quiet village all the disorderly characters within ten miles thereof. May-day was a sad date in many a humble cottage, marking the time when the only son first came home "not himself," or when the daughter conceived that fatal passion for flattery and finery which ultimately led her away and away, — God only knows where!

Mr. Marten knew and deplored the evil, and it was he who first mentioned it to me, along with his own unsuccessful attempts to grapple therewith. He had preached about it, with stern and sorrowful lamentations; he had made personal appeals to the younger members of his flock, nay, when the fateful day came, he had startled the godless scene with terrible words of warning and condemnation. Startled it truly, but not to awed repentance, only to coarse jests and rude laughter. And now, when the time of trouble drew nigh, he came to me, saying, "What shall I do?"

"The Sunday before May-day," he remarked, "I always look round my church, and wonder which boy or which girl I shall never again see in the accustomed seat. It never passes without some such result."

"And have you never tried a counter attraction?" I asked.

"Last year I got up a lecture on the 'Origin of Old Customs,' with illustrations," he answered, with a ludicrous expression of hopelessness.

"And who attended?" inquired Ruth.

"A few old people, and two or three very small girls," he replied.

"Did they like it?" pursued my sister.

"I cannot say," he responded.

"Did you like it?" she asked, pointedly.

"I might have preferred a walk in the fields," he answered, looking up with a rueful smile.

"Then judge others by yourself," said she.

"The only remedy lies in a counter attraction," I remarked, "and it must be prepared very carefully, for each failure will make the matter more difficult. And in these things we must always remember that although it is sometimes good to unite instruction and amusement, yet the combination can never supply the place of pure play."

"Ah, yes," observed Ruth, "whenever I hear a child say it likes 'sensible games' best, I always think, 'You little idle simpleton, you'll choose differently when you've done some real work.'"

"Then you would ruin the makers of scientific toys," said Mr. Marten, smiling.

"No, I would not," she answered; "they can make them for the schoolroom. Let a child learn about steam engines and so forth, but don't expect it to find merriment therein."

"Sir," I said, "will you clear your conscience from the burden of these May-day sports, and lay it upon mine?"

"Most gladly will I do so," he replied, "if — if I ought."

"I think you should," I answered, "and I will explain my reason. Perhaps I shall succeed better than you, just because I am not a clergyman."

"Is it so?" he sighed; "will people never believe it possible that a clergyman honestly wishes their good?"

"Not exactly that," I responded, "but their instincts cry out for 'fun,' and they have a notion that a clergyman will give but a diluted draught thereof, and will only tolerate that for the sake of the 'moral.'"

"And as there's never smoke without a little fire," put in Ruth, "so there's no popular notion which has not some reason for it. The sooner such reason is destroyed the better, only till that time, there are certain wholesome movements in which a clergyman's best place is the background."

"Well, if you and your brother will kindly devise some successful May-day celebration, I am sure I shall be most happy to appear as your most insignificant guest," said Mr. Marten humbly.

"And then you will have a magnificent chance of convincing your parishioners you are none the less a man because you are 'a parson,'" I said. "I think it's a

very good thing for all parties when a clergyman has an opportunity of appearing among his people in an unofficial character."

And so we arranged between us that the rector should be kept as much in ignorance of our plans as any one in the parish, and that we should send him an invitation in due course, and away he went, declaring he should be quite restless and uneasy in his mind until it reached him, and adding that wonders would never cease, since he, too, was allured into eager expectation of the coming May-day.

So Ruth and I conspired together, and we took Agnes Herbert and the McCallums into our plot. We settled directly that the festival must begin early in the day, and must be of a free, out-of-door character. There could be nothing better than the ancient custom of "getting in the May," which, owing to an early season, was now in beautiful blossoms. Strange to say, May-day at Upper Mallowe had been kept without any shadow of this usage, and the advent of God's flowers had been celebrated merely by rough dances, inane songs, gambling, and intemperance. Surely it was not hard to find better ways of holiday-making. And I firmly believe that popular instinct will seldom choose the evil and reject the good,—if it only have a fair choice.

On the twenty-sixth of April, our invitations were issued on neatly-printed cards, Agnes and Alice filling in the names of the individuals or families addressed, so that each invitation had a pleasant personal tone, and ran as follows:—

"Mr. Edward Garrett hopes to see Mr. John Jones and family (as the case might be), at the Oak on the Green, at nine o'clock in the morning of the first of May. Why should good old customs die out? Is not summer as great a blessing to us as to our forefathers?"

'Can such delights be in the street
And open fields, and we not see't?
Come, we'll abroad, and let's obey
The proclamation made for May.'

Besides sending one to everybody in and about our own village, I sent a few cards to some old friends at Mallowe, among them the present owner of Meadow Farm, the only son of my Lucy's eldest brother.

The eventful morning arose bright and warm, and by half-past eight Ruth and I were at the rendezvous. I must mention that the Green lay behind our Refuge, so that its back gate opened upon it. Old

Mr. McCallum and Alice had stocked the garden with every available seat, for the comfort of any elderly people who might honour the gathering with their presence. Indeed, the whole house presented a holiday appearance, for in consideration of its famous "supper room," we intended to close our festivities there.

Early as we were, many were before us, and amongst them Mr. Herbert and his niece. The farmer was in his element, chatting with his labourers, complimenting their blushing wives, and praising their bonnie children. Bessie Sanders too was there, talking to Alice McCallum, and helping her to welcome some very aged village matrons, who were saying "they wanted to see the fun, though, dearie me, fun was getting hard work for their likes, now-a-days." Anne Sanders was not there, but that valuable member of society made her appearance about noon, being, I presume, as soon as she could get ready. I regret to say, she was the cause of the only breach of propriety which occurred during the day, inasmuch as when she arrived a small boy called out, "Hullo, Jem, here's a guy!" Of course I reproved the lad, but, except to his good manners, there was no harm done, for Bessie did not hear him, and Anne decidedly liked it, accepting it as the malignity of an unappreciative world, instead of blushing at the truthful description of her own slovenly appearance.

As we walked through the assembled people, shaking hands and exchanging greetings, a sound of sweet singing suddenly reached us, and Mr. Marten and the boys of his choir came trooping across the green, trilling a merry May-day carol. And did not we applaud when they came amongst us!

And ever and anon as we lingered at the oak on the Green, while tardy neighbours joined us—some in a flutter which denoted they had not made up their minds to come till the last minute—Mr. Marten and his choir boys lifted their voices and sang appropriate glees. But before ten we started on our rambles, Mr. McCallum remaining in the Refuge garden to dispense sundry simple dainties to such old people as had lost all inclination for pedestrianism.

Away we went: each free to follow his own tastes,—to run races, to search for hawthorn in sober earnest, to carry the babies, to go a little aside, whispering—dear me, where's the harm? When my Lucy said something which has done me good all my life, she did not speak in a room full of company! As for Ruth, nobody was more popular or more delighted. She got

on confidential terms with everybody. The courting couples seemed to feel she knew all about it, and so attempted no concealment. Wherever Ruth went there was quite a little bustle round her, but her particular companion was young Weston, and a fine-looking honest-hearted fellow he was, like his father before him.

Presently I noticed George Wilmot. Just as our whole party turned into a lane, so narrow that it reduced us to something like rank and file, he ran before, and then stood still and watched us pass. As I came up, I said to him—

"I hope you are enjoying yourself, my boy. Are you looking for anybody?"

"He doesn't seem to be here," he answered, eagerly watching as the crowd passed by.

"Who is he?" I asked.

"The gentleman who brought me to you, sir," he replied.

"Should you like to see him?" I queried.

"Yes, 'cos it's all so nice," he said, simply.

"What is that?" inquired Agnes Herbert, who happened to be beside me.

"Did you never hear that story?" I questioned in reply, and, drawing the lad along with us, I narrated his first arrival at our house. She listened with very quiet interest, and just as my tale ended, her uncle came upon us, and claimed my attention. But half an hour later I found the rough farm-lad still walking beside her, and, from a few words which I overheard, I discovered that her delicate womanly tact had made a far better mutual ground of their common acquaintance with London than I had done.

Long before noon the lads of our party were laden with May-blossom trophies, but I was glad to see these were only boughs, and that as no hawthorn trees were seriously broken, the meadows would look none the worse for our spoils. Presently, as we came to a hedge, white with blossom, I discovered the reason for this thoughtfulness, by hearing Alice McCallum's soft, Scottish voice lifted in gentle exhortation. Where did she learn this tenderness for nature? Very likely she has not read Wordsworth. But who is most akin to the poet—those who know his words, or those who have his heart?

"What a pretty girl that is!" remarked young Weston to Ruth, just as I joined them.

"Which?" queried my sister.

"The one with the Highland name," he answered. "She has a real pretty face."

"And as good as she's pretty," responded

Ruth, "ay, and far better; only a man always begins at the wrong end of a woman's qualities."

"I fancy I've seen her before," said Mr. Weston. "Will you say her name again?"

"Alice McCallum," answered my sister; "and very likely you have seen her before, for she was formerly lady's maid at Malloze Manor."

"Oh indeed!" he said, with a slightly fallen countenance; "I remember now. There was some misfortune in her family."

"There was a sad accusation brought against her brother," I remarked, "who seems to me as fine a young man as I know. But he is now doing very well in London. As for Alice, the whole affair was only the trial-furnace which tests pure gold."

"But men seldom like tried gold in women's nature," said Ruth, rather sharply; "they prefer untried gilt. Perhaps because they know they don't deserve the other."

"Is Miss McCallum now living at home?" asked Mr. Weston, presently.

"When we first came here, she was our upper servant," Ruth answered. "She preferred our service to the Manor, that she might be near her grandfather. But she left us to live at our Refuge, where she is matron."

My sister had never before called Alice by this dignified name.

Here somebody called me away, and I was engaged with different members of our party for some time after, and when next I noticed young Weston he was climbing a steep bank to gather some pink hawthorn for the blushing matron of the Refuge.

"It is nearly time for me to go home, sir," she said, when she saw me.

"Very nearly, Alice," I answered.

"What! can't you stay with us?" queried Mr. Weston, as he descended, panting, with a face which nearly matched his floral treasures.

"Alice has business at home," I said, smiling, and then I passed on.

In a few minutes I missed her—and him also.

The rest of us did not return to the Refuge until about one o'clock. Ruth and I knew what we should find there. In its back garden were two tables, groaning beneath the weight of huge joints and jolly pies, and enlivened by bunches of May, set in honest earthenware jugs. The lads cheered when they saw them. But there was not room for all to sit down together, so the juniors waited for a second "spread," and left their fathers and mothers, and uncles and aunts in our charge; and Miss San-

ders and I provided for one table, and Mr. Herbert and Ruth for another. Alice wished to wait upon us, but I bade her reserve herself wholly for the youngsters. As for Mr. Weston, I found he had resolved to go or stay as she did, and they both lingered with us, till we sang the good old Doxology, and I wondered if he knew that was the daily custom in his grandfather's house!

There was such a constant flow of good-natured chatter round the tables, that I had neither eye nor ear to spare. There never were such victuals, so they said, and I heard one toothless old woman asking her "John" if the pie didn't mind him of what they had on their wedding day? "It's forty-five years a-gone, but the taste of that pie brings it up better nor yesterday."

In about an hour's time, the young people took our places, presided over by Mr. Marten and Agnes, young Weston and Alice. I daresay they did not talk about the repast, but deeds speak louder than words, and they did full justice to it. When they were deeply engaged with knives and forks, we discovered what they had done while we were at dinner. They had made a light arch over our garden gate and twined it with hawthorn, also fastening great bunches to the door-posts, so that the place looked quite a bower.

The day was warm and the sun was bright, so we old people were fain to rest ourselves on some turfy knolls and fallen trees left on the village Green. And when the young folks had finished dinner, they also felt rather tired, and were quite ready to join us. Then we had a little singing—good old songs which every one knows, and nobody tires over—"Home, sweet home," "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled" (that was Mr. McCallum's), "Poor Jack Brown," and so forth.

Later in the afternoon, Mr Marten paid a visit to the High Street, and brought back tidings that a few disreputable strangers were lounging listlessly about the inn. He also brought back an Italian organ-man with a monkey. The poor foreigner having heard some reports of festivity, had come down in hopes of a little harvest, and so in the end he was not disappointed, for Jacko's antics were a source of amusement to both young and old, and contributions in cash and kind did not fail.

In due time, tea and cake revived the spirits of the whole party, and effectually aroused any old ladies who were inclined to be sleepy. After tea, we adjourned to the great room of the Refuge taking with us the organ-man and Jacko, who by that time

was on terms of personal friendship with most of the boys, who could understand his graphic gestures much better than his good-humoured-master's broken English.

I hope nobody expects me to remember all the sports which enlivened the remainder of the evening. I recollect "Post" and "Proverbs," but in one or two other instances I blindly followed the instructions of the frank, smiling girls who volunteered to "teach" me, though I knew no more about the game when it was finished than when it began. In the course of the evening, a strange old gentleman and a young lady made their appearance, and Mr. Marten introduced them to us as his old friends Lieutenant Blake, of the Royal Navy, and his only daughter, Marian. A jolly old sailor was Lieutenant Blake, and in ten minutes had quite caught the spirit of the evening, and sung sea-songs and spun yarns to such appreciative audiences, that some of the village mothers grew apprehensive lest their sons should be attacked with a seafaring fever. And two or three times in the evening, it did me good to hear Bessie Sanders laugh—not a careworn, middle-aged laugh, but one as buoyant and ringing as if she had no benumbing cross to lift the moment she passed her own threshold. And amid all the confusion of merriment sat the lonely Italian, with Jacko clinging round his neck, separated from us by the dead curse of Babel, but smiling at our glee, and murmuring melodious thanks for the little hospitalities we pressed upon him.

But at nine o'clock our friends began to depart, and by ten no one remained but the Herberts, Mr. Weston, and ourselves, for Mr. Marten had escorted the Blakes to their home. We arranged that the organ-man should sleep at the Refuge, and one or two destitute creatures who had hoped to make some forlorn pence, perhaps not over honestly, by the old village festivities, availed themselves of the same privilege.

But when Agnes Herbert was arranging her wrappers, she found she had lost a little fancy pincushion, which she carried in her pocket, and I really thought she seemed inclined to cry over her loss, trivial as it seemed.

"Don't ye remember when the little gal tore her frock in the 'edge, miss?" asked George Wilmot; "well, you hadn't lost it then, 'twas from it you took the pin to fasten up the hole. I'm sure of it, 'cos I noticed it's being so pretty."

"Then I daresay I foolishly laid it on the grass, and forgot to take it up," answered Agnes, "and it would soon get trodden

down. It cannot be helped." But then I believe her eyes positively filled with tears, only she drew down her veil.

"I knows where it was, miss," said George, eagerly; "'twas by the 'edge of the field aback of the Low Meadow. I'll go and look for it to-morrow."

"I shall be so glad if you find it," exclaimed Agnes, turning to him brightly, "but it doesn't seem worth much trouble."

"Yes, miss, if you wants it," said the boy. And so that matter ended, and Agnes went off with her uncle.

Mr. Weston accompanied us home, and supped with us, and Ruth and he made a duet in praising Alice M'Callum.

"I think she'd make a good wife," said he.

"So she would, but a good wife deserves a good husband," said Ruth.

"I hope she'll get a good one!" he ejaculated.

"Or else none," responded my sister.

"But, bless me, she'd draw any man's goodness to the top," said he.

"There's a great deal in that," answered Ruth.

And when Mr. Weston went away he promised another visit to Upper Mallowe very soon, and I had not the least doubt of his sincerity.

"We have all had a very happy day, brother," said Ruth, as we parted for the night.

So we had. And we heard that, before the poor organ-man and his monkey, Jacko, left the Refuge, he insisted that Alice should accept a sixpence towards the funds of the place. "He pointed up to the sky," Alice narrated, and said, "Not to pay—but for thanks to Him there." And long afterwards, while chatting in sundry village parlours, I detected my invitation card stored among the small treasures of the house-mother's work-box. Ah truly, though

"I've heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds
With coldness still returning:
Alas! the gratitude of men
Has oftener left me mourning."

CHAPTER XIV.

AN OLD KNIFE.

NEXT morning I went for a stroll, and after idly straying about for some time, it occurred to me that I would go to the field behind the Low Meadow, and see if I could find any trace of the missing pincushion. I

was not very surprised when I found both George Wilmot and Agnes busily engaged in the search. It was the lad's dinner-hour, and he had hurried over the meal, to gain a few minutes for the fulfilment of his promise. As for Miss Herbert, all I ever learned of her appearance on the scene was George's subsequent explanation that she was there "afore him," nor did she seem at all disposed to retire defeated. But just before I arrived, they had found, not what they sought, but something else.

They were so eagerly examining it, that they did not notice my approach. George was sitting upon his heels, just as he had drawn back from a kneeling posture, and Miss Herbert stooped over him. They both started when they heard my voice, and the young lady turned and held out her hand, and George displayed his discovery.

It was a clasp knife, larger than the ordinary size, with a heavy brown handle, curiously carved, but much obscured by clay and dust, some of which George had rubbed away. The blade, red and blunt with rust, was partly open. I took it and tried to move it, but it was fixed in that position.

"I found it down among the long grass by the 'edge," said the boy. "I was feeling among the thickness, where we couldn't see, and I hit my hand agen somethin' hard, and says I, 'I got it, Miss:' but when I took hold, I found it wor werry hard and straight, and stickin' into the ground, so I cleared the grass a bit till we could see, and there wor the knife a standin' up, with the blade stabbed right into the earth."

"More than an inch of it underground," corroborated Agnes.

"I suppose somebody dropped it just as he had used it," I remarked, examining it.

"I think it must ha' been thrown a long way, sir," said George, "or it wouldn't have stuck in so precious hard and far. Knives is nasty things to chuck about that way."

Just then the church clock struck one, and Agnes touched his shoulder, and reminded him that he must hasten to his work, and not linger longer in her service.

"But you musn't take that knife with you," I remarked, as he seemed about to put it into his pocket. "Half open as it is, any accident might easily cause it to hurt you dreadfully."

"But the handle's such a beauty," said the boy, "and it would make me late if I ran home with it."

"Then give it to me," I said, "and I will call at the Refuge, and leave it with Mr. M'Callum for you."

"Thank ye, sir," he answered, cheerfully surrendering it; "an' if you please, Miss, I'll come back here in the evening an' look about again."

But instead of replying, Agnes exclaimed ecstatically, "Here it is! here it is!" and plucked something from a bed of briar, and eagerly held up a little purple leather thing, with white flowers painted on it. It was but an impulsive burst of the vivacity kept in chains within her. In a second, she was again her own quiet self, with only a flush of pleasure lingering on her face.

"I wish I'd found it, Miss," said George Wilmot.

"Miss Herbert will take the will for the deed," I remarked.

"That I'm sure I do," she responded; "and remember, you reminded me where I had lost it. But I must make haste home now." And after she had shaken hands with me, she shook hands with the little boy too; and so she went away.

"Now, my lad, run away to your work," I said. So counselled, George Wilmot set off at a fine pace. Country air and healthy work had already done him good. As I stood and watched him, it pleased me to think, "If his mother can see him, she must be quite satisfied."

I turned my steps to the Refuge, carrying the rusted, soiled knife openly in my hand. I did not waste two thoughts on it—a half-spoiled, old thing, only valuable because it pleased a boy's fancy. Coming across the fields, I approached the Refuge,—not from the High Street, but by way of the village Green,—and seeing its back-door open, I went in, and found Mr. McCallum and Alice both in the supper-room, packing up the crockery which had been used at the feast of the previous day. I laid the knife on the table, and was entering into its history, when an exclamation from Alice checked me.

"Grandfather, look!" she said, "it is his!"

As she uttered these words she did not raise her tone, and yet it gave me that thrilling sensation which homely folks call "the blood turning cold." Mr. McCallum walked to the table, and examined the knife with great deliberation; then suddenly dropped it, looked straight before him, and said—

"Sae it is, lassie."

And his voice was almost terrible in its expression of determined resignation to the worst.

"What is this?" I whispered, after a short pause.

"Only that is George Roper's knife," said Alice, meeting my eyes, and speaking very quietly, but with breaks in her sentences. "He was seen to take it when he left home on—the last morning. And it was missing when he was—taken out of the water."

"But how can you be sure it is his?" I asked, in my turn advancing to the table, and bending over the defaced thing, now invested with such dreadful interest.

"Yes, indeed, I can," she answered. "Before I went to Mallowe Manor, Ewen used to bring it home for grandfather to sharpen for Mr. Roper, because he did it so well."

"And you are sure Mr. Roper's knife was never found after his death?" I questioned.

"Quite sure," she replied again; "for the police asked questions about it, and even searched over Ewen's things for it."

"Did your brother know anything of it?" I queried.

She shook her head. "Ewen told me that Mr. Roper had used a knife to cut some string during the regatta that morning," she answered; "and he thought he should have noticed if it had not been his usual one. But you know, sir, it is so hard to be sure about things one is accustomed to," she added.

"Just so," I said.

"Halloo!" cried a cheerful voice at the still open back-door; "so yesterday has not tired you too much for morning visits, Mr. Garrett."

It was our rector. As I turned, I remember his countenance was particularly bright. But the radiance sobered when he saw our anxious faces. With very few words I detailed the facts I had just learned, and then handed him the knife.

He had naturally taken interest in a tragedy which involved the fates of two of his parishioners; therefore he remembered that, at the time of the murder, inquiries had been made concerning a missing knife belonging to the dead man. He even remembered the description of the lost article which Bessie Sanders had furnished. And when he looked at it, he said, gravely—

"I have no doubt this is the same."

Then he rose from the seat he had taken, and carried it to the window for closer inspection.

"Ought anything to be done?" I queried, following him, and speaking in a whisper.

"I suppose the orthodox course would be

to give it to the police," answered Mr. Marten, still twisting it about.

Alice caught our words, low as they were spoken, and all her woman-weakness rose within her, and, for a moment, it was stronger than her woman-strength. "Oh, Ewen, oh, my darling!" she cried, with a passionate tenderness which no happiness could have wrung from her. "If it is all to come over again, you were better dead, Ewen, my own brother!"

"Whisht, whisht, lassie!" said her grandfather; "the Lord ne'er gies a cross wi'out poo'er to lift it. His holy will be done!"

"Even if the police had this, what can come over again?" observed the rector soothingly. "The discovery of the knife has nothing to do with your brother."

"But it would bring up the old story and all the talk," said Alice more calmly.

"So it might," he answered, "and as I cannot see how it can possibly give a clue to the real culprit, I think we shall keep the discovery a secret, — if we can."

"Then Ewen need never hear of it!" exclaimed Alice eagerly, with gleaming eyes.

"I think he should," I observed; "the affair touched him very nearly, and he has a right to know all about it. Besides, should it be divulged afterwards, the concealment would pain him more than the disclosure."

"Poor Ewen!" sighed his sister, so softly that I saw the words rather than heard them.

"But I don't think we need unsettle him in London by writing about it," I added. "Time enough to tell him when he comes home for his holidays."

"Ay, ay," murmured the grandfather; "it's ill putting worry in a letter."

"Mr. McCallum," said the rector, suddenly speaking from the window-seat, where he was still examining the rusty blade, "I don't recollect that any wound was found on Roper's body?"

"There was nae," answered the old man, hobbling towards his questioner; "there was nae mark o' violence at a', only the doctors said his wrists seemed to ha' been held in a tight grip. Na, the puir creatur had just been drooned."

"I only asked you," remarked Mr. Marten, turning quite round, and quietly facing both the McCallums, "because I believe there is blood on this knife."

"Ye dinna say sae, sir!" said Mr. McCallum astonished.

"With what knowledge we have now,

this only deepens the mystery," I observed. "But we know Ewen and Mr. Roper had high words before they parted: is it possible they even came to blows?"

"Came to blows? — my brother? Not at all likely, sir," said Alice, quite proudly.

"I cannot be certain these stains are blood," explained the rector; "but I know something of chemistry, for it was a pet pursuit of mine, and if Mr. Garrett will accompany me, I will take it home, and make an analysis in his presence."

"It has occurred to me," I said, "that there is somebody else whom we must consult in the matter — somebody who is now the rightful owner of the knife — Miss Sanders — the nearest kin to the dead man."

"So we should, sir," responded Alice, though her lips tightened as she said it. Her sense of right had recovered its balance.

"And even if she will not take it," I went on, "yet with this terrible story belonging to it, of course we cannot give it to little George; so I must break my promise to him; but you may say I will send him another. I suppose he knows something of your household trial, Alice?" I added, staying behind Mr. Marten, as she let us out.

"Yes, sir," she answered. "Ewen told him when he was here at Christmas."

"Why, then, George had only been with you a few days," I said.

"Yes, sir," she replied again; "but when he was scraping the snow off the High Street he heard something, and so he asked a question, and then my brother told him the whole history."

"How did he take it?" I queried.

An involuntary smile burst over Alice's face as she answered —

"He said he wished there was somebody to take up the police when they took up the wrong people, for they were always making stupid blunders. That was all, sir."

Oh, terrible liberality of opinion learned in Ratcliff Highway! Is that how the majesty of the law looks there? So I suppose when the policeman tells a vagrant to "move on," the vagrant comforts himself with an adverse criticism, and does not think him such a canon of respectability as we do.

I accompanied Mr. Marten to his home, and by his servant I sent a message to Ruth that she must not expect me for an hour or two, as I intended to lunch with him. After hastily partaking of this meal,

the rector proceeded to his chemical inquiry. It verified his suspicions. The stains upon the blade were undoubtedly human blood.

It was rather late in the afternoon when we proceeded to Miss Sanders's house. The eldest sister admitted us—the brightness of yesterday scarcely faded from her face—and led us to the same little room where Ruth and I first made her acquaintance.

Presently Mr. Marten unfolded our errand. Miss Beattie quietly took the knife, and set our last doubts at rest by pointing out a certain flaw on the handle, by which she could positively identify it as her cousin's property.

"Then we give it up to you, ma'am," said Mr. Marten; "and shall you think it right to acquaint the police with its discovery?"

"Need I do so?" she asked.

"Not unless you choose," he replied; "but it is the usual course,—only you remember that a young man was accused of Mr. Roper's death."

"Yes, Ewen M'Callum," she said mechanically.

"Well," the rector went on, "the finding of this knife gives no clue to the guilt of any other person, and if the fact transpire, it can only revive the old accusation against him, certainly not in a court of law, but in the village, and much useless misery will surely result."

Miss Sanders was silent.

"You believe Ewen M'Callum guilty?" I queried.

"I wish I could hope otherwise, sir," she said, quickly.

"We all think him innocent," observed Mr. Marten.

"Of course, the acquittal set him right with the world," she responded, rather bitterly.

"No, indeed it didn't, poor fellow!" said I.

Her worn face, which had now quite lost the faint gleam of the day before, softened a little; but she did not speak. Neither did we. The knife lay on the mantle-piece, her thin fingers resting over it.

At last she stirred, so suddenly that I almost started, and Mr. Marten sprang up as if he understood that our visit was considered at an end. But Miss Sanders only moved to fetch her work-box, in the depths of which she proceeded to deposit the dismal relic of her dead sister's lover.

"So nothing need be said about it," she observed, locking the box, and speaking in quite an ordinary tone. "What a lovely

evening it is, to be sure! Real summer weather!"

Mr. Marten disregarded these remarks, which she evidently intended to cover her escape from any thanks. "The M'Callums will understand how much they owe you," said he.

"And you will do Ewen this great kindness, though you still believe his guilt?" I ventured to inquire.

"We cannot always govern our thoughts," she answered, humbly; "but, God helping, we may control our deeds. And besides, I have no doubt George terribly provoked whoever brought him to his end."

"But if it were Ewen," I pleaded, "it would be easier to forgive the sudden crime than the persistent denial of it. In his nature, I could understand the one, but not the other."

"We need not puzzle ourselves about that," she sighed.

"Only I wish to make you feel his guilt an impossibility!" said I.

She shook her head with a sad smile.

"That does not matter while I act as if I thought him innocent," she replied. "I hope he is. I only wish that poor George had died without staining any soul with his blood. He did harm enough while he lived."

So, with a few more thanks we took our leave. Mr. Marten returned to the Refuge, to assure the watchers there that all was well, and I pursued my way homeward.

It was truly a beautiful evening, and I found Ruth standing in the porch. As she greeted me, she added archly,—

"Mr. Weston has been here."

"Indeed!" I said; "and wouldn't he wait to see me?"

"Oh, he waited a little while," she answered; "but when I told him that the girl who brought your message said she thought you and the rector were busy about some Refuge-business, he said very likely you would go there, and he might as well walk round and meet you; but if he chanced to miss you, he would not return here, but would come again in a day or two."

When a young man promises to visit you soon, and then comes next day, and yet does not seem over-anxious to see your poor old face, what does it mean? And as I took my seat in my easy chair, I said to myself, "I wonder if Lucy's nephew is talking to Alice M'Callum at this instant? He will see she has been crying. Ah well! I think showers ripen love even better than sunshine!"

From The Cornhill Magazine.

CHARLES DIBDIN AND HIS SONGS.

ALTHOUGH Charles Dibdin cannot be put in any comparison with the "Three Lyrists," recently discussed in this Magazine, he was a man whose genius deserved something better than to be hidden in the obscurity which we observe to be creeping over his name. In the first place, he had about him that *cachet* of originality which is the primary merit of a writer, whatever be his school; for men of genius, like human beings, have each a face of their own, while mediocrities, like sheep and cattle, can only be distinguished from each other by experts. To this also must be added, that Dibdin exercised a lyrical influence — made an individual impression — by songs, such as English song-writers have scarcely ever attained. No doubt, English literature contains noble songs, — some of the noblest that have been produced since the myrtle-branch went round from singer to singer — each using his right-of "a call" by passing it — at the banquets of the Greeks. But in popular songs, — songs for the open air, the country-gathering, the supper-table, and so forth, — England is less rich than countries which have never rivalled her in greater things. A company of Scotch farmers, or working men, has a far better stock of ditties to draw upon than we haughty Southrons; nor have we any poet who is to a Londoner what Béranger is to a Parisian. Unfortunately, also, this is a state of things which seems at present to be getting worse instead of getting better. Music has become eminently more diffused than it used to be, and good music has enjoyed a share of this improvement. But the song-writer proper, instead of retaining his old leadership, has sunk into a servant of the composer. Musicians have given us "songs without words," and writers have given us what we may call words without songs, — that is to say, words that do not deserve to be called songs, or to rank in literature at all, but are mere semi-mechanical conveniences for the use of the musical artist who still retains the faculty of creation. Sometimes, indeed, as the organs hourly remind us, both words and melody are trash; but we need not dwell on those terrible cases just now. We would only say that, for a time, the song-writer's power has been on the wane. Yet Moore did at least as much for Irish airs as Irish airs did for him; and some of the sweetest of the old Scotch airs would have been forgotten but for the infinitely powerful and infinitely tender lays to

which Burns united them. We have all heard of music being married to immortal verse; but in our age they seem to have gone into the Divorce Court.

Now, besides that Charles Dibdin had a speciality in the *genre*, — a speciality for those sea-songs by which his name is chiefly, perhaps solely, remembered, — he was also a composer himself; differing, in this respect, not only from Horace, Burns, and Béranger, but from most other lyrists of eminence, such as Scott and Campbell. Indeed, he arrived at song-writing through composition, and not at composition through song-writing. "A strong and intuitive propensity to music," he says in his autobiography, "moderated my mind, and cheated it, as it were, into poetry." * His early associations were favourable to him in this respect. Born at Southampton in 1745, he was sent young to Winchester, with some ambitious views towards the Church. But his case was the not uncommon one of a mistaken parental intention, really placing a youngster in conditions harmonizing with his natural vocation. The genius of the future singer of "Poor Jack" and "Tom Bowling" was awakened — curiously enough — by the organ of a cathedral. The boy sang in anthems, and at concerts, and received some instruction from Fussell the organist. He began to compose, too, at fourteen, when he produced the air, "In Every Fertile Valley," which afterwards (in 1762) contributed to the success of his first successful piece, the pastoral drama of *The Shepherd's Artifice*. His musical education, however, was by no means thorough, and, like some other men of talent in a similar predicament, he was apt to overrate what unassisted nature can do. He spoke slightly of the culture of his art; but since Mr. Hogarth assures us that "he never put a bass to one of his own songs without committing gross and palpable errors," † this was distinctly a pity and a blunder. However, according to the same critic, his instinct of melody was something quite rare and remarkable, so the gift of musical genius cannot be denied him. The passion for its indulgence filled up all his youth, and the proper studies of the venerable foundation of Wykeham appear to have been wholly neglected by him. We regret to say that in one of his writings he speaks of Aristophanes as having belonged to the *Middle Comedy*, a statement which could not have been made at Winchester College in that rigid epoch without peril of flagellation.

* *The Professional Life of Mr. Charles Dibdin, written by Himself.* (1803.)

† *Dibdin's Songs.* By GEORGE HOGARTH. (1842.)

While still a boy, Dibdin turned his eyes towards London as the head-quarters of music and of everything else. He had been one of a family of eighteen, and among the eighteen was a brother much older than himself, who holds an important place in his biography, besides being worth remembering for his own sake. This was Captain Thomas Dibdin, — father of the Reverend Mr. Frognall Dibdin, the bibliographer — a stout seaman of superior talents and character. He had commanded privateers with distinguished gallantry, and also West and East Indiamen, in days when such commands required qualities not inferior to those of an officer of the Royal Navy. The little music-loving, song-loving, Winchester boy looked up to this "big brother" with a mixture of fraternal loyalty and poetic admiration. He was weary of singing anthems, or being asked about to amuse parties in the Cathedral Close or the officers' camp; and Captain Thomas urged him to come to London, and promised to introduce him to friends of his in the City who might forward his aims. Not a doubt but this kindness of his brother stamped early on young Dibdin the love of sailors, which was, long afterwards, to make him celebrate them in song; and it is equally certain that Captain Dibdin was the original of his famous "Tom Bowling." So Charles came up to London, full of musical ambition, and often, as he tells us, played the congregation out of St. Bride's before he was sixteen years old.

One of the friends to whom Charles Dibdin was introduced by his brother, was Johnson, the music-publisher of Cheapside. Johnson did not encourage his talents much, and galled the ambitious and high-spirited lad by setting him down, whenever he came to the shop, to tune harpsichords. Captain Dibdin, too, went on a voyage and was captured by a French man-of-war; and his City friends found young Charles somewhat too independent in his notions, and not disposed to be made a mere amusing boon-companion. A Mr. Béranger, with whom he became acquainted, (perhaps of the family of the French *chansonnier*, who had relations settled in England,) took a liking to him, and made him known to Rich, the manager of Covent Garden, and other personages of the worlds of music and the drama. He plunged eagerly into these worlds. "The theatres and the opera houses," he says, "were regions of enchantment to me. . . . I have no power of expression that can give the faintest idea of what I felt when I heard the first crash of an overture. It was," adds he, "a great

era for music." Galluppi was in England, and his music very popular. Corelli was much admired and studied. And England herself had Dr. Arne, whose genius exercised much influence over Dibdin, to whom he was personally very obliging, and by whom his name and memory were venerated. The success of Arne's *Artaxerxes* in 1762, left Garrick playing to empty benches, and Garrick made a timely tour to Italy. Dibdin began that year, while still in his teens, to make a little way. He was already a poet, composer, and singer, and he soon became an actor. Rich taught him where to lay what he used to call the "emphasis;" and when Rich was succeeded by his son-in-law, Beard, Dibdin was engaged as a chorus-singer at Covent Garden. For the copyright of the first half-dozen songs he sold, he got only three guineas. But Beard encouraged him to write *The Shepherd's Artifice*, already mentioned as his earliest success, which appeared when he was only seventeen, and won him some degree of reputation. The songs in this piece (it must be understood that we are looking at Dibdin in this essay from a literary point of view,) are poor; and this is equally true of the songs in many similar pieces which followed. Dibdin began by imitating the regular, conventional, feebly epigrammatic, insincerely sentimental, eighteenth century manner. Not till he was about forty did he do justice to his true genius in the hearty, humorous, and genuinely tender nautical songs, on which his real fame rests.

It is an observation as old as Cicero's time, and probably older, that the world is very unwilling to admit the excellence of those who distinguish themselves in more ways than one. Dibdin was a composer, at whom rival composers sneered; a singer, and therefore keenly scrutinized by singers; a poet, whom other writers of ballads looked at askance; and an actor whom jealous actors positively hated. Yet his music was held in respect by Arne; it could not be denied that he had a baritone voice of sweet and mellow quality; * his worst songs were up to the level of his time; and he undoubtedly succeeded as an actor in several parts. This variety, however, so precociously exhibited, and accompanied by energy of character, and, as we guess from his autobiography, by a pretty confident self-appreciation and self-assertion, goes far to explain the antagonism which he excited throughout his career. His theatrical life, whether as author, composer, or actor, was one of war, — war with managers, actors,

* *Memoir*. By Mr. George Hogarth.

music-sellers, and nearly everybody else. His actor's career became so intolerable to him that he gave up acting altogether. He quarrelled with Colman, when Colman succeeded Beard in Covent Garden. And his seven years' connection with Garrick was a kind of seven years' war, and terminated in a rupture. It is not likely that Dibdin, who was, beyond dispute, an able, honest, and most industrious man, was in the wrong in all these cases; nor, on the other hand, is it probable that he was invariably in the right. Garrick, unquestionably, sometimes treated him shabbily and tyrannically; and there is evidence enough from other quarters that the great actor, though capable of deeds of generosity, was morbidly vain, and apt to be arrogant, or mean, according as circumstances, and the characters of those with whom he was dealing, prompted him to arrogance or meanness. Dibdin was a struggling man, and very much in Garrick's power; if Dibdin had been a Churchill, Garrick would have crouched to him; if he had been a Foote, he would have courted him; if, like John Home, he had been the favourite of a Lord Bute, he would have brought out anything he pleased to write. As it was, he disliked Dibdin's independent temper, and did not do justice to his talents. But Dibdin was of great service to Garrick, both on the occasion of the famous Stratford Jubilee, and at Drury Lane.

The reader would not thank us if we attempted to give an account of the many musical pieces which Dibdin prepared for Drury Lane, Covent Garden, the Haymarket, Sadlers' Wells, and Ranelagh, between 1762, when he brought out *The Shepherd's Artifice*, and 1787, when he ceased to write for the stage. They are now only of antiquarian interest, except for a few of the songs, and even these are very inferior to the songs of a later period. His first sea-song, "Blow High, Blow Low," appeared in a comic opera called *The Seraglio*, produced at Covent Garden in the winter of 1776. But before he fairly got into that vein, he had some singular varieties of fortune to go through. And he also passed nearly two years of the period preceding the war with France which rose out of the American War, at Nancy in Lorraine. During this time he employed himself wisely in studying the French language and literature. The people themselves he did not by any means love; and it was with a hearty goodwill that he wrote war-songs against them when the great struggle began towards the close of the century.

Unpleasant as had been his relations to managers for so many years, no wonder that Dibdin ardently longed to have a theatre of his own. In the course of his musings on this idea, he hit upon what he thought an excellent site for such a purpose on the Surrey side of Blackfriars Bridge. Music, according to Dibdin, had altogether degenerated during the last twenty years. Horsemanship was in fashion. Why not, thought he, combine the stage with the ring, and produce entertainments of a novel character and a higher class? A Colonel West, of the Guards, to whom the ground belonged, was favourable to him; proprietors were forthcoming; a licence was obtained; and there arose, in due time, the "Royal Circus,"—now represented by the Surrey Theatre of our own day. Colonel West, however, died; and Dibdin was soon embroiled with his colleagues. It will amuse the reader, and illustrate the temper of the man, if we quote a single sentence from his autobiography regarding these persons:—"While the leech, HUGHES, was sucking the blood of the proprietors, and fastening on the concern, the serpent, GRIMALDI, was coiled up till a proper moment should arrive to seize the management." Who can tell the rights or wrongs of such disputes at this distance of time? or are they worthy subjects of research? Of other men with whom he had differences, Dibdin always speaks with an obvious wish to do justice to their point of view, even under irritation. There was an instinct of intellectual honesty about him which no competent critic can mistake. But for Hughes and Grimaldi he has nothing but loathing; and we are inclined to think that this was one of the quarrels in which he was in the right. He gave up all connection with the Circus, the affairs of which were a source of annoyance to him for years after. To us, for our present purpose, the most interesting fact about this episode in Dibdin's life is that his song "Grog and Girls" had its birth at the Royal Circus:—

A sailor and an honest heart,
Like ship and helm, are ne'er apart;
For how should one stern wind and tide,
If t'other should refuse to guide?
With that she freely cuts the waves,
And so the tar,
When dashing waves around him jar,
Consults his heart, and danger braves
Where duty calls; nor asks for more
Than grog aboard, and girl ashore.

* * *

'Tis not that in the hottest fight
The murderous ball will sooner light

On him than any other spot, —
 To face the cannon is his lot;
 He must of dangers have his share.
 But honest tar,
 Though fire, and winds, and water jar,
 Consults his heart, and shakes off care;
 And when the battle's heat is o'er,
 In grog aboard, drinks girl ashore.

Here we have not absolutely Dibdin's first sea-song, but the first in which his peculiar quality shows itself; a something simpler and more energetic than the then fashionable type of song, and an embodiment of what we may call his nautical philosophy. Perhaps it is as well that he failed to establish the Circus; and was thrown more and more upon himself alone. But he had another catastrophe to meet before the prosperous part of his career arrived. He planned, and began, in connection with a Mr. Leroux, a Clerkenwell justice, a theatre in St. Pancras, in the region now covered by Somers Town. "I have a hundred times," says he, "compared myself to an ant, that, when its nest is destroyed, never stands lamenting its misfortunes, but gets to work again, and either repairs the old nest or begins a new one." The new speculation was to be called Helicon; and the courageous singer went to work with spirit, planted poplars, and ran up a building. But the licence was refused; and, to crown all,—Dibdin having been called away to Southampton to attend his mother's death-bed,—a gale of wind came on, and blew his unlucky structure to the ground. Mr. Leroux completed the gale's work by helping himself to the *débris* of the edifice.

Never, as he informs us, was he "so completely driven into a corner as at this period," and it was now 1785, his fortieth year. He had broken off relations almost entirely with all the theatres. He had twice failed to establish a theatre for himself. He began to meditate going to India, where his brother, Captain Dibdin, who had become master-attendant at Nagore and a man of some property, had invited him to join him. The good captain died at the Cape, soon after the time of which we are speaking; but friends of his in India still urged Dibdin to come out and look after his affairs. To raise funds for the voyage, Dibdin resolved on making a tour through England with an entertainment. One very queer difficulty beset him in the course of this expedition — a difficulty which strongly brings home to one the vast changes that have taken place in our intercommunication in England since those days. He was constantly taken for an

impostor, and had serious difficulty in convincing people in the country towns that he was the real Mr. Dibdin. The real Mr. Dibden, he was told, was "a tall, sallow, thin old man, with a wig," whereas he was a stoutish, somewhat jolly-looking personage, wearing his own hair. One old tabby, the tea-table oracle of Worcester, told him plainly in the street that his assertion that he was Mr. Dibdin was a falsity, for that she had seen Mr. Dibdin at Birmingham, and he was a very different-looking man. The Mayor of Nottingham asked if he came with drums and trumpets, and if he was sure his entertainment would not corrupt the apprentice boys? Under these difficulties Dibdin still pursued his tour, and published an account of it, with a distinguished subscription-list. He now sold all his songs to the music-sellers, that he might start for the East with all available funds, and the music-sellers took advantage of his position to make sordidly mean bargains with him; for "The Waterman; or, My Poll and My Partner Joe," they gave him two guineas; and half a guinea for the famous stave, so familiar to our grandfathers, "Nothing like Grog."

In 1788 Charles Dibdin embarked on board ship in the river, and his first discovery was that the captain was even a worse character to deal with than the captain with whom Fielding had sailed for Lisbon thirty-four years before. "It has generally been a curious trait in my fortunes," observes Dibdin, with much naïveté, in recording these events, "to meet with men whose minds were full of depravity, and who were alike strangers to justice and humanity." If half what he tells us of this skipper be true — and we know no reason why it should be false — Dibdin did well to quit the vessel when she put into Torbay. He had been five days in the Channel in her, and this five days' cruise was the longest ever made by this our most popular English writer of sea-songs. Five days, however, of a man of genius, count for fifty days of anybody else; and though Dibden never became technically accurate in his use of sea-language, he had a very respectable knowledge of it for a landsman.

Having landed at Torbay — and sunk a hundred and fifty pounds to no apparent purpose — Dibdin resumed his entertainments. And he began at last to see that to concentrate himself on entertainments was his best policy. He resolved to do so; and also opened a music-shop for the sale of his own songs, in spite of the rage of vulturous music-sellers, who denounced him as an

interloper. His entertainments were held in different places — the establishment being always called *Sans Souci*. He began them in King Street, Covent Garden, with one called *The Whim of the Moment*, in 1788; and continued them, first in the Strand, and then at a little theatre which he (at last!) successfully created for himself in Leicester Place. The years from 1788 onwards were the most prosperous and the most productive, as far as quality is concerned, of Charles Dibdin's long and active life. His best seasons nearly all appeared in these entertainments, the very names of which are forgotten now. Thus "Poor Jack" and "The Sailor's Sheet-Anchor" belong to *The Whim of the Moment*; "The Flowing Can" and "Poor Tom, or the Sailor's Epitaph" to *The Oddities* (1789); "Jack at the Windlass" to *The Quizzes* (1792); and "Yo, heave ho!" to *The Tour to the Land's End* (1798). These entertainments were wholly Dibdin's own. He invented the simple machinery of story, which was the vehicle for his songs; wrote the songs, and set them to music himself; and sang them himself. He did not dress in character, but appeared before his audience (a pleasant-looking, gentlemanlike man, with a keen dark eye) in the blue coat, white waistcoat, black silk stockings, and breeches, of the old régime. He played his own accompaniment on an instrument — part piano, part organ — which was fitted up with gongs and bells, by which a variety of effect could be produced when necessary. Thus the amusement was an intellectual one, depending, like those of the elder Mathews and the late Mr. Albert Smith, on the performer's individual talents and accomplishments. But its influence was not confined within its own limits, nor to amusement strictly so called. The songs which Dibdin wrote and sang there winged their way over the whole country. Great singers like Incledon, who almost swore by Dibdin, performed them to delighted crowds. They were heard in drawing-rooms and at supper-tables, in theatres and at concerts. And as the mighty Revolutionary War progressed, and England warmed into a red heat of patriotic pride and furious Anti-Gallicanism, the singer, who had begun as a rather watery Anacreon, rose into something of an Alcæus or Tyrtæus. Crowds listened to him with the eagerness of the shades gathering round Alcæus, in Horace's famous ode: —

Pugnas et exactos tyrannos
Densum humeris bibit aure vulgus.

Dibdin is, indeed, called the Tyrtæus of

the war by so high an authority as the *Edinburgh Review* of 1823. He had then been just nine years dead. The praise is extravagant, no doubt, but it is valuable, as showing the opinion of contemporaries.

Up to this period — that of the revolutionary war — comparatively little had been done for the representation of any side of naval life in our literature. The admirable novels of Smollett had made a worthy beginning, and they have certainly not been surpassed since, for truthfulness, shrewdness, and a broad hearty humour, — a humour always vigorous and pungent, but which could be, — as in the description of the last hours of Commodore Truncheon — tender also. We have a sea song or two earlier than Smollett, such as the lively doggerel on the action in which Benbow received his death-wound; the pleasant comic stanzas of Lord Dorset written during the Dutch wars of the Restoration; and the "scurvy tune," which Stephano sings in the *Tempest*. Nay, we may remount to Chaucer's "Shipman" for proof that the fundamental basis of the traditional naval character of our humorists had been laid down in our literature very early: —

And certainly he was a good felaw.
Ful many a draught of win he hadde draw
From Burdeaux ward, while that the chapman
slepe
Of nice conscience toke he no kepe.

Hardy he was, and wise, I undertake:
With many a tempest hadde his berd be shake.

Dibdin may thus be said to have followed up a tradition; but — like the Navy itself of the Great War for that matter — he added as much to the tradition as he derived from it. And this was natural enough; for although Abercrombie and Aboukir must never be forgotten, the naval glories of the epoch belonged to the first part of the war, as the military glories to the conclusion of it. The battles of the First of June, St. Vincent, Camperdown, the Nile, and Trafalgar, were all fought within less than a dozen years. Hence, there was a perpetual inspiration given to a song-writer whose forte lay in naval song; besides which, Dibdin had not only seen the generation of Rodney, but could remember the generation of Hawke. Luckily too, the earliest triumphs of the successful period of his career were made with nautical songs, with "Poor Jack," and "The Greenwich Pensioner," the latter of which sold more than ten thousand copies, just at the time his entertainments began. In "Poor Jack," he strikes

the characteristic chord of his distinctive lyrical instrument : —

D'ye mind me, a sailor should be every inch
All as one as a piece of the ship,
And with her brave the world without offering
to flinch
From the moment the anchor's a-trip.
As for me, in all weathers, all times, sides, and
ends,
Nought's a trouble from duty that springs;
For my heart is my Poll's, and my rhino's my
friend's,
And as for my life, 'tis the King's :
Even when my time comes, ne'er believe me so
soft
As for grief to be taken aback,
For the same little cherub that sits up aloft
Will look out a good berth for Poor
Jack!

We may remark, in this long popular song, not only its homely freshness and humour, and manly moral tone, but a dramatic power which was of the essence of Dibdin's genius. He had, like Burns and Béranger, though in an inferior degree, (for he has left nothing equal to "The Jolly Beggars," or "Les Souvenirs du Peuple,") the power not only of expressing an emotion, but of fixing, in form and colour, a character or scene. His ideal Jack Tar is now and then theatrical, — and it is the reproach of the modern stage that we say "theatrical" when we mean artificial and unreal. Nay, when the utilitarian value of the songs came to be seen, and they were served out to keep up patriotism and dispel mutinous feeling, — like lime-juice as a preventive of scurvy, — a certain factitious character, pointed out before in this Magazine, came to attach to them. There is, in fact, some theatrical exaggeration, — a painting of the blue deeper than the blue of nature, — something recalling T. P. Cooke, rather than the Navy, to men who really know the Navy, — about the sea-songs of Dibdin. But this does not belong to them universally; while, to resume what we were saying of his dramatic force, as distinct from his theatrical cleverness and the results of his theatrical associations, his Jack Tar is a living figure. He did not, at least when at his best, exhibit a mere marionette, in a Guernsey frock, a pig-tail, and duck trousers, at *Sans Souci*. He held sound principles of art. "A ballad," he declares, "considered as a lyric composition, without which distinction it has but little worth, is a very superior kind of poem, and demands a degree of genius and inspiration that can neither be taught nor explained; and for the composition of music necessary

to give force and effect to such words, the mind shuns everything affected and fantastic, and seeks an asylum in the bosom of Nature." (*Professional Life*, by Himself, vol. iii., p. 42.) This is good doctrine, and in his best songs he carries it into practice. We could hardly have a better specimen of his simpler and prettier manner than the one we shall now transcribe, viz., his

LOVELY NAN.

Sweet is the ship that, under sail,
Spreads her white bosom to the gale;
Sweet, oh! sweet the flowing can;
Sweet to poise the labouring oar,
That tugs us to our native shore,
When the boatswain pipes the barge to man;
Sweet sailing with a fav'ring breeze;
But oh! much sweeter than all these,
Is Jack's delight — his lovely Nan.

The needle, faithful to the North,
To show of constancy the worth,
A curious lesson teaches man:
The needle time may rust, the squall
Capsize the binnacle and all,
Let seamanship do all it can;
My love in worth shall higher rise,
Nor time shall rust, nor squalls capsize,
My faith and truth to lovely Nan.

When in the bilboes I was penn'd
For serving of a worthless friend,
And every creature from me ran;
No ship performing quarantine
Was ever so deserted seen,
None hail'd me — woman, child, nor man;
But though false friendship's sails were furled,
Though cut adrift by all the world,
I'd all the world in lovely Nan.

I love my duty, love my friend,
Love truth and merit to defend,
To moan their loss who hazard ran;
I love to take an honest part,
Love beauty, with a spotless heart,
By manners love to show the man;
To sail through life by honour's breeze —
'Twas all along of loving these
First made me dote on lovely Nan.

Not to relish this pleasant little song would show an equal want of heart and ear. It has natural sentiment, without exaggeration; a touch of point, without epigrammatic glitter; and just nautical color enough, — a flavour of salt, — while occasionally Dibdin almost pedantically affects the technical language of seamanship. It is this pedantry that betrays him sometimes into blunders analogous to those of the gentlemen who will quote Latin and Greek without knowing

it. Thus, in "Grieving's a Folly"—a hearty rollicking song enough—we find,—

One night as we drove with two reefs in the
main-sail,
And the scud came on low'ring upon a lee-
shore,
Jack went up aloft for to hand the top ga'nt-
sail,
A spray wash'd him off, and we ne'er saw
him more.

But the top-gallant sails would have been taken in long before it came to double-reefing the courses:—unless, to be sure, in the case of a Turkish squadron we once saw in the Mediterranean, where the breeze having freshened, the men could not be got to go aloft for that purpose, and the officers had to cut away the whole business with axes or tomahawks. Again, in "Saturday Night," the bard informs us, that,—

For all the world just like the ropes aboard a
ship—
Each man's rigged out
A vessel stout,
To take for life a trip.
The shrouds, the stays, the braces,
Are joys, and hopes, and fears;
The halliards, sheets, and traces,
Still, as each passion veers,
And whim prevails,
Direct the sails,
As on the sea of life he steers.

Yet the halliards and sheets have nothing to do with *directing* the sails, while the braces, to which he assigns a different set of functions, have. "Sheet" seems an unlucky word for song-writers. Allan Cunningham, in a well-known song, talks of—

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,

evidently not knowing that a sheet is a rope. "Honest Allan's" whole stanza, however, is absurd, for his ship is flying *before* a wind that follows fast, and he makes her leave old England "on the lee." A still more extraordinary error of Dibdin's occurs in "The Token":—

The breeze was fresh, the ship in *stays*,
Each breaker hush'd, the shore a haze,
When Jack no more on duty call'd,
His true love's tokens overhaul'd.

Surely a man who took so much interest in sailors, and wrote so much about them, must have known what a ship's being "in stays" means? Our next sample is more excusable:—

The squall tore the main-sail to shivers,
Helm a-weather the hoarse boatswain cries,

— though Dibdin ought to have known that *conning* the ship is no part of the duty of a boatswain.

More minute criticism would easily find other slips of this kind. But, on the whole, they interfere very little with the merit of Dibdin's songs, which though accepted and enjoyed among sailors, were still more directly addressed to the world at large, before whose eyes they held up a good ideal of the nautical character and so strengthened the popularity of the service. When we consider what that ideal was, and how broad the humour in the sunshine of which Dibdin set it forth, we feel that our lot has been cast upon a much more rigid generation. The virtues of Dibdin's b'ue-jacket are social and, above all, professional virtues. He is to be loyal, brave, cheerful, truth-telling, generous; but his morality in other respects is most indulgently viewed. It is accepted as a matter of course that he shall squander his pay upon "Grog and Girls;" and all that possible improvement in his condition which our Sailors' Homes, &c., are established to effect, is totally ignored. "Jack in his Element" sings to the following tune:—

I've a spanking wife at Portsmouth Gates,
A pigmy at Goree,
An orange-tawny up the Straits,
A black at St. Lucie:
Thus, wharsoomever course I bend,
I lead a jovial life,
In every mess I find a friend,
In every port a wife.

* * * * *
Thus be we sailors all the go,
On fortune's sea we rub;
We works, and loves, and fights the foe,
And drinks the generous bub.
Storms that the masts to splinters rend,
Can't shake our jovial life;
In every mess we find a friend,
In every port a wife.

Those whose naval experience is old enough to reach back to the time when Trafalgar men were still to be found afloat, are not likely to forget the legends of the age which Dibdin painted. The Navy had a system of ethics of its own which might well appal Exeter Hall—though, we venture to say, that it was less corrupting than many a fashionable novel of our own time. "The Service" and its efficiency was pretty well all that commanding officers took into consideration; and for the rest,

they were content to hope with Nelson, in one of his letters, that there was a large allowance made for them in the other world. They flogged a man, not for drunkenness, but for being drunk *on duty*. That he should get drunk on shore was accepted as a mere matter of course. Indeed, we are ourselves old enough to remember a seaman serving afloat, who regularly, as the anniversary of a famous action in which he had been engaged came round, used to appear on the quarter-deck and respectfully ask permission to get drunk! Never did the worthy man neglect to avail himself of his captain's indulgence. As for Poll and Nan, the captains of the old school were equally tolerant. If a lass's fingers were pretty, they did not look too closely at them for a wedding ring; and our ships swarmed in harbour with the "wives," "aunts," "sisters," and "cousins," of all hands. These respectable family appellations were the "homage," to use Rochefoucauld's famous maxim, that the service paid to the prevailing religion of the country. And if you asked a captain about it all, he could only shrug his shoulders and say, "What am I to do? If the men go ashore, I shall lose a lot of them; and the ship must be manned." In a certain case, where two men-of-war were lying together — at Spithead, if our memory serves us — the captain of one of them set his face against this flux of visitors, while his neighbour permitted it freely. In an hour or two the crew of the inhospitable gentleman's vessel were in a state of mutiny, and he hurried off in great excitement to report the fact to the port admiral. The port admiral belonged to "the old school" himself, and acted with decision. The moment he knew the circumstances, he hoisted a signal, "Fifty women from the 'Vengeance' to be sent to the 'Bellerophon,'" and order was speedily restored. Such was the Navy of which Dibdin was at once the Tyrtæus and the Anacreon. He performed both parts with spirit; and one cannot wonder that the Hannah More school should have protested against such a bard's being countenanced by the Government. Dibdin was put in the index, in the very first issue of tracts produced by the evangelical reaction of the close of the last century. That reaction told upon the navy as everywhere else; but the decay of Dibdin's influence there has been less due to it, than to the wider changes comprehended in a transition from war to peace, from sailing-ships to steamers and ironclads. His sea-songs are in great part war-songs, which in time

of peace lose their interest; they are also, in great part, songs of an epoch and a school. He does not reach the standard of a singer for all time, though he is a genuine singer within his range, and allowing for his limitations.

In the days of our grandfathers, however, Dibdin was unquestionably a power, and a beneficent and patriotic one. He was so fertile that he declares himself to have written nine hundred songs; and so punctual and energetic in his business that "no apology," he assures us, "was ever made for his non-attendance" during two-and-forty years. He asserts, likewise, at a period when no such assertion could have been falsely made with impunity, that his "songs had been quoted in mutinies to the restoration of order and discipline." But the proof that his influence as an Anti-Jacobin and Anti-Gallican writer was real and considerable, is his having received a pension in 1803 from Pitt's Government, — a Government slow to acknowledge literary merit; and the Scotch department of which, a few years before, had allowed Burns to live and die a gauger. This pension of 200*l.* was withdrawn by the administration which followed, and only a part of it restored not long before his death, in 1814. One supposed reason of this was his publication of a song pleading the cause of the "hardy tars," whose sufferings were much less interesting to the Admiralty than their enthusiasm when needed for service. But, as far as we know, this explanation is conjectural. Dibdin was probably only sacrificed, like scores of the gallant fellows whose prowess he celebrated and whose leisure he cheered, to his want of parliamentary or family connections. Be that as it may, the loss was disastrous to him, and he found it impossible to regain his position. He had sold his theatre on the strength of the pension, in 1805, and retired to Cranford. He was forced to resume his entertainments and again to open a music-shop in 1808, in his sixty-third year, — he who had begun public life while he was still in a jacket! After a struggle, the long career of the veteran — itself no bad counterpart of the stormy and strife-filled career of the men-of-war's men — the "Tom Toughs" and "Tom Tackles," whom he sang — ended in bankruptcy. A subscription was raised for him in 1810, and on the small proceeds of this he again went into retirement in Arlington Street, Camden Town. Paralysis came upon him the year before his death, and he died on July 25, 1814, after a period of bodily helplessness, and, we fear, of priva-

tion. The *Gentleman's Magazine*, in recording the event, speaks of "the influence of his songs upon our gallant tars" as an acknowledged and familiar fact. Of his private life it says that he was "improvident," but his improvidence, it adds, "chiefly appeared in a too hospitable style of living," for "he was never a gamester, nor addicted to the bottle." It is to be regretted that we cannot speak of his domestic life with commendation. He had excellent qualities, as has been amply shown already, and he did good service in his time to England and English literature. But in a professed biographical sketch it is wrong to omit any important feature of a man's history; and it must be honestly narrated of Charles Dibdin, that after his first marriage he formed an illicit connection with a chorus-singer at Drury Lane, Mrs. Davenet, by whom he was father of Charles and Thomas Dibdin, also song-writers and dramatists; and that he deserted his mistress for another woman, as he had deserted his wife for his first mistress.* He afterwards married the successor of Mrs. Davenet, who, as well as her daughter, survived him. To them, it must be added, he was constant and tender; and they placed on his modest tombstone, in St. Martin's, Camden Town, the celebrated verses from his "Tom Bowling:"—

His form was of the manliest beauty,
His heart was kind and soft,
Faithful, below, he did his duty,
But now he's gone aloft.

To part of this high praise Dibdin was certainly entitled; and there are many epitaphs which are wholly false. He rests in a bleak churchyard, now closed,—originally a colony of the dead removed from the parish of St. Martin's to that of St. Pancras, and situated just on the north side of Pratt Street, Camden Town. His monument, enclosed in a railing, stands as nearly as possible in the centre, and close to a somewhat dismal willow tree. An admirer planted a bay-tree at the head of the grave a few years ago; but according to "the gardener of that ground" it does not thrive,—perhaps from some occult sympathy with the waning renown of "the poor inhabitant below." Let us hope that there is a period of renewed life in store for the bay

* *Memoir* by GEORGE HOGARTH, p. xxii., xxiii.
"I never offended my father in my life."
writes Thomas Dibdin in his *Autobiography*,
but I never received a shilling from him. (Vol. II.,
p. 226.)

and the singer. Dibdin's songs and memory are things that we should be sorry to let die,—the rather that a Dibdin for Ironclads is a kind of poet whom we are not likely to see arise during the remainder of our pilgrimage.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

OUT OF THE SILENCE.

THERE is a certain crescent in a distant part of London—a part distant, that is, from clubs and parks and the splendours of Rotten Row—where a great many good works and good intentions carried out, have taken refuge. House-rent is cheap, the place is wide and silent and airy; there are even a few trees to be seen opposite the windows of the houses, although we may have come for near an hour rattling through the streets of a neighbourhood dark and dreary in looks, and closely packed with people and children, and wants and pains and troubles of every tangible form for the kind colonists of Burton Crescent to minister to.

We pass by the Deaconesses' Home: it is not with them that we have to do to-day; and we tell the carriage to stop at the door of one of the houses, where a brass-plate is set up, with an inscription setting forth what manner of inmates there are within, and we get out, send the carriage away, and ring the bell for admission.

One of the inmates peeped out from a door-way at us as we came into the broad old-fashioned passage. This was the little invalid of the establishment, we were afterwards told; she had hurt her finger, and was allowed to sit down below with the matron, instead of doing her lessons with the other children upstairs.

How curious and satisfactory these lessons are any one who likes may see and judge by making a similar pilgrimage to the one which F. and I undertook that wintry afternoon. The little establishment is a sort of short English translation of a great continental experiment of which an interesting account was given some months ago in this *Magazine* under the title of *Dumb Men's Speech*. Many of my friends were interested in it, and one day I received a note on the subject.

"Dumb men do speak in England," wrote a lady who had been giving her help and countenance to a similar experiment over

here; and from her I learnt that this attempt to carry out the system so patiently taught by Brother Cyril was now being made, and that children were being shown how to utter their wants, not by signs, but by speech, and in English, at the Jewish Home for Deaf and Dumb Children in Burton Crescent.

The great difference in this German system as opposed to the French, is that signs are as much as possible discarded after the beginning, and that the pupils are taught to read upon the lips of others, and to speak in words, what under the other system would be expressed in writing or by signs. The well-known Abbé de l'Épée approved, they say, of this method, and wrote a treatise on the subject, and his successor, the Abbé Siccard, says (I am quoting from a quotation), "*Le sourd-muet n'est donc totalement rendu à la société que lorsqu'on lui a appris à s'exprimer de vive voix et de lire la parole dans les mouvements des lèvres.*" This following very qualified sentence of his is also quoted in a report which has been sent me: "*Prenez garde, que je n'ai point dit que le sourd-muet ne peut pas parler, mais ne sait pas parler. Il est possible que Mapuiz apprit à parler si j'avais le temps de le lui apprendre.*"

Time, hours after hours of patience, goodwill, are given freely to this work by the good people who direct the various establishments in the Netherlands where the deaf and dumb are now instructed.

How numerous and carefully organized these institutions are may be gathered from a little pamphlet written by the great Director Hirsch of Rotterdam, who first introduced this system into the schools, and who has lately made a little journey from school to school, to note the progress of the undertaking he has so much at heart. Brussels and Ghent and Antwerp and Bruges, he visited all these and other outlying establishments, and was received everywhere with open arms by the good brothers who have undertaken to teach the system he advocates. Dr. Hirsch is delighted with everything he sees until he comes to Bruges, where he says that he is struck by the painful contrast which its scholars present as compared to the others he had visited on his way. "*They looked less gay (moins enjoué) than any of those he had seen.*" But this is explained to him by the fact that in this school the French method is still partly taught, and he leaves after a little exhortation to the Director, and a warning that public opinion will be against him if he continues the ancient system as opposed to the newer and more intelligible one. It is slower in the

beginning, says the worthy Doctor; it makes greater demands upon our patience, our time, our money, but it carries the pupil on far more rapidly and satisfactorily after the early steps are first mastered, until, when at last the faculty of hearing with the eyes has been once acquired, isolation exists no longer, the sufferer is given back to the world, and every one he meets is a new teacher to help to bring his study to perfection.

The Jewish Home for Deaf and Dumb Children in Burton Crescent has only been started for a few months. The lady who wrote to me guaranteed the rent and various expenses for a year, after which the experiment is to stand upon its own merits. Since the opening of the home I believe that great modifications have taken place in its arrangements, and that it is now to be enlarged and thrown open to any little dumb Christians who, as well as the little Jews, may like to come as day-scholars there, to be taught with much labour and infinite patience and pains what others learn almost unconsciously and without an effort.

F. and I have been going upstairs all this time, and come into a back-room or board-room, opening with folding-doors into the schoolroom, where the children are taught. As we went in the kind young master, M. von Praagh, (he is a pupil, I believe, of Dr. Hirsch's,) came forward to receive us, and welcomed us in the most friendly way. The children all looked up at us with bright flashing eyes—little boys and little girls in brown pinafores, with cheery little smiling faces peeping and laughing at us along their benches. In the room itself there is the usual apparatus—the bit of chalk, the great slate for the master to write upon, the little ones for the pupils, the wooden forms, the pinafores, the pictures hanging from the walls, and, what was touching to me, the usual little games and frolics and understandings going on in distant corners, and even under the master's good-natured eye. He is there to bring out, and not to repress, and the children's very confidence in his kindness and sympathy seems to be one of the conditions of their education and cure.

He clapped his hands, and a little class came and stood round the big slate—a big girl, a little one, two little boys. "*Attention,*" says the teacher, and he begins naming different objects, such as fish, bread, chamois, coal-skuttle. All these words the children read off his lips by watching the movement of his mouth. As he says each word the children brighten, seize the idea, rush to the pictures that are hanging on the wall, dis-

cover the object he has named, and bring it in breathless triumph. "Tomb," said the master, after naming a variety of things, and a big girl, with a beaming face, pointed to the ground and nodded her head emphatically, grinning from ear to ear. But signs are not approved of in this establishment, and, as I have said, the great object is to get them to talk. And it must be remembered that they are only beginners and that the home has only been opened a few months. One little thing, scarcely more than a baby, who had only lately come in, had spoken for the first time that very day, — "a, a, a," cried the little creature. She was so much delighted with her newly-gotten power that nothing would induce her to leave off exercising it. She literally shouted out her plaintive little "a." It was like the note of a little lamb, for of course, being deaf, she had not yet learned how to modulate her voice, and she had to be carried off into a distant corner by a bigger girl, who tried to amuse her and keep her still.

"It is an immense thing for the children," said Mr. von Praagh, "to feel that they are not cut off hopelessly and markedly from communication with their fellow-creatures; the organs of speech being developed, their lungs are strengthened, their health improves. You can see a change in the very expression of their faces, they delight in using their newly acquired power, and won't use the finger-alphabet even among themselves." And, as if to corroborate what he was saying, there came a cheery vociferous outbreak of "a's" from the corner where the little girl had been installed with some toys, and all the other children laughed.

I do not know whether little Jew boys and girls are on an average cleverer than little Christians, or whether, notwithstanding their infirmity, the care and culture bestowed upon them has borne this extra fruit; but these little creatures were certainly brighter and more lively than any dozen Sunday-school children taken at hazard. Their eyes danced, their faces worked with interest and attention, they seemed to catch light from their master's face, from one another's, from ours as we spoke; their eagerness, their cheerfulness and childish glee, were really remarkable; they laughed to one another much like any other children, peeped over their slates, answered together when they were called up. It was difficult to remember that they were deaf, though, when they spoke, a great slowness, indistinctness, and peculiarity was of course very noticeable. But these are only the pupils of a month or two, be it remembered.

A child with all its faculties is nearly two years learning to talk.

One little fellow with a charming expressive face and eyes, like two brown stars, came forward, and ciphered and read to us, and showed us his copy-book. He is beginning Hebrew as well as English. His voice is pleasant, melancholy, but quite melodious, and, to my surprise, he addressed me by my name, a long name with many letters in it. Mr. von Praagh had said it to him on his lips, for of course it is not necessary for the master to use his voice, and the motion of the lips is enough to make them understand. The name of my companion, although a short one, is written with four difficult consonants, and only one vowel to bind them together, and it gave the children more trouble than mine had done; but after one or two efforts the little boy hit upon the right way of saying it, and a gleam of satisfaction came into his face as well as his master's. Mr. von Praagh takes the greatest possible pains with, and interest in every effort and syllable. He holds the children's hands and accentuates the words by raising or letting them fall; he feels their throats and makes them feel his own. It would be hard indeed if so much patience and enthusiasm produced no results to reward it.

"What o'clock is it?" Mr. von Praagh asked.

"Four o'clock," said the little boy, without looking up.

"How do you know?" asked the master.

"Miss — is come," said the little fellow, laughing. This was a lady who came to give the girls their sewing lesson so many times a week.

I need not describe the little rooms upstairs, with the little beds in rows, and the baths, the play-room — the kind arrangement everywhere for the children's comfort and happiness. If the school is still deaf and dumb for most practical purposes, yet the light is shining in; the children are happy, and understand what is wanted of them, and are evidently in the right way. For the short time he has been at work as yet, Mr. von Praagh has worked wonders.

Babies, as I have just said, with all their faculties are about two years learning to speak. There is a curious crisis, which any one who has had any thing to do with children must have noticed, a sort of fever of impatience and vexation which attacks them when they first begin to understand that people do not understand what they say. I have seen a little girl burst into passionate

tears of vexation and impatience because she could not make herself immediately understood. I suppose the pretty croonings and chatterings which go before speech are a sort of natural exercise by which babies accustom themselves to words, and which they mistake at first for real talking. Real words come here and there in the midst of the baby-language — detaching themselves by degrees out of the wonderful labyrinth of sound — real words out of the language which they are accustomed to hear all about them, and something in this way, to these poor little deaf folks, the truth must dawn out of the confusion of sights and signs surrounding them.

This marvellous instinctive study goes on in secret in the children's minds. After their first few attempts at talking they seem to mistrust their own efforts. They find out that their pretty prattle is no good: they listen, they turn over words in their minds, and whisper them to themselves as they are lying in their little cribs, and then one day the crisis comes, and a miracle is worked, and the child can speak.

When children feel that their first attempts are understood they suddenly regain their good temper and wait for a further inspiration. They have generally mastered the great necessities of life in this very beginning of their efforts: "pooty," "toos," "ben butta," "papa," "mama," "nana" for "nurse," and "dolly," and they are content. Often a long time passes without any further apparent advance, and then comes perhaps a second attack of indignation. I know of one little babe who had hardly spoken before, and who had been very cross and angry for some days past, who horrified its relations by suddenly standing up in its crib one day, rosy and round-eyed, and saying, *Bess my soul* exactly like an old charwoman who had come into the nursery.

A friend of mine to whom I was speaking quite bore out my remarks. He said his own children had all passed through this phase, which comes after the child has learned to think and before he is able to speak. One's heart aches as one thinks of those whose life is doomed to be a life of utter silence in the full stream of the mighty flow of words in which our lives are set, to whom no crisis of relief may come, who have for generations come and gone silent and alone, and set apart by a mysterious dispensation from its very own best blessings and tenderest gifts.

I was thinking of this yesterday as we went walking across the downs in the pleasant Easter-tide. I could hardly tell whether

it was sight or sound that delighted us most as we went along upon the turf: the sound of life in the bay at the foot of the downs, the flowing of the waves just washing over the low-ridged rocks with which our coast is set; the gentle triumphant music overhead of the larks soaring and singing in the sunshine. The sea and the shingle were all sparkling, while great bands like moonlight in daylight lay white and brilliant on the horizon of the waters. The very stones seemed to cry out with a lovely Easter hymn of praise; and sound and sight to be so mingled that one could scarcely tell where one began or the other ended.

If by this new system the patient teachers cannot give everything to their pupils, the ripple of the sea, the song of the lark, yet they can do very much towards it, by leading the children's minds to receive the great gifts of nature through the hearts and sympathy of others, and give them above all that best and dearest gift of all in daily life, without which nature itself fails to comfort and to charm, the companionship of their fellow-creatures and of intelligences answering and responding to their own.

From All the Year Round.

OUR INNER SELVES.

THE Chinese sword-swallowers at the Paris Exhibition were extraordinary performers in their way, but at this epoch of progress they have soon been distanced. Swallowing a sabre, at present, is nothing. The fashion now is to swallow a lighted lantern and brilliantly illuminate your inner man. You then become a living and walking gas-light; that is all.

It is evident that swallowing a lantern is only one remove in advance of swallowing a sword. Now there happen to be little electric lanterns which give light without burning. They are called Gessler's tubes, and are small glass cylinders, either empty or filled with azote, hydrogen, or carbonic acid gas, through which a voltaic current is made to pass. The tubes become sufficiently luminous to allow you to read printed letters held at several inches distance from them. When this miniature lantern is introduced into a stomach, the skin is transparent enough to permit your seeing the interior of the animal. There is no need for people to live in glass houses, for they are hereby

transformed into glass houses themselves. Their domestic secrets are rudely divulged; and Diogenes would be delighted to find that, instead of a mere superficial outside view of his much desiderated honest man, he can now, with the newly-invented lantern, look a person through and through.

The experiment, which may be considered exceedingly curious until something still more strange is started, is only an extended copy of what has been practised in medical art for some years past. For instance, there is the Ophthalmoscope, or Eye-inspector, of the German philosopher Helmholtz, a small instrument by means of which, the interior of the eye being lighted up, it is possible to explore successfully the deepest portions of that intricate organ. Other instruments assist in the examination of divers internal parts of the human body. Not the least remarkable of these inquisitive apparatuses is the Laryngoscope, invented by a German physician named Czermak, for the inspection of the respiratory passages and the mechanism which produces the voice.

The vocal organ in man (which Dr. Tyndall truly describes as the most perfect of reed instruments) is placed at the top of the windpipe, the head of which is adjusted for the attachment of certain elastic bands, called "vocal chords," which almost close the aperture. When the air from the lungs is forced through the slit which separates these vocal chords, they are thrown into vibration. By varying their tension, the rate of vibration is varied, and the sound changed in pitch. The sweetness and smoothness of the voice depend on the perfect closure of the slit of the glottis at regular intervals during the vibration.

The vocal chords may be illuminated and viewed in a mirror placed suitably at the back of the mouth. Dr. Tyndall once attempted to project M. Czermak's larynx upon a screen in his lecture-room, but with only partial success. The organ may, however, be viewed directly in the Laryngoscope, its motions, both in singing, speaking, and coughing, being strikingly visible. The roughness of the voice in colds is due, according to the aforesaid Helmholtz (learned in Acoustics), to mucous flocculi, which get into the slit of the glottis, and which are seen by means of the Laryngoscope. The squeaking falsetto voice with which some persons are afflicted, the same Helmholtz thinks may be produced by the drawing aside of the mucous layer which ordinarily lies under and loads the vocal chords. Their edges thus become sharper,

and their weight less; while their elasticity remaining the same, they are shaken into more rapid tremors. The promptness and accuracy with which the vocal chords can change their tension, their form, and the width of the slit between them, render the voice the most perfect of musical instruments.

The order of the day, therefore, is that we should be able to see everything, without exception. If we can look an animalcule through and through by means of transmitted light; if, in the same way, we can behold the blood circulating in the tail of a tadpole or the foot of a frog, with all the minute vessels thereto pertaining, why should we not do so with larger animals, with our own proper selves? It is merely a question of degree. With a sufficient intensity of illuminating power, there is no knowing what may not become transparent. And, in fact, a distinguished hygienist, M. Foussagrives, of Montpellier, attempted to render the internal viscera of our body visible by transmitted light. They were to be exhibited to bystanders as animated and most interesting transparencies. M. Brük, a German medical man, followed up the same line of research. Finally, at the Medical Congress of 1867, M. Milliot, a French physician residing at Kiew, gave an approximate solution of the problem.

His Splanchnoscope (or instrument intended to render the viscera externally visible) has been tried with success. It is in principle simply a Gessler's tube, or, more strictly speaking, a modification of the apparatus described in special treatises under the title of Mindeldorf's tube. At one of the meetings of the Congress, M. Milliot introduced his lantern into the stomach of a dog by means of an œsophagian probe. Through the skin, thus rendered transparent, the spectators were able to distinguish perfectly the interior of the dog's stomach in all its details. The experiment was tried a second time on the person of a cat; and it has quite recently been repeated in M. Henri de Parville's presence, the scientific collaborateur of the *Constitutionnel*. M. Milliot has likewise introduced a tube more than a yard in length into a man's œsophagus; and the internal membrane of this deep-seated organ became perfectly distinguishable.

Cui bono? What is the good of all this? is a very natural question to ask. And in truth, its utility is not very apparent. The system of internal lighting up having, however, been invented, its useful application will probably come afterwards.

Meanwhile, it will decide whether an absent dressmaker, while thinking where her Highland laddie has gone, has swallowed needles and pins instead of sauce piquante. It may settle the question whether Master Tommy or the cat has emptied all the pots of strawberry jam. At worst, it will be a formidable rival to sword-swallowing and Japanese feats of dexterity. Perhaps even next season's pantomime will give us a "pas brillant," danced by human glow-worms shining with all their might and main, and followed up by a new edition of the Feast of Lanterns, with effects which no Chinese stage-manager ever dreamt of.

From The London Review.

GOVERNMENT AND THE TELEGRAPHS.

THE Post Office has achieved such wonderful things for us, on each occasion realizing even more than it has promised, that any proposition proceeding from it comes with almost the assurance of success. Its organization has been converted to uses which were not even dreamt of thirty years ago. Within that time it has developed into a vast system of parcels' delivery; into a system for the safe transfer of money from any one part of the kingdom to any other; and only recently we have seen it convert thousands of its stations into savings banks and offices for life assurance. It now proposes to take into its own hands the telegraph service of the country; and a Bill has just been brought into the House of Commons by the Chancellor of the Exchequer to enable it to do so. The case for the Government rests upon two reports drawn up by Mr. Scudamore, one of the Secretaries of the Post Office to the present and the late Postmaster-General. From these reports we learn what the Government would do for us if Parliament should sanction its scheme. The plan consists of a central telegraphic office at each of the ten district post-offices in London; subordinate telegraphic offices at the sorting-offices and receiving-offices in each district connected with each central office, the central offices being also in communication with each other. Liverpool, Edinburgh, Dublin, Manchester, Glasgow, Leeds, Bristol, Sheffield, Bradford, would be dealt with in the same way, each being connected with some central office in

London; while for the rest of the country there would be subordinate offices, connected in like manner with central offices at the money-order offices of all places having a population of 2,000 persons and upwards. Offices at which messages might be deposited, and the charge paid thereon, would be opened at every post-office in the United Kingdom at which no telegraphic office is established; and the pillar-boxes throughout the kingdom would be available as places for the deposit of messages, provided they were written on stamped paper. It is impossible to resist the attractions of such a scheme, one of the most seductive of which is the reduced charge at which telegraphs would be conveyed. To be able to send a message of twenty words to any part of the United Kingdom for a shilling, including, as a rule, free delivery, would be an enviable state of things to arrive at. And Mr. Scudamore, whose calculations are endorsed by the Assistant-Controller and Auditor-General, is confident that such a boon could be conferred upon the public without cost to the State. He arrives at this conclusion by assuming that the proportion of telegrams to letters would be the same as it is in Switzerland, which would give an annual distribution of 11,000,000 telegrams. At an average of 1s. 2d., this would yield a gross revenue of £640,000 a year. Deducting £100,000 as a permanent annual charge in respect of the property of the existing companies, there would remain £540,000. But the expenses of the existing companies are only £345,000 a year, and even raising this to £404,000 to meet the increased operations of the Government plan, there would remain a surplus of £135,000, or, making allowances for error, of not less than £77,750.

It is contended, however, on the part of the telegraph companies, that the basis of this estimate is incorrect, and that we cannot take the experience of Belgium and Switzerland, where the telegraph service is in the hands of the Government, as a guide. They contend, in a statement in which the subject is fully discussed,* that no fair comparison can be drawn between the efficiency of the service here and in those countries from the proportion of telegrams to letters; because a system has grown up in this commercial country of distributing, by means of the post, millions upon millions of tradesmen's circulars. This is true, and if the test is fallacious for one purpose it is fallacious for another.

* Statement of the Case of the Electric and International Telegraph Company against the Government Bill for Acquiring the Telegraphs. London: Edinham Wilson.

cious for all. It is admitted, however, that 6,127,000 telegraphic messages are already sent annually in the United Kingdom; and the question is, whether the reduced rate and the increased facilities which the Post Office would provide would not, before long, bring the number up to Mr. Scudamore's estimate. The Electric and International Telegraph Company, which despatches between three and four millions of the six million telegrams above mentioned, has 1,300 telegraph stations in Great Britain and Ireland. We may take it, therefore, that the stations belonging to the five telegraph companies of the United Kingdom do not exceed 2,500. Upon Mr. Scudamore's plan the Post Office would have at least 5,000 stations, to which every receiving-house and pillar-box in the country would act as feeders. The Statement is not of this opinion. In the course of last autumn the Electric and International Telegraph Company caused lists to be prepared of all the parishes and places of Great Britain, having upwards of 1,500 inhabitants, which were unprovided with telegraphic communication, and found that they only amounted to 1,000. At none of these places did the Company's local superintendents recommend it to open stations. It is urged, moreover, that the experience of this Company is against the Government plan from another point of view. "The great bulk of the stations of the Electric and International Telegraph Company," says the Statement, "only collect 9 per cent. of its gross receipts. In 1867, of the gross receipts of the company 76 per cent. was received at eighteen stations; 15 per cent. at eighty-one stations; and only 9 per cent. at the remaining stations. Half the money received at the eighteen stations which paid 76 per cent. was received in London, a quarter in Liverpool and Manchester, and the remainder at the twelve other large towns. It is obvious, therefore, that it is not the small stations that pay." This conclusion is perfectly fair; but is it to the point? In the case of a company, "Yes;" in the case of a national service, "No." Indeed, if it can be proved that a great public advantage will be conferred upon the country by Government taking the telegraph service into its hands, it will not be absolutely necessary to show that the service will be self-supporting. It must be shown, on the contrary, that it will be a cost to the public greater than the advantage conferred is worth. But we should not be deterred from opening five or ten thousand stations on the score that many of them would not

pay, if there is reason to believe that the increased profit made by the others would counterbalance the deficiency. We believe that it would. Nothing has been more clearly proved by the experience of the Post Office than its power to extend its operations indefinitely, in the two conditions of cheapness and facility. The question whether a man will write a letter or not depends often upon whether the receiving-house is half a mile off, or within a few doors of him. Neither in point of cheapness nor facility can the telegraph companies compete with the Government. It seems to us that the case of the Post Office ought rather to be argued upon this ground than by a comparison with what has been done in Belgium and Switzerland. There are important particulars peculiar to one which are not to be found in the other, and which, therefore, destroy any argument based upon analogy. For example, both in Belgium and Switzerland the railways are in the hands of the Government, while in both countries the telegraphs do a large business in what is called "transit" telegrams—that is to say, telegrams sent through them in transit from one country to another. If, with a costly and comparatively inferior machinery, our wires already transmit upwards of 6,000,000 telegrams annually, does not all our experience warrant the belief that, with lower charges and greater facilities, we shall not be long in reaching Mr. Scudamore's paying point of 11,000,000?

If the answer to this question is in the affirmative, we apprehend there will be no difficulty in obviating the more grave objections which the statement raises to the Government plan: for many of its objections are of no weight. The principal of these is the relation at present existing between the telegraph companies and the railway companies. "How does the Post Office propose to undertake, not merely the transmission of messages, but the conduct of all the railway intercourse of the United Kingdom?" Again, "For many years the Electric and International Telegraph Company have had an 'Intelligence Department,' to which a large and experienced staff of editors, reporters, and others is attached, for the purpose of collecting home and foreign news, political, domestic, and commercial, and distributing the same to every point at which such information can afford interest," at rates 25 per cent. cheaper than ordinary messages sent during the day, and 50 per cent. cheaper than such messages sent during the night. How will Government

act in regard to this function? How does it propose to deal with the intelligence which the Electric and International Telegraph Company has sent to London clubs, provincial news-rooms, and farmers' ordinaries? If the Queen visits Ireland, or Mr. Bright addresses his constituents, will it fulfil the duties which the Company has thus far discharged in regard to these and similar matters? And then there are the foreign telegrams. What will Government do in regard to them? We do not know that any of these services would be less safe in the hands of the Government than in those of a private company; but, unfortunately, the Bill introduced by the Chancellor of the Exchequer has given a point to the last of these questions it could not have had otherwise. It asks for powers only in regard to the internal telegraph service of the country. It asks for them, moreover, to an extent which cannot be justified. It provides that "it shall be lawful for her Majesty's Postmaster-General to purchase the whole, or such parts as he shall think fit, of the undertaking of any Company;" and if another Company, seeing its neighbour maimed or swallowed up, should feel that there is no further profit in its own existence, it may compel the Postmaster-General to buy it up "upon terms to be settled (failing agreement) by an arbitrator to be appointed by the Board of Trade." It is also to be regretted that the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in moving for leave to bring in the Government Bill, did not give the companies the credit due to them for what they have done, instead of dwelling on what they have not done. He has thus compelled the Electric and International Telegraph Company to speak of its own services, which, it must be admitted, have been neither few nor slight. Still, a scheme of immense public utility is not to be kept back because of an indiscretion or an inadvertence. And we confidently believe that if the Post Office, with its splendid organization, is allowed to take the telegraph service into its hands, the advantage to merchants and traders, and to the public generally, will be incalculable. "Let us," says Mr. Scudamore, "take the case of a solicitor having his place of business in Chancery-lane or in Bedford-row, and being desirous to summon a number of witnesses from the suburban districts of Liverpool, and at the same time to send them money on account of the expenses of their journey. Such a solicitor, if the scheme which I have described were in operation, might not only, by depositing his message at the West

Central office by 11 a.m., have a copy sent to each witness by the 1 p.m. delivery in Liverpool, but might, at the same time, furnish each witness with a telegraphic money order, and the witnesses would have ample time to obtain cash for their telegraphic money orders before their departure from Liverpool on the same day." This is only one out of a thousand cases in which the Government plan would be an infinite improvement upon the present one.

From The London Review.

KOSSUTH.

WHEN the old heroes who now figure in Scandinavian mythology had done their deeds of valour, and before the reflective enthusiasm of their countrymen had given them the post-mortem honours of deification, was there an intermediate time in which the warriors sank into the cold shade of neglect or indifference? When they had released their country from some foreign Power, or been the leaders of some terrible raid into adjacent territory, did the people for whom they fought forget them in the pleasures of success, and perhaps consider the warlike old men somewhat in the way during the succeeding period of peace? Such a fate we should consider highly probable; and we can fancy the generous remorse of the nation consequent upon the death of one of these heroes — how the poet of the time would celebrate his glories in metaphoric verse, and how the people would accept the metaphors literally, and insist upon worshipping the man whom they had just treated with coldness or contempt. If such a chain of circumstances could be revived in our day, it would occur in Hungary, on the death of Louis Kossuth; but we fear that not even the Hungarians — the most passionate, imaginative, and patriotic people now in Europe — will be able to restore Kossuth to that pinnacle on which, a few years ago, he stood. Men and women who passed through the tragic vicissitudes of 1849 with him, who came daily into contact with him, and saw him in the most trying circumstances, describe the influences he exerted over the people around him as at once irresistible and inexplicable. It was a species of glamour. One noble lady, who again and again risked her own life in carrying information across the outposts, declares

that the soldiers and the populace alike regarded him as a sort of god; and in eloquent language speaks of the extraordinary influence which his bearing and conversation had upon herself during their first interview. The calmness of the supreme governor of Hungary never failed him; not even when the intelligence of Görgey's desertion — if one may speak of that still mysterious capitulation by such a term — was the signal for his escape into Turkey. At that time Kossuth had already achieved his apotheosis. He was the representative of the highest idealism of a highly idealistic race. There was not a man in the army who would not have died for him; not a woman in the country who would not have sacrificed herself to insure his safety; and when Kossuth was forced to flee, it seemed as if God had finally forsaken Hungary, and that she was no more to rank among the number of nations.

Times have changed since then, and with them the temper of the Hungarians. Their old dream of independent political existence has not been realized; but they have gained something better — their country is the leader of a great empire, and the protector of the very power which at one time threatened to crush them out of life. The majority of the people have, and with reason, accepted this alternative; and seem bent upon working amicably, in financial and other matters, with the non-Magyar half of the empire. But it must be remembered that there still exist in Hungary some of the old patriots who have sworn eternal feud with Austria. If we ask why these should wish to remain under the new dispensation of things, which must be offensive to them, one of their own authors thus sadly answers, "And even if the living should wish to leave this country, the dead would keep them here." But it is impossible that there should not be some lingering ill-feeling between men whose common sense has taught them to make the most of present circumstances and men who still remain faithful to the one chivalric idea. Of the latter Kossuth is the recognised head. He will not even accept of the amnesty offered him by Austria; but prefers an exile which is consonant with his own self-respect. Now, Kossuth's refusal to make peace with Austria may be foolish and the result of a lamentable Quixotism; but, at all events, it should meet with that charitable construction which we ought to put upon every action of a man who has shown himself a great hero and self-denying patriot. This is precisely — if we are to

trust the news which we receive from Hungary — what the Hungarians refuse to do. The old idol is thrown down; and it is despised because it seems to reproach its former worshippers with apostacy. According to the Vienna correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, General Perczel has been on the stump throughout the country, violently denouncing the leader of the revolution. And how did they receive his accusations, and his boast that he would "hurl Kossuth from his pedestal, and go down with him into the abyss rather than relinquish the struggle"? When Görgey lately made his appearance, as a spectator, in the chamber of the Hungarian Diet, the muttered exclamations and other sounds which his presence provoked were sufficient to cause his speedy withdrawal. We are told, however, that General Perczel's harangues were met with loud cheers, and infer that the once-worshipped governor of Hungary has fallen as low in public estimation as the Ban Jellachich himself. It is a pity that it should be so; but the revulsion of popular sentiment is perhaps not unnatural. "The Hungarians," writes the correspondent whom we have quoted, "blame him for refusing to accept the opportunity now offered to him by the Government of returning to his country, and accuse him of a selfish ambition to resume his power in Hungary, and inflame people's minds at a time when they are gradually settling down into peace and order." With them, we should say that Kossuth would do more good to his country by quietly accepting the amnesty offered him, and taking his seat in the Diet, than by hovering outside, and keeping the Austrian Government in a perpetual attitude of suspicion. Not only would his ministerial abilities be of the highest service to his country, but his adhesion to the prevailing order of things would be the signal for the complete establishment of harmony between the two halves of the empire, as the old "incorruptibles" would immediately follow in his wake.

This, we say, is a thing to be desired; but, while it remains unaccomplished, it is most lamentable to hear Kossuth's conduct attributed to unworthy motives by his own countrymen. If patriotism were not its own reward, we should think that such a circumstance would impose a check on any man who contemplated sacrificing his property and risking his life for the good of his country. It is impossible that Kossuth should be desirous of ruining Hungary at the very moment when the sunlight of success and security is beginning to fall upon

her people. We can understand an impracticable theorist like Mazzini insisting upon the rejection of any compromise which should interfere with his favourite idea; but the movement which Kossuth led was a struggle for freedom from a tyranny which does not now exist. The provisional government, under Kossuth and the unfortunate Batthyany, which was appointed by the Hungarian Diet at the outbreak of the revolution, was in no sense an effort at the establishment of a republic. To free Hungary from an unbearable yoke was the one aim and end of the revolution; and that yoke being abolished, there remains no theory upon which the most incorruptible of patriots could found an excuse for further revolutionary measures. The sensitive pride of the great Hungarian leader may forbid his coming to any understanding, as regards himself personally, with the Austrian Government; but we cannot believe — nor can we understand how his countrymen will for a moment admit — that his refusal is only the result of a desire to satisfy a paltry and selfish ambition by kindling the fire of a civil war. We would rather believe that the people who cheered General Perczel's speeches formed a series of those packed meetings which are resorted to in other countries than Hungary for political purposes. The General himself is not above suspicion. It is hinted that his attacks upon Kossuth and those who are still known as the "revolutionists" are meant to pave the way for the accomplishment of his favourite scheme — the formation of an independent Hungarian army, of which the Honved General should be chief. "This is a plan," says the correspondent of the *Gazette*, "which the Government at Vienna can never tolerate. The establishment of two independent armies in one State, can only be fatal to its existence." Meanwhile we must hope that something other than death will remind Hungary of what she owes to Louis Kossuth, and restore that popularity which he has done nothing to forfeit.

From All The Year Round.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

THE name of this American poet is but little known in the British islands. Very few British readers have read his poems, and fewer still possess them. On his mother's side, Mr. Halleck descended from John

Eliot "the Apostle to the Indians." Born in Connecticut, in 1795, he was brought up amidst the prejudices of his locality and the passions of his neighbours; but in him, as in all the more cultivated men and women of his nation, there is discernible a yearning of the mind, a hankering of the heart, towards the islands of his forefathers.

We are not parted from the friends we love,
Because between us rolls the broad salt sea.

Mr. Halleck when eighteen years of age, in 1813, went from Connecticut to New York, working in mercantile and banking-houses until he became the confidential assistant of John Jacob Astor, the wealthy speculator in land. When Mr. Astor died, in 1849, he returned to Connecticut, having become a trustee of the Astor library. The poems of Mr. Halleck must be viewed as verses written in the leisure, or recreative hours, snatched from business. Versification can be learned only by imitation, and a versifier does not become a poet until he can compose new melodies, and embody in them fresh themes. Most of Mr. Halleck's poems are poetical studies and exercises, by a lover and imitator of the poetry of his day; and this character belongs to all his serious pieces and some of his gayer effusions. His translations show that he never attained a thorough mastery of his art. His Marco Bozzaris is, indeed, a fine poetical exercise, very highly and carefully finished, and admirably suited for declamation; but neither in the music nor in the matter is there any originality. Halleck's genius was humorous. In his fragment on Connecticut, there is a picture which could only have been drawn by a humorously observant mind:

'Tis a rough land of earth, and stone, and tree,
Where breathes no castled lord or cabined slave;
Where thoughts, and tongues, and hands are bold and free,
And friends will find a welcome, foes a grave;
And where none kneel, save when to heaven they pray,
Nor even then, unless in their own way.

Theirs is a pure republic, wild yet strong,
A "fierce democracie" where all are true,
To what themselves have voted — right or wrong —
And to their laws denominated blue;

* * * * *

A justice of the peace for the time being,
 They bow to, but may turn him out next
 year;
 They reverence their priest, but disagreeing
 In price or creed, dismiss him without fear;
 They have a natural talent for foreseeing
 And knowing all things; and should Park
 appear
 From his long tour in Africa, to show
 The Niger's source; they'd meet him with—
 we know.

They love their land because it is their own,
 And scorn to give aught other reason why;
 Would shake hands with a king upon his
 throne,
 And think it kindness to his majesty;
 A stubborn race fearing and flattering none,
 Such are they nurtured, such they live and
 die;
 All but a few apostates, who are meddling
 With merchandise, pounds, shillings, pence,
 and peddling;

Or wandering through the southern countries,
 teaching
 The A B C from Webster's spelling-book:
 Gallant and godly, making love and preaching,
 And gaining, by what they call "hook and
 crook"
 And what the moralists call over-reaching,
 A decent living. The Virginians look
 Upon them with as favourable eyes
 As Gabriel on the devil in Paradise.

But these are but their outcasts. View them
 near
 At home, where all their worth and pride is
 placed;
 And there their hospitable fires burn clear,
 And there their lowliest farm-house is graced
 With manly hearts, in piety sincere,
 Faithful in love, in honour stern and chaste,
 In friendship warm and true, in danger brave,
 Beloved in life, and sainted in the grave.

There can be little doubt of this being
 poetry — indebted, however, unquestionably
 for the form in which it appears to the ir-
 resistible example set by "Beppo," and
 "Don Juan." No inhabitant of Great
 Britain moreover can think there is any-
 thing foreign about the shrewd good 'folks
 described. They are just ourselves with
 more of their own and our own way. In
 his poem on Alnwick Castle, Mr. Halleck
 describes one of the castles, none of which
 are to be seen in his own country, with
 which the traditions of his ancestors as of
 ours are associated — for in this our English
 brotherhood, there have occurred strange
 ups and downs, and there have been dis-
 covered wonderful relationships. I myself

knew the last of the Plantagenets as a grave-
 digger; and I had a friend, the owner of
 castle and seven thousand pounds a year
 whose heir (unknown to him), was found
 (ignorant of his heirship) in the back woods
 of the Far West. The Connecticut pe-
 hails in Alnwick Castle the

Home of the Percy's highborn race,
 Home of their beautiful and brave;
 Alike their birth and burial place,
 Their cradle and their grave.

"The lion above the castle-gate, the
 dal banners above the tower, the warriors
 stone, the gentle green hill, the quiet stream
 are the features of a spot where Hotspur
 and his bride Katherine, were seated
 thousand years ago." He notices next the
 ruins of the abbey, with their ivy and roses
 the crusader's tomb, the relics of border
 story, and the lore of centuries since;

the startled bird
 First in her twilight slumbers heard
 The Norman's curfew bell.

I wandered through the lofty halls
 Trod by the Percys of old fame,
 And traced upon the chapel walls
 Each high heroic name,
 From him who once his standard set
 Where now, o'er mosque and minaret,
 Glitter the sultan's crescent moons;
 To him who, when a younger son,
 Fought for King George at Lexington
 A major of dragoons.

* * * * *

This last half stanza — it has dashed
 From my warm lip the sparkling cup.
 The light that o'er my eyebeam flashed,
 The power that bore my spirit up
 Above this bank-note world, is gone;
 And Alnwick's but a market town,
 And this, alas! its market-day,
 And beasts and borderers throng the way;
 Oxen and bleating lambs in lots,
 Northumbrian boors and plaided Scots,
 Men in the coal and cattle line;
 From Teviot's bard and hero land,
 From Royal Berwick's beach of sand,
 From Wooller, Morpeth, Hexham, and
 Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

These are not the romantic times
 So beautiful in Spenser's rhymes,
 So dazzling to the dreaming boy;
 Ours are the days of fact, not fable,
 Of knights, but not of the Round Table,
 Of Bailie Jarvie, not Rob Roy:

'Tis what our "President" Monroe
Has called "the era of good feeling;"
The Highlander, the bitterest foe
To modern laws, has felt their blow,
Consented to be taxed, and vote,
And put on pantaloons and coat,
And leave off cattle-stealing.

Lord Stafford mines for coal and salt,
The Duke of Norfolk deals in malt,
The Douglas in red herrings;
And noble name and cultured land,
Palace and park, and vassal hand,
Are powerless to the notes of hand
Of Rothschild or the Barings.

* * * * *

You'll ask if yet the Percy lives
In the armed pomp of feudal state?
The present representatives
Of Hotspur and his "gentle Kate"
Are some half-dozen serving men
In the drab coat of William Penn;
A chambermaid, whose lip and eye,
And cheek and brown hair bright and curling,
Spoke nature's aristocracy;
And one, half groom, half seneschal,
Who bowed me through court, bower, and
hall,
From donjon keep to turret wall,
For ten and sixpence sterling.

The society of the author of these lines
the reader will readily believe was much
sought, for his amusing anecdotes and hu-
morous conversation. In the memoirs of
Washington Irving some glimpses are given
of the society in which Irving and Halleck
met and mingled.

POSTERITY.

THOUGH posterity is not animated, as we
have confessed above, by personal malice, it
has its likes and dislikes. Give a "shade" a
bad name and it sticks to him for half a doz-
en centuries, perhaps for three times as long,
till somebody who never agrees with any-
body else turns up in a spirit of contradic-
tion, and proves that he was a paragon of
virtue. It is only quite recently that even
Cromwell has had fair play, and one might
mention half a score of historical celebrities
who have acquired a reputation for virtue or
vice quite irrespectively of any historical
truth. Nothing could be more annoying
than to find oneself tied to all eternity to an

undeserved reputation for monstrosity. It
might happen to any of us, if only we attain
to great position in the world, for it is not a
question of what we are, so much as of how
ignorant others may be. We have then
every reason to be thankful that the dead
are unconscious. Posterity may mean well,
but it cannot be trusted. A sensitive ghost
might run an awful risk of being for ever mis-
appreciated, owing to the mere deficiency of
matter for a true account of his career.
Such an immortality would be worse than
the immortality of Tithonus. It is bad
enough to be an unappreciated genius, but to
be a ghost *incompris* would indeed be perdition.
The greatest argument against spirit-
rapping seems to us, indeed, to be the ex-
traordinary indifference of the world of
spirits to what is said about them here. If we
were spirits, and could hear ourselves dis-
cussed as freely, we should make a consider-
able amount of rapping with the legs of all
available drawing-room furniture, before we
would endure such aggravation.

Finally, there is this further drawback
about the verdict of posterity, that it is at-
tended with every kind of disagreeable in-
quisition into the most hidden secrets of our
lives. Nothing is sacred to the literary
gravedigger. Everything is public to pos-
terity, even the way we treat our wives.
We perhaps manage to be talked of, but
every scandal about us is talked of too, for
there is no such thing as delicacy in dealing
with the domestic habits of the dead. It is
therefore a sort of posthumous luxury to be
obscure. Let all who care about posterity
consider seriously the fate, let us say, of a
man like Dr. Johnson. It is true that pos-
terity admires his genius, quotes his sayings,
and forgives his literary defects, but posterity
equally recollects about him how fat he was,
how dirty, how lazy, how voracious. Who
would accept immortality, coupled with the
idea of unwashed obesity; or who would like
to descend to all time as a fat man of genius,
who bolted his food and never tubbed?
Byron, Sterne, Coleridge, all of the really
sensitive dead, by this time would be wishing
they never had put pen and ink to paper.
Perhaps this is the form of penance and
punishment the dead have to go through.
It would ill become us to speculate on such
a subject, but at any rate it is safest to aim
at being obscure. Never do or say anything
that deserves notoriety, and you are at any
rate safe from biographers in the future.
Let us cultivate mediocrity, and at all events
we may hope to have a quiet grave.

— Saturday Review.

From The Athenaeum.

'A Word out of the Sea' is to our thinking the poem of the book. A boy discovers a bird's-nest in some briars that skirt the sea-shore. Day after day he watches the movements of the male bird and his mate, listens to the singing and the chirping by which they express their happiness. At length,

May-be killed unknown to her mate,
One forenoon the she-bird crouched not on the nest,
Nor returned that afternoon, nor the next,
Nor ever appeared again.

The boy continues to note the solitary bird flitting restlessly from spot to spot on the shore, and at times pouring forth a mournful song, the desolation, the longing and the brief beguiling hope of which the listener translates into human speech. To the boy's ear the bird sings as follows:—

Soothe! soothe! soothe!
Close on its wave soothes the wave behind,
And again another behind, embracing and lapping, every one close,—
But my love soothes not me, not me.

Low hangs the moon—it rose late;
O it is lagging—O I think it is heavy with love, with love.

O madly the sea pushes, pushes upon the land,
With love—with love.

O night! do I not see my love fluttering out there among the breakers?
What is that little black thing I see there in the white?

Loud! loud! loud!
Loud I call to you, my love!
High and clear I shoot my voice over the waves;
Surely you must know who is here, is here;
You must know who I am, my love.

Low-hanging moon!
What is that dusky spot in your brown yellow?
O it is the shape, the shape of my mate!
O moon, do not keep her from me any longer!

Land! land! O land!
Whichever way I turn, O I think you could give me my mate back again, if you only would;
For I am almost sure I see her dimly whichever way I look.

O rising stars!
Perhaps the one I want so much will rise, will rise with some of you.

O throat! O trembling throat!
Sound clearer through the atmosphere!
Pierce the woods, the earth;
Somewhere, listening to catch you, must be one I want.

Shake out, carols!
Solitary here—the night's carols!
Carols of lonesome love! Death's carols!
Carols under that lagging, yellow, waning moon!
O, under that moon, where she droops all down into the sea!
O reckless, despairing carols!

But soft! sink low;
Soft! let me just murmur;
And do you wait a moment, you husky-sea;
For somewhere I believe I heard my mate responding to me,
So faint—I must be still, be still to listen
But not altogether still, for then she might come immediately to me.

Hither, my love!
Here I am! Here!
With this just-sustained note I announce self to you;
This gentle call is for you, my love, for you

Do not be decoyed elsewhere!
That is the whistle of the wind—it is not voice;
That is the fluttering, the fluttering of the sea
Those are the shadows of leaves.

O darkness! O in vain!
O I am very sick and sorrowful!
O brown halo in the sky, near the moon, dimming upon the sea!
O troubled reflection in the sea!
O throat! O throbbing heart!
O all!—and I singing uselessly, uselessly the night!

Yet I murmur, murmur on!
O murmurs—you yourselves make me
tinue to sing, I know not why.

O past! O life! O songs of joy!
In the air—in the woods—over fields;
Loved! loved! loved! loved! loved!
But my love no more, no more with me!
We two together no more!

The plaint of the bird arouses in the too, the sense of something missed yearned for. A joy has vanished from soul as its mate from the bird. Shall ideal of youth that has taken wing return earth no more? Shall the yearning! ever be satisfied, and by what?—

Answering, the Sea,
 Delaying not, hurrying not,
 Whispered me through the night and very
 plainly before daybreak,
 Lipped to me the low and delicious word
 DEATH.

Of the sublimated passion and sweetness of the above, of the minuteness with which the most delicate transitions of feeling are caught, and of the grand yet melancholy suggestiveness which sets the whole picture, as it were, in a frame of sad sunset glory, we can hardly speak in terms of praise too high. That Whitman can write noble poetry, this one example conclusively testifies.

THE ARMAMENTS OF EUROPE.

(*D'Opinion Nationale* — Paris, Dec. 30.)

EUROPE is ruining herself. If any one could doubt it, he would only have to re-read the last speech of M. Rouher. He would see from that that Italy could put on foot 900,000 men; Austria 1,200,000 men; Russia, 1,400,000; the Germanic confederation of the North, 1,300,000 men. Adding to these 1,200,000 for France, we get a total of six millions of armed men, which does not include the contingents of England, Spain, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, and Turkey. Thus there can hardly be less altogether than seven millions of soldiers in Europe.

However, as the Powers do not keep on foot the effective forces which they could raise in case of need, it is right to reduce these seven millions to about three, which in expenses in the budget or indirectly borne by the population, do not cost less than a sum of six thousand millions of francs, which Europe annually expends for not making war.

This is simple madness, and if any one of us, simple mortals, managed his private fortune according to the principles which seem to guide the decisions of great statesmen, it is evident that his family would have him confined in a lunatic asylum.

If there were a Power whose duty it was to be the first to get out of this dead lock and draw Europe after it, it was evidently France. France has been for three quarters of a century the first military Power of Europe. Moreover she is the only one which has both men and money. She has resisted for twenty-two years all the

efforts of combined Europe; France may therefore be pretty certain that no one will attack her.

Moreover, she has this in her favour, that the principles which she inaugurated at home at the end of the last century, and which exasperated against her all the aristocracies of the Continent, are in a fair way of prevailing everywhere. Prussia, Austria, and Italy, have adopted the representative system, which, by its nature, is favourable to peace, as it gives a tongue and influence to pacific interests. Lastly, France directly aided in the emancipation of Italy; she has indirectly favoured the unitarian movement in Germany. It would appear, therefore, that she might have had her pick of alliances, and that supported by Italy and Northern Germany, agreeing with the reconstruction of Austria and the part that Power is destined to play in the East, and united with England, with whom commercial liberty has strengthened her relations, she had no longer but to watch the projects of that only exclusively military and conquering Power which still threatens the liberty of Europe — that is to say, Russia. . . .

Why should England, France, Germany, Austria, and Italy keep up ruinous armaments if they have only to fear the ambition of Russia? The agreement of Cabinets and peoples is better than armies. If France has been long-sighted and consistent with herself — if she knew what she was about in freeing Italy, and in allowing Germany to unite, she can now adopt a policy of peace and disarmament. Let us leave Germany to the Germans, Italy to the Italians; let us consent not to meddle with what does not concern us, and the peace of Europe being insured by the agreement of interests, we may think of diminishing the figure of standing armies.

But if we wish to oppose everywhere the natural course of events; if after having favoured Italian unity, we forbid it to complete itself; if after having let German unity form itself we allowed our intention of unmaking it to be perceived, then all the policy of France for ten years past is only a long series of aberrations, and we are about to commit at this moment one of those inconsistent acts which no prestige can stand.

If we wish to destroy German unity we may do it, but against ourselves. If we wish to break up Italian unity we shall throw it into the arms of Germany. Can we, in the pursuit of this mad object, count even on Austria? If Austria sided with France her German populations would abandon her to go over to Prussia; not to mention the fact

that Russia would not fail to draw closer to Prussia, and, covered by her, make a supreme effort in the East.

Should we have England for us? England does not like adventures, and if she saw us engaged against all the world, she would at least keep to neutrality. Should we at least enjoy the prestige of principles? Unfortunately, we should be combating the principles of France in Italy and Germany, we should attack the principle of the national sovereignty amongst our neighbours, and we should be championing the principle of political and religious absolutism.

If this be the work for which we are destined, twelve hundred thousand men are not enough; two millions of soldiers and ten thousand millions of francs would not suffice, because nothing would suffice to restore what was absurd, revive the past, and prevent the future from arriving. Not only the soldiers and treasures of France, but her good name, her prestige, and her civilizing influence would be thrown away in this mad undertaking.

would have traversed the distance instantaneously. It is evident, therefore, that the nervous current, or, if you please, the speed of thought, is much slower than that of electricity. M. Radan estimates that the latter is twenty million times more rapid than the former. The rate of thinking and acting upon thought varies materially in different people. Astronomers know this to their cost, as they are obliged to introduce troublesome corrections to their observations for personal equation, as they term it. Two experienced and highly accurate observers will differ by half a second in their records of an instantaneous phenomenon; and this difference between them is a constant quantity, remaining unchanged for years: he who observes thus much before his fellow to-day, will do so to-morrow, and next month, and years hence. This peculiarity appears to have no connection with mental acuteness or ability: sharp, quick-witted men may observe much later than such as are slow and heavy-headed; it is purely a question of the conductive powers of the nerves and rapidity of the perceptive and reflective action of the brain. — *Once a Week.*

"As quick as thought," we say, when we would imply a maximum of celerity. But is thought so rapid? According to the recent experiments of the famous German physicist, Helmholtz, the process of thinking and willing is a comparatively slow one. An impression made upon the body takes a perceptible time to reach the brain; and when the brain wills to put in action a corporeal member, it takes time to communicate its orders thereto. The interval required by a shock given, say to the foot, to announce itself to the brain has been measured — impracticable as this may seem; and thus it has been done: — An electric current has been applied to a muscle or a nerve, and the instant of its contact has been automatically registered on a chronograph. The moment the patient has felt the shock he has touched a key, which has made a second mark upon the register; and this last mark has been found to be separated from the first by several tenths of a second of time. The interval was the time occupied by the sensation in travelling to the brain; by perception and reflection in the brain; and by the passage of the will from the brain to the digit touching the key. A few tenths of a second may not appear much; but we must remember that a direct electric current

At present the greater part of our imported mutton and lamb comes from Germany, Holland, and Belgium. Why cannot we get a cheap supply from Australia, where sheep are selling for the mere value of the wool on their backs? Perhaps they cannot be brought over alive. But we can have them dead; for, if the chemists speak truly, Professor Gamgee has given us a fresh-meat preserving process that leaves nothing to be desired. Mutton killed and preserved in London last July, and sent to New York, was found perfectly fresh several months after; and some beef treated by the process in March last year was shown to a butcher in an American market in July, and was pronounced by him to have been killed about two days. Professor Gamgee's method is briefly as follows: — The animal is made to inhale carbonic oxide gas, and when it has become insensible is bled to death in the usual way. The carcass is dressed, and then suspended in an air-tight chamber; the air is exhausted, and the receiver is filled with the gas before mentioned. After remaining exposed to the vapour for from twenty-four to forty-eight hours it is removed and hung in a dry atmosphere: that is all. The meat is reported to suffer no perceptible change in taste or appearance, and is not otherwise injured in any way.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

No. 1255.—June 20, 1868.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

OUR readers will see that this number is printed from new type. But we think they will find some other improvements in it. It is not only that the type is new, but that it is set up by a new compositor. And yet not exactly so, for MR. P. A. RAMSAY, our friend of a quarter of a century, superintended the work originally, and for many years, and we are glad again to leave all the arrangements to his taste.

Thus relieved of much which has "vexed our righteous souls," we shall proceed to further and great additions and improvements, (over which we have brooded for years,) as rapidly and as largely as the enlargement of our sale will give us ability to do. And if our old subscribers will each take a little trouble to get up a club of five new ones, receiving therefor a copy of *Horne's Introduction to the Bible* (unabridged—in four large volumes), we shall commence the new year—*THE SECOND CENTURY*—(Volume 101)—with renewed vigor.

LONGFELLOW.

On the previous visit of Longfellow to Europe in 1842, the following beautiful lines were written by his friend, George S. Hillard. — *Transcript.*

LINES ADDRESSED TO THE SHIP *VILLE DE LYON*,
WHICH SAILED FROM NEW YORK FOR HAVRE,
APRIL 24, 1842.

"Navis quæ tibi creditum
Debes virgillum, pîribus atticis
Reddas incolumen, precor,
Et serves animæ dimidiidum meæ."
HOR.

O SHIP, beneath whose cleaving prow
The deep sea soon shall roar,
Were wishes wings, how soon thy keel
Would reach thy destined shore;
With eyes whose vision love makes keen
We watch thy lessening sail,
And covet, when that fades from sight,
The pinions of the gale.

No costly stores of gold or gems
We to thy charge commend,
A noble freight to thee we trust,
A loved and loving friend;
A heart that beats with generous throbs
To motives pure and high;
A mind that speaks in words inspired
The world will ne'er let die.

Strong be thy bolts, thy cable sure,
And stout thy ribs of oak,
Firm be thy canvas to resist
The storm-blast's rending stroke.
Far from thy path all perils fly
That haunt the watery world,
Till safe upon thy haven's breast
Thy weary sail be furled.

For, should the tempest's shattering wing
Thy stately pride lay low,
A shade would rest on many a hearth,
And many an eye o'erflow;
And many a hand would deck with flowers
The poet's funeral urn;
But we should weep the long-loved friend,
When they had ceased to mourn.

Wind of the north, with hollow blast,
Vex not the tranquil air!
Ye whirlwinds, sleep, with folded wing,
Within your caverned lair!
But west winds blow, from skies serene,
A keel-compelling gale,
And swell upon the sloping mast
A silent, marble sail!

Ye gales that breathe, ye founts that gush,
With renovating power,
Upon that loved and laurelled head
Your gifts of healing shower,
And jocund Health, that loves to climb
The breezy mountain-side,
Wake with her touch to bounding life
His pulses' languid tide.

Farewell, dear friend; we speak the word
With no desponding sigh;
For love is strong, and in our breasts
The flame of hope burns high.
The power that guides the wild fowl's flight
Along the wave-worn shore
Will bring thee safe, o'er land and sea,
Back to our hearts once more.

WHITTIER TO COLFAX.

COLFAX! — well chosen to preside
O'er Freedom's Congress, and to guide,
As one who holds the reins of fate,
The current of its great debate;
Prompted by one too wise, and good,
And fair, withal, to be withstood,
Here, from our northern river-banks,
I send to thee my hearty thanks
For all the patience which has borne
The weary toot of Bunkum's horn,
The hissing of the Copperhead,
And Folly dropping words of lead!
Still wisely ready when the scale
Hangs poised to make the right prevail,
Still foremost, though secession's head
Be crushed, with scornful heel to tread
The life out from its writhing tail!
As wise, firm, faithful to the end
God keep thee, prays thy sincere friend,
JOHN G. WHITTIER.

—*Transcript.*

From The Fortnightly Review.

THE TRANSIT OF POWER.

WHEN, after many strange turns of fortune, the Bourbons were borne back to power by the recoil of the revolutionary wave, the astute Talleyrand put into the mouth of his master the reassuring *mot*: "Rien n'est changé. Il n'y a qu'un Français de plus." So when the tumult of the Reform tempest was abating, one heard, as it were, our modern Talleyrand, with courtly yet superior smiles, "educating" his party to repeat, "Rien n'est changé. Il n'y a qu'un million (i.e. electors, sovereign people, &c.) de plus."

There is much food for sad mirth when we watch the discord of opinion which the new Reform has stirred amongst the wisest of our public guides. "It is a fleabite," cried the jaunty Chancellor of the Exchequer, to whom £800,000,000 sterling of debt or a few millions of electors have no longer any illusions. "We have only made their existing majority a little bigger," growled the heir-apparent of Conservatism, with his incorrigible good sense. "Ah! Middle Class, Middle Class! so good, so great, so unselfish!" wailed out like Cassandra the great soul of Mr. Lowe; "educate, educate this sovereign mob, and at least soften the ferocity of our new masters." "Traitor! God will yet save the Throne and the Altar!" muttered the *Quarterly* in its wrath, mingling prayers with curses. "Niagara! Beales and ragamuffins! Pit of Tophet! and Chaos-come-again!" shrieked forth that old prophet—old prophet now grown unpleasingly shrill and, indeed, unpleasingly rude—not at all "the politest of men."* And even Culture, like the dying swan, hath sung a gentle dirge, and, smoothing her ruffled plumes with conscious art, awaits the crack of Anarchy and Doom. "See," wails that transcendent bird, "this sad *canaille* wants to be up and doing. Adieu authority, philosophy, criticism, and art! Farewell the grand manner, the air of distinction—great Style is dead!"

Which of all these is the truth? Is it nothing, or is it the Deluge? Is it a party manoeuvre, or is it the grand climacteric

of the British Constitution? This question it is now proposed to consider apart from the conventional dogmas of party. Let us rid our minds for a space of the cant of journalism and Parliament about representation and party, and ask ourselves quietly, What does it really mean? The wonderful contradictions between our public authorities as to the results of the Act are made still more wonderful by the fact that they are all contradicting themselves. It is Toryism which is so triumphant over a Radical change, and Liberalism which is dismayed at the fulfilment of its dearest hopes. The men who should be the first to suffer by the change are the least alarmed, and those who have got their desires are the most dissatisfied. The performers have all changed parts, so that we hardly recognise our oldest favourites. The position of the author of the Act, which has enabled him to "ruin the country," he originally obtained by the belief that he was the one man who could avert that ruin. Most persons think that the old prophet has been rather slow to recognise his *ἀπορροή*, and has done a good deal in his time to bring him into contempt; and it is a quaint conceit of Culture to restore Authority by majestic patronage of the unenlightened "Barbarian." The noble savage has a chance yet, it appears.

Let us try calmly to consider the actual political situation. It will be quite unnecessary to enter into calculations as to the effect of the new Reform in towns or counties, the mysteries of personal rating, and the minority conundrum. The Coppocks and Spofforths who work the stage tricks and sub-scenic trap-doors of the British Constitution are the only people who know anything about it, and even they do not know much, because, after all, electors are not bricks and mortar, and it is more difficult to calculate householders than to calculate houses. It is quite certain that a very large addition has been made to the constituencies, all from the wages-receiving class, which, with those previously on the roll, will give that class a clear numerical majority; or if well-informed persons insist that the small householders will not obtain a place on the register, this is, after all, a question of time and a matter of detail. Whether the new Reform is to give us half a million or a million of new electors, whether it is to come into practical operation in '69 or in '79, is a question of minor importance. The important matter is that, in the political balance, the working classes are legally in possession of a great numerical preponderance.

* Few things in this controversy have been more foolish and unjust than the coarse abuse of a true-hearted and cultivated gentleman who sympathises with the people, one who has done more than any living man to keep popular excitement within constitutional and out of revolutionary lines. The people even in this country have never had a more honourable, a more gentle, and a more educated leader. He is as much above his assailants in knowledge and moderation as he is in chivalry of nature.

The point to consider is, what does this imply? Because nothing is so certain a test of ignorance as to confound in politics numerical with practical force. In problems of pure mechanics it is usual to eliminate the question of friction; in political and social problems it frequently counts for from 50 to 90 per cent. What must be allowed for friction in the working of the new electoral machine?

Let us take the various items of the problem in turn, duly setting down *pro* and *con*. There can be no doubt that working men are not likely to arrive instantaneously at the mysteries of the sixty-one clauses and seven schedules of the Act which the House of Commons found it so hard to follow, and crowds of potential electors will not come into the register at all. This, however, is a question of time and of party organisation alone. As soon as the working of the Act is properly understood, and when any adequate object is open as the prize of electioneering energy, the new engine will be exerted to its highest pressure. If the strength of the old ramparts lies only in the chance that the invaders may overlook the breach, the impregnability of the fortress can hardly be looked upon as permanent.

But the real question is, how will the new electors act when they get to the poll, for thither by a short course or a long course they will infallibly come at last? To suppose that the chosen representatives of the new constituencies will be the mechanical reflex of their individual minds would be gratuitous pedantry. It never has been so, and it never will be. Elections are decided, not by numbers, but by forces; they are won like battles by strokes of fortune and energy, not like competitive examinations by the mere summation of marks.

It would be more true to say that members are returned by spontaneous and variable groups or knots of men, over which the constituency, as a whole, has at most the right of veto. It is so wherever the opinion of a body of men takes shape, whether as the audience of a theatre, as the panel in a jury-box, or as guests at a dinner-table. We see one or two energetic natures or social superiorities modified by accident, misconception, or intrigue, determine the result. Men never meet together anywhere, Convocation always excepted, without deciding like an organic whole, and not like an aggregate of atoms. And perhaps no single member of the House of Commons, unless it be Sir W. Heathcote, truly reflects the average mind of those who elect him. It would need a book to

trace the modes in which these forces act. Now power, now prestige, discipline, enthusiasm, wealth, loyalty, luck, and stupidity from time to time carry their man under favourable conditions. But of all these, except the last, the most constant influence after all is that form of power which is the necessary attribute of wealth when it has wide ramifications, and holds numbers of men in its grasp.

If these forces have always moved the decisions of masses of men, and if the most permanent of these forces be the power of wealth, what earthly cause will prevent their continuing to operate hereafter? The Reform Bill has abolished the famous compounder, but it has not abolished human nature. Wealth and its public influence will always be felt in any society, and it is quite right that it should be so. How much more in a social system so complex and well knit as ours? Every one who has looked attentively into the prospects of at least the forthcoming elections sees how very strong wealth and rank are certain to prove. So long as it is at all fair sailing, the bulk of the men who sit in St. Stephen's will be the same hearty and sensible gentlemen who now give the tone to that distinguished Club. And so long as that is the case, the pit of Tophet and Chaos-come-again will be adjourned, at any rate, till this day six months.

Then there is what in the language of the day is called the *residuum*. No doubt at all that a large number of the possible new electors are at present much below the intelligence of the average town workman, and may be moved by corruption, coercion, or ostentation. Perhaps for one election or so it will be found that the Bill has rather widened than diminished the area of bribery; and it is far from impossible that by their energy, lavish expenditure, and the personal popularity of many Tories of wealth or rank, a Conservative majority may be seated in '69. Watch the strength of the party even in the great northern towns, in Leeds, Liverpool, and Birmingham. Study the history of the last election at that model people's borough of Bradford. Reflect on that strange partisanship of visible power which the untaught poor so readily put on—half schoolboy, half-menial, as when a crowd on a racecourse cheers the colours of a popular nobleman.

So far *pro* the theory that things are not much changed by the Bill. There is, however, something to be said *per contra*. The great fact of the new franchise is this,—one which has been too persistently ignored. The class admitted essentially differ in kind

from the old. The old constituencies stopping short below the small shopkeepers, just took in the classes who form a recognised part of the social body from the capitalist point of view. They all had, and they were there by virtue of having, at least some small amount of realised wealth. They all employed some others. They all belonged to the officer class of the social army, even though the bulk were only sergeants or corporals. They all had a native veneration for property, and all notions, superstitious or rational, which our social history has accumulated round that idea. You could not point the moral of a duke's deer-forest without making the cheesemonger wince.

All this is changed now in the constituencies. There is now not only a large number, but a large majority of the electors who have no property at all. Many of them have not half-a-crown on a Saturday morning. They are simply full privates in the rank and file, and not even corporals. They employ no one, but are all employed by others. They never have been admitted as full members of the responsible part of society. The theory has been, that the State took care of them; not that they took care of the State. They would talk over the duke's deer-forest upon general principles, as they might discuss Divine Right or the feudal system, without any sense of profanity or indecorum in handling such a delicate topic. It is a wild calumny in those who pretend that the working classes are hostile to the institution of property, or will destroy it the moment they obtain the power. They have a deep and healthy respect for it in itself—indeed, a truer and nobler sense of its functions than any other class, for they recognise its duties. But the gross superstition in which its worship is surrounded here they do not share, that superstition which Mr. Mill so justly finds to be barely intelligible. They venerate property; but they venerate still more social well-being, of which it is the creature and the instrument. They have never been reared in that fierce, jealous, absorbing, and blind devotion to property, in all its accidents and phases, as a holy and ineffable mystery, such as we find it in those who have breathed from childhood the aristocratic or commercial atmosphere of this island. They have not been nursed from their cradles in the ever-present sense of its beneficent mercies. To acquire the true British dogged instinct of property you must be, as it were, "to the manner born."

As it is with property, so it is with the other grand pillars of our social system. The working classes have a real regard for our Queen; but, as an institution, the mon-

archy is to them a fact, not a dispensation. They are not disaffected towards the Constitution, but they have no vital and saving faith in it, and they never will have. They accept the *status quo*, and that is the end of it. The Church and the rest in the same manner. The beautiful mechanism of our glorious Constitution; the subtler mysteries of our administrative and parliamentary organism; the wheels within wheels of self-government, which our cheesemonger feels down to the sacred independence of his own weights and measures; the grand ideal of the parish; the knotted torso of our colossal law; and all that which culminates in the jury-box of our Saxon ancestors,—these are venerable things which he half-admires and half-wonders at, like the objects of antiquity in the British Museum, understanding here and there. They are things which he has never been called upon practically to work, and of which he has never in person realised the blessings. Thus he has none of our cheesemonger's abiding sense of personal interest in the "system." He accepts the system, but he is not of it. The "system," if you come to argue it, is with him an open question.

Now the want of a very definite enthusiasm for the British constitution would not be of any singular importance if the moral and intellectual tone of the new electors was at all the same as that of the old. But it is utterly unlike it. There is no greater break in our class hierarchy than that between the lowest of the propertied classes and the highest of the non-propertied classes. In all that makes political force, in breadth of view, in power of combination, in social spirit, and in loyalty to their leaders, the latter are immeasurably superior. It is just this immense difference in moral qualities between the two which men persist in forgetting. The trader, whatever his rank in his own class, by the conditions of his life is absorbed in petty economic details, is harassed by the anxieties of traffic, trained to ceaseless competition, jealous, cautious, self-contained, and intensely and narrowly practical. These are just the qualities which make the fortunes, but unmake the politician. What helpless puppets in Parliament are those keen men of business, whose wary genius has amassed fortunes! What a spectacle of mean stupidity is the typical cheesemonger crowing on his own vestry! The workman, whatever his rank in his own order, is just the reverse,—imprudent, generous, social, and imaginative. The only occupation for his brain is the study of public questions; his only strength is in combination; his ignorance of all the in-

instincts and habits of business makes him prone to visions, Utopias, doctrines; whilst his moral nature having no true opening except in domestic and social feeling, his whole strength is given to unreflective and unsystematised ideas. Half the bitterness with which the battle of Unionism rages between the employing and employed classes is due to the fact that the workman cannot conceive men seriously choosing to live under the system of competition, and the capitalist cannot conceive men honestly preferring the rule of combination. Both systems and both these characters have their great merits, and both are indispensable to the welfare of society. But political vigour belongs to the social, and not to the individual type.

The workmen of course have their special failings, looseness of thought, credulity, ignorance, and a naïf readiness to settle things off hand which makes thoughtful men shudder. These would make them very bad administrators or senators, no doubt. But they are not exactly political weaknesses. On the contrary, they just lead them to that temper of enthusiasm, energy, and faith in themselves which makes a set of men formidable. The result is that they are fired by ideas to a degree that no other class in the community are; and then they act with a decision which is startling to men accustomed to the intricacies of business. In place of that stony impenetrability to mere doctrines which marks the whole business class, the workmen have an overabundant proneness to them. It is the fashion to talk of the English impatience of mere ideas, and this phrase is just an instance of this stony impenetrability itself. It is the mark of the governing classes and the commercial classes proper, and of them alone. The great English brains, the poets, the thinkers, and the moralists are pre-eminently gifted with ideas, and the bulk of the English people have at least their fair share. The typical wooden "practical" man represents only about a tenth of our people,—just the classes which have been saturated with Constitutionalism and Protestantism. The brains and the hands are perfectly free both from cause and effect. When the practical Englishman stumbles against what he concludes is an idea, he at once cries out that it is a French importation, just as the *Times* denounces *amorcellement* (*sic*) if any one speaks of the land. The capacity for political ideas is not French, it is only democratic. We call it French because the democracy in France is more in the ascendant than here. But it

belongs to the democracy of Europe, and to the English as much as to any.

The English democracy, in fact, are acutely susceptible of ideas—indeed, are the only large class in England who are—and capable of heartily combining to carry those ideas into practical result. But it is not merely a capacity for ideas: it is a capacity for generous sentiments which marks their aim. The ideas which dominate them are ideas of social good, of a higher order of life, of mutual help, not always very wise, but usually vigorous. Along with this is a spontaneous turn for combination, organisation, and adhesion to leaders,—a quality eminently un-English, if nothing is English but what is middle class—but eminently English, if it is possible to be at once English and republican. In spite of all the merriment which it may occasion to some sprightly persons, I deliberately repeat that the upper orders of the workmen possess higher and stronger social capabilities than any other class. This is not identical with political wisdom, but it is identical with political force. This is really a matter on which mere literary criticism can give us nothing but *bons mots*. Those only who have known in personal friendship the better as well as the average men of this order can fairly estimate their value. The conditions of public agitation in England are unusually dangerous to the prominent agitators of all classes, and the working class, like the rest, would suffer unjustly, if judged by all those who profess to speak in their name. It is usual, moreover, to forget how completely the artificial training of the educated public imposes a conventional restraint of manner on all that they do, and that uneducated workmen are wholly unskilled in the art of casting a plausible veil over their weaknesses. The jealousies, the vanity, the intrigues to which statesmen give high constitutional names, are seen in the people in their crude and naked deformity. Nothing but long habit and study can enable us truly to estimate a class which society regards in effect as something like another nation or race. And opinions not based on such knowledge are epigrams, but they are not evidence.

It is this proneness to general ideas, this instinct of falling into discipline, and active sympathy with leaders, which marks off the workman so distinctly from the shopkeeper. They differ more completely than men in the same nation living side by side often do. Consider the intense enthusiasm which men like Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Bright, and

Mr. Mill awaken in the mind of the working class. It may give them some day a force before which the vestries will wither up like tow. The writer was the other day exploring a coal mine, and chancing to ask some grimy bare colliers, hewing away in the dim air, in what part of the workings we were, they told him with some pride that they called it the "Mill End," after the member for Westminster. A trifle this, but a matter for thought, that those rough hewers, groping all their night of days in those choking cells of coal could be thinking of the author of a "System of Logic" and of the pamphlet on the Condition of Ireland.

Again, the argument respecting the *residuum* must not be pushed too far. No doubt the lower strata of the new constituencies, chiefly in the small boroughs, have very dubious political virtues, and may for one or two elections prove very tractable indeed. But what a fool's paradise to trust in as a permanence! As the small constituencies are disfranchised, and the growth of education advances, and the power of the working class becomes consolidated, it is inevitable that workmen of all classes will more or less amalgamate. In ordinary times there would be much to keep them distinct. Great is beer, especially seductive whilst men are tolerably comfortable and have bread to eat with the beer. But let us see a great national panic or passion; wait till some fixed idea seizes on the popular mind like a religion, and where will the power of beer be then?

The desperate attempt of the opponents of Unionism to stir up the lower strata of workmen against the higher has proved a complete failure. It is very well for the governing classes to rely on the residuum now, but what will it be when the people are violently aroused—the time when you really want your residuum? King Bomba relied on his residuum—the lazzaroni of Naples; and they did him good service before the earth began to rock beneath him. But on which side were the lazzaroni when Garibaldi came?

This being true of the new electors, the old ways of managing constituencies must be somewhat revised. All the old influences of self-interest, habit, prestige, great as they will be, will not carry the weight they have hitherto done. The governing classes will have to learn a new style of governing. In stepping from the wages-giving to the wages-receiving class, they have passed into a new moral and social atmosphere. The old principles of human nature and our social order will be the

same, but the system will be essentially modified, and subject to very new and remarkable impulses.

In fact, the change which has been made is one which, from its nature, cannot be immediately tested. It is not that a great revolution has been effected, but that great possibilities of revolution have. Until the fountains of the great deep are opened, all will remain very much as before. Power and wealth will control elections; the rich governing class will furnish nineteen-twentieths of the members. The corrupt boroughs, the bribery system, the nominee system, the jobbing system will perish hard and slowly. Rank will exert its time-honoured spell, petty interests will divide constituencies as of old, and Beer will be king time and again. The Millennium that the Radical hails, the Chaos that the Tory dreads, are alike the creation of delusion or of panic. The whole thing is in embryo as yet. The workmen are capable of great transforming ideas, it is true; but the ideas are not forthcoming—they have yet to be framed, or at least to be promulgated. They have a great sense of adhesion to their chiefs; but great revolutionary chiefs are in their cradles or at school. The workmen have a native instinct for vigorous action. But the social force of Conservatism is at present quite paramount. Hence, with ideas still incoherent and unset, without immediate leaders of any genius, and a dense phalanx of material opposition before them, the new electors are certainly not likely to sweep the board; and to all appearance we may say that nothing is changed, but that there are a million of new electors, more or less—nothing, that is to say, on the surface.

Has nothing, then, been done? and have the rhetoric and the vigils of so many sessions been in vain? Yes! an immense work has been done. By transposing the legal balance of power from the wages-paying to the wages-earning class, a great moral change has been effected. The new power will slowly consolidate and feel its strength, and will be long in doing so. But in the meantime the barriers and outworks which fenced about the arcana of State are gone. The veil of the temple (reared by the Whigs in '88) has been rent asunder, and priests, acolytes, and worshippers are mingled together in a mass. The elaborate system of checks and counter-checks by which the great and good men who have governed us for two centuries kept public opinion at bay is all gone, at any rate in strictness of law. Through what a jungle of public meetings, of depu-

tations, of parliamentary resolutions, of press eloquence, of battling in committees, and lobbying of members did it need to pass a single acknowledged reform into law! Now, as by law is ordained, the people have only really to wish a thing done, and to mean to have it done, and it will be done. They are not likely to attempt it, but the process is infinitely simplified if they did. The old British Constitution, as invented by the saviours of society at that great and glorious era, resembled nothing in the world so much as the famous automaton chessman. In that ingenious toy the amazed spectator was shown a multitude of wheels, cranks, and pulleys, saw the clockwork elaborately wound up, and heard it move with a strange and rumbling sound. The pieces, we know, were all the time really worked by a concealed player behind, who viewed the board through the sleeve of the figure, behind which sleeve he no doubt occasionally laughed at his dupes. Mr. Disraeli now, who loves a surprise, has simply opened the doors, discarded the clockwork, and shown us the man. The wheels and the pulleys are not needed now; we shall hear no more that strange and rumbling sound; we see our man, and we sit down to play a simple game of chess—king, bishop, knight, and pawn—and no legerdemain for the future.

To sum up then the various features of this great change, we may say that they are indirect, not direct; future, not immediate; latent, not on the surface. In a word, it is a *moral* change; a new power, a new tone, new possibilities exist. The old class of men, or men very like them, for the present will continue to sit in the House, but under very different conditions, and with an altered sense of responsibility. When the legal supremacy in the State is vested in an order of men in whom, at least, is latent motive power so vast—men craving for something to be done, capable of blazing up some day if they find nothing done—perhaps something will be done. The victorious soldiers of Cæsar are no longer on the Rhine or the Rhone, separated by half a continent from the majestic senate at home. They have not burst in upon the State, but they stand beside the Rubicon, whilst our conscript fathers anxiously deliberate in the Capitol. O, conscript fathers, be wise in time, for there is little to keep them from crossing that historic stream!

Having thus tried to weigh the force of the new element which has been brought in, let us turn to the condition of the old elements which remain. For it will be of

small consequence that the invading force is strong, if the defending retains undiminished strength. But does it? It is impossible to get over the impression that the Great Surrender of last year has in it the character of panic. Explain it as men will, there was the air of irresolution, distrust, and disorganisation about it which marks a retreat. Now in a retreat it is the first league backwards which is decisive, and is never taken till all *morale* is gone. The trumpets of the besiegers gave no sound so overwhelming—indeed, many thought it somewhat discordant and thin—and lo! the walls of Jericho fell, to the astonishment equally of those within and those without. A party which thus “turns its back upon itself” with no adequate motive, and with every appearance of not intending to do so, has given fatal symptoms of deep-seated weakness within.

It is a very striking, and from any point of view, a very ominous fact, how feeble the various forms of authority are growing in this country. Ministers, Governments, Parliaments, parties, all yield to a mere push, squeeze with a slight pressure, collapse mysteriously without warning. A ministry now dare hardly bring in a bill to touch a corporation. If the corporation struggles, a cabinet trembles down to its subordinates, and yields, procrastinates, or compromises. Governments are plainly unable to keep a mob in check, and are afraid to try unless they have twenty thousand shopkeepers as special constables to back them. The whole House of Commons dares not face a committee of indignant pork-butchers. A cabinet minister has a poor chance with a vestryman. And a gas company can flout King, Lords, and Commons. The very principle of authority for good ends as well as bad has been put to scorn by the weakness of men in authority. They do not believe in themselves, and they do not believe in each other.

Now the serious side of the loss of *prestige* to authority is that in this country it is practically denuded of real power. The Emperor of Russia might very safely inaugurate universal suffrage; and the Emperor of the French can hold his own in spite of it. The master of eighty legions has always his material strength to fall back on, if he gets the worst of an election or debate. A centralised bureaucratic system gives a great resisting force to the hand that commands the Executive. Our Executive has nothing to fall back upon. There are practically no reserves. The few bayonets and sabres here and there are perfectly powerless before the masses, if the people really took it into

their heads to move; beside which, it is an instrument that they dare not in practice rely on. A few redcoats may be called on to suppress a vulgar riot; but the first blood of the people shed by troops in a really popular cause would, as we all know, make the Briton boil in a very ugly manner. There are only the police, hardly a match for the "roughs," as we know to our cost. The Government would be mad which seriously attempted to face an angry people on the strength of seven thousand police staves. It was very easy to abuse an unlucky set of ministers about Hyde Park. But what were they to do? To have used the army would have been the end of the British constitution. There were seven thousand policemen, but what are they among so many? The Executive in this country has absolutely nothing to fall back upon but the special constable, the moral support of the cheesemonger and the pork-butcher. Real and powerful so long as the pork-butcher is in good humour. But wait till the windows of the pork-shop are being smashed, and all about a quarrel to keep you in office, and you will see the ungrateful pork-butcher turn and rend you like one of his own herd.

Executive system (if system it can be called) is in this country so utterly disjointed and weak that its material forces in resistance are almost nothing. Property has, no doubt, an enormous social and moral *vis inertiae*. But Government, as such, has singularly small material forces. Our greatest soldier in this age saw it perfectly, and so did Lord Derby last year. The fact is that our political organism of the constitutional type was based on a totally different theory from that of force at all. The governing classes never pretended to rely on force. They trusted to maintain their supremacy by their social power, and their skill in working the machine. Local self-government, representation of the people, civil liberty, was all the cry, until at last the tone of English public life became saturated with ideas of rule by consent, and not by force. Very excellent theories—but you must abide by them, and never dream of force, for you have cut yourself off from the right to appeal to it. The least suggestion of force puts the governing classes in an outrageously false position, and arrays against them all the noble sentiments of liberty on which they based their own title to rule. Club blusterers jeering at trades' unionists in Pall Mall may talk about grapeshot and dragoons, but men with heads on their shoulders know that an appeal to force would be the end of English society; and what is even more to the purpose, that there

is no force to appeal to. Hence it comes that so many proud fortresses of Conservatism have been surrendered at discretion by commanders who felt with a pang that their magazines were absolutely empty. During the American war the Northern armies were long kept at bay by some tremendous earthworks bristling with cannon. One night the trenches were silently evacuated, and the terrible pieces were found to be painted wood. So for years the governing classes had kept Democracy at bay behind some imposing ramparts. But one day the Reform League discovered that they were mounted with canvas and logs.

So that however feeble the forces of progress may be, they can hardly be feebler than those of Conservatism. But this feebleness in material strength is nothing to the feebleness of motive principles and ideas. In the days of Burke or Pitt, nay, of Castlereagh and Canning, there was a potent and deep enthusiasm for the system as a whole, and a real faith of its resting on truth and reason. Who has any enthusiasm for the system now? A few clever men find their account in defending it with purely professional zeal. But as a rule the men of brain are heartily weary and ashamed of it. In fact, the intellectual class is cordially disaffected. They despise the whole apparatus, they dislike it intensely, and they resent its thrall. The constitutional, Protestant, mercantile imposture they can in their hearts endure no more. The religion of Parliament, Bible, and Free Trade has degenerated into a self-seeking cant. They feel in how many things this system falls short of much that is seen in every continental system, how much more it falls short of any decent ideal. It is this stony impenetrability to ideas, of which the British middle class have made a sort of gospel, and in which the aristocratic class (who ought to know better) please to encourage them, that so revolts a man of any cultivation and a grain of imagination. Where is such an one to be found, not absolutely absorbed in politics or business, who is not visibly mocking at the whole apparatus in his heart? A lively writer of this class has opportunely transplanted the German name of Philistine. This happily describes that insurrection of the brain against the official and mercantile thrall which has driven those who believe in the force of ideas into closer sympathy with the people.

If there be anything in this, it is clear that the rule of this country will have shortly to be carried on under very altered conditions. There is nothing to drive any one into a paroxysm of alarm. It would be

most unreasonable to accuse the present or any other writer who tries to examine the facts as they are, of incendiary designs. We do not create this state of things ; we only point to its consequences. The form and the organ in which these remarks are offered plainly exclude any appeal to popular passions. This is obviously not the language of demagoguism, but of criticism. The fact remains. The Government of this country has hereafter to be carried on under new conditions.

Now let us cast our eyes back for a few generations over the history of our actual parliamentary Government. In form and in name, since the "great and glorious" era, the elected representatives of the nation have ruled this country. But no man in his senses really believes that a motley crowd of 658 (or whatever else be now the magical number) have really *governed* anything. The grand commercial and colonial development of the last century, the Indian empire, the tremendous duel with the French Revolution, the great Liberal policy which culminated in free trade, were not carried out by an executive mob. Practically the governing class, a true aristocracy, possessed the entire control over Parliament and the executive machine. Like every other aristocracy with any life in it, they followed the great houses, and the great houses put forward and supported capable administrators. The Government accordingly was really and essentially an aristocracy ; not in itself the highest type of government, as this was far from being the purest type of an aristocracy, but still a form of government quite capable of ruling a great country's destinies with some initiative and some vigour ; and if with no great foresight, at least without collapse.

But of late the popular element admitted to Parliament by the Reform of 1832 has been steadily growing in extent, until their effective hold over Parliament and the Executive has almost slipped from the governing class. England is now hardly an aristocracy except socially, and for purposes of resistance. Politically, the governing class hold office, but they do not rule. What they did to the monarchy has been done to them. They reign, but do not govern. They can prevent anything being done, but they can not do anything. Their power of initiation is reduced to a minimum ; their power of compulsion to zero. It has gone so far that they forswear as an odious imputation the suggestion of ever dreaming to initiate anything or compel anybody, and real government implies initiative as well as compulsion. Hence a House of Commons

and a Government which talk, and cozen, and procrastinate, and compromise, and smother everything in turn. In fact, under the constitutional *régime*, government was only possible because the practice did not correspond with the theory ; and now they have changed it so that the practice must ultimately correspond with the theory.

Unluckily, however, this silent crumbling of the governmental edifice (as raised by the great and good men of '88) occurs just at the very epoch when a vigorous working machine is particularly needed. Direct parliamentary government is a magnificent institution in its own sphere. There are many things which it can effect in a very spirited way. The removal of ancient feudal abuses, the redress of sanguinary or effete laws, the abolition of monopolies, the *destructive* and equalising process of government, it can very properly undertake. The great and legitimate triumphs of parliamentary government have been all of this class. The conduct of commercial wars, imperial aggrandisement, the reform of our murderous code, the greater equalisation of taxation, the abolition of slavery, intolerance, and protection, are all works of this negative kind.

The tasks set to this age are very different. We have now to face the *constructive* problems of government, the remedial process of rule—problems of curious difficulty, impossible to anything but concentration and genius. Now these are just the questions for which direct parliamentary action is extraordinarily unfit. Our social and industrial system, under the expansion which followed the removal of its fetters, has thrown out new and appalling forms of misery, strife, and anarchy. There grows, festers, and reproduces itself that dismal pauper population, filling half counties, quarters of cities, a huge tumour in the body politic, which it eats up with its parasitical swarm. There is the housing of our crowded poor, forced by the palaces of wealth into closer and more poisonous quarters. How long is society to continue inactive in the presence of a disease so odious and so dangerous? The great sanitary question at which we have as yet but timidly nibbled, the whole question of preventing epidemics and providing the first necessities of health, grows ever more pressing and more difficult. Then there is the vexed question of the land. It is no use disputing it, the people have made up their minds that the soil of this country shall no longer be held on its present irresponsible tenure. Certain it is that the agricultural labourer is in a condition in which he ought not to be, and in

which he will not long consent to remain. The reorganisation of our national education, both primary, secondary, and superior, requires skill and care of the highest kind. The reconstruction of the whole legal system is a task at once gigantic and indispensable. Lastly, the state of Ireland is one not for trumpery revision of details, but for great and creative statesmanship.

These are the problems which await this age. None but a few zealots with a theory, no politician worthy of the name, seriously believes they are questions which are wholly beyond the sphere of government. It is certain that they are questions which Government cannot long neglect. For as civilisation gives us the increased knowledge and sense of duty by which great problems may be solved, it deepens and extends the violence of the disorders with which we have to deal. But these are problems of the highest order, requiring profound sagacity to eliminate their causes, patience to distinguish complicated symptoms, concentration to grasp the depth and reach of the problem, an instinct for adaptation to special conditions, a freedom from interruption to carry out a system of action, power to apply the remedies with force, and a recognised mastery of the situation.

Such being the conditions of the task, could human ingenuity devise a machine for solving it more impracticable than the current type of parliamentary administration? Let us clearly make it understood that there is no question here suggested as to the constitutional supremacy of the House of Commons. That, as a practical matter, is an admitted basis. The question is whether real government of this order can be looked for unless by a great modification in the course of parliamentary procedure. The system of *debating* (originally one would presume a mere aid to legislation) has grown out into a principal object, a great end in itself, with a special set of rules and notions which have no connection whatever with efficient law-making. Men are made ministers, under-ministers, and secretaries, judges, ambassadors, governors, consuls, anything in the world, by more or less readiness in putting together a few adroit sentences, or in just hitting the conventional temper of a crowd of men possessed with a sort of jealous common sense, and very moderate statesman-like capacity. The thing is too ancient a by-word to be dwelt on here. All that is now suggested is the doubt if the system has not been abused almost till it bursts. Can any qualities of mind or character be less like those which are needed to carry through the most ardu-

ous of political tasks? The pettiest detail of local administration may, at any moment, form the basis of an eloquent debate, and a corrupt beadle or a naughty midshipman may be the hero of a grand party field-day. Peddling little bills, just timidly designed by a practised draftsman to worm themselves in between the crannies of interests and prejudices, are solemnly brought in and fought over, and sometimes do come out as laws all mangled and distorted at the end. But what makes them one thing more than another, what effect they may have in practice, depends almost exclusively on the accident of party fight, or the adroitness with which the wires have been pulled by those interested, or the "business" power — i. e., the manœuvring skill — of the member who chances to promote it. The probabilities of a measure becoming law are very like those of a horse winning a race, and are decided usually by the same arts of the jockey.

The leading backers, who are usually called ministers, have to spend their time, not in studying the matters they have to administer, but in meeting incessant onslaughts of factious invective. No one of them dreams of proposing what he thinks the best for the case in the abstract, but in finding what will collect together the strongest body of partisans. The atmosphere of the legislature is precisely that of a club when feuds in it run extravagantly high, and members spend their lives in canvassing to blackball sets, or to turn out the committee. The usual occupation of a ministry during the session is simply that of such a committee moving heaven and earth for re-election. The committee, of course, are not so imprudent as to introduce changes, or seriously consult the good of the club. They dare hardly discharge a drunken waiter or change a newspaper in the reading-room, lest it make another malcontent. To carry through the House even a simple and useful measure, and even to a popular minister, is a feat which tasks enormous powers, both physical and mental, utterly disproportioned to the result achieved, and almost no part of which is expended in the labour of devising the measure itself. The passage of a gas bill consumes about as much outlay of brain as might suffice to govern the Indian empire for six months. To carry an act is like submitting to the punishment of running the gauntlet in a Russian regiment. It will need a tough constitution if one is to reach the end alive after every man along the line has delivered his blow. Our great caricaturist gave us last year a picture of our first living conjurer in this

line performing his wonderful "egg-dance;" and we saw him deftly planting his agile toes, ever grazing and yet not cracking the scattered eggs upon the stage. That was a picture—a true picture—of what is now called a consummate statesman carrying a great constitutional change. Statesmanship is now dancing between eggs; and they win who crack the fewest.

It is plain that when such are the conditions to which legislation must conform, very few really statesmanlike minds will stoop to such a game, very few characters can retain their vitality, and no grand results can by possibility issue. The whole atmosphere, spirit, and end of the system are artificial and alien to legislation. It is merely the mockery or parade of legislation, and not legislation itself. It is as vain and degenerate a form of the art of statesmanship as ever tournaments were of the art of war. The pride with which it is now celebrated and pursued by the men of the tongue and of the pen will sound some day as childish as the later chronicles of the tilt-yard sound to us. To mature a comprehensive and radical re-organisation of any of the great problems of State would be simply a matter for speculative interest; in the House it would be lost in the bottomless depths of parliamentary talk. To look for a sustained and expanding system of policy would be futile; for policies mean the watching the tempers of ever-shifting parties. To dream of a great ruler arising in that atmosphere would be indeed a dream; for rulers are so now only by flattering the caprices of an assembly. Unity, perseverance, energy, responsibility, are impossible where all is rivalry, change, obstructiveness, rhetoric, and subserviency.

It is the fashion now to accuse the people of all the "vices of democracy." In Parliament, however, is the true democracy; there are its worst vices. Democracy does not consist in poverty, nor even in numbers. The vices of democracy may exist without the excess of ignorance, or the excess of passion. A democracy exists when an inorganic crowd seeks to grasp sovereign power; when each man in it holds himself as wise a ruler as his fellow; when offices are won by flattering their prejudices and ignorances; when mere gifts of tongue and powers for intrigue can sway such a body to the right or to the left; when what they determine one hour they undo the next; when government is a scramble, open to every glib talker; when mastery, and unity, and continuity of action are hopeless from the jealous and vain-glorious agitation of units. These are the true evils of democ-

racy, which may exist quite truly without fustian coats or platform speeches; and exist, more truly than in any assembly of the populace, in the assembly of the British House of Commons.

Let men of all parties ask themselves if they honestly believe that efficient government can much longer be carried on upon terms like these. Those who have long felt it, as most Conservatives and as many Liberals have (views which have been admirably summed up by Mr. Lowe), fell into the natural mistake of supposing that the admission of the people to power would only add to the confusion. If I thought so, I should be, for one, the most resolute of Conservatives. But it is a mere misconception of the character of the people. The admission of the people will infallibly strengthen, and not weaken the executive efficiency of Government and Parliament. Paradox apart, the spirit of the working class is essentially, in the true sense of the word, less democratic than that of the capitalist class. They have less of the instinctive thirst for each man having his own way, which is the true sign of democratic ideas. They are accustomed to act in masses, and to act with concentration. They trust their leaders often blindly and obstinately, and thrust their whole collective power into their hands. They systematically delegate all business details to those whom they trust, and confine themselves habitually to the decision of principles. They are jealous of opposition when they have made up their minds, and warmly impatient of private obstructiveness. Look at them in the action of their Unions: whether you like it or not, you must admit that they have struck out a way of combining vigorous co-operation with practical efficiency, great delegated power to the minister with real responsibility to the society. Without saying that this is always the truest political virtue, it is force, and it is not democracy. It is republicanism; whilst beside it, the aristocracy and commercial class have become so demoralised by constitutional pedantry and rhetorical ambition that Parliament has grown as unstable a power as the democratic Diet of the old Polish nobility.

The introduction of this republican element—for such it really is—will enable Parliament, if it chooses, to modify its system, and will modify it in its own way if it does not choose. It is for the sensible men of all parties to see that the time has come to reform procedure within St. Stephen's; and it rests with them to use the new elec-

toral power for that end. If not, it will inevitably at last use them. From whence the leaders come in this movement is of no special moment. This is no party question, and Tories as well as Whigs may seize the occasion. If the historic aristocracy of England yet has vitality in it, it will adapt itself to the position, and again prove the right to that rule of which it now bears little but the ancestral dignities. It is far from improbable that one of the governing houses might yet produce a man with the nerve and capacity to become a powerful and popular statesman. It would smooth many difficulties and accord best with our traditions if it were so. But in default of this, should the governing classes throw up no competent chief, in course of time the people will discover one for themselves. To this it must ultimately come. For all the conditions of the situation, and every instinct of their lives, point to a rally round a capable Head. Slowly or swiftly, smoothly or roughly, we are tending towards a State with powerful chiefs, disciplined supporters, and real legislation.

Unscrupulous criticism, after its kind, may affect to see in this argument a plea for revolutionary violence or democratic imperialism. Those who choose to see in an opponent's language anything they please, are not to be denied that gratification by elaborate disclaimers. But a word to those who are willing to admit that a political writer may mean what he says. The whole change which has been described might be brought about without affecting the legal supremacy of Parliament, and without any constitutional enactment. It is a matter of practice, not of law, and can be properly accomplished only by the assent and efforts of Parliament itself. Any one who carefully examines at the close of the year the ponderous mass of the legislation of the session will at once perceive that nineteen-twentieths of its bulk consist in purely administrative enactments, such as properly belong to a responsible executive:—"An Act for amending the law with respect to the Accounts of the Receiver for the Metropolitan Police District, and for other Purposes relating to the Metropolitan Police." Conceive our 658 foremost men dividing and haranguing about that! "An Act to allow warehoused British Spirits to be bottled for home Consumption." An Act to "Amend the Act to regulate the Keeping of Dogs." "An Act to regulate the Court and Office of the Lyon King-of-arms." O conscript fathers! with what sauce shall this imperial turbot be served up?

It is no answer to tell us that under our great and glorious system of liberty it is the proud boast of a Briton to carry self-government down to the cut of a constable's coat-collar, and that, until the Constitution is altered, even these details require the seal of Parliament. But, in truth, these and a hundred such measures during a session are actually debated and overhauled, go into committee, and go out, and pass through the whole apparatus of revision which an Act to amend the Constitution would receive. Amendments are proposed, faction fights are taken, and every device of obstruction is employed. Nay, the very bills are drawn with a view mainly to their passing this ordeal, and are first mutilated and diluted with a view to pass, and then are mutilated and diluted a second time in the act of passing. Few people with a grain of practical instinct would deny that administrative legislation of this kind would be effected in a manner far more satisfactory by a thoroughly competent minister under full responsibility to Parliament as to the results of his ministry. How can purely executive details be successfully worked out by a crowd of men, four-fifths of whom know nothing of public business, and each of whom is subject to incessant personal solicitation and pressure?

The evil would be endurable if it simply affected the details of trivial measures—Acts about dogs and Lyon Kings-of-arms. But the same evil extends from the trivial measures to the great. Measures which, in principle, can be carried and are carried ten times over in the House, in application are as regularly defeated by the enormous leverage which the forms of procedure put into the hands of obstruction. The abolition of Church rates and of Tests is annually determined by great majorities of the House, and as often rejected by dexterous manœuvring of parties and forms. A mere resolution for the disendowment of the Irish Church, apart from questions of cabinets and party, could be carried by a powerful majority. But Parliament, if left to itself, will be twenty years before it can accomplish this obvious and popular reform. Where the number of the legislators is great, the legislation must necessarily be petty.

Again, even this process of legislative trivialities only employs a fifth part of the actual labour of Parliament. Four-fifths of it are occupied by incessant struggles between rival parties, and real or fictitious attacks on a minister. Whether these succeed or not, they produce such an incessant wear and tear, and such an excessive tim-

idity on the part of the minister, that he is practically unfit for serious legislation or real administration. The puerile arrangement of offices, by which it is understood that each of the stereotyped parties are to take their turns in frequent succession, and each of the prominent performers in debate are to have their innings in due course, excludes any notion of government itself. During the last century Governments have been changed every three years, and sometimes every three months. And this at a time when patient and long-continued attention and labour are essential for the statesman in any high sense. The restless democracies of Athens or Florence never devised a more wretched scheme for making office a prize for the holder, and not a function for the public; and the class which passes its life in this ignoble game can thank God that they are not such as place-hunting democrats, or even as those Americans!

Every one of these evils could be remedied by a change in the temper of the House of Commons, without any dictatorship, or even constitutional change. Meddling in executive details, party fights over clauses, and constant succession of ministries, are not inseparable properties even of parliamentary government. They are only its diseases and excrescences. The House of Commons was once free from them, when it won its supremacy in the State, and it might free itself from them again. All that would be necessary would be that Parliament and public opinion should succeed in establishing in all administrative details absolute ministerial freedom with stringent responsibility in the minister; for the machinery of legislation, an intelligent decision upon principle, with a delegation of practical application to the highest competent authority; lastly, for the permanence of ministries, to accept the possibility of continuing an able minister so long as his strength and efficiency continued.

Some such modification of the parliamentary system is not alien to the history—even to the recent history—of our House of Commons. During the long ministry of Pitt, and to some extent during that of Peel, the Government of the country and its practical legislation were virtually the work of a statesman, and not of a clerk, responsible to Parliament, but not hampered by it, and really accountable to the nation. The governments of Lincoln and of Cavour, in other countries, have shown us how possible it is to place in the hands of a great and popular administrator vast executive power, whilst making him in prac-

tice the instrument of a legislative assembly, and intensely in sympathy with public opinion. Nor can any reason be produced why the people should not force Parliament in the same way to recognise the ascendancy of a capable ruler, to give him its hearty co-operation and support, and, without surrendering an instant its right to displace him upon manifest failure, or its own absolute control over the national purse, to watch, advise, stimulate, and support him, without harassing him with ignorant interference.

Visionary as such a proposal may appear to those to whom "Parliamentarism" has become a second nature, they ought at least to remember that "Parliamentarism," as known to us now, is a special product of this age and country, and is absolutely unknown and has never yet had life in any civilised society or in any other era than this. It is a purely artificial system, under which no sort of men ever yet have lived. The great body of the new electors have absolutely no taste for it, and no understanding for it. It cannot be understood in idea except by a special education in itself. It would be a profound evil if the recent reform has but brought another class under the influence of this unnatural system. Such a fear, let us trust, is groundless. The instincts and habits of the people all tend towards some of the more ordinary and more direct forms of political government. If Parliament will frankly accept this necessity, the issue will be fortunate. If it do not accept it, the movement will go on in spite of it. Should a great popular statesman ever arise, like Cromwell he will desire to govern with a Parliament if it will let him, but, like Cromwell, he will not be tolerant of a Parliament of Barebones.

It would require a volume to answer or even to state all the possible objections that can be urged against this proposal, which amounts, in fact, to nothing more than this—that Parliament should constitute itself an ultimate appeal and control in legislation, and withdraw from the direct assumption of ministerial duties. There are grave objections possible to every proposal in politics. But in this case, as in others, it turns on a balance of advantages and evils. There are those who set store by the direct control which Parliament exerts over the servants of the public. It is a balance of advantages. You cannot make two authorities simultaneously responsible. If Parliament chooses to be its own Home Minister, it robs the minister of all sense of duty and responsibility, and reduces

him to the place of a clerk. What would become of the army in Abyssinia if Sir Robert Napier were obliged to spend his nights in justifying every petty order of the day to a supreme military council, or what would become of us if Sir Richard Mayne could not arrest a Fenian without a party fight in an assembly of 658 metropolitan inspectors or police? A minister who has to wrangle out every administrative detail and every turn of a clause is necessarily not a minister, but an attorney.

It is much the fashion to console ourselves with thinking that our system of parliamentary procedure, cumbrous and dilatory as it may be, insures that the uttermost dregs of opinion shall be stirred and sifted; that nothing can become law until the most perverse objections of the most ignorant obstruction have been ground to powder beneath Alps and Andes of accumulated talk, until not the darkest corner in the thickest brain in the community remains yet to be enlightened. It is a proud boast, but it seems simply another mode of saying that Government shall always be in arrear of the dullest mind in the nation. So, too, the verdict waits till the obstinate jurymen gives in. So the democratic aristocracy of Poland had each man his *liberum veto*.

All these objections in the main resolve themselves into one—the claim of every citizen to have his part in the management of the State. This, however, is simply democracy, which in its true form is equivalent to government by the incompetent, and government by talk. Beautiful in theory and fascinating in practice as this is, the object of this paper is to ask if it may not be bought at too high a price. The task before the Government of this country is growing each day more serious. This island is in a position less assuring than any which she has held during the present century. The other nations of Europe, with much no doubt that is oppressive, have at least an efficient machinery of government of high scientific completeness. Into their civil system, as much as the military, arms of precision have been regularly introduced. Into our civil system they have not been introduced. Our cumbrous Parliamentary Executive is the Brown Bess of government, which veterans and martinets of the service may admire, but which really leaves us at the mercy of the improved system of the age. Or if in other nations the governing machine is still ineffective, they have not lost, as we have, the very tradition or taste for efficient government. We never needed it so much. The difficulties before us, both

within and without, were never so great. They cannot be touched without a hand at once strong, trained, and inflexible. The disease will yield to nothing but force, and a resolute use of the knife. The quacks are they who boast that they can draw the most obstinate teeth without the slightest pain. The gospel of *laissez-faire* is exhausted. Separated in Europe from any serious allegiance or bond with any of the nations, and with the gigantic preparations of the great empires for the impending struggle, there is scarcely a single object in Europe, not even the protection of Constantinople, for which this country could make her will felt. Our vast inorganic empire beyond seas has been established with marvellous vigour, and administered not without success. But India alone strains our capacity to the utmost. Like the rest of our empire, it will now have to be held under somewhat new conditions. The suppression of a people in latent rebellion in Ireland continues, but without relief, and they are sanguine who think that time, bayonets, and *laissez-faire* are sufficient to suppress them. Each year America is growing in material strength, and a few years only will make her an irresistible rival to England in material resources. Nor can the risk of war be forgotten. Thus perils and difficulties are gathered from every side. Without allies, with a scattered empire, with latent enmity in America, one of the three kingdoms in permanent rebellion, the social diseases to be dealt with acquire a fresh importance, and the future of England is not safe in the hands of parliamentary cabals.

If the great aristocracy which has governed this country for two centuries has any life in it, it will look to these things, and seriously consider how the safety and greatness of England are for the future to be secured. They must know in their hearts that by feats of parliamentary gymnastics that end is not much longer attainable. There is now an intellectual and a material solvent which have combined their forces. There is now in England what there was in France in the generation which preceded the Revolution, a philosophical class who have silently worked out a root-and-branch reconstruction of the existing society, and alongside of it a sense in the masses of unendurable material pressure. The moment those two actively combine the end of the old system is complete. The intellectual disaffection of the thinking class is no longer of the vague and flashy kind that amused the youth of the present Premier of England. Unlike his, it is not to be

bribed by the childish prizes of the parliamentary game. It is animated by a social, not by a personal motive. It has steadily reduced to a system the results which it desires to accomplish in this country. Since those results can hardly be obtained so long as the present parliamentary deadlock continues in force, it will seek to supersede rather than to force this entirely antiquated machine. Parliament, under this impulse, will resume its true functions under the constitution as the deliberative council, the representative of opinions, the

ultimate appeal, the sole source of pecuniary supply. The assumption of actual executive sovereignty is an anomaly, an absurdity, and in these days a danger. The accession of the people to power, untainted with the passion for parliamentary distinctions, just gives the material leverage which makes action possible. The intellectual element of organic change is ready. It knows precisely at what it is aiming, and that end it is perfectly resolved to achieve.

FREDERIC HARRISON.

From the Daily Advertiser, 26 May.

LONGFELLOW.

[Longfellow sails to-morrow from New York in the steamer "Russia" for Europe. The following tribute was read a few evenings ago at a private farewell dinner to the Poet, and we have obtained from its author permission to give it publicity, feeling that the sentiment it embodies is that of our whole country.—EDITORS.]

Our Poet, who has taught the Western breeze
To waft his songs before him o'er the seas,
Will find them wheresoe'er his wanderings
reach,
Borne on the spreading tide of English speech,
Twin with the rhythmic waves that kiss the far-
thest beach.

Where shall the singing bird a stranger be
That finds a nest for him in every tree?
How shall he travel who can never go
Where his own voice the echoes do not know,
Where his own garden flowers no longer learn
to grow?

Ah, gentlest soul! how gracious, how benign
Breathes through our troubled life that voice
of thine,
Filled with a sweetness born of happier spheres,
That wins and warms, that kindles, softens,
cheers,
That calms the wildest woe and stays the bitter-
est tears!

Forgive the simple words that sound like
praise;
The mist before me dims my gilded phrase;
Our speech at best is half alive and cold,
And save that tenderer moments make us bold,
Our whitening lips would close, their truest
truth untold.

We who behold our autumn sun below
The Scorpion's sign, against the Archer's bow,
Know well what parting means of friend from
friend;
After the snows no freshening dews descend,
And what the frost has marred, the sunshine
will not mend.

So we all count the months, the weeks, the
days
That keep thee from us in unwonted ways,

Grudging to alien hearths our widowed time;
And one unwinds a clew of artless rhyme
To track thee, following still through each re-
motest clime.

What wishes, longings, blessings, prayers
shall be
The more than golden freight that floats with
thee!
And know, whatever welcome thou shalt find,—
Thou who hast won the hearts of half man-
kind,—
The proudest, fondest love thou leavest still be-
hind!

May 23, 1868.

O. W. H.

BROUGHAM.

ALAS! another fiery spirit fled!
Another mighty mortal cast his coil!
He who was great ere we were born, is dead,
After long years of labor and turmoil.
His was a life beyond the allotted span;
Success from earliest youth to hoary age;
Fierce strife, and contest as a partizan,
Calm, abstruse study, as secluded sage.
An orator, who made the Senate thrill;
A friend to all of suffering human kind;
A ready advocate, of dexterous skill;
An earnest student of great NEWTON'S mind;
A brilliant critic; an opponent grave
To all oppression which he knew or saw;
Friend to the poor, the ignorant, the slave;
And hater of obstructive forms of law;
A long, long life in earnest toil he passed,
For fourscore years and ten, and then as
young
In mind, full energetic, to the last.
As ready, with his sparkling pen and tongue,
And then, though some may think he played
a part
Far too severe in tone, in speech too keen,
Yet bore he still an honest English heart,
And strode through faction with his er-
mine clean.
Now from this struggle, in a tranquil sleep,
As sinks an infant on its mother's breast,
He leaves his lofty cares, his studies deep,
And gently slumbers in eternal rest.

—The Owl.

CHAPTER XLIII.

A SPECIAL MISSION.

WHEN a very polite note from Lord Cuduff to Mr. Cutbill expressed the deep regret he felt at not being able to receive that gentleman at dinner, as an affair of much moment required his presence at Naples, the noble lord was more correct than it was his usual fate to be in matters of apology. The fact was, that his lordship had left England several weeks before, charged with a most knotty and difficult mission to the Neapolitan court; and though the question involved the misery of imprisonment to some of the persons concerned, and had called forth more than one indignant appeal for information in the House, the great diplomatist sauntered leisurely over the Continent, stopping to chat with a Minister here, or dine with a reigning Prince there, not suffering himself to be hurried by the business before him, or in any way influenced by the petulant despatches and telegrams which F. O. persistently sent after him.

One of his theories was, that in diplomacy everything should be done in a sort of dignified languor that excluded all thought of haste or of emergency. "Haste implies pressure," he would say, "and pressure means weakness: therefore, always be slow, occasionally even to apathy."

There was no denying it, he was a great master in that school of his art which professed to baffle all efforts at inquiry. No man ever wormed a secret from him that he desired to retain, or succeeded in entrapping him in any accidental admission. He could talk for hours with a frankness that was positively charming. He could display a candour that seemed only short of indiscretion; and yet, when you left him, you found you had carried away nothing beyond some neatly turned aphorisms, and a few very harmless imitations of Macchiavellian subtlety. Like certain men who are fond of showing how they can snuff a candle with a bullet, he was continually exhibiting his skill at fence, with the added assurance that nothing would grieve him so ineffably as any display of his ability at your expense.

He knew well that these subtleties were no longer the mode; that men no longer tried to outwit each other in official intercourse; that the time for such feats of smartness had as much gone by as the age of high neck-cloths and tight coats; but yet, as he adhered to the old dandyism of the Regency in his dress, he maintained the old traditions of finesse in his diplomacy, and could no more have been betrayed into a Truth than he could have worn a Jim Crow. For that

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mere plodding, commonplace race of men that now filled "the line" he had the most supreme contempt; men who had never uttered a smart thing, or written a clever one. Diplomacy without epigram was like a dinner without truffles. It was really pleasant to hear him speak of the great days of Metternich and Nesselrode and Talleyrand, when a frontier was settled by a bon mot, and a dynasty decided by a doggerel. The hoarse roar of the multitude had not in those times disturbed the polished solemnity of the council-chamber, and the high-priests of statecraft celebrated their mysteries unmo-
lest.

"The ninth telegram, my lord," said Temple, as he stood with a cipher despatch in his hand, just as Lord Cuduff had reached his hotel at Naples.

"Transcribe it, my dear boy, and let us hear it."

"I have, my lord. It runs, 'Where is the special envoy? Let him report himself by telegraph.'"

"Reply, 'At dinner, at the Hotel Victoria; in passably good health, and indifferent spirits.'"

"But, my lord —"

"There, you'd better dress. You are always late. And tell the people here to serve oysters every day till I countermand them; and taste the Chablis, please; I prefer it to Sauterne, if it be good. The telegram can wait."

"I was going to mention, my lord, that Prince Castelmuro has called twice to-day, and begged he might be informed of your arrival. Shall I write him a line?"

"No. The request must be replied to by him to whom it was addressed, — the landlord perhaps, or the laquais-de-place."

"The King is most anxious to learn if you have come."

"His Majesty shall be rewarded for his courteous impatience. I shall ask an audience to-morrow."

"They told me dinner was served," said Lady Cuduff, angrily, as she entered the room, dressed as if for a court entertainment; "and I hurried down without putting on my gloves."

"Let me kiss your ladyship's hand so temptingly displayed," said he, stooping and pressing it to his lips.

An impatient gesture of the shoulder, and a saucy curl of the lip, were the only response to this gallantry.

A full half-hour before Lord Cuduff appeared Temple Bramleigh re-entered, dressed for dinner.

"Giacomo is at his old tricks, Temple," said she, as she walked the room impa-

tiently. "His theory is that every one is to be in waiting on my lord; and I have been here now close on three-quarters of an hour, expecting dinner to be announced. Will you please to take some trouble about the household, or let us have an attaché who will?"

"Giacomo is impossible—that's the fact; but it's no use saying so."

"I know that," said she, with a malicious twinkle of the eye. "The man who is so dexterous with rouge and pomatum cannot be spared. But can you tell me, Temple, why we came here? There was no earthly reason to quit a place that suited us perfectly because Lady Augusta Bramleigh wished to do us an impertinence."

"Oh, but we ought to have been here six weeks ago! They are frantic 'at the Office' at our delay, and there will be a precious to-do about it in the House."

"Culduff likes that. If he has moments that resemble happiness, they are those when he is so palpably in the wrong that they would ruin any other man than himself."

"Well, he has got one of them now, I can tell you."

"Oh, I am aware of what you diplomatic people call great emergencies, critical conjunctures, and the like; but as Lord Watermore said the other evening, 'all your falls are like those in the circus—you always come down upon saw-dust.'"

"There's precious little saw-dust here. It's a case will make a tremendous noise in England. When a British subject has been ironed and —"

"Am I late? I shall be in despair, my lady, if I have kept you waiting," said Lord Culduff, entering in all the glory of red ribbon and Guelph, and with an unusually brilliant glow of youth and health in his features.

It was with a finished gallantry that he offered his arm, and his smile, as he led her to the dinner-room, was triumph itself. What a contrast to the moody discontent on her face; for she did not even affect to listen to his excuses, or bestow the slightest attention on his little flatteries and compliments. During the dinner, Lord Culduff alone spoke. He was agreeable after his manner, which was certainly a very finished manner; and he gave little reminiscences of the last time he had been at Naples, and the people he had met, sketching their eccentricities and oddities most amusingly, for he was a master in those light touches of satire which deal with the ways of society, and, perhaps, to any one but his wife he would have been most entertaining and

pleasant. She never deigned the very faintest recognition of what he said. She neither smiled when he was witty, nor looked shocked at his levities. Only once, when, by a direct appeal to her, silence was impossible, she said, with a marked spitefulness, "You are talking of something very long ago. I think I heard of that when I was a child." There was a glow under his lordship's rouge as he raised his glass to his lips, and an almost tremor in his voice when he spoke again.

"I'm afraid you don't like Naples, my lady?"

"I detest it."

"The word is strong; let it be my care to try and induce you to recall it."

"It will be lost time, my lord. I always hated the place, and the people too."

"You were pleased with Rome, I think?"

"And that possibly was the reason we left it. I mean," said she, blushing with shame at the rudeness that had escaped her, "I mean that one is always torn away from the place they are content to live in. It is the inevitable destiny."

"Very pleasant claret that for hotel wine," said Lord Culduff, passing the bottle to Temple. "The small race of travellers who frequent the Continent now rarely call for the better wines, and the consequence is that Margaux and Marcobrunner get that time to mature in the cellars, which was denied to them in former times."

A complete silence now ensued. At last Lord Culduff said, "Shall we have coffee?" and offering his arm with the same courteous gallantry as before, he led Lady Culduff into the drawing-room, bowing, as he relinquished her hand, as though he stood in presence of a queen. "I know you are very tolerant," said he, with a bewitching smile, "and as we shall have no visitors this evening, may I ask the favour of being permitted a cigarette—only one?"

"As many as you like. I am going to my room, my lord." And ere he could hasten to open the door, she swept haughtily out of the room and disappeared.

"We must try and make Naples pleasant for my lady," said Lord Culduff, as he drew his chair to the fire; but there was, somehow, a malicious twinkle in his eye and a peculiar curl of the lip as he spoke that scarcely vouched for the loyalty of his words; and that Temple heard him with distrust seemed evident by his silence. "You'd better go over to the Legation and say we have arrived. If Blagden asks when he may call, tell him at two to-morrow. Let them send over all the correspondence; and I think we shall want some

one out of the chancellerie. Whom have they got? Throw your eye over the list."

Opening a small volume bound in red morocco, Temple read out, "Minister and envoy, Sir Geoffrey Blagden, K.C.B.; first secretary, Mr. Tottenham; second secretaries, Ralph Howard, the Hon. Edward Eccles, and W. Thornton; third secretary, George Hilliard; attaché, Christopher Stepney."

"I only know one of these men; indeed, I can scarcely say I know him. I knew his father, or his grandfather perhaps. At all events, take some one who writes a full hand, with the letters very upright, and who seldom speaks, and never has a cold in his head."

"You don't care for any one in particular?" asked Temple, meekly.

"Of course not; no more than for the colour of the horse in a Hansom. If Blagden hints anything about dining with him, say I don't dine out; though I serve her Majesty, I do not mean to destroy my constitution; and I know what a legation dinner means, with a Scotchman for the chief of the mission. I'm so thankful he is not married, or we should have his wife calling on my lady. You can dine there if you like; indeed, perhaps, you ought. If Blagden has an opera-box, say my lady likes the theatre. I think that's all. Stay, don't let him pump you about my going to Vienna; and drop in on me when you come back."

Lord Culduff was fast asleep in a deep arm-chair before his dressing-room fire when Temple returned. The young man looked wearied and worn out, as well he might; for the Minister had insisted on going over the whole "question" to him, far less, indeed, for his information or instruction, than to justify every step the Legation had taken, and to show the utter unfairness and ungenerosity of the Foreign Office in sending out a special mission to treat a matter which the accredited envoy was already bringing to a satisfactory conclusion.

"No, no, my dear boy, no blue-books, no correspondence. I shook my religious principles in early life by reading Gibbon, and I never was quite sure of my grammar since I studied diplomatic despatches. Just tell me the matter as you'd tell a scandal or a railway accident."

"Where shall I begin then?"

"Begin where we come in."

"Ah, but I can't tell where that is. You know, of course, that there was a filibustering expedition which landed on the coast, and encountered the revenue guard, and overpowered them, and were in turn at-

tacked, routed, and captured by the Royal troops."

"Ta, ta, ta! I don't want all that. Come down to the events of June—June 27, they call it."

"Well, it was on that day when the *Ercole* was about to get under way, with two hundred of these fellows sentenced to the galleys for life, that a tremendous storm broke over the Bay of Naples. Since the memorable hurricane of '92 there had been nothing like it. The sea-wall of the Chiaja was washed away, and a frigate was cast on shore at Caserta with her bowsprit in the palace windows; all the lower town was under water, and many lives lost. But the damage at sea was greatest of all: eight fine ships were lost, the crews having, with some few exceptions, perished with them."

"Can't we imagine a great disaster—a very great disaster? I'll paint my own storm, so pray go on."

"Amongst the merchant shipping was a large American barque which rode out the gale, at anchor, for several hours; but, as the storm increased, her captain, who was on shore, made signal to the mate to slip his cable and run for safety to Castellamare. The mate, a young Englishman, named Rogers—"

"Samuel Rogers?"

"The same, my lord, though it is said not to be his real name. He, either misunderstanding the signal—or, as some say, wilfully mistaking its meaning—took to his boat, with the eight men he had with him, and rowed over to a small despatch-boat of the Royal Navy, which was to have acted as convoy to the *Ercole*, but whose officers were unable to get on board of her, so that she was actually under the command of a petty officer. Rogers boarded her, and proposed to the man in command to get up steam, and try to save the lives of the people who were perishing on every hand. He refused: an altercation ensued, and the English—for they were all English—overpowered them and sent them below—"

"Don't say under hatches, my dear boy, or I shall expect to see you hitching your trousers next."

Temple reddened, but went on: "They got up steam in all haste, and raised their anchor, but only at the instant that the *Ercole* foundered, quite close to them, and the whole sea was covered with the soldiers and the galley-slaves, who had jumped overboard, and the ship went down. Rogers made for them at once and rescued above a hundred—mostly of the prisoners

—but he saved also many of the crew, and the soldiers. From four o'clock till nine, he continued to cruise back and forward through the bay, assisting every one who needed help, and saving life on every side. As the gale abated, yielding to the piteous entreaties of the prisoners, whom he well knew to be political offenders, he landed them all near Baia, and was quietly returning to the mooring-ground whence he had taken the despatch-boat, when he was boarded by two armed boats' crews of the Royal Navy, ironed and carried off to prison."

"That will do, I know the rest. Blagden asked to have them tried in open court, and was told that the trial was over, and that they had been condemned to death, but the sentence, commuted by royal mercy, to hard labour at the galleys. I knew your long story before you told it, but listened to hear what new elements you might have interpolated since you saw the people at the Legation. I find you, on the whole, very correct. How the Neapolitan Government and H. M.'s Ministers have mistaken, mystified, and slanged each other; how they have misinterpreted law and confounded national right; how they have danced a reel through all justice, and changed places with each other some half-dozen times, so that an arbiter—if there were one—would put them both out of court—I have read all in the private correspondence. Even the people in Parliament, patent bunglers as they are in foreign customs, began to ask themselves, Is Filangieri in the pay of her Majesty? and how comes it that Blagden is in the service of Naples?"

"Oh, it's not so bad as that!"

"Yes, it's fully as bad as that. Such a muddled correspondence was probably never committed to print. They thought it a controversy, but the combatants never confronted each other. One appealed to humanity, the other referred to the law; one went off in heroics about gallantry, and the other answered by the galleys. People ought to be taught that diplomatists do not argue, or if they do, they are mere tyros at their trade. Diplomatists insinuate, suppose, suggest, hope, fear, and occasionally threaten; and with these they take in a tolerably wide sweep of human motives. There, go to bed now, my dear boy; you have had enough of precepts for one evening; tell Giacomo not to disturb me before noon.—I shall probably write late into the night."

Temple bowed and took his leave, but scarcely had he reached the stairs than Lord

Culduff laid himself in his bed and went off into a sound sleep. Whether his rest was disturbed by dreams; whether his mind went over the crushing things he had in store for the Neapolitan Minister, or the artful excuses he intended to write home; whether he composed sonorous sentences for a blue-book, or invented witty epigrams for a "private and confidential;" or whether he only dreamed of a new preparation of glycerine and otto of roses, which he had seen advertised as an "invaluable accessory to the toilet," this history does not, perhaps need not, record.

As, however, we are not about to follow the course of his diplomatic efforts in our next chapter, it is pleasant to take leave of him in his repose.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE CHURCH PATRONS.

As the season drew to its close at Albano, and the period of returning to Rome approached, the church committee, following the precedent of all previous years, fell out, and held a succession of vestry-meetings for mutual abuse and recrimination. Partisanship is the badge of church patrons, and while the parson had his adherents, and the organist his supporters, there were half-a-dozen very warm friends who advocated the cause of the bell-ringer—a drunken little heathen, who, because he had never crossed the threshold of a Catholic church for years, was given brevet rank as a member of the Reformed religion.

The time of auditing the church accounts is usually a sort of day of judgment on the clergyman. All the complaints that can be preferred against him are kept for that occasion. A laudable sentiment possibly prompts men to ascertain what they have got for their money; at all events, people in nowise remarkable for personal thrift show at such times a most searching spirit of inquiry, and eagerly investigate the cost of sweeping out the vestry and clear-starching the chaplain's bands.

As to the doctrine of the parson, and the value of his ministration, there were a variety of opinions. He was too high for this one, too dry for that; he was not impressive, not solemn nor dignified with some, while others deemed him deficient in that winning familiarity which is so soothing to certain sinners. Some thought his sermons too high-flown and too learned, others asked why he only preached to the children in the gallery. On one only point was there anything like unanimity: each man who withdrew his subscription did so on principle.

None, not one, referred his determination to contribute no longer to any motive of economy. All declared that it was something in the celebration of the service—a doctrine inculcated in the pulpit—something the parson had said or something he had worn—obliged them, “with infinite regret,” to withdraw what they invariably called their mite. In fact, one thing was clear: a more high-minded, right-judging, scrupulous body of people could not be found than the congregation, whatever might be said or thought of him whose duty it was to guide them.

Lady Augusta Bramleigh had gone off to Rome, and a small threecornered note, highly perfumed, and most nervously written, informed the committee that she was quite ready to continue her former subscription, or more, if required; that she was charmed with the chaplain, pleased with the choir, and generally delighted with every one—a testimony more delicately valuable from the fact that she had been but once to church during the entire season.

Sir Marcus Cluff, after reading out the letter, took occasion to observe on the ventilation of the church, which was defective in many respects. There was a man in King Street—he thought his name was Harmond or something like Harmond, but it might be Fox—who had invented a self-revolving pane for church windows; it was perfectly noiseless, and the expense a mere trifle, though it required to be adjusted by one of the patentee's own people; some mistakes having occurred by blundering adaptation, by which two persons had been asphyxiated at Redhill.

The orator was here interrupted by Mrs. Trumpler, who stoutly affirmed that she had come there that day at great inconvenience, and was in nowise prepared to listen to a discourse upon draughts, or the rival merits of certain plumbers. There were higher considerations than these that might occupy them, and she wished to know if M. L'Estrange was prepared to maintain the harsh, and she must say the ungenerous and unscholarlike view he had taken of the character of Judas. If so, she withdrew her subscription, but added that she would also in a pamphlet explain to the world the reason of her retirement, as well as the other grounds of complaint she had against the chaplain.

One humble contributor of fifteen francs alleged that, though nut-crackers were a useful domestic implement, they formed an unpleasant accompaniment to the hymns, and occasionally startled devotionally minded persons during the service; and he

added his profound regret at the seeming apathy of the clergyman to the indecent interruption; indeed, he had seen the parson sitting in the reading-desk, while these disturbances continued, to all appearance unmoved and indifferent.

A retired victualler, Mr. Mowser, protested that to see the walk of the clergyman, as he came up the aisle, “was enough for him;” and he had only come to the meeting to declare that he himself had gone over to the sect of the Nuremberg Christians, who, at least, were humble-minded and lowly, and who thought their pastor handsomely provided for with a thousand francs a year and a suit of black clothes at Christmas.

In a word, there was much discontent abroad, and a very general opinion seemed to prevail that, what with the increasing dearness of butcher's meat, and an extra penny lately added to the income tax, it behoved every one to see what wise and safe economy could be introduced into their affairs. It is needless to say how naturally it suggested itself to each that the church subscription was a retrenchment at once practicable and endurable.

Any one who wishes to convince himself how dear to the Protestant heart is the right of private judgment, has only to attend a vestry meeting of a church supported on the voluntary system. It is the very grandest assertion of that great principle. There is not a man there represented by ten francs' annual subscription who has not very decided opinions of the doctrine he requires for his money; and thus, while no one agreed with his neighbour, all concurred in voting that they deemed the chaplain had not fulfilled their expectations, and that they reserved their right to contribute or not for the ensuing year, as future thought and consideration should determine.

L'Estrange had gone in to Rome to meet Augustus Bramleigh and Ellen, who were coming to pass the Christmas with him, when Sir Marcus Cluff called to announce this unpleasant resolution of the church patrons.

“Perhaps I could see Miss L'Estrange?” said he to the servant, who had said her master was from home.

Julia was seated working at the window as Sir Marcus entered the room.

“I hope I do not come at an unseemly hour; I scarcely know the time one ought to visit here,” he began, as he fumbled to untie the strings of his respirator. “How nice and warm your room is; and a south aspect, too. Ah! that's what my house fails in.”

“I'm so sorry my brother is not at home,

Sir Marcus. He will regret not meeting you."

"And I'm sorry, too. I could have broken the bad news to him, perhaps, better than—I mean—oh, dear! if I begin coughing, I shall never cease. Would you mind my taking my drops? They are only aconite and lettuce; and if I might ask for a little fresh water. I'm so sorry to be troublesome."

Though all anxiety to know to what bad news he referred, she hastened to order the glass of water he desired, and calmly resumed her seat.

"It's spasmodic, this cough. I don't know if that be any advantage, or the reverse; but the doctor says 'only spasmodic,' which would lead one to suppose it might be worse. Would you do me the great favor to drop thirty-five, be sure only thirty-five, of these? I hope your hand does not shake."

"No, Sir Marcus. It is very steady."

"What a pretty hand it is. How taper your fingers are, but you have these dimples at the knuckles they say are such signs of cruelty."

"Oh, Sir Marcus!"

"Yes, they say so. Nana Saib had them, and that woman—there, there, you have given me thirty-seven."

"No, I assure you, Sir Marcus; only thirty-five. I'm a practised hand at dropping medicine. My brother used to have violent headaches."

"An! you always measured his drops, did you?"

"Always. I am quite a clever nurse, I assure you."

"Oh, dear! do you say so?" and as he laid down his glass he looked at her with an expression of interest and admiration, which pushed her gravity to its last limit.

"I don't believe a word about the cruelty they ascribe to those dimples. I pledge you my word of honor I do not," said he, seriously.

"I'm sincerely glad to hear you say so," said she, trying to seem grave.

"And is your brother much of an invalid?"

"Not now. The damp climate of Ireland gave him headaches, but he rarely has them here."

"Ah, and you have such a quiet way of moving about; that gentle gliding step, so soothing to the sick. Oh, you don't know what a boon it is; and the common people never have it, nor can they acquire it. When you went to ring the bell, I said to myself, 'That's it! that's what all the teaching in the world cannot impart.'"

"You will make me very vain, Sir Mar-

cus. All the more that you give me credit for merits I never suspected."

"Have you a cold hand?" asked he, with a look of eagerness.

"I really don't know. Perhaps I have."

"If I might dare. Ah," said he, with much feeling, as he touched her hand in the most gentle manner—"Ah! that is the greatest gift of nature. A small hand, perfect in form, beautiful in colour, and cold as marble."

Julia could resist no longer, but laughed out one of those pleasant merry laughs whose music makes an echo in the heart.

"I know well enough what you are saying to yourself. I think I hear you muttering, 'What an original, what a strange creature it is;' and so I am, I won't deny it. One who has been an invalid for eighteen years; eighteen years passed in the hard struggle with an indolent alimentary system, for they say it's no more. There's nothing organic; nothing whatever. Structurally, said Dr. Borcas of Leamington, structurally you are as sound as a roach. I don't fully appreciate the comparison, but I take it the roach must be a very healthy fish. Oh, here's your brother coming across the garden. I wish he had not come just yet; I had a—no matter, perhaps you'd permit me to have a few words with you to-morrow?"

"To-morrow, or whenever you like, Sir Marcus; but pray forgive me if I run away now to ask my brother if our visitors have come."

"They'll be here to-morrow evening, Ju," said George, as she rushed to meet him. "Is that Cluff's phaeton I see at the gate?"

"Yes; the tiresome creature has been here the last hour. I'll not go back to him. You must take your share now."

By the time L'Estrange entered the room, Sir Marcus had replaced his respirator, and enveloped himself in two of his overcoats and a fur boa. "Oh, here you are," said he, speaking with much difficulty. "I can't talk now; it brings on the cough. Come over in the evening, and I'll tell you about it."

"About what, pray?" asked the other curtly.

"There's no use being angry. It only hurries the respiration, and chokes the pulmonary vessels. They won't give a sixpence—not one of them. They say that you don't preach St. Paul—that you think too much about works. I don't know what they don't say; but come over about seven."

"Do you mean that the subscribers have withdrawn from the church?"

Sir Marcus had not breath for further discussion, but made a gesture of assent with his head.

L'Estrange sank down on a chair overpowered, nor did he speak to, or notice, the other as he withdrew.

"Are you ill, dearest George?" said Julia, as she saw her brother pale and motionless on the chair. "Are you ill?"

"They've all withdrawn from the church, Julia. Cluff says they are dissatisfied with me, and will contribute no longer."

"I don't believe it's so bad as he says. I'm sure it's not. They cannot be displeased with you, George. It's some mere passing misconception. You know how they're given to these little bickerings and squabbles; but they have ever been kind and friendly to you."

"You always give me courage, Ju; and even when I have little heart for it, I like it."

"Come in to dinner now, George; and if I don't make you laugh, it's a wonder to me. I have had such a scene with Sir Marcus as might have graced a comedy."

It was not an easy task to rally her brother back to good spirits, but she did succeed at last. "And now," said she, as she saw him looking once more at ease and cheerful, "what news of the Bramleighs — are they ever to come?"

"They'll be here to-morrow evening, Ju. Unless they were quite sure the Culduffs had left for Naples, they would not venture here; and perhaps they were so far in the right."

"I don't think so; at least, if I had been Nelly, I'd have given anything for such an opportunity of presenting myself to my distinguished relations and terrifying them by the thought of those attentions that they could neither give me nor deny me."

"No, no, Julia, nothing of the kind; there would be malice in that."

"Do I deny it? A great deal of malice in it; and there's no good comedy in life without a slight flavour of spitefulness. Oh, my poor dear George, what a deep sigh that was! How sad it is to think, that all your example and all your precept do so little, and that your sister acquires nothing by your companionship except the skill to torment you."

"But why will you say those things that you don't mean — that you couldn't feel?"

"I believe I do it, George, just the way a horse bounds and rears and buck-leaps. It does not help him on his road, but it lightens the journey; and then it offers such happy occasion for the exercise of that nice light hand of my brother to check

these aberrations. You ought to be eternally grateful for the way I develope your talents as a moralist — I was going to say a horse-breaker."

"I suppose," said he, after a moment's silence, "I ought to go over to Sir Marcus and learn from him exactly how matters stand here."

"No, no; never mind him — at least, not this evening. Bores are bad enough in the morning, but after dinner, when one really wants to think well of their species, they are just intolerable; besides, I composed a little song while you were away, and I want you to hear it, and then you know we must have some serious conversation about Sir Marcus; he is to be here to-morrow."

"I declare, Ju —"

"There, don't declare, but open the pianoforte, and light the candles; and as I mean to sing for an hour at least, you may have that cigar that you looked so lovingly at, and put back into the case. Ain't I good for you, as the French say?"

"Very good, too good for me," said he, kissing her, and now every trace of his sorrow was gone, and he looked as happy as might be.

CHAPTER XLV.

A PLEASANT DINNER.

PRUDENT people will knit their brows and wise people shake their heads at the bare mention of it, but I cannot help saying that there is a wonderful fascination in those little gatherings which bring a few old friends around the same board, who, forgetting all the little pinchings and straits of narrow fortune, give themselves up for once to enjoyment without a thought for the cost or a care for the morrow. I do not want this to pass for sound morality, nor for a discreet line of conduct; I only say that in the spirit that can subdue every sentiment that would jar on the happiness of the hour there is a strength and vitality that shows this feeling is not born of mere conviviality, but of something deeper, and truer, and heartier.

"If we only had poor Jack here," whispered Augustus Bramleigh to L'Estrange, as they drew around the Christmas fire, "I'd say this was the happiest hearth I know of."

"And have you no tidings of him?" said L'Estrange, in the same low tone; for, although the girls were in eager talk together, he was afraid Julia might overhear what was said.

"None, except that he sailed from China on board an American clipper for Smyrna,

and I am now waiting for news from the Consul there, to whom I have written, enclosing a letter for him."

"And he is serving as a sailor?"

Bramleigh nodded.

"What is the mysterious conversation going on there?" said Julia. "How grave George looks, and Mr. Bramleigh seems overwhelmed with a secret of importance."

"I guess it," said Nelly, laughing. "Your brother has been relating your interview with Sir Marcus Cluff, and they are speculating on what is to come of it."

"Oh, that reminds me," cried L'Estrange suddenly, "Sir Marcus's servant brought me a letter just as I was dressing for dinner. Here it is. What a splendid seal—supporters, too! Have I permission to read?"

"Read, read by all means," cried Julia.

"DEAR SIR,—If I could have sufficiently conquered my bronchitis as to have ventured out this morning, I would have made you my personal apologies for not having received you last night when you did me the honour to call, as well as opened to you by word of mouth what I am now reduced to convey by pen."

"He is just as prolix as when he talks," said Julia.

"It's a large hand, however, and easy to read. 'My old enemy the larynx—more in fault than even the bronchial tubes—is again in arms——'"

"Oh, do spare us his anatomical disquisition, George. Skip him down to where he proposes for me."

"But it is what he does not. You are not mentioned in the whole of it. It is all about Church matters. It is an explanation of why every one has withdrawn his subscription and left the establishment, and why he alone is faithful and willing to contribute, even to the extent of five pounds additional——"

"This is too heartless by half; the man has treated me shamefully."

"I protest I think so too," said Nelly, with a mock seriousness; "he relies upon your brother's gown for his protection."

"Shall I have him out? But, by the way, why do you call me Mr. Bramleigh? Wasn't I Augustus—or rather Gusti—when we met last?"

"I don't think so; so well as I remember, I treated you with great respect, dashed with a little bit of awe. You and your elder sister were always 'personages' to me."

"I cannot understand that. I can easily imagine Temple inspiring that deference you speak of."

"You were the true Prince, however,

and I had all Falstaff's reverence for the true Prince."

"And yet you see after all I am like to turn out only a Pretender."

"By the way, the pretender is here; I mean—if it be not a bull to say it—the real pretender, Count Pracontal."

"Count Pracontal de Bramleigh, George," said Julia, correcting him. "It is the drollest mode of assuming a family name I ever heard of."

"What is he like?" asked Ellen.

"Like a very well-bred Frenchman of the worst school of French manners: he has none of that graceful ease and that placid courtesy of the past period, but he has abundance of the volatile readiness and showy smartness of the present day. They are a wonderful race, however, and their smattering is better than other men's learning."

"I want to see him," said Augustus.

"Well," broke in L'Estrange, "Lady Augusta writes to me to say that he wants to see you."

"What does Lady Augusta know of him?"

"Heaven knows," cried Julia; "but they are always together; their rides over the Campagna furnish just now the chief scandal of Rome. George, you may see, looks very serious and rebukeful about it; but, if the truth were told, there's a little jealousy at the root of his morality."

"I declare, Julia, this is too bad."

"Too true, also, my dear George. Will you deny that you used to ride out with her nearly every evening in the summer, rides that began at sunset and ended—I was always asleep when you came home, and so I never knew when they ended."

"Was she very agreeable?" asked Nelly, with the faintest tinge of sharpness in her manner.

"The most—what shall I call it?—inconsequent woman I ever met, mixing up things the most dissimilar together, and never dwelling for an instant on anything."

"How base men are," said Julia, with mock reproach in her voice. "This is the way he talks of a woman he absolutely persecuted with attentions the whole season. Would you believe it, Nelly, we cut up our nice little garden to make a school to train her horse in?"

Whether it was that some secret intelligence was rapidly conveyed from Julia as she spoke to Nelly, or that the latter of herself caught up the quizzing spirit of her attack, but the two girls burst out laughing, and George blushed deeply, in shame and irritation.

"First of all," said he, stammering with confusion, "she had a little Arab, the wickedest animal I ever saw. It wasn't safe to approach him; he struck out with his fore-legs —"

"Come, Nelly," said Julia, rising, "we'll go into the drawing-room, and leave George to explain how he tamed the Arab and captivated the Arab's mistress, for your brother might like to learn the secret. You'll join us, gentlemen, when you wish for coffee."

"That was scarcely fair, Julia dear," said Nelly, when they were alone. "Your banter is sometimes too sharp for him."

"I can't help it, dearest—it is part of my nature. When I was a child, they could not take me to a wild-beast show, for I would insist on poking straws at the tiger—not that poor dear George has much 'tiger' in him. But do you know, Nelly," said she, in a graver tone, "that, when people are very poor, when their daily lives are beset by the small accidents of narrow fortune, there is a great philosophy in a little banter? You brush away many an annoyance by seeming to feel it matter for drollery, which, if taken seriously, might have made you fretful and peevish."

"I never suspected there was method in your madness, Ju," said Nelly, smiling.

"Nor was there, dearest; the explanation was almost an after-thought. But come now and tell me about yourselves."

"There is really little to tell. Augustus never speaks to me now of business matters. I think I can see that he is not fully satisfied with himself; but, rather than show weakness or hesitation, he is determined to go on as he began."

"And are you really going to this dreary place?"

"He says so."

"Would any good come, I wonder, of bringing your brother and Pracontal together? They are both men of high and generous feelings. Each seems to think that there ought to be some other settlement than a recourse to lawyers. Do you think he would refuse to meet Pracontal?"

"That is a mere chance. There are days he would not listen to such a proposal, and there are times he would accept it heartily; but the suggestion must not come from me. With all his love for me, he rather thinks that I secretly disapprove of what he has done, and would reverse it if I knew how."

"What if I were to hint at it? He already said he wished to see him. This might be mere curiosity, however. What if I were to say, 'Why not meet Pracon-

tal? Why not see what manner of man he is? There is nothing more true than the saying that half the dislikes people conceive against each other would give way if they would condescend to become acquainted.'"

"As I have just said, it is a mere chance whether he would consent, and then —"

"Oh, I know! It would be also a chance what might come of it."

Just as she said this, the young men entered the room, with smiling faces, and apparently in high good-humour.

"Do you know the plan we've just struck out?" cried Bramleigh. "George is to come and live at Cattaro. I'm to make him consular chaplain."

"But is there such an appointment?" asked Julia, eagerly.

"Heaven knows; but if there is not, there ought to be."

"And the salary, Mr. Bramleigh. Who pays it? What is it?"

"There again I am at fault; but her Majesty could never intend we should live like heathens," said Augustus, "and we shall arrange it somehow."

"Oh, if it were not for 'somehow,'" said Julia, "we poor people would be worse off in life than we are; but there are so many what the watch-makers call escapements in existence, the machinery manages to survive scores of accidents."

"At all events we shall be all together," said Augustus, "and we shall show a stouter front to fortune than if we were to confront her singly."

"I think it a delightful plan," said Julia. "What says Nelly?"

"I think," said Nelly, gravely, "that it is more than kind in you to follow us into our banishment."

"Then, let us set off at once," said Augustus, "for I own to you I wish to be out of men's sight, out of ear-shot of their comments, while this suit is going on. It is the publicity that I dread far more than even the issue. Once that we reach this wild barbarism we are going to, you will see I will bear myself with better spirits and better temper."

"And will you not see M. Pracontal before you go?" asked Julia.

"Not if I can avoid it; unless, indeed, you all think I ought."

Julia looked at Nelly, and then at her brother. She looked as if she wanted them to say something—anything; but neither spoke, and then, with a courage that never failed her, she said,—

"Of course we think that a meeting between two people who have no personal

reasons for dislike, but have a great question to be decided in favor of one of them, cannot but be useful. If it will not lead to a friendship, it may at least disarm a prejudice."

"I wish I had you for my counsel, Julia," said Bramleigh, smiling. "Is it yet too late to send you a brief?"

"Perhaps I am engaged for the other side."

"At all events," said he, more seriously, "if it be a blunder to meet the man, it cannot much matter. The question between us must be decided elsewhere, and we need not add the prejudices of ignorance to the rancour of self-interest. I'll see him."

"That's right; I'm sure that's right," said L'Estrange. "I'll despatch a note to Lady Augusta, who is eager for your answer."

CHAPTER XLVI.

A STROLL AND A GOSSIP.

As well to have a long talk together as to enjoy the glorious beauty and freshness of the Campagna, the two young men set out the next morning for a walk to Rome. It was one of those still cold days of winter, with a deep blue sky above, and an atmosphere clear as crystal as they started.

There was not in the fortunes of either of them much to cheer the spirits or encourage hope, and yet they felt—they knew not why—a sense of buoyancy and light-heartedness they had not known for many a day back.

"How is it, George," asked Augustus, "can you explain it, that when the world went well with me, when I could stroll out into my own woods, and walk for hours over my own broad acres, I never felt so cheery as I do to-day?"

"It was the same spirit made you yesterday declare you enjoyed our humble dinner with a heartier zest than those grand banquets that were daily served up at Castello."

"Just so. But that does not solve the riddle for me. I want to know the why of all this. It is no high sustaining consciousness of doing the right thing; no grand sense of self-approval: for, in the first place, I never had a doubt that we were not the rightful owners of the estate, nor am I now supported by the idea that I am certainly and indubitably on the right road, because nearly all my friends think the very reverse." L'Estrange made no answer. Bramleigh went on: "You yourself are so minded, George. Out with it, man; say at once you think me wrong."

"I have too little faith in my own judgment to go that far."

"Well, will you say that you would have acted differently yourself? Come, I think you can answer that question."

"No, I cannot."

"You can't say whether you would have done as I have, or something quite different?"

"No; there is only one thing I know I should have done—I'd have consulted Julia."

If Bramleigh laughed at this avowal the other joined him, and for a while nothing was said on either side. At last Bramleigh said, "I, too, have a confession to make. I thought that if I were to resist this man's claim by the power of superior wealth I should be acting as dishonourably as though I had fought an unarmed man with a revolver. I told Sedley my scruples, but though he treated them with little deference, there they were, and I could not dismiss them. It was this weakness—Sedley would give it no other name than weakness—of mine that made him incline to settle the matter by a compromise. For a while I yielded to the notion; I'm afraid that I yielded even too far—at least Cutbill opines that one of my letters actually gives a distinct consent, but I don't think so. I know that my meaning was to say to my lawyer, 'This man's claim may push me to publicity and much unpleasantness, without any benefit to him. He may make me a nine-days' wonder in the newspapers and a town-talk, and never reap the least advantage from it. To avoid such exposure I would pay, and pay handsomely; but if you really opined that I was merely stifling a just demand, such a compromise would only bring me lasting misery.' Perhaps I could not exactly define what I meant; perhaps I expressed myself imperfectly and ill; but Sedley always replied to me by something that seemed to refute my reasonings. At the same time Lord Cuduff and Temple treated my scruples with an open contempt. I grew irritable, and possibly less reasonable, and I wrote long letters to Sedley to justify myself and sustain the position I had taken. Of these, indeed of none of my letters, have I copies; and I am told now that they contain admissions which will show that I yielded to the plan of a compromise. Knowing, however, what I felt—what I still feel on the matter—I will not believe this. At all events the world shall see now that I leave the law to take its course. If Pracontal can establish his right, let him take what he owns. I only bargain for one thing, which is, not to be expelled ignominiously from the house in which I was never the rightful owner. It is the act of abdica-

tion, George—the moment of dethronement, that I could not face. It is an avowal of great weakness, I know ; but I struggle against it in vain. Every morning when I awoke the same thought met me, am I a mere pretender here? and by some horrible perversity, which I cannot explain, the place, the house, the grounds, the gardens, the shrubberies, the deer-park, grew inexpressibly more dear to me than ever I had felt them. There was not an old ash on the lawn that I did not love ; the shady walks through which I had often passed without a thought upon them grew now to have a hold upon and attraction for me that I cannot describe. What shall I be without these dear familiar spots? What will become of me when I shall no longer have these deep glades, these silent woods, to wander in? This became at last so strong upon me that I felt there was but one course to take—I must leave the place at once, and never return to it till I knew that it was my own beyond dispute. I could do that now, while the issue was still undetermined, which would have broken my heart if driven to do on compulsion. Of course this was a matter between me and my own conscience ; I had not courage to speak of it to a lawyer, nor did I. Sedley, however, was vexed that I should take any steps without consulting him. He wrote me a letter—almost an angry letter—and he threatened—for it really amounted to a threat, to say that, to a client so decidedly bent on guiding his own case, he certainly felt his services could scarcely be advantageously contributed. I rejoined, perhaps not without irritation ; and I am now expecting by each post either his submission to my views, or to hear that he has thrown up the direction of my cause."

"And he was your father's adviser for years!" said L'Estrange, with a tone almost despondent.

"But for which he never would have assumed the tone of dictation he has used towards me. Lord Culduff, I remember, said, 'The first duty of a man on coming to his property is to change his agent, and his next to get rid of the old servants.' I do not like the theory, George ; but from a certain point of view it is not without reason."

"I suspect that neither you nor I want to look at life from that point of view," said L'Estrange with some emotion.

"Not till we can't help it, I'm sure ; but these crafty men of the world say that we all arrive at their *modus operandi* in the end ; that however generously, however trustfully and romantically, we start on the

morning of life, before evening we come to see that in this game we call the world it is only the clever player that escapes ruin."

"I don't—that is, I won't believe that."

"Quite right, George. The theory would tell terribly against fellows like us ; for let us do our very best we must be bunglers at the game. What a clever pair of hacks are those yonder ! that grey the lady is on has very showy action."

"Look at the liver chestnut the groom is riding,—there's the horse for my money,—so long and so low,—a regular turnspit, and equal to any weight. I declare, that's Lady Augusta, and that's Pracontal with her. See how the Frenchman charges the ox-fences ; he'll come to grief if he rides at speed against timber."

The party on horseback passed in a little dip of the ground near them at a smart canter, and soon were out of sight again.

"What a strange intimacy for her, is it not?"

"Julia says, the dash of indiscretion in it was the temptation she couldn't resist, and I suspect she's right. She said to me herself one day, 'I love skating, but I never care for it except the ice is so thin that I hear it giving way on every side as I go.'"

"She gave you her whole character in that one trait. The pleasure that wasn't linked to a peril had no charm for her. She ought, however, to see that the world will regard this intimacy as a breach of decency."

"So she does ; she's dying to be attacked about it ; at least, so Julia says."

"The man too, if he be an artful fellow, will learn many family details about us, that may disserve us. If it went no further than to know in what spirit we treat his claim,—whether we attach importance to his pretensions or not—these are all things he need not, should not be informed upon."

"Cuthill, who somehow hears everything, told us to-day morning, that Pracontal is 'posted up,'—that was his phrase—as to the temper and nature of every member of your family, and knows to a nicety how to deal with each."

"Then I don't see why we should meet."

"Julia says it is precisely for that very reason ; people are always disparaged by these biographical notices, their caprices are assumed to be tastes, and their mere humours are taken for traits of character ; and she declares that it will be a good service to the truth that bringing you together. Don't take my version, however, of her reasons, but ask her to give them to you herself."

"Isn't that the wall of the City? I declare we are quite close to Rome already. Now then, first to leave my name for Lady Augusta—not sorry to know I shall not find her at home, for I never understood her, George." "I never do understand certain people, whether their levity means that it is the real nature, or simply a humour put on to get rid of you; as though to say, rather than let you impose any solemnity upon me, or talk seriously, I'll have a game at shuttlecock!"

"She always puzzled me," said L'Estrange, "but that wasn't hard to do."

"I suspect, George, that neither you nor I know much about women."

"For *my* part, I know nothing at all about them."

"And I not much."

After this frank confession on either side, they walked along, each seemingly deep in his own thought, and said little till they reached the City. Leaving them, then, on their way to Lady Augusta's house, where Bramleigh desired to drop his card, we turn for a moment to the little villa at Albano, in front of which a smart groom was leading a lady's horse, while in the distance a solitary rider was slowly walking his horse, and frequently turning his looks towards the gate of the villa.

The explanation of all this was, that Lady Augusta had taken the opportunity of being near the L'Estranges to pay a visit to the Bramleighs, leaving Pracontal to wait for her till she came out.

"This visit is for you, Nelly," said Julia as she read the card; "and I'll make my escape."

She had but time to get out of the room when Lady Augusta entered.

"My dear child," said she, rushing into Nelly's arms, and kissing her with rapturous affection. "My dear child, what a happiness to see you again, and how well you are looking; you're handsomer, I declare, than Marion. Yes, darling,—don't blush; it's perfectly true. Where's Augustus? Has he come with you?"

"He has gone in to Rome to see you," said Nelly, whose face was still crimson, and who felt flurried and agitated by the flighty impetuosity of the other.

"I hope it was to say that you are both coming to me? Yes, dearest, I'll take no excuse. It would be a town-talk if you stopped anywhere else; and I have such a nice little villa—a mere baby-house; but quite large enough to hold you; and my brother-in-law will take Augustus about, and show him Rome, and I shall have you

all to myself. We have much to talk of, haven't we?"

Nelly murmured an assent, and the other continued.

"It's all so sudden, and so dreadful,—one doesn't realize it; at least I don't. And it usually takes me an hour or two of a morning to convince me that we are all ruined; and then I set to work thinking how I'm to live on—I forget exactly what—how much is it, darling? Shall I be able to keep my dear horses? I'd rather die than part with Ben Azir: one of the Sultan's own breeding; an Arab of blue blood, Nelly,—think of that! I've refused fabulous sums for him; but he is such a love, and follows me everywhere, and rears up when I scold him,—and all to be swept away as if it was a dream. What do you mean to do, dearest? Marry, of course. I know that,—but in the meanwhile?"

"We are going to Cattaro. Augustus has been named consul there."

"Darling child, you don't know what you are saying. Isn't a consul a horrid creature that lives in a seaport, and worries merchant seamen, and imprisons people who have no passports?"

"I declare I haven't a notion of his duties," said Nelly, laughing.

"Oh, I know them perfectly. Papa always wrote to the consul about getting heavy baggage through the custom-house; and when our servants quarrelled with the porters, or the hotel people, it was the consul sent some of them to jail; but you are aware, darling, he isn't a creature one knows. They are simply impossible, dear, impossible." And as she spoke she lay back in her chair, and fanned herself as though actually overcome by the violence of her emotion.

"I must hope Augustus will not be impossible;" and Nelly said this with a dry mixture of humour and vexation.

"He can't help it, dearest. It will be from no fault of his own. Let a man be what he may, once he derogates there's an end of him. It sounds beautifully, I know, to say that he will remain gentleman and man of station through all the accidents of life; so he might, darling, so long as he did nothing—absolutely nothing. The moment, however, he touches an "emploi" it's all over; from that hour he becomes the custom's creature, or the consul, or the factor, or whatever it be irrevocably. Do you know that is the only way to keep men of family out of small official life? We should see them keeping lighthouses if it were not for the obloquy."

"And it would be still better than dependence."

"Yes, dearest, in a novel—in a three-volume thing from Mudie—so it would; but real life is not half so accommodating. I'll talk to Gusty about this myself. And now, do tell me about yourself. Is there no engagement? no fatal attachment that all this change of fortune has blighted? Who is he, dearest? tell me all! You don't know what a wonderful creature I am for expedients. There never was the like of me for resources. I could always pull any one through a difficulty but myself."

"I am sorry I have no web to offer you for disentanglement."

"So then he has behaved well; he has not deserted you in your change of fortune?"

"There is really no one in the case," said Nelly, laughing. "No one to be either faithful or unworthy."

"Worse again, dearest. There is nothing so good at your age as an unhappy attachment. A girl without a grievance always mopes; and," added she, with a marked acuteness of look, "moping ages one quicker than downright grief. The eyes get a heavy expression, and the mouth drags at the corners, and the chin—isn't it funny, now, such a stolid feature as the chin should take on to worry us?—but the chin widens and becomes square, like those Egyptian horrors in the Museum."

"I must look to that," said Nelly, gravely. "I'd be shocked to find my chin betraying me."

"And men are such wretches. There is no amount of fretting they don't exact from us; but if we show any signs of it afterwards,—any hard lines about the eyes, or any patchiness of colour in the cheek,—they cry out, 'Isn't she gone off?' That's their phrase, 'Isn't she gone off?'"

"How well you understand; how well you read them?"

"I should think I do; but after all, dearest, they have very few devices; if it wasn't that they can get away, run off to the clubs and their other haunts, they would have no chance with us. See how they fare in country-houses, for instance. How many escape there! What a nice stuff your dress is made of!"

"It was very cheap."

"No matter; it's English. That's the great thing here. Any one can buy a 'gros.' What one really wants is a nameless texture and a neutral tint. You must positively walk with me on the Pincian in that dress. Roman men remark everything. You'll not be ten minutes on the promenade

till every one will know whether you wear two buttons on your gloves or three."

"How odious!"

"How delightful! Why, my dear child, for whom do we dress? Not for each other; no more than the artists of a theatre act or sing for the rest of the company. Our audience is before us; not always a very enlightened or cultivated one, but always critical. There, do look at that stupid groom; see how he suffers my horse to lag behind: the certain way to have him kicked by the other; and I should die, I mean really die, if anything happened to Ben Azir. By the way how well our parson rides. I declare I like him better in the saddle than in the pulpit. They rave here about the way he jumps the ox-fences. You must say 'tant des choses' for me, to him and his sister, whom I fear I have treated shamefully. I was to have had her to dinner one day, and I forgot all about it; but she didn't mind, and wrote me the prettiest note in the world. But I always say, it is so easy for people of small means to be good-tempered. They have no jealousies about going here or there; no heart-burnings that such a one's lace is Brussels point, and much finer than their own. Don't you agree with me? There, I knew it would come to that. He's got the snaffle out of Ben Azir's mouth, and he's sure to break away."

"That gentleman apparently has come to the rescue. See, he has dismounted to set all to rights."

"How polite of him. Do you know him, dear?"

"No. I may have seen him before. I'm so terribly short-sighted, and this glass does not suit me; but I must be going. I suppose I had better thank that strange man, hadn't I? Oh, of course, dearest, you would be too bashful; but I'm not. My old governess, Madame de Forgeon, used to say that English people never knew how to be bashful; they only looked culpable. And I protest she was right."

"The gentleman is evidently waiting for your gratitude; he is standing there still."

"What an observant puss it is," said Lady Augusta, kissing her. "Tell Gusty to come and see me. Settle some day to come in and dine, and bring the parson: he's a great favourite of mine. Where have I dropped my gauntlet? Oh, here it is. Pretty whip, isn't it? A present, a sort of a love-gift from an old Russian prince, who wanted me to marry him; and I said I was afraid; that I heard Russians knouted their wives. And so he assured me I should have the only whip he ever

used, and sent me this. It was neat, or rather, as Dumas says, 'La plaisanterie n'était pas mal pour un Cosaque.' Good-by, dearest, good-by."

So actually exhausted was poor Nelly by the rattling impetuosity of Lady Augusta's manner, her sudden transitions, and abrupt questionings, that, when Julia entered the room, and saw her lying back in a chair, wearied-looking and pale, she asked—

"Are you ill, dear?"

"No; but I am actually tired. Lady Augusta has been an hour here, and she has talked till my head turned."

"I feel for you sincerely. She gave me one of the worst headaches I ever had, and then made my illness a reason for staying all the evening here to bathe my temples."

"That was good-natured, however."

"So I'd have thought, too, but that she made George always attend her with the ice and the eau-de-cologne, and thus maintained a little ambulant flirtation with him, that, sick as I was, almost drove me mad."

"She means nothing, I am certain, by all these levities, or, rather, she does not care what they mean; but here come our brothers, and I am eager for news if they have any."

"Where's George?" asked Julia, as Augustus entered alone.

"Sir Marcus Something caught him at the gate, and asked to have five minutes with him."

"That means putting off dinner for an hour at least," said she, half pettishly. "I must go and warn the cook."

CHAPTER XLVII.

A PROPOSAL IN FORM.

WHEN Sir Marcus Cluff was introduced into L'Estrange's study, his first care was to divest himself of his various "wraps," a process not very unlike that of the *Hamlet* gravedigger. At length, he arrived at a suit of entire chamois-leather, in which he stood forth like an enormous frog, and sorely pushed the parson's gravity in consequence.

"This is what Hazeldean calls the 'chest-sufferer's true cuticle.' Nothing like leather, my dear sir, in pulmonic affections. If I'd have known it earlier in life, I'd have saved half of my left lung, which is now hopelessly hepatized."

L'Estrange looked compassionate, though not very well knowing what it was he had pity for.

"Not," added the invalid hastily, "that even this constitutes a grave constitutional defect. Davies says in his second volume

that among the robust men of England you would not find one in twenty without some lungular derangement. He percussed me all over, and was some time before he found out the blot." The air of triumph in which this was said showed L'Estrange that he too might afford to look joyful.

"So that, with this reservation, sir, I do consider I have a right to regard myself, as Borcas pronounced me, sound as a roach."

"I sincerely hope so."

"You see, sir, I mean to be frank with you. I descend to no concealments."

It was not very easy for L'Estrange to understand this speech, or divine what especial necessity there was for his own satisfaction as to the condition of Sir Marcus Cluff's viscera; he, however, assented in general terms to the high esteem he felt for candour and openness.

"No, my dear L'Estrange," resumed he, "without this firm conviction—a sentiment based on faith and the stethoscope together—you had not seen me here this day."

"The weather is certainly trying," said L'Estrange.

"I do not allude to the weather, sir; the weather is, for the season, remarkably fine weather; there was a mean temperature of 68° Fahrenheit during the last twenty-four hours. I spoke of my pulmonary condition, because I am aware people are in the habit of calling me consumptive. It is the indiscriminating way ignorance treats a very complex question; and when I assured you that without an honest conviction that organic mischief had not proceeded far, I really meant what I said when I told you you would not have seen me here this day."

Again was the parson mystified, but he only bowed.

"Ah, sir," sighed the other, "why will not people be always candid and sincere? And when shall we arrive at the practice of what will compel—actually compel sincerity? I tell you, for instance, I have an estate worth so much—house property here, and shares in this or that company—but there are mortgages, I don't say how much, against me; I have no need to say it. You drive down to the Registration Office and you learn to a shilling to what extent I am liable. Why not have the same system for physical condition, sir? Why can't you call on the College of Physicians, or whatever the body be, and say, 'How is Sir Marcus Cluff? I'd like to know about that right auricle of his heart. What about his pancreas?' Don't you perceive the inestimable advantage of what I advise?"

"I protest, sir, I scarcely follow you. I

do not exactly see how I have the right, or to what extent I am interested, to make this inquiry."

"You amaze — you actually amaze me!" and Sir Marcus sat for some seconds contemplating the object of his astonishment. "I come here, sir, to make an offer for your sister's hand —"

"Pardon my interrupting, but I learn this intention only now."

"Then you didn't read my note. You didn't read the 'turn over.'"

"I'm afraid not. I only saw what referred to the church."

"Then, sir, you missed the most important; had you taken the trouble to turn the page, you would have seen that I ask your permission to pay my formal attentions to Miss L'Estrange. It was with intention I first discussed and dismissed a matter of business; I then proceeded to a question of sentiment, premising that I held myself bound to satisfy you regarding my property, and my pulmonary condition. Mind, body, and estate, sir, are not coupled together ignorantly, nor inharmoniously; as you know far better than me,—mind, body, and estate," repeated he, slowly. "I am here to satisfy you on each of them."

"Don't you think, Sir Marcus, that there are questions which should possibly precede these?"

"Do you mean Miss L'Estrange's sentiments, sir?" George bowed, and Sir Marcus continued: "I am vain enough to suppose I can make out a good case for myself. I look more, but I'm only forty-eight, forty-eight on the twelfth September. I have twenty-seven thousand pounds in bank stock — stock, mind you, — and three thousand four hundred a year in land, Norfolk property. I have a share — we'll not speak of it now — in a city house; and what's better than all, sir, not sixpence of debt in the world. I am aware your sister can have no fortune, but I can afford myself, what the French call a caprice, though this ain't a caprice, for I have thought well over the matter, and I see she would suit me perfectly. She has nice gentle ways, she can be soothing without depression, and calm without discouragement. Ah, that is the secret of secrets! She gave me my drops last evening with a tenderness, a graceful sympathy, that went to my heart. I want that, sir — I need it, I yearn for it. Simpson said to me years ago, 'Marry, Sir Marcus, marry! yours is a temperament that requires study and intelligent care. A really clever woman gets to know a pulse to perfection; they have a finer sensibility, a higher organization, too, in the touch.'"

Simpson laid great stress on that; but I have looked out in vain, sir. I employed agents; I sent people abroad; I advertised in *The Times* — M. C. was in the second column — for above two years; and with a correspondence that took two clerks to read through and minute. All to no end! All in vain! They tell me the really competent people never do reply to an advertisement; that one must look out for them oneself, make private personal inquiry. Well, sir, I did that, and I got into some unpleasant scrapes with it, and two actions for breach of promise: two thousand pounds the last one cost me, though I got my verdict, sir; the Chief Baron very needlessly recommending me, for the future, to be cautious in forming the acquaintance of ladies, and to avoid widows as a general rule. These are the pleasantness of the Bench, and doubtless they amuse the junior bar. I declare to you, sir, in all seriousness, I'd rather that a man should give me a flip on the nose than take the liberty of a joke with me. It is the one insufferable thing in life." This sally had so far excited him that it was some minutes ere he recovered his self-possession. "Now, Mr. L'Estrange," said he, at last, "I bind you in no degree — I pledge you to nothing; I simply ask leave to address myself to your sister. It is what lawyers call a 'motion to show cause why.'"

"I perceive that," broke in L'Estrange; "but even that much I ought not to concede without consulting my sister and obtaining her consent. You will allow me therefore time."

"Time, sir! My nerves must not be agitated. There can be no delays. It was not without a great demand on my courage, and a strong dose of chlorodyne — Japps's preparation — that I made this effort now. Don't imagine I can sustain it much longer. No, sir, I cannot give time."

"After all, Sir Marcus, you can scarcely suppose that my sister is prepared for such a proposition."

"Sir, they are always prepared for it. It never takes them unawares. I have made them my study for years, and I do think I have some knowledge of their way of thinking and acting. I'll lay my life on it, if you will go and say, 'Maria' —"

"My sister's name is Julia," said the other, dryly.

"It may be, sir — I said 'Maria' generically, and I repeat it — 'Maria, there is in my study at this moment a gentleman, of irreproachable morals and unblemished constitution, whose fortune is sufficiently ample to secure many comforts and all absolute necessities, who desires to make you his wife;'

her first exclamation will be, 'It is Sir Marcus Cluff.'

"It is not impossible," said L'Estrange, gravely.

"The rest, sir, is not with you, nor even with me. Do me, then, the great favour to bear my message."

Although seeing the absurdity of the situation, and vaguely forecasting the way Julia might possibly hear the proposition, L'Estrange was always so much disposed to yield to the earnestness of any one who persisted in a demand, that he bowed and left the room.

"Well, George, he has proposed?" cried Julia, as her brother entered the room, where she sat with Nelly Bramleigh.

He nodded only, and the two girls burst out into a merry laugh.

"Come, come, Julia," said he, reprovingly. "Absurd as it may seem, the man is in earnest, and must be treated with consideration."

"But tell us the whole scene. Let us have it all as it occurred."

"I'll do nothing of the kind. It's quite enough to say that he declares he has a good fortune, and wishes to share it with you, and I think the expression of that wish should secure him a certain deference and respect."

"But who refuses, who thinks of refusing him all the deference and respect he could ask for? Not I, certainly. Come now, like a dear good boy, let us hear all he said, and what you replied. I suspect there never was a better bit of *real-life* comedy. I only wish I could have had a part in it."

"Not too late yet, perhaps," said Nelly, with a dry humour. "The fifth act is only beginning."

"That is precisely what I am meditating. George will not tell me accurately what took place in his interview, and I think I could

not do better than go and learn Sir Marcus' sentiments for myself."

She arose and appeared about to leave the room when L'Estrange sprang towards the door, and stood with his back against it.

"You're not serious, Ju?" cried he, in amazement.

"I should say very serious. If Sir Marcus only makes out his case, as favourably as you, with all your bungling, can't help representing it, why—all things considered, eh, Nelly? *you*, I know, agree with me—I rather suspect the proposition might be entertained."

"Oh, this is too monstrous. It is beyond all belief," cried L'Estrange. And he rushed from the room in a torrent of passion, while Julia sank back in a chair, and laughed till her eyes ran over with tears of merriment.

"How could you, Julia! Oh, how could you!" said Nelly, as she leaned over her and tried to look reproachful.

"If you mean, how could I help quizzing him? I can understand you; but I could not. No, Nelly, I could not. It is my habit to seize on the absurd side of any embarrassment; and you may be sure there is always one if you only look for it; and you've no idea how much pleasanter—ay, and easier too—it is to laugh oneself out of difficulties than to grieve over them. You'll see George, now, will be spirited up, out of pure fright, to do what he ought: to tell this man that his proposal is an absurdity, and that young women, even as destitute of fortune as myself, do not marry as *nursetenders*. There! I declare that is Sir Marcus driving away already. Only think with what equanimity I can see wealth and title taking leave of me. Never say after that that I have not courage."

DISCOVERIES OF ROCK-SALT NEAR BERLIN.—A few weeks ago, as the workmen were boring for an artesian well at a place called Spereberg, near the Berlin and Grlitz Railway, in Prussia, they unexpectedly struck a bed of rock-salt at rather more than 300 feet below the surface. The samples brought up are quite white and clean, and a chemical analysis has demonstrated their great purity, being perfectly free from any admixture of natron, kali, or magnesia. At Stassfurt, another place in Prussia, where rock-salt was discovered last year, a stratum of *kalisoda* overlies the bed of salt, whilst at Schonebeck, also in Prussia, it lies under the salt. It is therefore considered by no means improbable, according to the *Grocer*, that these mineral salts, which are now so much used in agriculture and various industrial manufactures, may

still be found at Spereberg at a greater depth than has hitherto been reached; this will soon be decided, as the boring operations are being carried on with spirit and energy. Down to last week the workmen had penetrated the bed of rock-salt to the depth of 85 feet without any indications of arriving at its lowest stratum. Under all circumstances, the owner of the ground may be thankful for his fortunate discovery; for, being situated close to a railway, he can supply the inhabitants of Berlin with salt at a very cheap rate, and it is only within the last few months that the sale of this article, which has hitherto always been a Government monopoly in Prussia, has been thrown open to public competition, subject only to a very moderate tax on the production.

CHAPTER XXVII.

PHINEAS DISCUSSED.

LADY Laura Kennedy heard two accounts of her friend's speech, — and both from men who had been present. Her husband was in his place, in accordance with his constant practice, and Lord Brentford had been seated, perhaps unfortunately, in the peers' gallery.

"And you think it was a failure?" Lady Laura said to her husband.

"It certainly was not a success. There was nothing particular about it. There was a good deal of it you could hardly hear."

After that she got the morning newspaper, and turned with great interest to the report. Phineas Finn had been, as it were, adopted by her as her own political offspring, — or at any rate as her political godchild. She had made promises on his behalf to various personages of high political standing, — to her father, to Mr. Monk, to the Duke of St. Bungay, and even to Mr. Mildmay himself. She had thoroughly intended that Phineas Finn should be a political success from the first; and, since her marriage, she had, I think, been more intent upon it than before. Perhaps there was a feeling on her part that having wronged him in one way, she would repay him in another. She had become so eager for his success, — for a while scorning to conceal her feeling, — that her husband had unconsciously begun to entertain a dislike to her eagerness. We know how quickly women arrive at an understanding of the feelings of those with whom they live; and now, on that very occasion, Lady Laura perceived that her husband did not take in good part her anxiety on behalf of her friend. She saw that it was so as she turned over the newspaper looking for the report of the speech. It was given in six lines, and at the end of it there was an intimation, — expressed in the shape of advice, — that the young orator had better speak more slowly if he wished to be efficacious either with the House or with the country.

"He seems to have been cheered a good deal," said Lady Laura.

"All members are cheered at their first speech," said Mr. Kennedy.

"I've no doubt he'll do well yet," said Lady Laura.

"Very likely," said Mr. Kennedy. Then he turned to his newspaper, and did not take his eyes off it as long as his wife remained with him.

Later in the day Lady Laura saw her father, and Miss Effingham was with her at the time. Lord Brentford said something

which indicated that he had heard the debate on the previous evening, and Lady Laura instantly began to ask him about Phineas.

"The less said the better," was the Earl's reply.

"Do you mean that it was so bad as that?" asked Lady Laura.

"It was not very bad at first; — though indeed nobody could say it was very good. But he got himself into a mess about the police and the magistrates before he had done, and nothing but the kindly feeling always shown to a first effort saved him from being coughed down." Lady Laura had not a word more to say about Phineas to her father; but, womanlike, she resolved that she would not abandon him. How many first failures in the world have been the precursors of ultimate success? "Mildmay will lose his bill," said the Earl, sorrowfully. "There does not seem to be a doubt about that."

"And what will you all do?" asked Lady Laura.

"We must go to the country, I suppose," said the Earl.

"What's the use? You can't have a more liberal House than you have now," said Lady Laura.

"We may have one less liberal, — or rather less radical, — with fewer men to support Mr. Turnbull. I do not see what else we can do. They say that there are no less than twenty-seven men on our side of the House who will either vote with Turnbull against us, or will decline to vote at all."

"Every one of them ought to lose his seat," said Lady Laura.

"But what can we do? How is the Queen's Government to be carried on?" We all know the sad earnestness which impressed itself on the Earl's brow as he asked these momentous questions. "I don't suppose that Mr. Turnbull can form a Ministry."

"With Mr. Daubeney as whipper-in, perhaps he might," said Lady Laura.

"And will Mr. Finn lose his seat?" asked Violet Effingham.

"Most probably," said the Earl. "He only got it by an accident."

"You must find him a seat somewhere in England," said Violet.

"That might be difficult," said the Earl, who then left the room.

The two women remained together for some quarter of an hour before they spoke again. Then Lady Laura said something about her brother. "If there be a dissolution, I hope Oswald will stand for Lough-ton." Lough-ton was a borough close to

Saulsby, in which, as regarded its political interests, Lord Brentford was supposed to have considerable influence. To this Violet said nothing. "It is quite time," continued Lady Laura, "that old Mr. Standish should give way. He has had the seat for twenty-five years, and has never done anything, and he seldom goes to the House now."

"He is not your uncle, is he?"

"No; he is papa's cousin; but he is ever so much older than papa;—nearly eighty, I believe."

"Would not that be just the place for Mr. Finn?" said Violet.

Then Lady Laura became very serious. "Oswald would of course have a better right to it than anybody else."

"But would Lord Chiltern go into Parliament? I have heard him declare that he would not."

"If we could get papa to ask him, I think he would change his mind," said Lady Laura.

There was again silence for a few moments, after which Violet returned to the original subject of their conversation. "It would be a thousand pities that Mr. Finn should be turned out into the cold. Don't you think so?"

"I, for one, should be very sorry."

"So should I,—and the more so from what Lord Brentford says about his not speaking well last night. I don't think that it is very much of an accomplishment for a gentleman to speak well. Mr. Turnbull, I suppose, speaks well; and they say that that horrid man, Mr. Bonteen, can talk by the hour together. I don't think that it shows a man to be clever at all. But I believe Mr. Finn would do it, if he set his mind to it, and I shall think it a great shame if they turn him out."

"It would depend very much, I suppose, on Lord Tulla."

"I don't know anything about Lord Tulla," said Violet; "but I'm quite sure that he might have Loughton, if we manage it properly. Of course Lord Chiltern should have it if he wants it, but I don't think he will stand in Mr. Finn's way."

"I'm afraid it's out of the question," said Lady Laura, gravely. "Papa thinks so much about the borough." The reader will remember that both Lord Brentford and his daughter were thorough reformers! The use of a little borough of his own, however, is a convenience to a great peer.

"Those difficult things have always to be talked of for a long while, and then they become easy," said Violet. "I believe if you were to propose to Mr. Kennedy to give all his property to the Church Mis-

sionaries and emigrate to New Zealand, he'd begin to consider it seriously after a time."

"I shall not try, at any rate."

"Because you don't want to go to New Zealand;—but you might try about Loughton for poor Mr. Finn."

"Violet," said Lady Laura, after a moment's pause;—and she spoke sharply; "Violet, I believe you are in love with Mr. Finn."

"That's just like you, Laura."

"I never made such an accusation against you before, or against anybody else that I can remember. But I do begin to believe that you are in love with Mr. Finn."

"Why shouldn't I be in love with him, if I like?"

"I say nothing about that;—only he has not got a penny."

"But I have, my dear."

"And I doubt whether you have any reason for supposing that he is in love with you."

"That would be my affair, my dear."

"Then you are in love with him?"

"That is my affair also."

Lady Laura shrugged her shoulders. "Of course it is; and if you tell me to hold my tongue, of course I will do so. If you ask me whether I think it a good match, of course I must say I do not."

"I don't tell you to hold your tongue, and I don't ask you what you think about the match. You are quite welcome to talk as much about me as you please;—but as to Mr. Phineas Finn, you have no business to think anything."

"I shouldn't talk to anybody but yourself."

"I am growing to be quite indifferent as to what people say. Lady Baldock asked me the other day whether I was going to throw myself away on Mr. Laurence Fitzgibbon."

"No!"

"Indeed she did."

"And what did you answer?"

"I told her that it was not quite settled; but that as I had only spoken to him once during the last two years, and then for not more than half a minute, and as I wasn't sure whether I knew him by sight, and as I had reason to suppose he didn't know my name, there might, perhaps, be a delay of a week or two before the thing came off. Then she flounced out of the room."

"But what made her ask about Mr. Fitzgibbon?"

"Somebody had been hoaxing her. I am beginning to think that Augusta does it for her private amusement. If so, I shall think more highly of my dear cousin than I have

hitherto done. But, Laura, as you have made a similar accusation against me, and as I cannot get out of it with you as I do with my aunt, I must ask you to hear my protestation. I am not in love with Mr. Phineas Finn. Heaven help me;—as far as I can tell I am not in love with any one, and never shall be." Lady Laura looked pleased. "Do you know," continued Violet, "that I think I could be in love with Mr. Phineas Finn, if I could be in love with anybody." Then Lady Laura looked displeased. "In the first place, he is a gentleman," continued Violet. "Then he is a man of spirit. And then he has not too much spirit;—not that kind of spirit which makes some men think that they are the finest things going. His manners are perfect;—not Chesterfieldian, and yet never offensive. He never browbeats any one, and never toadies any one. He knows how to live easily with men of all ranks, without any appearance of claiming a special status for himself. If he were made Archbishop of Canterbury to-morrow, I believe he would settle down into the place of the first subject in the land without arrogance, and without false shame."

"You are his eulogist with a vengeance."

"I am his eulogist; but I am not in love with him. If he were to ask me to be his wife to-morrow, I should be distressed, and should refuse him. If he were to marry my dearest friend in the world, I should tell him to kiss me and be my brother. As to Mr. Phineas Finn,—those are my sentiments."

"What you say is very odd."

"Why odd?"

"Simply because mine are the same."

"Are they the same? I once thought, Laura, that you did love him;—that you meant to be his wife."

Lady Laura sat for a while without making any reply to this. She sat with her elbow on the table and with her face leaning on her hand,—thinking how far it would tend to her comfort if she spoke in true confidence. Violet during the time never took her eyes from her friend's face, but remained silent as though waiting for an answer. She had been very explicit as to her feelings. Would Laura Kennedy be equally explicit? She was too clever to forget that such plainness of speech would be, must be more difficult to Lady Laura than to herself. Lady Laura was a married woman; but she felt that her friend would have been wrong to search for secrets, unless she were ready to tell her own. It was probably some such feeling which made Lady Laura speak at last.

"So I did, nearly —" said Lady Laura; "very nearly. You told me just now that you had money, and could therefore do as you pleased. I had no money, and could not do as I pleased."

"And you told me also that I had no reason for thinking that he cared for me."

"Did I? Well;—I suppose you have no reason. He did care for me. He did love me."

"He told you so?"

"Yes,—he told me so."

"And how did you answer him?"

"I had that very morning become engaged to Mr. Kennedy. That was my answer."

"And what did he say when you told him?"

"I do not know. I cannot remember. But he behaved very well."

"And now,—if he were to love me, you would grudge me his love?"

"Not for that reason,—not if I know myself. Oh no! I would not be so selfish as that."

"For what reason then?"

"Because I look upon it as written in heaven that you are to be Oswald's wife."

"Heaven's writings then are false," said Violet, getting up and walking away.

In the meantime Phineas was very wretched at home. When he reached his lodgings after leaving the House,—after his short conversation with Mr. Monk,—he tried to comfort himself with what that gentleman had said to him. For a while, while he was walking, there had been some comfort in Mr. Monk's words. Mr. Monk had much experience, and doubtless knew what he was saying,—and there might yet be hope. But all this hope faded away when Phineas was in his own rooms. There came upon him, as he looked round them, an idea that he had no business to be in Parliament, that he was an impostor, that he was going about the world under false pretences, and that he would never set himself aright, even unto himself, till he had gone through some terrible act of humiliation. He had been a cheat even to Mr. Quintus Slide of the Banner, in accepting an invitation to come among them. He had been a cheat to Lady Laura, in that he had induced her to think that he was fit to live with her. He was a cheat to Violet Effingham, in assuming that he was capable of making himself agreeable to her. He was a cheat to Lord Chiltern when riding his horses, and pretending to be a proper associate for a man of fortune. Why,—what was his income? What his birth? What his proper position? And now he

had got the reward which all cheats deserve. Then he went to bed, and as he lay there, he thought of Mary Flood Jones. Had he plighted his troth to Mary, and then have worked like a slave under Mr. Low's auspices, — he would not have been a cheat.

It seemed to him that he had hardly been asleep when the girl came into his room in the morning. "Sir," said she, "there's that gentleman there."

"What gentleman?"

"The old gentleman."

Then Phineas knew that Mr. Clarkson was in his sitting-room, and that he would not leave it till he had seen the owner of the room. Nay, — Phineas was pretty sure that Mr. Clarkson would come into the bedroom, if he were kept long waiting. "Damn the old gentleman," said Phineas in his wrath; — and the maid-servant heard him say so.

In about twenty minutes he went out into the sitting-room, with his slippers on and in his dressing-gown. Suffering under the circumstances of such an emergency, how is any man to go through the work of dressing and washing with proper exactness? As to the prayers which he said on that morning, I think that no question should be asked. He came out with a black cloud on his brow, and with his mind half made up to kick Mr. Clarkson out of the room. Mr. Clarkson, when he saw him, moved his chin round within his white cravat, as was a custom with him, and put his thumb and forefinger on his lips, and then shook his head.

"Very bad, Mr. Finn; very bad indeed; very bad, ain't it?"

"You coming here in this way at all times in the day is very bad," said Phineas.

"And where would you have me go? Would you like to see me down in the lobby of the House?"

"To tell you the truth, Mr. Clarkson, I don't want to see you anywhere."

"Ah; yes; I daresay! And that's what you call honest, being a Parliament gent! You had my money, and then you tell me you don't want to see me any more!"

"I have not had your money," said Phineas.

"But let me tell you," continued Mr. Clarkson, "that I want to see you; — and shall go on seeing you till the money is paid."

"I've not had any of your money," said Phineas.

Mr. Clarkson again twitched his chin about on the top of his cravat and smiled. "Mr. Finn," said he, showing the bill, "is that your name?"

"Yes, it is."

"Then I want my money."

"I have no money to give you."

"Do be punctual, now. Why ain't you punctual? I'd do anything for you if you were punctual. I would indeed." Mr. Clarkson, as he said this, sat down in the chair which had been placed for our hero's breakfast, and cutting a slice off the loaf, began to butter it with great composure.

"Mr. Clarkson," said Phineas, "I cannot ask you to breakfast here. I am engaged."

"I'll just take a bit of bread and butter all the same," said Clarkson. "Where do you get your butter? Now I could tell you a woman who'd give it you cheaper and a deal better than this. This is all lard. Shall I send her to you?"

"No," said Phineas. There was no tea ready, and therefore Mr. Clarkson emptied the milk into a cup and drank it. "After this," said Phineas, "I must beg, Mr. Clarkson, that you will never come to my room any more. I shall not be at home to you."

"The lobby of the House is the same thing to me," said Mr. Clarkson. "They know me there well. I wish you'd be punctual, and then we'd be the best of friends." After that Mr. Clarkson, having finished his bread and butter, took his leave.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE SECOND READING IS CARRIED.

THE debate on the bill was prolonged during the whole of that week. Lord Brentford, who loved his seat in the Cabinet and the glory of being a Minister, better even than he loved his borough, had taken a gloomy estimate when he spoke of twenty-seven defaulters, and of the bill as certainly lost. Men who were better able than he to make estimates, — the Bonteens and Fitzgibbons on each side of the House, and above all, the Ratlers and Robys, produced lists from day to day which varied now by three names in one direction, then by two in another, and which fluctuated at last by units only. They all concurred in declaring that it would be a very near division. A great effort was made to close the debate on the Friday, but it failed, and the full tide of speech was carried on till the following Monday. On that morning Phineas heard Mr. Ratler declare at the club that, as far as his judgment went, the division at that moment was a fair subject for a bet. "There are two men doubtful in the House," said Mr. Ratler, "and if one votes on one side and one on the other, or if

neither vote at all, it will be a tie." Mr. Roby, however, the whip on the other side, was quite sure that one at least of these gentlemen would go into his lobby, and that the other would not go into Mr. Ratler's lobby. I am inclined to think that the town was generally inclined to put more confidence in the accuracy of Mr. Roby than in that of Mr. Ratler; and among betting men there certainly was a point given by those who backed the Conservatives. The odds, however, were lost, for on the division the numbers in the two lobbies were equal, and the Speaker gave his casting vote in favour of the Government. The bill was read a second time, and was lost; as a matter of course, in reference to any subsequent action. Mr. Roby declared that even Mr. Mildmay could not go on with nothing but the Speaker's vote to support him. Mr. Mildmay had no doubt felt that he could not go on with his bill from the moment in which Mr. Turnbull had declared his opposition; but he could not with propriety withdraw it in deference to Mr. Turnbull's opinion.

During the week Phineas had had his hands sufficiently full. Twice he had gone to the potted peas inquiry; but he had been at the office of the People's Banner more often than that. Bunce had been very resolute in his determination to bring an action against the police for false imprisonment, even though he spent every shilling of his savings in doing so. And when his wife, in the presence of Phineas, begged that by-gones might be by-gones, reminding him that spilt milk could not be recovered, he called her a mean-spirited woman. Then Mrs. Bunce wept a flood of tears, and told her favourite lodger that for her all comfort in this world was over. "Drat the reformers, I say. And I wish there was no Parliament; so I do. What's the use of all the voting, when it means nothing but dry bread and cross words?" Phineas by no means encouraged his landlord in his litigious spirit, advising him rather to keep his money in his pocket, and leave the fighting of the battle to the columns of the Banner, — which would fight it, at any rate, with economy. But Bunce, though he delighted in the Banner, and showed an unfortunate readiness to sit at the feet of Mr. Quintus Slide, would have his action at law; — in which resolution Mr. Slide did, I fear, encourage him behind the back of his better friend, Phineas Finn.

Phineas went with Bunce to Mr. Low's chambers, — for Mr. Low had in some way become acquainted with the law-stationer's journeyman, — and there some very good

advice was given. "Have you asked yourself what is your object, Mr. Bunce?" said Mr. Low. Mr. Bunce declared that he had asked himself that question, and had answered it. His object was redress. "In the shape of compensation to yourself," suggested Mr. Low. No; Mr. Bunce would not admit that he personally required any compensation. The redress wanted was punishment to the man. "Is it for vengeance?" asked Mr. Low. No; it was not for vengeance, Mr. Bunce declared. "It ought not to be," continued Mr. Low; "because, though you think that the man exceeded in his duty, you must feel that he was doing so through no personal ill-will to yourself."

"What I want is, to have the fellows kept in their proper places," said Mr. Bunce.

"Exactly; — and therefore these things, when they occur, are mentioned in the press and in Parliament, — and the attention of a Secretary of State is called to them. Thank God, we don't have very much of that kind of thing in England."

"Maybe we shall have more if we don't look to it," said Bunce stoutly.

"We always are looking to it," said Mr. Low; — "looking to it very carefully. But I don't think anything is to be done in that way by indictment against a single man, whose conduct has been already approved by the magistrates. If you want notoriety, Mr. Bunce, and don't mind what you pay for it; or have got anybody else to pay for it; then indeed —"

"There ain't nobody to pay for it," said Bunce, waxing angry.

"Then I certainly should not pay for it myself if I were you," said Mr. Low.

But Bunce was not to be counselled out of his intention. When he was out in the square with Phineas he expressed great anger against Mr. Low. "He don't know what patriotism means," said the law scrivener. "And then he talks to me about notoriety! It has always been the same way with 'em. If a man shows a spark of public feeling, it's all habmition. I don't want no notoriety. I wants to earn my bread peaceable, and to be let alone when I'm about my own business. I pays rates for the police to look after rogues, not to haul folks about and lock 'em up for days and nights, who is a doing what they has a legal right to do." After that, Bunce went to his attorney, to the great detriment of the business at the stationer's shop, and Phineas visited the office of the People's Banner. There he wrote a leading article about Bunce's case, for which he was in due

time to be paid a guinea. After all, the People's Banner might do more for him in this way than ever would be done by Parliament. Mr. Slide, however, and another gentleman at the Banner office, much older than Mr. Slide, who announced himself as the actual editor, were anxious that Phineas should rid himself of his heterodox political resolutions about the ballot. It was not that they cared much about his own opinions; and when Phineas attempted to argue with the editor on the merits of the ballot, the editor put him down very shortly. "We go in for it, Mr. Finn," he said. If Mr. Finn would go in for it too, the editor seemed to think that Mr. Finn might make himself very useful at the Banner office. Phineas stoutly maintained that this was impossible, — and was therefore driven to confine his articles in the service of the people to those open subjects on which his opinions agreed with those of the People's Banner. This was his second article, and the editor seemed to think that, backward as he was about the ballot, he was too useful an aid to be thrown aside. A member of Parliament is not now all that he was once, but still there is a prestige in the letters affixed to his name which makes him loom larger in the eyes of the world than other men. Get into Parliament, if it be but for the borough of Loughshane, and the People's Banners all round will be glad of your assistance, as will also companies limited and unlimited to a very marvellous extent. Phineas wrote his article and promised to look in again, and so they went on. Mr. Quintus Slide continued to assure him that a "horgan" was indispensable to him, and Phineas began to accommodate his ears to the sound which had at first been so disagreeable. He found that his acquaintance, Mr. Slide, had ideas of his own, as to getting into the 'Ouse at some future time. "I always look upon the 'Ouse as my oyster, and 'ere's my sword," said Mr. Slide, brandishing an old quill pen. "And I feel that if once there I could get along. I do indeed. What is it a man wants? It's only pluck, — that he shouldn't funk because a 'undred other men are looking at him." Then Phineas asked him whether he had any idea of a constituency, to which Mr. Slide replied that he had no absolutely formed intention. Many boroughs, however, would doubtless be set free from aristocratic influence by the redistribution of seats which must take place, as Mr. Slide declared, at any rate in the next session. Then he named the borough of Loughton; and Phineas Finn, thinking of Saulsby, thinking of the Earl, thinking of Lady Lau-

ra, and thinking of Violet, walked away disgusted. Would it not be better that the quiet town, clustering close round the walls of Saulsby, should remain as it was, than that it should be polluted by the presence of Mr. Quintus Slide?

On the last day of the debate, at a few moments before four o'clock, Phineas encountered another terrible misfortune. He had been at the potted peas since twelve, and had on this occasion targed two or three commissariat officers very tightly with questions respecting cabbages and potatoes, and had asked whether the officers on board a certain ship did not always eat preserved asparagus while the men had not even a bean. I fear that he had been put up to this business by Mr. Quintus Slide, and that he made himself nasty. There was, however, so much nastiness of the kind going, that his little effort made no great difference. The conservative members of the Committee, on whose side of the House the inquiry had originated, did not scruple to lay all manner of charges to officers whom, were they themselves in power, they would be bound to support and would support with all their energies. About a quarter before four the members of the Committee had dismissed their last witness for the day, being desirous of not losing their chance of seats on so important an occasion, and hurried down into the lobby, — so that they might enter the House before prayers. Phineas here was button-holed by Barrington Erle, who said something to him as to the approaching division. They were standing in front of the door of the House, almost in the middle of the lobby, with a crowd of members around them, — on a spot which, as frequenters know, is hallowed ground, and must not be trodden by strangers. He was in the act of answering Erle, when he was touched on the arm, and on turning round, saw Mr. Clarkson. "About that little bill, Mr. Finn," said the horrible man, turning his chin round over his white cravat. "They always tell me at your lodgings that you ain't at home." By this time a policeman was explaining to Mr. Clarkson with gentle violence that he must not stand there, — that he must go aside into one of the corners. "I know all that," said Mr. Clarkson, retreating. "Of course I do. But what is a man to do when a gent won't see him at home?" Mr. Clarkson stood aside in his corner quietly, giving the policeman no occasion for further action against him; but in retreating he spoke loud, and there was a lull of voices around, and twenty members at least had heard what had been said. Phineas Finn no doubt

had his privilege, but Mr. Clarkson was determined that the privilege should avail him as little as possible.

It was very hard. The real offender, the Lord of the Treasury, the peer's son, with a thousand a year paid by the country, was not treated with this cruel persecution. Phineas had in truth never taken a farthing from any one but his father; and though doubtless he owed something at this moment, he had no creditor of his own that was even angry with him. As the world goes he was a clear man, — but for this debt of his friend Fitzgibbon. He left Barrington Erle in the lobby, and hurried into the House, blushing up to the eyes. He looked for Fitzgibbon in his place, but the Lord of the Treasury was not as yet there. Doubtless he would be there for the division, and Phineas resolved that he would speak a bit of his mind before he let his friend out of his sight.

There were some great speeches made on that evening. Mr. Gresham delivered an oration of which men said that it would be known in England as long as there were any words remaining of English eloquence. In it he taunted Mr. Turnbull with being a recreant to the people, of whom he called himself so often the champion. But Mr. Turnbull was not in the least moved. Mr. Gresham knew well enough that Mr. Turnbull was not to be moved by any words; — but the words were not the less telling to the House and to the country. Men, who heard it, said that Mr. Gresham forgot himself in that speech, forgot his party, forgot his strategy, forgot his longdrawn schemes, — even his love of applause, and thought only of his cause. Mr. Daubeny replied to him with equal genius, and with equal skill, — if not with equal heart. Mr. Gresham had asked for the approbation of all present and of all future reformers. Mr. Daubeny denied him both, — the one because he would not succeed, and the other because he would not have deserved success. Then Mr. Mildmay made his reply, getting up at about three o'clock, and uttered a prayer, — a futile prayer, — that this his last work on behalf of his countrymen might be successful. His bill was read a second time, as I have said before, in obedience to the casting vote of the Speaker, — but a majority such as that was tantamount to a defeat.

There was, of course, on that night no declaration as to what ministers would do. Without a meeting of the Cabinet, and without some further consideration, though each might know that the bill would be withdrawn, they could not say in what way they would act. But late as was the hour,

there were many words on the subject before members were in their beds. Mr. Turnbull and Mr. Monk left the House together, and perhaps no two gentlemen in it had in former sessions been more in the habit of walking home arm-in-arm and discussing what each had heard and what each had said in that assembly. Latterly these two men had gone strangely asunder in their paths, — very strangely for men who had for years walked so closely together. And this separation had been marked by violent words spoken against each other, — by violent words, at least, spoken against him in office by the one who had never contaminated his hands by the Queen's shilling. And yet, on such an occasion as this, they were able to walk away from the House arm-in-arm, and did not fly at each other's throat by the way.

"Singular enough, is it not," said Mr. Turnbull, "that the thing should have been so close?"

"Very odd," said Mr. Monk; "but men have said that it would be so all the week."

"Gresham was very fine," said Mr. Turnbull.

"Very fine, indeed. I never have heard anything like it before."

"Daubeny was very powerful too," said Mr. Turnbull.

"Yes; — no doubt. The occasion was great, and he answered to the spur. But Gresham's was the speech of the debate."

"Well; — yes; perhaps it was," said Mr. Turnbull, who was thinking of his own flight the other night, and who among his special friends had been much praised for what he had then done. But of course he made no allusion to his own doings, — or to those of Mr. Monk. In this way they conversed for some twenty minutes, till they parted; but neither of them interrogated the other as to what either might be called upon to do in consequence of the division which had just been effected. They might still be intimate friends, but the days of confidence between them were passed.

Phineas had seen Laurence Fitzgibbon enter the House, — which he did quite late in the night, so as to be in time for the division. No doubt he had dined in the House, and had been all the evening in the library, — or in the smoking-room. When Mr. Mildmay was on his legs making his reply, Fitzgibbon had sauntered in, not choosing to wait till he might be rung up by the bell at the last moment. Phineas was near him as they passed by the tellers, near him in the lobby, and near him again as they all passed back into the House. But at the last moment he thought that he would miss

his prey. In the crowd as they left the House he failed to get his hand upon his friend's shoulder. But he hurried down the members' passage, and just at the gate leading out into Westminster Hall he overtook Fitzgibbon walking arm-in-arm with Barrington Erle.

"Laurence," he said, taking hold of his countryman with a decided grasp, "I want to speak to you for a moment, if you please."

"Speak away," said Laurence. Then Phineas, looking up into his face, knew very well that he had been—what the world calls, dining.

Phineas remembered at the moment that Barrington Erle had been close to him when the odious money-lender had touched his arm and made his inquiry about that "little bill." He much wished to make Erle understand that the debt was not his own,—that he was not in the hands of usurers in reference to his own concerns. But there was a feeling within him that he still,—even still,—owed something to his friendship to Fitzgibbon. "Just give me your arm, and come on with me for a minute," said Phineas. "Erle will excuse us."

"Oh, blazes!" said Laurence, "what is it you're after? I ain't good at private conferences at three in the morning. We're all out, and isn't that enough for ye."

"I have been dreadfully annoyed to-night," said Phineas, "and I wished to speak to you about it."

"Bedad, Finn, my boy, and there are a good many of us are annoyed;—eh, Barrington?"

Phineas perceived clearly that though Fitzgibbon had been dining, there was as much of cunning in all this as of wine, and he was determined not to submit to such unlimited ill-usage. "My annoyance comes from your friend, Mr. Clarkson, who had the impudence to address me in the lobby of the House."

"And served you right, too, Finn, my boy. Why the devil did you sport your oak to him? He has told me all about it. There ain't such a patient little fellow as Clarkson anywhere, if you'll only let him have his own way. He'll look in, as he calls it, three times a week for a whole season, and do nothing further. Of course he don't like to be locked out."

"Is that the gentleman with whom the police interfered in the lobby?" Erle inquired.

"A confounded bill-discounter to whom our friend here has introduced me,—for his own purposes," said Phineas.

"A very gentleman-like fellow," said

Laurence. "Barrington knows him, I daresay. Look here, Finn, my boy, take my advice. Ask him to breakfast, and let him understand that the house will always be open to him." After this Laurence Fitzgibbon and Barrington Erle got into a cab together, and were driven away.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A CABINET MEETING.

AND now will the muses assist me while I sing an altogether new song? On the Tuesday the Cabinet met at the First Lord's official residence in Downing Street, and I will attempt to describe what, according to the bewildered brain of a poor fictionist, was said or might have been said, what was done or might have been done, on so august an occasion.

The poor fictionist very frequently finds himself to have been wrong in his description of things in general, and is told so roughly by the critics, and tenderly by the friends of his bosom. He is moved to tell of things of which he omits to learn the nature before he tells of them,—as should be done by a strictly honest fictionist. He catches salmon in October; or shoots his partridges in March. His dahlias bloom in June, and his birds sing in the autumn. He opens the opera-houses before Easter, and makes Parliament sit on a Wednesday evening. And then those terrible meshes of the law! How is a poor fictionist, in these excited days, to create the needed biting interest without legal difficulties; and how again is he to steer his little bark clear of so many rocks,—when the rocks and the shoals have been purposely arranged to make the taking of a pilot on board a necessity? As to those law meshes, a benevolent pilot will, indeed, now and again give a poor fictionist a helping hand,—not used, however, generally, with much discretion. But from whom is any assistance to come in the august matter of a Cabinet assembly? There can be no such assistance. No man can tell aught but they who will tell nothing. But then, again, there is this safety, that let the story be ever so mistold,—let the fiction be ever so far removed from the truth, no critic short of a Cabinet Minister himself can convict the narrator of error.

It was a large dingy room, covered with a Turkey carpet, and containing a dark polished mahogany dinner-table, on very heavy carved legs, which an old messenger was preparing at two o'clock in the day for the use of her Majesty's Ministers. The table would have been large enough for fourteen guests, and along the side further from the

fire there were placed some six heavy chairs, good comfortable chairs, stuffed at the back as well as the seat, — but on the side nearer to the fire the chairs were placed irregularly; and there were four armchairs, — two on one side and two on the other. There were four windows to the room, which looked on to St. James's Park, and the curtains of the windows were dark and heavy, — as became the gravity of the purposes to which that chamber was appropriated. In old days it had been the dining-room of one Prime Minister after another. To Pitt it had been the abode of his own familiar prandial Penates, and Lord Liverpool had been dull there among his dull friends for long year after year. The Ministers of the present day find it more convenient to live in private homes, and, indeed, not unfrequently carry their Cabinets with them. But, under Mr. Mildmay's rule, the meetings were generally held in the old room at the official residence. Thrice did the aged messenger move each armchair, now a little this way and now a little that, and then look at them as though something of the tendency of the coming meeting might depend on the comfort of its leading members. If Mr. Mildmay should find himself to be quite comfortable, so that he could hear what was said without a struggle to his ear, and see his colleagues' faces clearly, and feel the fire without burning his shins, it might be possible that he would not insist upon resigning. If this were so, how important was the work now confided to the hands of that aged messenger! When his anxious eyes had glanced round the room some half a dozen times, when he had touched each curtain, laid his hand upon every chair, and dusted certain papers which lay upon a side-table, — and which had been lying there for two years, and at which no one ever looked or would look, — he gently crept away and ensconced himself in an easy-chair not far from the door of the chamber. For it might be necessary to stop the attempt of a rash intruder on those secret counsels.

Very shortly there was heard the ring of various voices in the passages, — the voices of men speaking pleasantly, the voices of men with whom it seemed, from their tone, that things were doing well in the world. And then a cluster of four or five gentlemen entered the room. At first sight they seemed to be as ordinary gentlemen as you shall meet anywhere about Pall Mall on an afternoon. There was nothing about their outward appearance of the august wiggery of state craft, nothing of the ponderous dignity of ministerial position. That little

man in the square-cut coat, — we may almost call it a shooting-coat, — swinging an umbrella and wearing no gloves, is no less a person than the Lord Chancellor, — Lord Weazeling, — who made a hundred thousand pounds as Attorney-General, and is supposed to be the best lawyer of his age. He is fifty, but he looks to be hardly over forty, and one might take him to be, from his appearance, — perhaps a clerk in the War Office, well-to-do, and popular among his brother-clerks. Immediately with him is Sir Harry Coldfoot, also a lawyer by profession, though he has never practised. He has been in the House for nearly thirty years, and is now at the Home Office. He is a stout, healthy, grey-haired gentleman, who certainly does not wear the cares of office on his face. Perhaps, however, no minister gets more bullied than he by the press, and men say that he will be very willing to give up to some political enemy the control of the police, and the onerous duty of judging in all criminal appeals. Behind these come our friend Mr. Monk, young Lord Cantrip from the colonies next door, than whom no smarter young peer now does honour to our hereditary legislature, and Sir Marmaduke Morecombe, the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. Why Sir Marmaduke has always been placed in Mr. Mildmay's Cabinets nobody ever knew. As Chancellor of the Duchy he has nothing to do, — and were there anything, he would not do it. He rarely speaks in the House, and then does not speak well. He is a handsome man, or would be but for an assumption of grandeur in the carriage of his eyes, giving to his face a character of pomposity which he himself well deserves. He was in the Guards when young, and has been in Parliament since he ceased to be young. It must be supposed that Mr. Mildmay has found something in him, for he has been included in three successive liberal Cabinets. He has probably the virtue of being true to Mr. Mildmay, and of being duly submissive to one whom he recognizes as his superior.

Within two minutes afterwards the Duke followed, with Plantagenet Palliser. The Duke, as all the world knows, was the Duke of St. Bungay, the very front and head of the aristocratic old Whigs of the country, a man who has been thrice spoken of as Prime Minister, and who really might have filled the office had he not known himself to be unfit for it. The Duke has been consulted as to the making of Cabinets for the last five-and-thirty years, and is even now not an old man in appearance; — a fussy, popular, clever, conscientious man, whose

digestion has been too good to make politics a burden to him, but who has thought seriously about his country, and is one who will be sure to leave memoirs behind him. He was born in the semi-purple of ministerial influences, and men say of him that he is honester than his uncle, who was Canning's friend, but not so great a man as his grandfather, with whom Fox once quarrelled, and whom Burke loved. Plantagenet Palliser, himself the heir to a dukedom, was the young Chancellor of the Exchequer, of whom some statesmen thought much as the rising star of the age. If industry, rectitude of purpose, and a certain clearness of intellect may prevail, Planty Pall, as he is familiarly called, may become a great Minister.

Then came Viscount Thrift by himself, — the First Lord of the Admiralty, with the whole weight of a new iron-clad fleet upon his shoulders. He has undertaken the Herculean task of cleansing the dockyards, — and with it the lesser work of keeping afloat a navy that may be esteemed by his countrymen to be the best in the world. And he thinks that he will do both, if only Mr. Mildmay will not resign; — an industrious, honest, self-denying nobleman, who works without ceasing from morn to night, and who hopes to rise in time to high things, — to the translating of Homer, perhaps, and the wearing of the Garter.

Close behind him there was a ruck of Ministers, with the much honoured grey-haired old Premier in the midst of them. There was Mr. Gresham, the Foreign Minister, said to be the greatest orator in Europe, on whose shoulders it was thought that the mantle of Mr. Mildmay would fall, — to be worn, however, quite otherwise than Mr. Mildmay had worn it. For Mr. Gresham is a man with no feelings for the past, void of historical association, hardly with memories, — living altogether for the future which he is anxious to fashion anew out of the vigour of his own brain. Whereas, with Mr. Mildmay, even his love of reform is an inherited passion for an old world Liberalism. And there was with them Mr. Legge Wilson, the brother of a peer, Secretary at War, a great scholar and a polished gentleman, very proud of his position as a Cabinet Minister, but conscious that he has hardly earned it by political work. And Lord Plinlimmon is with them, the Comptroller of India, — of all working lords the most jaunty, the most pleasant, and the most popular, very good at taking chairs at dinners, and making becoming speeches at the shortest notice, a man apparently very free and open in his

ways of life, — but cautious enough intrust as to every step, knowing well how hard it is to climb and how easy to fall. Mr. Mildmay entered the room leaning on Lord Plinlimmon's arm, and when he made his way up among the armchairs upon the rug before the fire, the others clustered around him with cheering looks and kindly questions. Then came the Privy Seal, our old friend Lord Brentford, last, — and I would say least, but that the words of no councillor could go for less in such an assemblage than will those of Sir Marmaduke Morecombe, the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster.

Mr. Mildmay was soon seated in one of the armchairs, while Lord Plinlimmon leaned against the table close at his elbow. Mr. Gresham stood upright at the corner of the chimney-piece furthest from Mr. Mildmay, and Mr. Palliser at that nearest to him. The Duke took the armchair close at Mr. Mildmay's left hand. Lord Plinlimmon was, as I have said, leaning against the table, but the Lord Chancellor, who was next to him, sat upon it. Viscount Thrift and Mr. Monk occupied chairs on the further side of the table, near to Mr. Mildmay's end, and Mr. Legge Wilson placed himself at the head of the table, thus joining them as it were into a body. The Home Secretary stood before the Lord Chancellor screening him from the fire, and the Chancellor of the Duchy, after waiting for a few minutes as though in doubt, took one of the vacant armchairs. The young lord from the Colonies stood a little behind the shoulders of his great friend from the Foreign Office; and the Privy Seal, after moving about for a while uneasily, took a chair behind the Chancellor of the Duchy. One armchair was thus left vacant, but there was no other comer.

"It is not so bad as I thought it would be," said the Duke, speaking aloud, but nevertheless addressing himself specially to his chief.

"It was bad enough," said Mr. Mildmay, laughing.

"Bad enough indeed," said Sir Marmaduke Morecombe, without any laughter.

"And such a good bill lost," said Lord Plinlimmon. "The worst of these failures is, that the same identical bill can never be brought in again."

"So that if the lost bill was best, the bill that will not be lost can only be second best," said the Lord Chancellor.

"I certainly did think that after the debate before Easter we should not have come to shipwreck about the ballot," said Mr. Mildmay.

"It was brewing for us all along," said Mr. Gresham, who then with a gesture of his hand and a pressure of his lips withheld words which he was nearly uttering, and which would not, probably, have been complimentary to Mr. Turnbull. As it was, he turned half round and said something to Lord Cantrip which was not audible to any one else in the room. It was worthy of note, however, that Mr. Turnbull's name was not once mentioned aloud at that meeting.

"I am afraid it was brewing all along," said Sir Marmaduke Morecombe gravely.

"Well, gentlemen, we must take it as we get it," said Mr. Mildmay, still smiling. "And now we must consider what we shall do at once." Then he paused as though expecting that counsel would come to him first from one colleague and then from another. But no such counsel came, and probably Mr. Mildmay did not in the least expect that it would come.

"We cannot stay where we are, of course," said the Duke. The Duke was privileged to say as much as that. But though every man in the room knew that it must be so, no one but the Duke would have said it, before Mr. Mildmay had spoken plainly himself.

"No," said Mr. Mildmay; "I suppose that we can hardly stay where we are. Probably none of us wish it, gentlemen." Then he looked round upon his colleagues, and there came a sort of an assent, though there were no spoken words. The sound from Sir Marmaduke Morecombe was louder than that from the others;—but yet from him it was no more than an attesting grunt. "We have two things to consider," continued Mr. Mildmay,—and though he spoke in a very low voice, every word was heard by all present,— "two things chiefly, that is; the work of the country, and the Queen's comfort. I propose to see her Majesty this afternoon at five,—that is, in something less than two hours' time, and I hope to be able to tell the House by seven what has taken place between her Majesty and me. My friend, his Grace, will do as much in the House of Lords. If you agree with me, gentlemen, I will explain to the Queen that it is not for the welfare of the country that we should retain our places, and I will place your resignations and my own in her Majesty's hands."

"You will advise her Majesty to send for Lord De Terrier," said Mr. Gresham.

"Certainly;—there will be no other course open to me."

"Or to her," said Mr. Gresham. To this remark from the rising Minister of the day, no word of reply was made; but of

those present in the room three or four of the most experienced servants of the Crown felt that Mr. Gresham had been imprudent. The Duke, who had ever been afraid of Mr. Gresham, told Mr. Palliser afterwards that such an observation should not have been made; and Sir Henry Coldfoot pondered upon it uneasily, and Sir Marmaduke Morecombe asked Mr. Mildmay what he thought about it. "Times change so much, and with the times the feelings of men," said Mr. Mildmay. But I doubt whether Sir Marmaduke quite understood him.

There was silence in the room for a moment or two after Mr. Gresham had spoken, and then Mr. Mildmay again addressed his friends. "Of course it may be possible that my Lord De Terrier may foresee difficulties, or may find difficulties which will oblige him, either at once, or after an attempt has been made, to decline the task which her Majesty will probably commit to him. All of us, no doubt, know that the arrangement of a government is not the most easy task in the world; and that it is not made the more easy by an absence of a majority in the House of Commons."

"He would dissolve, I presume," said the Duke.

"I should say so," continued Mr. Mildmay. "But it may not improbably come to pass that her Majesty will feel herself obliged to send again for some one or two of us, that we may tender to her Majesty the advice which we owe to her;—for me, for instance, or for my friend the Duke. In such a matter she would be much guided probably by what Lord De Terrier might have suggested to her. Should this be so, and should I be consulted, my present feeling is that we should resume our offices so that the necessary business of the session should be completed, and that we should then dissolve Parliament, and thus ascertain the opinion of the country. In such case, however, we should of course meet again."

"I quite think that the course proposed by Mr. Mildmay will be the best," said the Duke, who had no doubt already discussed the matter with his friend the Prime Minister in private. No one else said a word either of argument or disagreement, and the Cabinet Council was broken up. The old messenger, who had been asleep in his chair, stood up and bowed as the Ministers walked by him, and then went in and rearranged the chairs.

"He has as much idea of giving up as you or I have," said Lord Cantrip to his friend Mr. Gresham, as they walked arm-in-arm together from the Treasury Chambers across St. James's Park towards the clubs.

"I am not sure that he is not right," said Mr. Gresham.

"Do you mean for himself or for the country?" asked Lord Cantrip.

"For his future fame. They who have abdicated and have clung to their abdication have always lost by it. Cincinnatus was brought back again, and Charles V. is felt to have been foolish. The peaches of retired ministers of which we hear so often have generally been cultivated in a constrained seclusion;—or at least the world so believes." They were talking probably of Mr. Mildmay, as to whom some of his colleagues had thought it probable, knowing that he would now resign, that he would have to-day declared his intention of laying aside for ever the cares of office.

Mr. Monk walked home alone, and as he went there was something of a feeling of disappointment at heart, which made him ask himself whether Mr. Turnbull might not have been right in rebuking him for joining the Government. But this, I think, was in no way due to Mr. Mildmay's resignation, but rather to a conviction on Mr. Monk's part that he had contributed but little to his country's welfare by sitting in Mr. Mildmay's Cabinet.

CHAPTER XXX.

MR. KENNEDY'S LUCK.

AFTER the holding of that Cabinet Council of which the author has dared to attempt a slight sketch in the last chapter, there were various visits made to the Queen, first by Mr. Mildmay, and then by Lord De Terrier, afterwards by Mr. Mildmay and the Duke together, and then again by Lord De Terrier; and there were various explanations made to Parliament in each House, and rivals were very courteous to each other, promising assistance; and at the end of it the old men held their seats. The only change made was effected by the retirement of Sir Marmaduke Morecombe, who was raised to the peerage, and by the selection of—Mr. Kennedy to fill his place in the Cabinet. Mr. Kennedy during the late debate had made one of those speeches, few and far between, by which he had created for himself a Parliamentary reputation; but, nevertheless, all men expressed their great surprise, and no one could quite understand why Mr. Kennedy had been made a Cabinet Minister.

"It is impossible to say whether he is pleased or not," said Lady Laura, speaking of him to Phineas. "I am pleased, of course."

"His ambition must be gratified," said Phineas.

"It would be, if he had any," said Lady Laura.

"I do not believe in a man lacking ambition."

"It is hard to say. There are men who by no means wear their hearts upon their sleeves, and my husband is one of them. He told me that it would be unbecoming in him to refuse, and that was all he said to me about it."

The old men held their seats, but they did so as it were only upon further trial. Mr. Mildmay took the course which he had indicated to his colleagues at the Cabinet meeting. Before all the explanations and journeyings were completed, April was over, and the much-needed Whitsuntide holidays were coming on. But little of the routine work of the session had been done; and, as Mr. Mildmay told the House more than once, the country would suffer were the Queen to dissolve Parliament at this period of the year. The old Ministers would go on with the business of the country, Lord De Terrier with his followers having declined to take affairs into their hands; and at the close of the session, which should be made as short as possible, writs should be issued for new elections. This was Mr. Mildmay's programme, and it was one of which no one dared to complain very loudly.

Mr. Turnbull, indeed, did speak a word of caution. He told Mr. Mildmay that he had lost his bill, good in other respects, because he had refused to introduce the ballot into his measure. Let him promise to be wiser for the future, and to obey the manifested wishes of the country, and then all would be well with him. In answer to this, Mr. Mildmay declared that to the best of his power of reading the country, his countrymen had manifested no such wish; and that if they did so, if by the fresh election it should be shown that the ballot was in truth desired, he would at once leave the execution of their wishes to abler and younger hands. Mr. Turnbull expressed himself perfectly satisfied with the Ministers' answers, and said that the coming election would show whether he or Mr. Mildmay were right.

Many men, and among them some of his colleagues, thought that Mr. Mildmay had been imprudent. "No man ought ever to pledge himself to anything," said Sir Henry Coldfoot to the Duke;—"that is, to anything unnecessary." The Duke, who was very true to Mr. Mildmay, made no reply to this, but even he thought that his old friend had been betrayed into a promise

too rapidly. But the pledge was given, and some people already began to make much of it. There appeared leader after leader in the People's Banner urging the constituencies to take advantage of the Prime Minister's words, and to show clearly at the hustings that they desired the ballot. "You had better come over to us, Mr. Finn; you had indeed," said Mr. Slide. "Now's the time to do it, and show yourself a people's friend. You'll have to do it sooner or later, — whether or no. Come to us, and we'll be your horgan."

But in those days Phineas was something less in love with Mr. Quintus Slide than he had been at the time of the great debate, for he was becoming more and more closely connected with people who in their ways of living and modes of expression were very unlike Mr. Slide. This advice was given to him about the end of May, and at that time Lord Chiltern was living with him in the lodgings in Great Marlborough Street. Miss Pouncefoot had temporarily vacated her rooms on the first floor, and the Lord with the broken bones had condescended to occupy them. "I don't know that I like having a Lord," Bunce had said to his wife. "It'll soon come to you not liking anybody decent anywhere," Mrs. Bunce had replied; "but I shan't ask any questions about it. When you're wasting so much time and money at your dirty law proceedings, it's well that somebody should earn something at home."

There had been many discussions about the bringing of Lord Chiltern up to London, in all of which Phineas had been concerned. Lord Brentford had thought that his son had better remain down at the Willingford Bull; and although he said that the rooms were at his son's disposal should Lord Chiltern choose to come to London, still he said it in such a way that Phineas, who went down to Willingford, could not tell his friend that he would be made welcome in Portman Square. "I think I shall leave those diggings altogether," Lord Chiltern said to him. "My father annoys me by everything he says and does, and I annoy him by saying and doing nothing." Then there came an invitation to him from Lady Laura and Mr. Kennedy. Would he come to Grosvenor Place? Lady Laura pressed this very much, though in truth Mr. Kennedy had hardly done more than give a cold assent. But Lord Chiltern would not hear of it. "There is some reason for my going to my father's house," said he, "though he and I are not the best friends in the world; but there can be no reason for my going to the house of a man

I dislike so much as I do Robert Kennedy." The matter was settled in the manner told above. Miss Pouncefoot's rooms were prepared for him at Mr. Bunce's house, and Phineas Finn went down to Willingford and brought him up. "I've sold Bone-breaker," he said, — "to a young fellow whose neck will certainly be the sacrifice if he attempts to ride him. I'd have given him to you, Phineas, only you wouldn't have known what to do with him."

Lord Chiltern when he came up to London was still in bandages, though, as the surgeon said, his bones seemed to have been made to be broken and set again; and his bandages of course were a sufficient excuse for his visiting the house neither of his father nor his brother-in-law. But Lady Laura went to him frequently, and thus became acquainted with our hero's home and with Mrs. Bunce. And there were messages taken from Violet to the man in bandages, some of which lost nothing in the carrying. Once Lady Laura tried to make Violet think that it would be right, or rather not wrong, that they two should go together to Lord Chiltern's rooms.

"And would you have me tell my aunt, or would you have me not tell her?" Violet asked.

"I would have you do just as you pleased," Lady Laura answered.

"So I shall," Violet replied, "but I will do nothing that I should be ashamed to tell any one. Your brother professes to be in love with me."

"He is in love with you," said Lady Laura. "Even you do not pretend to doubt his faith."

"Very well. In those circumstances a girl should not go to a man's rooms unless she means to consider herself as engaged to him, even with his sister; — not though he had broken every bone in his skin. I know what I may do, Laura, and I know what I mayn't; and I won't be led either by you or by my aunt."

"May I give him your love?"

"No; — because you'll give it in a wrong spirit. He knows well enough that I wish him well; — but you may tell him that from me, if you please. He has from me all those wishes which one friend owes to another."

But there were other messages sent from Violet through Phineas Finn which she worded with more show of affection, — perhaps as much for the discomfort of Phineas as for the consolation of Lord Chiltern. "Tell him to take care of himself," said Violet, "and bid him not to have any more of those wild brutes that are not fit

for any Christian to ride. Tell him that I say so. It's a great thing to be brave; but what's the use of being foolhardy?"

The session was to be closed at the end of June, to the great dismay of London tradesmen and of young ladies who had not been entirely successful in the early season. But before the old Parliament was closed, and the writs for the new election were despatched, there occurred an incident which was of very much importance to Phineas Finn. Near the end of June, when the remaining days of the session were numbered by three or four, he had been dining at Lord Brentford's house in Portman Square in company with Mr. Kennedy. But Lady Laura had not been there. At this time he saw Lord Brentford not unfrequently, and there was always a word said about Lord Chiltern. The father would ask how the son occupied himself, and Phineas would hope,—though hitherto he had hoped in vain,—that he would induce the Earl to come and see Lord Chiltern. Lord Brentford could never be brought to that; but it was sufficiently evident that he would have done so, had he not been afraid to descend so far from the altitude of his paternal wrath. On this evening, at about eleven, Mr. Kennedy and Phineas left the house together, and walked from the Square through Orchard Street into Oxford Street. Here their ways parted, but Phineas crossed the road with Mr. Kennedy, as he was making some reply to a second invitation to Loughlinter. Phineas, considering what had been said before on the subject, thought that the invitation came late, and that it was not warmly worded. He had, therefore, declined it, and was in the act of declining it, when he crossed the road with Mr. Kennedy. In walking down Orchard Street from the Square he had seen two men standing in the shadow a few yards up a mews or small alley that was there, but had thought nothing of them. It was just that period of the year when there is hardly any of the darkness of night; but at this moment there were symptoms of coming rain, and heavy drops began to fall; and there were big clouds coming and going before the young moon. Mr. Kennedy had said that he would get a cab, but he had seen none as he crossed Oxford Street, and had put up his umbrella as he made his way towards Park Street. Phineas as he left him distinctly perceived the same two figures on the other side of Oxford Street, and then turning into the shadow of a butcher's porch, he saw them cross the street in the wake of Mr. Kennedy. It was now raining in earnest,

and the few passengers who were out were scudding away quickly, this way and that.

It hardly occurred to Phineas to think that any danger was imminent to Mr. Kennedy from the men, but it did occur to him that he might as well take some notice of the matter. Phineas knew that Mr. Kennedy would make his way down Park Street, that being his usual route from Portman Square towards his own home, and knew also that he himself could again come across Mr. Kennedy's track by going down North Audley Street to the corner of Grosvenor Square, and thence by Brook Street into Park Street. Without much thought, therefore, he went out of his own course down to the corner of the Square, hurrying his steps till he was running, and then ran along Brook Street, thinking as he went of some special word that he might say to Mr. Kennedy as an excuse, should he again come across his late companion. He reached the corner of Park Street before that gentleman could have been there, unless he also had run; but just in time to see him as he was coming on,—and also to see in the dark glimmering of the slight uncertain moonlight that the two men were behind him. He retreated a step backwards in the corner, resolving that when Mr. Kennedy came up, they two would go on together; for now it was clear that Mr. Kennedy was followed. But Mr. Kennedy did not reach the corner. When he was within two doors of it, one of the men had followed him up quickly, and had thrown something round his throat from behind him. Phineas understood well now that his friend was in the act of being garrotted, and that his instant assistance was needed. He rushed forward, and as the second ruffian had been close upon the footsteps of the first, there was almost instantaneously a concourse of the four men. But there was no fight. The man who had already nearly succeeded in putting Mr. Kennedy on to his back, made no attempt to seize his prey when he found that so unwelcome an addition had joined the party, but instantly turned to fly. His companion was turning also, but Phineas was too quick for him, and having seized on to his collar, held to him with all his power. "Dash it all," said the man, "didn't yer see as how I was a-hurrying up to help the gentleman myself?" Phineas, however, hadn't seen this, and held on gallantly, and in a couple of minutes the first ruffian was back again upon the spot in the custody of a policeman. "You've done it uncommon neat, sir," said the policeman, complimenting Phineas upon his performance. "If the gentleman ain't

none the worst for it, it'll have been a very pretty evening's amusement." Mr. Kennedy was now leaning against the railings, and hitherto had been unable to declare whether he was really injured or not, and it was not till a second policeman came up that the hero of the night was at liberty to attend closely to his friend.

Mr. Kennedy, when he was able to speak, declared that for a minute or two he had thought that his neck had been broken; and he was not quite convinced till he found himself in his own house, that nothing more serious had really happened to him than certain bruises round his throat. The policeman was for a while anxious that at any rate Phineas should go with him to the police-office; but at last consented to take the addresses of the two gentlemen. When he found that Mr. Kennedy was a member of Parliament, and that he was designated as Right Honourable, his respect for the garrotter became more great, and he began to feel that the night was indeed a night of great importance. He expressed unbounded admiration at Mr. Finn's success in his own line, and made repeated promises that the men should be forthcoming on the morrow. Could a cab be got? Of course a cab could be got. A cab was got, and within a quarter of an hour of the making of the attack, the two members of Parliament were on their way to Grosvenor Place.

There was hardly a word spoken in the cab, for Mr. Kennedy was in pain. When, however, they reached the door in Grosvenor Place, Phineas wanted to go, and leave his friend with the servants, but this the Cabinet Minister would not allow. "Of course you must see my wife," he said. So they went upstairs into the drawing-room, and then upon the stairs, by the lights of the house, Phineas could perceive that his companion's face was bruised and black with dirt, and that his cravat was gone.

"I have been garrotted," said the Cabinet Minister to his wife.

"What?"

"Simply that; — or should have been, if he had not been there. How he came there, God only knows."

The wife's anxiety, and then her gratitude, need hardly be described, — nor the astonishment of the husband, which by no means decreased on reflection, at the opportune reappearance in the nick of time of the man whom three minutes before the attack he had left in the act of going in the opposite direction.

"I had seen the men, and thought it best to run round by the corner of Grosvenor Square," said Phineas.

"May God bless you," said Lady Laura.

"Amen," said the Cabinet Minister.

"I think he was born to be my friend," said Lady Laura.

The Cabinet Minister said nothing more that night. He was never given to much talking, and the little accident which had just occurred to him did not tend to make words easy to him. But he pressed our hero's hand, and Lady Laura said that of course Phineas would come to them on the morrow. Phineas remarked that his first business must be to go to the police-office, but he promised that he would come down to Grosvenor Place immediately afterwards. Then Lady Laura also pressed his hand, and looked — she looked, I think, as though she thought that Phineas would only have done right had he repeated the offence which he had committed under the waterfall of Loughlinter.

"Garrotted!" said Lord Chiltern, when Phineas told him the story before they went to bed that night. He had been smoking, sipping brandy-and-water, and waiting for Finn's return. "Robert Kennedy garrotted!"

"The fellow was in the act of doing it."

"And you stopped him?"

"Yes; — I got there just in time. Wasn't it lucky?"

"You ought to be garrotted yourself. I should have lent the man a hand had I been there."

"How can you say anything so horrible? But you are drinking too much, old fellow, and I shall lock the bottle up."

"If there were no one in London drank more than I do, the wine merchants would have a bad time of it. And so the new Cabinet Minister has been garrotted in the street. Of course I'm sorry for poor Laura's sake."

"Luckily he's not much the worse for it; — only a little bruised."

"I wonder whether it's on the carils he should be improved by it; — worse, except in the way of being strangled, he could not be. However, as he's my brother-in-law, I'm obliged to you for rescuing him. Come, I'll go to bed. I must say, if he was to be garrotted I should like to have been there to see it." That was the manner in which Lord Chiltern received the tidings of the terrible accident which had occurred to his near relative.

From the Sunday Magazine.
"ECCE HOMO."

A LETTER FROM A GERMAN CLERGYMAN.

YOU ask me whether I have read "Ecce Homo." Of course I have, and not once only, but three or four times, not to speak of those moments when I took up the book to read over and over again certain passages which had particularly struck me. Nor can you be surprised at hearing this, since you yourself admit that it is a book which cannot be brought into contact with a thinking mind without making a deep impression upon it. But in my opinion this only holds good of such minds as are sufficiently accustomed to the English method and form of thinking to be able, without too much exertion, to follow the course of the English reasoning, and, without too much self-restraint, to hail the results to which it leads. But of such minds, you know, there are not very many in this country. John Bull's peculiar cut of mind has always been a puzzle to the *Deutsche Michel*, and *vice versa*.

And this observation, to a certain extent, includes my answer to the first of your two questions — what the German public thinks of "Ecce Homo?" To be frank, it has no opinion at all on the subject, for the simple reason that it does not know the book; and this no doubt owing to the fact that, so far as I am aware, there is as yet no translation of it in our language. Our theologians, as well as the religious people here, read little English, comparatively speaking. But the very fact that we have no translation of "Ecce Homo" is, in my opinion, a sign that the book does not meet the wants of the German people. It shows that those among us who have read the book dare not risk advising a publisher to publish it. In short, good judges among us deem it doubtful whether the book would "take." And this is simply because it is so out-and-out English.

But let me not be misunderstood. Notwithstanding the great difference which obtains between the English character and ours, we admire the English as a great nation, and enjoy many of the productions of English genius. Shakspeare, you know is read and studied amongst us with intense delight. Your great historians and excellent novelists fill the minds not only of our learned men, but of the mass of the people. You know as well as I do how welcome to us are your classics, both modern and of early date; but this chiefly holds good of works in science and fiction. Though there is much in the spirit of it which we shall never try to imitate, yet we can understand,

admire, and relish it. But it is quite different when we come across the philosophical and theological productions of your countrymen. Here you present to us that side of your mind to which we can hardly find a corresponding side in ours. The difference may be expressed in two words. You are *practical*, we are *speculative*. I do not mean, of course, that the English are altogether devoid of speculative power, nor that we know nothing of the practical; but the love of the practical is so prominent an agent in your national character, that even where you deal with the speculative it seems to us as if you could not forbear submitting it to the stereotyped manœuvres of your practical method. Even that which we look up to as the most sublime and ideal, you treat as if it were only some sort of raw material to be passed through your mill and sent forth well packed, ticketed, and labelled ready for common practical use. You, on your part again, cannot help shaking your heads with an expression of pity not unmixed with a feeling of amusement when you see us dig, dig, dig, to get to the *under* and *undermost* ground of the matter, or soar up almost beyond sight to measure the distance of the furthestmost point. You cannot understand what all that diving and flying is for. In your opinion enough has already been brought up from the deep and sent down from above for laying the foundation of some useful work on *terra firma*. Well, sometimes you are right, and sometimes we are right, and very often, after some time has elapsed, one party thankfully acknowledges that it has learnt something from the other. But, nevertheless, it will, in my opinion, take a long time before the two minds find the true point of conjunction, and know how to appreciate each other so as to merge main principles of each into one common good. As it is at present, there are numbers of your philosophical and religious books which are in almost every English house, but which will never be found in any of our houses. To our taste, they contain too much of matter-of-fact reading, are too business-like, and tend too much to turn everything spiritual, even the church itself, into a big workshop. When, then, we hear of books on moral or religious topics (except, indeed, sermons, biblical commentaries, and the like) which make a *swore* in your land, we involuntarily expect to read such words as "society," "committee," "report," "meeting," "balance-sheet," "work," "labour," &c., on almost every page, and we wonder if the title is not something like this: — "Plenty to do,

and how to do it," or, "How to make the best of both worlds," or, "English Hearts and English Hands."

Now "Ecce Homo" is exactly the book we should expect from English heterodoxy attempting to give us a character-picture of our Lord. Its title is quite correct. It considers our Saviour exclusively as a Man, not however as a *homo patiens*, but as a *homo practicus*. In this respect the book is read with great interest by those of my friends who are sufficiently at home in your language to understand it. It is regarded as a good specimen of the thorough English method in handling the Gospel story outside the pale of orthodox church tradition. It shows us what sort of representation of Christ we should have got had the apostles been Englishmen, and a little less orthodox than they were. It is thus looked upon as a national curiosity, but at the same time as a national masterpiece. It astounds us by showing us how, the Gospel matter having first been reduced almost to its minimum, the English mind can spin an incredible amount of useful observations out of it, and can place the Gospel story in such an original relation to the conditions of civilised society at present, as to stand in quite an unexpected, if not unprecedented, light.

Ours is the age of the nationalities in matters of ethics, religion, and theology, as well as other things. For centuries Christian theology has been accustomed to regard the four Gospels as the only authentic, infallible, and, even in minute particulars, perfectly accurate historical records of our Lord's life. Out of these four documents arose an image of the Lord's character and work, which was generally accepted in the Christian church, especially after the suppression of the so-called Arian and Nestorian heresies. A certain authorized representation of the incarnate Son of God soon stereotyped itself in the minds of the people, and through generations continued invariably the same. It was the catholic image of Christ, as it was fancied *ab omnibus, ubique, semper*. It showed no peculiar national type. Whether you worshipped in Rome or in London, in Hamburg or in Moscow, it was everywhere the same Christ you worshipped, for it was not exclusively the Roman Catholic, nor the Greek Catholic, but the purely Catholic image which stood before the minds of all the churches. Nor did the Reformers alter anything in this ancient traditional picture. They greatly differed from Rome as to dogma and church discipline, but there was little or no difference between them and that

Church as to the conception of the character or of the work, or, in a word, of the person of Christ. But in the beginning of the last century Neology began to break up the catholic ground, and Rationalism not only rejected the inspiration and the infallibility of the Gospels, but even called in question their historical correctness. Various portraits of Christ have been tried by the heads or representatives of the various theological schools. Still they were more like faint sketches than elaborate pictures. The age of the biographies, least of all of the biographies of Christ, had not yet come.

But that age is ours. From the day when Strauss and the Tübingen school applied the instruments of their all-destructive criticism to the most holy and venerable, and reduced the Gospel image of Christ to atoms, many learned men in different countries have set about reconstructing a statue out of the scattered fragments. Of course, the catholic image was condemned once and for ever. But such a vandalic outrage as Strauss had committed upon the Gospel history, was too bad in the opinion of the modern builders. Uncertain, mythical, fabulous as the Gospel records were in many respects deemed to be, yet it was held that enough of historical truth was left to supply the required materials for the composition, if not of a complete biography, at least of a character-picture of Jesus of Nazareth. Various experiments have accordingly been made. But every one having now the liberty of determining for himself what is fact and what is fiction in the Gospels, the choice of materials was no longer qualified by history, but left to taste. Full scope was thus given for the individuality, the temper, the favourite ideas, the hobbies, and even the party-spirit and national peculiarities of the composer to play upon the spirit and form of his composition. Hence various biographies and portraits of Christ have sprung up during the last thirty years. With the exception of a few features common to all, these often differ as much from each other as a Basle clergyman differs from a Parisian abbé, or a Genevan professor from a Stockholm advocate. What above all distinguishes them from each other is that peculiar colour which is more or less common to such of them as have originated in the same country. They might easily be grouped according to the nationalities. Catholicity is out of the question. Now-a-days we have a separate Christ for each nation. Gfrörer's, Weisse's, Schenkel's Jesus is a German philosopher

dressed in the garb of a Jewish rabbi. The Jesus of Renan is an admirable French enthusiast, living among the bucolic scenery of Galilee, and scheming sublime but sometimes too fantastic theories for the reform of mankind. And the Jesus of "Ecce Homo" is an admirable English moralist and philanthropist, who in some mysterious way suddenly makes his appearance in the district of Capernaum, to fill the minds of the people with a wonderful affection called the "enthusiasm of humanity," to give them "plenty to do," and to teach them "how to do it," so that they may be able "to make the best of both worlds." What struck me, or I should almost say what amused me, the other day, when I took up the book afresh, was the pleasure the writer evidently takes in representing the kingdom of Christ or the church (for these are with him synonymous) as a "society." One involuntarily fancies our Lord as its president, and the band of his apostles or ministers as a kind of executive committee. It is true, he says (p. 309, new edition of 1867), "No committee drew up rules for the universal commonwealth," but this may be said of almost every organized society, inasmuch as it took its origin from one or two men who planned it, and laid down the general principles upon which it was to work. But your author knows history too well not to admit that during the short period in which the Gentile church worked without committees, and consequently represented anything but an "organized society," it was *not* universal or catholic; and that most likely it would never have become universal, had it not been taken up by bands of men called "bishops," who formed themselves into committees called "councils," which, backed by the strong arm of the worldly power, "drew up such rules" as were indispensable to make a "universal commonwealth" of the church. From that time, undoubtedly, the Christian church completely assumed the form of an organized society, with its boards, committees, divisions, and subdivisions, of which Christ might be imagined as the invisible, perhaps only the honorary, president, while by-and-by a vice-president became visible in Rome, who after a long, often successful, administration in various divisions of that vast body, saw other vice-presidents spring up. In spite of his anathemata, these, up to the present day, share with him the administration of that society. Strange to say, however, your author, notwithstanding his great historical knowledge and keen perception, has allowed himself to get under one very delusive impression.

He seems to hold that that vast organized society—which by the administrative skill of so many venerable committees on the one hand, and by the sword of Constantine, Charlemagne, and other *Reges Christianissimi* on the other, has been forced into "a universal commonwealth"—is that "kingdom of God" which Jesus of Nazareth meant, when He taught his disciples to pray, "Thy kingdom come!" The writer from the outset accepts this as a matter of fact, without even trying to prove the correctness of his opinion. Evidently it has not even occurred to him that proof could be expected of what looked so like a truism. How could a moralist such as he is suppose that Christ, whom he regards as the most perfect moralist, when conceiving (to use an expression of the writer) "the most daring of all speculative dreams," that of founding a kingdom of God, could have thought of anything save just such a church as now covers the civilised world, and which, notwithstanding all its faults and failures, so admirably answers the idea of a vast universal well-organized society for promoting morality and philanthropy! "The triumph of the Christian church," he cries enthusiastically, "is that it is there—that the most daring of all speculative dreams, instead of being found impracticable, has been carried into effect!" (p. 307.) And what is that Christian church according to one of the writer's descriptions? "A virtue-making institution" (p. xvii.) I really wonder he did not go one step farther and call it a virtue-*manufacturing* institution. We could scarcely expect anything short of that from a heterodox English moralist. What a pity it cannot be proved that Nazareth was a town in Yorkshire! So this is the New Jerusalem which, according to the writer's conclusive sentence, "descended out of heaven from God." In the days of the Apostle Paul, that Jerusalem was yet "above" (Gal. iv. 26). It must consequently have come down since then. And when may that have happened? The writer does not tell us. I suppose it must have been when Constantine, at the head of his legions, saw in the air the cross with the inscription I. H. S., or when Charlemagne baptized the Saxons wholesale by hunting them into the river. What prodigious manufacturers of Christians those mighty men were! Statues should be erected to them in London, in Manchester, or Bradford. They were undoubtedly the chief contributors towards "carrying the most daring of all speculative dreams into effect." Without their energetic help, the great "virtue-making

institution" would never have come into existence.

I have called the writer heterodox. Notwithstanding the cautiousness with which, all through the book, he tries to keep up an orthodox appearance, he cannot help betraying himself now and then, as being what the venerable heads of your Church would call "an heretic." This is especially clear from the light in which he regards the Scriptures. He implicitly confesses to suspecting the fourth Gospel as being "a freely-idealized portraiture of Christ" (p. x.). To him "nothing is more natural than that exaggerations and even inventions should be mixed with genuine facts in the Gospel biographies of Christ" (p. 9). The spirit of prophecy in the Old Testament, being "somewhat perplexed by the new institution of an earthly king in Israel, found an escape from this perplexity by picturing the earthly king as standing in a peculiar relation to the heavenly." &c. (p. 22). Surely, this is anything but orthodox phraseology. Do not suppose, however, that we Germans are so very much frightened at it. For more than a century you are aware we have been accustomed to that sort of thing. Indeed, we are to some extent thankful for it. It has greatly contributed toward curing us a little of *orthodoxolatry* on the one side, and *heterodoxophobia* on the other. We have been brought to see that there may be a great deal of error in orthodox traditions, and not a little truth in heresy. So, in our estimation, the writer of "Ecce Homo" would not be a bit less of a Christian for supposing the Gospels here and there interpolated with spurious passages, or for his rejecting the fourth Gospel as a kind of historical romance. Only we should at least expect him to give us, in a book like this, the grounds of his criticism, and to tell us which portions of the Gospel biographies he regards as "exaggerations and inventions." We should maintain that the latter was his duty as a public writer who professes to "endeavour to describe Christ as a Moralist speaking with authority, and perpetuating his doctrine by means of a society" (p. xi.). Indeed, in a book in which expressions like the above occur, a specified account of the relation in which the writer stands to the canonical writings of the New Testament cannot well be absent without placing him in a light false in many respects, perhaps, but caused by the enigmatical, and I should almost say inconsiderate, way, in which he expresses himself. The reader, having learnt from the writer that there are exaggerations and inventions mixed with the facts of the Gospel narra-

tive, has a right to suppose, or at least to surmise, that the author comprises under these "exaggerations and inventions" all such explicit and important testimonies of the Gospels about Christ as he, in his book, does not even so much as allude to. Thus, for instance, we do not read a word about the Lord's miraculous birth, nor about the atoning power of his blood, notwithstanding that the book contains one whole chapter on "Christ's royalty," and two on "the law of forgiveness." This all but forces us to suppose that the writer regards the story of the Lord's miraculous birth as one of the "inventions," and the testimony about the sin-atoning power of his blood as one of the "exaggerations." Perhaps this supposition is wrong. But then we certainly have the right to ask the writer, "How is it that you, who believe that Christ is God, and that his blood was shed for the remission of our sins, can pretend to having tried anything like a true description of the great 'Moralist' and his 'society,' while in your description of his moral system, the gratitude for atonement through his blood, as the specific Christian motive for every virtue, is absent, and in your description of the work and character of his 'society,' not only is the proclamation of forgiveness of sins through his blood not mentioned, but not a single word is said about the divine honor and adoration which that society deems it its highest duty permanently to pay to its Founder?" Or, after all, the supposition may be right. But then we are justified in asking the author, "What grounds have you for eliminating from historical documents concerning our Lord's life two statements, the rejection of which cannot take place without making Jesus of Nazareth altogether a different person from what the writers of these documents represent him to be?"

It is true, a few expressions occur in the book from which it would follow that the writer believes both in the divine nature of our Lord, and in the atoning power of his blood. In one place he tells us (p. 302), "that it was the will of God to beget no second son like Christ." In another (p. 156), that "Christ was destined to lay down his life for men." But, as these expressions occur only once or twice, it is not easy to say what meaning the writer attaches to them. If he believes—which is probable from the spirit pervading the whole book—that all men are children of God, and consequently may be said to be begotten of God, the former of the two expressions only tells us that Christ was the most eminent among men. And if he believes,

which again is probable on the same ground, that Christ only died as a martyr, the latter of the two expressions only tells us that Christ laid down his life to secure the enthusiasm of mankind for his person and doctrine. In a word, there is a vagueness, and, I should almost say, a certain oracularness of expression in the book with reference to the most important doctrinal questions, which makes it very hazy and the perusal of it often tantalizing. Even granting the author full liberty to consider Christ exclusively in his human character, it is impossible to see what use there can be in his keeping his opinion in regard to the testimonies of Scripture concerning the Lord's divine nature wrapt in an impenetrable fog, from which only ambiguous-sounding voices occasionally issue forth, dissatisfying alike to heterodox and orthodox, because they tell the former too much and the latter too little. This vagueness, this ambiguity cannot but tell unfavourably upon the image of the Lord which the writer desires to place before our view. After having read the book over and over again, we cannot precisely tell what sort of being the author tries to picture, endeavouring to win our enthusiastic devotion for him. We lay down the book with a cloudy impression that we have read about a very extraordinary person, something between a man and a God, since all the writer tells us about him is too much for the one and too little for the other. But how that demi-god came among us, in what precise relation he stands to the future history of mankind, and in what connection he stands with the Almighty God—these are questions about which the author leaves us altogether in the dark.

It is true, the writer tells us in the preface to the fifth edition (p. xix.), that he has not "concealed his theological opinions," but only "not published them." But "not to publish" is tantamount to concealment where publication may reasonably be expected, and where it is required for the clear description and elucidation of the subject matter. The writer's assertion, however, that he has not published his theological opinions, is incorrect. He has unquestionably published a little, sometimes tolerably much, but never quite so much as was necessary. And here lies his principal fault. Had he published nothing of his theological opinions, the book, which "was expressly announced as a fragment" (p. xviii.), would have strictly answered to that announcement. Everybody would have felt that it was only meant to describe one side of our Lord's personality and work. But then it would unquestionably have been a

very dry and uninteresting book. For can anything be imagined more shallow and unsatisfactory than a description of the character and work of Jesus, from which the supernatural or divine is strictly eliminated? Nay, I would ask, is it possible altogether to leave out the supernatural or divine without making such a caricature of Christ as, for instance, Renan did? Evidently the writer did not wish to come to this. He felt that the pouring in of a few drops of the theological spirit was indispensable to make Jesus a man worthy to shine at the head of the human race. A man who is a "moralist speaking with authority" (p. xi.), but who never performs a miracle—a hero willing to die in the noblest contest, but never rising victorious out of the grave—a founder of a universal society which is to comprise the whole human race, but who, like all other mortal men, after his death leaves, or at least seems to leave, that society to itself, without giving any evidence of his being able to look after it—such a man, of course, could not be the *homo* whom the human race might with any propriety be invited to "behold." So the author allows the miracles to come in, and once or twice we get far in the distance a glimpse of the Resurrection. Once, indeed, we are told that Christ after his death "withdrew to a secret post of observation, from whence he visited his people for the future only in refreshing inspirations and great acts of providential justice" (p. 102); and we learn that Christ Jesus is "the Eternal Sovereign of the Universal Commonwealth," which he founded (p. 208); and thus from the theological lamp there is poured down just so much splendour upon the anthropological side of Christ's appearance as is necessary to raise him up to the top of humanity as the man "in whose person is gathered up the majesty of men, which we worship" (p. 208). But the author has overlooked that by doing this he has altogether spoiled the purposed fragmentary character of his book, and made something of it which is neither a fragment nor a whole, or, to use a phrase common among us, something which is too grand for a *serviette*, and too small for a table napkin. We now have a mixture of two fragments—1° the human side of Christ as a fragment of his personality, and 2° a fragment, or, I should rather say, a few fragmentary indications of the divine side of his wonderful being. The latter, however, stand altogether out of proportion to the former. They serve only to form a sort of framework to the picture. But the divine coming in only as something accessory to the human cannot fail to produce a bad

effect. Those critics who, as the writer tells us (p. xviii.), have sought the cause of that bad impression in his having said "half truths" have not, in my opinion, hit the mark. It is not the incompleteness, but the abasement of the truths themselves that grates upon the feeling. The divine is here made use of somewhat in the same way as a novelist would use a principedom or a rich marriage, to make his hero come off splendidly. It is the *Man Jesus* who does everything, but then that which he does is so astoundingly colossal, that a little bit of the divine must needs be had recourse to in order to prop it up, and guard it against overbalancing itself. Thus the divine is put in a kind of menial relation to the human. It is this which offends the religious sense of so many, and the devotional feeling of not a few. One can almost better brook the Jesus of Renan, who puts that which cannot well be explained from the regularly human to the account of "un aimable enthousiasme fanatique." The exaltation of the human so as to supersede the divine is bad, but the lowering of the divine so as only to serve to glorify the human is far worse.

I see that your excellent statesman, Mr. Gladstone, discusses the question in *Good Words* whether a representation of Christ as viewed in the light of his humanity alone is justifiable. The question is a most important one. It was, as far as I remember, first broached amongst us some fifty years ago by Schleiermacher, and then discussed all through the German theological world. It was elicited by the common tendency of the orthodox to merge the Lord's humanity in his divinity; a tendency which has kept the orthodox churches continually on the verge of *docetism*. Wherever that tendency is, nothing is more needed than a representation of the Lord in his true humanity. That we only can be saved by God if we are to be saved at all, is a truism which the very heathen believed long before Christ was born. He, therefore, who makes of the Saviour nothing but a God, by always and exclusively pointing at his eternal divinity, his omnipotence, his omniscience, and so on, is little above a heathen, even although he should occasionally mention the death and burial of Christ. The man who is truly, specifically Christian, begins where it is believed that the Omnipotent and Omniscient One became a helpless, unconscious mortal Babe, or, as the fourth Gospel has it, that the Word, the Logos (not "was made," but) became (*egeneto*) flesh. To proclaim this greatest of all mysteries; to place it in its true historical

light; to prove from the life of Jesus that it was a fact; to show from his experience by words and deeds that he who professed and with power has been *proved* (*horistheis*) to be the Son of God, was really a man, in all things made like unto us—this is to proclaim the Gospel, the glad intelligence which assures us that God was *honest* and not acting a part when he appeared among us in a human form. Nothing is more adapted than the faithful proclamation of this fact in all its countless applications and consequences to bring to light the truth that God loves man, and that it is his purpose to raise the human race to the highest imaginable pitch of development. But to make the representation of the person of Christ have that effect, the way is most assuredly not to be sought in rendering (to use Mr. Gladstone's words) "the human aspect so predominant as to be at first sight almost the only one." Such a representation proves nothing, because it proves too much. It is possible that the writer of "Ecce Homo" for himself believes that Christ is God; at least he says nowhere in his book that he does not believe it. But then, impelled, perhaps, by the desire of vindicating Christ's true manhood, he has in his arduous allowed himself to be carried so far as to present to his readers the picture of a Christ who so thoroughly became man that He ceased to be God. In that case his book exhibits the very opposite of that which he attacks. To oppose the error which merges the manhood in the divinity, he merges the divinity in the manhood.

The question whether a representation of Christ from the human side of his personality alone is justifiable finds its correct answer in the observation that such a representation can never be historically true. It must always of necessity turn out a failure. "Ecce Homo" is a confirmation of that observation. It represents the Founder of the kingdom of God as a perfect Man, who was in the possession of a certain amount of miraculous power. This is not the representation of Christ's person in the historical documents which the writer adopts as the sources from which he draws his knowledge. They represent the Founder of the kingdom of God as a Man who was the Son of God. Even Mark, whom the writer chiefly follows, introduces Christ in this character in the very first verse of his Gospel. Now it does not need to be observed here that, whatever signification *we* occidentals may attribute to the term, "The Son of God," this much is certain, that an Israelite meant by it a man who had no human father, but whose father was God, the

Creator Himself. It stands to reason that such a man is a different person from one who only possesses miraculous power. Even where both are represented as performing one and the same work—as, for instance, teaching the people—the reader of Mark will regard both the Man and his work in a light altogether different from that in which the reader of "Ecce Homo" regards Him. Suppose a man attends a meeting at which a humble but talented schoolmaster delivers an excellent lecture on social reform. The lecturer, his lecture, and the meeting may be supposed to make a certain impression upon that man. But let us again suppose that after the lecture is over he comes to know that the lecturer was not merely a schoolmaster, but the son of the king, the heir to the throne. Will the impression of the lecturer, his lecture, and the meeting upon the man's mind continue unaltered? Will not the lecturer at once become to him quite a different historical person from what he was before, and the lecture assume quite a different significance, and the meeting become altogether a different event in history? And will he not be ready to admit that owing to his ignorance, his former impression was erroneous?

Still Mr. Gladstone seems not uninclined to advocate the writer's method from an educational, or pedagogic point of view. He points to the author's own confession in the preface to his book, that he wrote it for the satisfaction of his own mind. Mr. Gladstone accordingly calls the book "a work of self-education," in which the reader ought to see the gradual progress with which the writer, tracing the biography of Jesus from point to point, came to learn how the promising young man of Nazareth became the great Founder of the Kingdom of God. Of course, this alters the case altogether. Placed in that light, the book is to be regarded as the first essay of a tyro in the Christian religion. Indeed, Mr. Gladstone seems not far from the supposition that the writer is a man who "addressed himself to a subject never, it would seem, effectually brought home to his understanding through the channels of tradition and authority." It is much to the credit of such a man that he tries to come to the true knowledge of the subject by applying to the original documents themselves. But it is a question whether the publication of such an essay can have any real value to Christians who are no longer tyros, except that of satisfying their curiosity as respects knowing what effect the study of the Gospel narrative may produce upon the mind of a well-educated inquirer who comes *tabula rasa* to the subject.

But it may also be asked whether such a book, being composed by a novice, can be expected to exhibit that correctness of inference, or that depth of insight, which characterize the works of the fully initiated and well-instructed veteran, and whether it is not likely to do much harm to the mind of the ignorant, the inexperienced, and the doubting. Such questions as these I am not prepared to answer. I, for one, cannot see how there could be any call for the publication of such a "tentative" experiment. Indeed, one could beforehand have predicted the unsatisfactory results it must lead to, on learning from the writer that it was at the outset his resolution "to accept those conclusions about Jesus, not which church doctors, or even apostles, have sealed with their authority, but which the facts themselves, critically weighed, appear to warrant" (p. xxi.). This means, in other words, that the writer was resolved to accept those conclusions, not which apostles, but which he himself, after what he calls a critical weighing, would draw from the facts. Accordingly we find scarcely so much as an occasional allusion to the teachings of the apostles. The writer talks about Jesus as if there had never been anything said about Him by Peter, John, or Paul. Of course he knew the conclusions which these first eye-witnesses and ear-witnesses drew from the Lord's death and resurrection. But he leaves them altogether unnoticed. He has emancipated himself from the instruction of those men whom Jesus himself had appointed as teachers, to instruct the world about the facts of his life. It stands to reason that with this method the writer must arrive at conclusions which are very unsatisfactory to a church taught by the Apostles. It is true the writer appeals to the facts, but it does not follow that his conclusions drawn from those facts are correct. We know but too well what is included in the favourite cry of the so-called impartial critics: "We don't want theories; all we want is *facts*; allow *them* to speak!" This is a hollow phrase, and usually comes to this: "Give us facts, and we shall give you our theories about them!" *Facts don't speak*. Taken by themselves, they are dead things. Man *makes* facts speak; and as the man is, so also, as a rule, are the tales which he allows the facts to tell. Both the Pharisees and the Apostles witnessed the same facts. They told the former that Jesus had a devil, and the latter that He was the Son of God. Both Paul and the writer of "Ecce Homo" have studied the life of Jesus. Both have in their writings "furnished an answer to the question,—

What was Christ's object in founding the society which is called by his name?" (p. xxii.) But according to the one that object was the establishing of a happy, well-organized, morally pure "universal commonwealth" on earth; in which "the majesty of men was to be worshipped, gathered up in the person of its Eternal Sovereign, Christ Jesus." According to the other, that object was the gathering of an elect body of men, separated *from* the universal mass of mankind, whose citizenship (*politeuma*, Phil. iii. 20) was *not* to be on earth but in heaven, and who consequently were *not* to mind (*phroncin*, Col. iii. 2) things on the earth, but to seek those things which are above; who were not to worship the majesty of men, but to worship God through Jesus Christ their Lord; who, while a "peculiar people, zealous of good works,"

during their short sojourn as pilgrims here below, were to hold themselves in constant readiness at any moment to be caught up to meet their Lord in the air, since it was their destiny, in the closest union with Him, to reign with Him, to judge the angels and the world (1 Cor. vi. 3), and in that high majestic dignity to establish, with and through Him, a universal commonwealth, which not only was to comprise the inhabitants of the earth, but also those of the heavenly places.

You see there is some difference between the conclusions which the writer of "Ecce Homo" has drawn from the facts of the Gospel, and those which Paul drew. Permit me, however, to pause here for the present, as I see that my letter is already too long. Next month I hope to send you a continuation of my criticism.

THE WINGED WORSHIPPERS.

Addressed to Two Swallows that flew into Chauncy Place Church during Divine Service.

BY CHARLES SPRAGUE.

Gay, guiltless pair,
What seek ye from the fields of heaven?
Ye have no need of prayer,
Ye have no sins to be forgiven.

Why perch ye here,
Where mortals to their Maker bend?
Can your pure spirits fear
The God ye never could offend?

Ye never knew
The crimes for which we come to weep.
Penance is not for you,
Blessed wanderers of the *upper deep*.

To you 'tis given
To wake sweet Nature's untaught lays;
Beneath the arch of heaven
To chirp away a life of praise.

Then spread each wing,
Far, far above, o'er lake and lands,
And join the choirs that sing
In yon blue dome not reared with hands.

Or, if ye stay,
To note the consecrated hour,
Teach me the airy way,
And let me try your envied power.

Above the crowd,
On upward wings could I but fly,

I'd bathe in yon bright cloud,
And seek the stars that gem the sky.

'Twere Heaven indeed
Through fields of trackless light to soar,
On Nature's charms to feed,
And Nature's own great God adore.

—*Transcript*.

BIRDNOTES.

Hark!
'Tis the lark,
Singing where the clouds are breaking,
"I see the sun,—
Sing, sing, sing, sing!"
Soaring up on high,
"Sing, sing, sing, sing!"
Dropping down the sky,
Mad with mirth of his own making,
Singing where the clouds are breaking,
"Dark days are done!"

Hush!
'Tis the thrush,
Singing where the green leaves glisten,
"Dark days are done!
Joy! joy! joy! joy!"
Fills his swelling throat,
"Joy! joy! joy! joy!"
Breathes in every note,
Calling all sweet birds to listen;
High and low, where green leaves glisten,
Answers every one.

ISA CRAIG KNOX.

—*Sunday Magazine*.

From The Saturday Review.

PERIODICAL WRITERS.

THERE are born newspaper writers; and there are born magazine writers; and there are born writers in quarterlies. There are of course, besides these, an indefinite number of other writers who happen in a greater or less degree to contribute to newspapers, magazines, and quarterlies, but of whom we should find it difficult to say that they might not with equal success have taken up some other line instead of that which they have actually chosen. It is, however, of the former class that we now wish to speak.

It would be difficult, at least in England, where newspaper-writing is anonymous, to say who especially have been the typical newspaper writers. But of writers in quarterlies Lord Jeffrey is, *facile princeps*, the model, the central type. Not that he was the ablest, or anything like the ablest, of those who have given their thoughts to the world through this medium. To go no further than the *Edinburgh Review*, both Sydney Smith and Lord Macaulay were much cleverer men, and their articles were much cleverer articles than those of Jeffrey. But it may be doubted whether they produced so great an immediate effect, whether their influence as reviewers over their contemporaries was felt equally with that of Jeffrey; and it is quite beyond question that Jeffrey's power was far greater, in proportion to his ability, than was theirs. Sydney Smith and Macaulay, had they even been wholly debarred from reviewing, would perhaps have produced an effect on the world not inferior to that which has in fact resulted from their efforts. But Jeffrey, had he not been a reviewer, and moreover a quarterly reviewer, would have been nobody. Here he was precisely in his place; he had the very qualities which made him, not indeed the real leader, but the recognised arbiter of his generation in literary judgments. He was emphatically not a man of genius; he had no overpowering instinct, no inspiration, not even any special insight or enthusiasm. But he had an ever watchful common sense, a sympathy with progress and with all forms of thought not too violently eccentric, generosity of temper, and guardedness of expression. And hence, while the attacks of the *Quarterly* on Keats and Tennyson produced no lasting effect whatever, the attacks of Jeffrey on Wordsworth produced a great and continued effect. It is impossible to read them even now without admiration for their neatness and plausibility; essentially unjust, they yet escape the condemnation of injustice, from the evident candour of the

writer, the impossibility of charging him with any bad passion, with anything beyond a deficient feeling for the poetic faculty exerting itself in certain new and somewhat startling directions. To Coleridge, indeed, and to him alone, Jeffrey was more positively unfair.

Suppose even so slight a change as that Jeffrey had written in a magazine instead of a quarterly review, he could never have had the same influence; his want of liveliness, which, as it was, helped him to gain a character for judicial impartiality, would then have been a hindrance to him. The typical magazine writers are Professor Wilson and De Quincey; and which is the most typical it would perhaps be hard to say. Here, again, there are other magazine writers who cannot be reckoned inferior in ability to Wilson or De Quincey, who yet are by no means equally characteristic in this particular respect. Some, for instance, of Mr. Carlyle's most brilliant productions appeared first in magazines; but their having so appeared was in a sense accidental—they might just as well have come out as a complete book at once. But the stamp of the magazine is on everything written by either Wilson or De Quincey.

Unlike Jeffrey, both of these two were men of genius. Moreover, while their most salient characteristics were startlingly dissimilar, the subtler qualities of their genius were by no means unlike. A fine and beautiful irony expressed itself equally through the apparent animalism of the one and the apparent egotism of the other. Wilson, at first sight, seems a mere boy; you cannot read through ten pages of him without finding some rollicking piece of bodily exercise, some audacious joke, some highly appreciative notice of the pleasures of eating and drinking. He tears over the mountains; he clears twenty-three feet in a single leap (this a real piece of sober fact); he has a perfectly voracious appetite, and an unlimited capacity for toddy. He hurls abusive epithets at his political and poetical adversaries with a most surprising vigour. But a real delicacy of nature lies beneath this outward show, and reveals itself in time. He has the trick of returning back upon himself, and making amends for some unusually caustic piece of criticism by a generous surrender. Nowhere is this more remarkable than in his review of the early productions of Tennyson, which in many parts, as is well known, is by no means sparing in its censure (and, to say the truth, deservedly so), yet ends with these words, after quoting some of the more beautiful pieces of the poet:—"Looking over

our article, we see that the whole merit of it lies in the extracts, which are beautiful exceedingly." And, in fact, there were few men in whom Wilson could not discern some merit. To Jeffrey and Brougham, widely as he differed from them, he was gracefully courteous. Even Mr. Tupper, whose portentous continuation of *Christabel* now lies embalmed in the *Essays of Christopher North*, like a fly in amber, was not dismissed by him without some measure of encouragement; and though Mr. Tupper has since proved most conclusively to the world his possession of a thickness of skin on which neither satire nor encouragement is of any avail, it can hardly be laid to Wilson's charge, as a fault, that he did not foresee the eccentric and uncouth developments of that remarkable person. To some writers, indeed, Wilson was far too indulgent, and, from his reverence for religion, especially indulgent to those who wrote in a religious strain. Mr. Bowles's heavy, dull, violent tracts in verse, full of everything a poem should not have, void of everything that a poem should have, were treated by him with a respect that at the present day seems quite unaccountable. On the other hand, what a model of satire is his review of Sir Humphry Davy's *Salmonia*! We know of hardly any other instance of a satire so severe, and so justly severe, in which yet the person satirized is treated, not merely without virulence or animosity, but without even the assumption of superiority on the part of the satirist, with a true gentlemanliness and dignity of tone concealing itself beneath inextinguishable laughter. And if a certain want of generosity is to be imputed to him in his criticisms of Leigh Hunt and what he called the "Cockney" school, he made amends for it by a fuller appreciation afterwards.

The great charm of Wilson, as of all humourists, is the contrast between the superficial aspects of his nature and those undercurrents which he appears studiously to shroud, and which reveal themselves only to the more careful observer. Where we had thought there was nothing but physical enjoyment, suddenly is seen to be thought and spirituality. Nature, instead of being to him a servant of all work, is truly a divine goddess, the opener of secret things; his loud talking in her presence is but a veil to hide what he feels from the vulgar. The pure animalist, the pure sentimentalist, and the pure cynic are alike unbearable; but the man who can combine them in the proper proportion will affect others deeply and enduringly. Genuinely to do so needs great grasp of mind; nor indeed can they be com-

bined in precisely equal proportions consistently with unity of endeavour. Some one must be the predominant and true motive, while the others represent past or superficial modes of feeling, which are only not laid aside because they serve as channels of communication and mutual understanding between the writer and other men. Now in Wilson the animalist is apparently and in outward show predominant, but the sentimentalist really so — using the word sentiment not in an invidious sense, but as signifying sympathy with some past or external mode of feeling; while cynicism is never put on by him except as a transparent mockery, in a spirit of audacious bravado, amusing from its very incongruousness.

De Quincey also was a humourist — a compound of the sentimentalist and the cynic; and in him also the sentimentalist must, on the whole, be held to have predominated. Though cynicism was to him something more than an outward veil or superficial feeling, it entered more deeply into his nature than animalism did into Wilson's. The famous *Essay on Murder considered as one of the Fine Arts* is one of the masterpieces of cynicism; and the humour of it consists in this cynicism being suppressed and ignored by the writer, who pretends to take his stand as a sentimentalist, as a sympathizer with those modes of feeling which the fine arts arouse in those who study them. And yet, when one has penetrated through the superficial sentimentalism to the underlying stratum of cynicism, there is seen in the far distance yet another frame of mind which denies or throws doubt on the reality of the cynicism, and thereby renders it bearable. De Quincey's nature was indeed a complicated one. Who can forget the little touches in his essays on Wordsworth and Coleridge, by which, in the middle of his exuberant floods of admiration for those great poets, he suddenly checks himself into coldness, and into what would be called sarcasm were it not so slight and fleeting, seeming to say, "After all, you need not be so much surprised; these men had a great deal of luck, and a certain knack, but at bottom they were men like you or me, and had some very prosaic qualities indeed." No doubt it was the consciousness of his own great powers, the greatness of which was comparatively unrecognised, that caused this sudden stopping of his enthusiasm. For in England, even more than in any other country, it is simplicity and direct force of aim that gains a man power and reputation. A man whose desires and purposes are complex, however much they may testify to his ability, stands here at a great

disadvantage compared with one whose range is comparatively limited, but who knows what he wants, and strikes straight at the point. Thus it is that Wordsworth has attained a higher reputation than Coleridge, who, beyond doubt, had the more comprehensive nature. And it was from this cause that De Quincey was, in public estimation, disregarded in comparison with men who had not a tithe of his subtle insight, but who let their real purpose be plainly apparent. The only perfectly simple things that De Quincey ever wrote were his Autobiographic Sketches, and these are indeed exquisite; they remind one of Charles Lamb, and, with less concentration, have in some respects the charm of a yet greater freshness.

The audacity which strikes the reader of both Wilson and De Quincey is closely allied to their humour, which enabled them to say the most startling things without offence, since they had continually in reserve an undercurrent of meaning, perceptible by the intelligent, and which, as in the case of a man whose looks insinuate something different from his words, hinted very clearly, "You are to take all this *cum grano*." Herein they are contrasted with Sydney Smith, whose witty and startling combinations of ideas never hinted any other meaning than that which he expressed in his ordinary language. It is, in fact, in this that the much-talked-of distinction between wit and humour consists; the contrasts and surprises which are the essence of a witty observation are contrasts between things purely external to the speaker, whereas the humourist has a perpetual contrast or antagonism between different parts of his own nature.

The beginning of this century was the time when periodical writing flourished in England more than ever before or since. Now, it is nearly a lost art; or at least almost the only man who possesses it is Mr. Matthew Arnold. For periodical writing is to literature what conversation is to speech; it should not be too personal, nor too scientific, nor too earnest, but a mixture of all these, the play of fancy over all subjects, lighting up here and there their depths, but not grappling with them, pouring itself abroad but not contracting itself to any too determinate aim. It is the fluid which sup-

plies the electric and magnetic currents whereby the solid and fixed forms are blended into a whole. Perfect freedom is its essence. Moreover, it is a social kind of writing; it is done far better when many persons of harmonious views and dispositions unite, than by a solitary thinker. And at the present day the impulse of English minds is entirely towards concentration and earnestness and definiteness of thought; this has come in a variety of ways, but principally through the influence of such men as Mr. Mill, Mr. Carlyle, Dr. Newman, and Dr. Arnold—men differing in all respects but this, that they had an intense certainty of their meaning, and impressed the necessity of such certainty on others. But flexibility, which is the very opposite of this intense certainty, is the peculiar excellence of periodical writing. And the padding (appropriately so named now—but who would have thought of terming the *Essay on Murder* padding?) of all existing magazines is tame even in the best specimens (we again except Mr. Arnold); sometimes useful, as supplying statistics or thought, but quenching life and spirit as certainly as carbonic acid gas. Does laughter or light satire ever ring through the solemn precincts of *Macmillan*? Do the apostles of the *Fortnightly* ever introduce a joke into their evangelical discourses? Mr. Frederic Harrison, if we remember right, attempted it some little time ago; but he did it with so preternaturally solemn a tone, and with such earnestness of asseveration that he did not really mean to joke at all, that all fear of the risk that the attempt might be repeated was at once removed.

However, there is no need to despair. One era passes away, and another comes up, and if nothing else in the world recurs, the moods and tempers of men do so. We have passed from Addison to Dr. Johnson, and from Dr. Johnson to De Quincey, and from De Quincey to the present day. Let us hope that English literature may yet recover from the "malady of thought"—of thought that is, exclusive and despotic—and regain that fine balance of thought and feeling, of diffusiveness and concentration, of impulse and defined purpose, which marks an epoch and a flowering time in the history of a nation.

From The Examiner.

Life of Sir John Richardson. By the Rev. John McIlraith, Minister of the English Reformed Church at Amsterdam. Longmans.

If the Decline and Fall of the British Empire should ever come to be written by some historian of the future, the chapter which treats of the Expeditions to the Arctic regions will not be its least interesting portion. Nothing so well and truly illustrates the best elements of British character. The resolution and perseverance which have borne and maintained the English race over so many portions of the earth have nowhere been more conspicuous than in the search for the North-West Passage. Equal courage and determination may have been displayed on other fields of English energy, but in none have they been accompanied with less of those haughty and overbearing qualities which sometimes degrade courage into cruelty, and determination into oppression. A laudable ambition, a love of adventure, and a passion to penetrate the unknown were the motives that actuated the resolute and hardy men who, in succession, faced the austere rigours of the extreme North. To force her secrets from nature at the certain loss of ordinary comforts and probably of life itself, was an object worthy of British effort; and although the success of the achievement is not likely to be attended with any practical advantage, it is satisfactory to know that the problem of a North-West Passage, which had so long tantalised geographers and navigators, has been at length solved.

The close of the great Napoleonic war left many active spirits disengaged, and the energy and activity which it had called forth would naturally seek for employment elsewhere. Accordingly we find Mr. Richardson, after spending his early years as Naval Assistant-Surgeon on board of the *Nymphé*, the *Hercule*, the *Blossom*, the *Bombay*, and the *Cruiser*, and settling down, as he thought, to civil life and matrimony, accepting the post of Surgeon and Naturalist to the first overland expedition to the Polar Sea (1819-1822). In the interval between the paying off of the *Cruiser* and his Arctic appointment, Mr. Richardson visited America, took out his diploma of M. D. and married. Having been born in 1787, near Dumfries, he was thirty-two years of age when he sailed on the Expedition, which he considered the turning point of his life, and for which he gave up his home and practice at Leith. The command of the Expedition was given to Lieut. Franklin, and his companions were Mr., afterwards Sir G. Back, and Mr. R.

Hood, who met with an untimely end during the Expedition. Writing to his father a few days before starting, Dr. Richardson says:

"The hope of acquiring the power of rendering her [his wife] more comfortable, and the possibility of obtaining some portion of fame and proving myself worthy of her affection are the inducements which I have to undertake the Expedition, and are the only motives strong enough to enable me to endure so long an absence."

The vessel in which the party started, the *Prince of Wales*, left Gravesend on the 23rd May, 1819, and after a stormy passage they arrived at York Factory, where they found the Hudson's Bay Company and the North-West Fur Company fighting about their hunting-grounds and killing off the natives with drink. From York Factory the explorers pushed on to Cumberland House, where they passed the winter. In a letter from this place to his wife, dated March 6, 1820, he writes:

"When I began my letter, I thought of the pleasure you must be feeling, as an admirer of the works of God, in perceiving the earth bursting its frozen bands, and vegetation putting forth her powers. The joy, the exultation I have felt on such an occasion, was fresh in my mind, and I could not but contrast it with the depression produced by a winter unusually extended. Winter, in unspotted livery, surrounds us. The snow covers the ground to the depth of three feet, and the trees bend under their ponderous load. If we pass the threshold of our hut, and enter the forest, a stillness so profound prevails, that we are ready to start at the noise created by the pressure of our feet on the snow. The screams of a famished raven, or the crash of a lofty pine, rending through the intenseness of the frost, are the only sounds that invade the solemn silence. When in my walks I have accidentally met one of my companions in this dreary solitude, his figure, emerging from the shade, has conveyed, with irresistible force, to my mind, the idea of a being rising from the grave. I have often admired the pictures our great poets have drawn of absolute solitude, but never felt their full force till now. What must be the situation of a human being, "alone on the wide, wide sea!" How dreadful if without faith in God! An atheist could not dwell alone in the forests of America.

"I must not, however, go on writing in this strain; there are yet two months of winter to come, and I must endeavour to acquire and preserve that contentment which can render every situation tolerable. A thousand consolations offer themselves to one who is disposed to look for them."

On the return of fine weather the party left Cumberland House and reached Fort Enterprise on Aug. 19, 1820; having trav-

elled 1,350 miles. Here Dr. Richardson learned that his father had died, and in a letter to his mother he gives expression to his feelings in language full of affection, resignation, and piety. After wintering at Fort Enterprise the party set out on June 4, 1821, for the Coppermine river and the sea, accompanied by some Canadian *voyageurs*. On the 21st of July they commenced their voyage in two canoes on the Arctic sea, and continued it till the 16th of August, having sailed over 555 geographical miles. Reaching Point Turnagain, they felt that to proceed any farther would be to risk the loss of the whole Expedition. On the return they encountered cold, famine, and fatigue. Mr. Hood was unable to direct the way, Franklin was in the rear, and Richardson took the lead, Back being in advance with the hunters trying to obtain game. The men in charge of the canoe were unable or unwilling to carry it any farther, and when they struck on the banks of the Coppermine, they were without the means of recrossing it. Several days were spent in constructing a raft, and as they were without any appliances for impelling it to the opposite bank against the wind, Richardson volunteered to swim across the stream with a line and haul the raft over. Benumbed by cold he sank in the river and was drawn back in an insensible state, from which he recovered by being wrapped up in blankets and placed before a fire of willows. At length the party crossed the river one by one in a little canoe formed of willows and covered with tent canvas. Back was immediately sent forward to Fort Enterprise with the strongest of the Canadians, to search for the Indians, and to send back aid. Mr. Hood was too feeble to keep pace with the others, and Dr. Richardson, and Hepburn, an old Orkney sailor, resolved to remain with him. The terrible sufferings endured by this small party, the murder of Mr. Hood by the Iroquois Michel who had come back from the party under Franklin, and the shooting of him in return by Dr. Richardson, having been already recorded in Dr. Richardson's journal, published in the 'Narrative of the First Overland Journey,' it is unnecessary to repeat the story here, though it is the most interesting portion of the volume. In after life Dr. Richardson appears to have been unwilling to recur to the circumstances under which he felt it necessary to deprive a fellow-creature of life, although he has detailed them at great length in his journal.

Wearied and starving, Franklin and his companions arrived at Fort Enterprise, but

they found neither food nor Indians before them. A note from Back informed his commander that he had gone to seek the Indians, and to his energy, perseverance, and bravery the final deliverance of the whole party is mainly due. The much-needed supply of food reached Fort Enterprise on the 7th of November, and on the 16th they had so far recovered as to be able to push on for Fort Providence, at which point they were kindly received by the traders of the Hudson's Bay Company, and where they had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Back. Here they remained for five months, awaiting the coming of the spring to return home, which they did in October, 1822, having travelled in America, by land and water, including the Arctic sea voyage, a distance of 5,550 miles. The explorers were everywhere received with feelings of pride and thankfulness, and Dr. Richardson spent some happy years in the enjoyment of home affections and public respect.

The second expedition to the North, of which Franklin was also the chief and Dr. Richardson the surgeon, set sail from Liverpool on February 12, 1825, and returned to the same port in September, 1827, after an absence of two years, seven months and a half. Happily the party encountered none of those terrible trials that they experienced during the first Expedition. In 1831 Dr. Richardson lost his wife, and in 1832, when fears began to exist about the safety of the expedition under Captain Ross, we find him urging the Admiralty to fit out a searching party, but in vain. He now applied himself with energy to his duties of surgeon to Melville Hospital, and in 1833 he married his second wife, Miss Booth, a niece of Franklin. On her recovery from a long illness after the birth of her first child, he writes, "I am so well and happy I can scarcely help jumping for joy." She died, however, in 1845, and two years after Dr. now Sir John, Richardson married his third partner, a Miss Fletcher, of Edinburgh. In the early part of 1847, anxiety began to be felt for the safety of Sir John Franklin's Expedition in the *Erebus* and *Terror*. Whilst a guest with Lady Richardson at the house of Lady Franklin in Charlotte Street, Bedford Square, he received a note from the Admiralty, dated February 21st, informing him that up to September 27, 1847, no intelligence of Franklin's Expedition had reached the Sandwich Islands, and that all hope of tidings of the missing ships by way of the Pacific had come to an end. His mother-in-law, Mrs. Fletcher, was also in London at this time, and her journal contains the following entry:

"We dined with Lady Franklin on February 24, to meet the Richardsons who were staying with her. A larger party assembled in the evening, among whom was Thomas Carlyle, whom we were glad to meet again. He was sitting close by me, and chatting pleasantly, when Dr. Boott came into the room and advanced towards me, with even more than usual brightness in his fine countenance, saying, "Louis Philippe has fled, and France has declared herself a Republic." There was a dead silence. Carlyle threw himself back in his chair, clasped his hands, burst into a loud laugh, and left the room. We did not see him again. The rest of the party gathered round Dr. Boott to hear every particular which he had collected from the evening papers."

On the 26th March, 1848, Sir J. Richardson started from Liverpool in search of Franklin. He associated with him in this expedition Dr. Rae, who afterwards succeeded in discovering those relics of the Franklin Expedition, which left no doubt of its unfortunate and tragic fate. The winter of 1848 was spent at Fort Confidence, in the neighbourhood of the Hare Indians, the Dog Ribs, and the Copper Indians. The following extract from a letter written in this remote region of frost and snow strangely connects Fort Confidence with Kennington Common and the EXAMINER:

"My latest English news left you in London, on the eve of the threatened meeting on Kennington Common. I trust that it was not held, and that no riots ensued. By the return of the messenger who takes this to Fort Simpson (only twenty-five days' march off, and we look for him, therefore, in six weeks after he leaves us), I hope to hear that you travelled safely and comfortably to Lancrigg, and that Mary, with her charge, speedily followed; that you enjoy your 'Examiner' as you inhale the balmy air flowing through the open window into the pleasantest of drawing-rooms, and discuss the revolutions of Europe, as is your wont, with all the freshness of youthful hope."

After an absence of nineteen months Sir J. Richardson returned to England, and received a letter from the Admiralty expressing approbation of his conduct. He could obtain no traces of the *Erebus* and *Terror*, but he had the satisfaction of having done his duty, and of leaving the search in the hands of the man who succeeded in establishing the fact of Sir John Franklin's death.

The latter portion of Sir J. Richardson's life was devoted to excursions in his native Scotland, to a visit to Italy, and to a pretty constant attendance at the meetings of the British Association. To him we are in-

debted for extending our knowledge of the physical geography, the Flora and Fauna, of British America. Up to the very close of his life he was engaged on some useful work. His end was sudden and unexpected. It took place on the 5th of June, 1865, and is thus described by his biographer:

Monday, June 5, was a lovely soft June day, and Sir John spent the forenoon in quietly superintending some work in the garden. After luncheon, he and Lady Richardson drove to Ambleside and Rydal, making their first call at Dr. Davy's and last at Fox How, where they remained for some time, as Mrs. Arnold was about to go from home. Looking out on the lovely scenery, in its fresh June beauty, Sir John remarked that he wondered they could leave it.

In the evening, he worked an hour or two at Wickliffe, and at ten o'clock read, at family worship, the seventh chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel. He then stood for a short time at the window, and said, "We shall have the moon full, in our drive to Ambleside on Wednesday," kissed his daughter and wished her good night, took from the table King Alfred's Anglo-Saxon version of the 'History of the World by Orosius,' lighted his candle and walked off with a firm step, which sounded along the passage as that of a man in the full vigour of life. About eleven o'clock, Lady Richardson went up-stairs. He was still awake, and spoke of his plans for the next day. A long suspiration followed, and he passed through death to life.

Thus calmly ended a life of almost unexampled activity and usefulness, uprightness, and humble faith. Of him, it may be said, "Thy sun shall no more go down, neither shall thy moon withdraw itself, for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended."

From The Spectator.

ALEXANDER SMITH.*

In the very fresh and genial memoir prefixed to this collection of posthumous pieces, Mr. Alexander draws with much skill the picture of a man whose sense of the fitness of things seemed latterly to operate as a fatal hindrance to the production of poetry worthy to live, whose exquisite social qualities, passive though they were, made everybody who knew him forget entirely his pretensions to the laurel, and who really might have done greater things if he had been a sourer-tempered fellow. It will astonish

* *Last Leaves. Sketches and Criticisms.* By Alexander Smith, author of *A Life Drama*. Edited, with a Memoir, by P. P. Alexander, M. A., Author of *Mill and Carlyle*, &c. Edinburgh: Nimmo.

many people to hear this description of one otherwise known to them as the leading scholar of what is now universally known as the "spasmodic" school of poetry. Smith was the very converse of the hero of the *Life Drama*. He took no eagle flights sunward, croaking hoarsely of gods and fame. He disputed with no man on subjects connected with the universe generally. He preferred Nature's domestic aspect to her volcanic one; he exhibited no fine frenzy over wrong, social or political. His real "life drama," indeed, was a prosy after-piece, with here and there a sweet glimpse of nature; but chiefly got up, without new and startling scenery, by the aid of the old stock "interiors," or "flats," representing the conventional woodland. Amiable almost to a fault, Smith found it impossible to persevere in a literary manufacture which he, perhaps, began under a mistaken notion of his own sympathies; since throughout his life he preferred Chaucer and the story-tellers to Shelley and the speculative innovators, Lamb and the essayists to Coleridge and the metaphysicians. At the age of thirty, when the poetic temperament should flash most deeply and brightly, he was noting his few grey hairs in the looking-glass, and sighing over lost illusions in the true spirit of paterfamilias. He ended as a writer of essays, very pleasant, very sleepy, full of the "cui bono?" and really admirable as expressing the mood of mind which takes Providence for granted, and is susceptible to no influence in particular.

All this is quite clear on Mr. Alexander's showing, and it is truly very touching, for although the excellent biographer pictures to us a thoroughly happy nature, a spirit quite without gall, a mind far too much at ease to care for speculation, we cannot think that this completes the portrait. Indeed, we have a hint of the truth in the following passage:—

"When I knew him in his early days, an occasional mood of gloom and abstraction might be noted in him, and half suspecting him at times of *doing* the 'Author of the *Life Drama*' upon us, I took the liberty to quiz him accordingly when we had become sufficiently intimate. (I need not say how completely, on farther acquaintance, I acquitted him of any such affectation.) In his later time, these moods slight and transient as they were, had quite disappeared, and his was eminently and at all times a *cheery* presence; though, by nature *au fond*, I should suppose him to have been always a somewhat brooding, meditative, and sad man. This only revealed itself, however, in the pleasant reaction and protest of *humour*, which was one of the ruling qualities of his mind, and, had he lived,

would probably more and more have announced itself dominant."

Perhaps the clue to the puzzle is physiological. It is carefully noted that Smith's forehead indicated an extraordinary mass of brain, and the frequent flashes of real genius betokened how much that brain could have effected, had the proper natural stimulus been supplied by a more irritable set of nerves. It is one thing to say that a man is lymphatic, as Smith was, another thing to say that he is happy-minded. The lymphatic man, undemonstrative, acquiescent, torpid in feature, hides not seldom in his heart the restless flame of dissatisfaction and disease, the more terribly fatal because it is so passive. In the story of Smith's life there is a clear margin for bitterness. There was the sense of power, as well as the sense of inertia, the feeling that that large capacity, equal to so much, had become terribly at the mercy of a temperament exhausted by so little. Everywhere in the later poems, but particularly in the little essays, we feel through the mood of pleasant acquiescence the breath of weariness, and even of pain.

But the picture must not end even here. Had Smith been a little more above the urgent necessities of life, had he been freer to stimulate his faculties by physical means, not only might he have been with us now, but his voice might actually have reached the great poetic compass. We cordially agree with Mr. Alexander that he was shabbily and cruelly treated, particularly by those very people who were the first to run riot in sounding his praises, and the first to forsake him when the fit of applause was over; and, moreover, we quite endorse the remark that the change was tofally unwarrantable on literary grounds, seeing that Smith's second book was an unmistakable advance upon his first—better in purpose, more coherent in execution, fuller of the right kind of promise. "*Glasgow*" is a true lyric, and there are descriptions in the "*Boy's Poem*" equal to anything of the sort in literature. Indeed, on dispassionately reperusing Smith's books, we find great occasion for regret that the writer's poetic career was virtually terminated so soon. There is, without original conception, a marked *manner*, which would have grown more and more fascinating as the life-mood deepened,—and really did grow to some extent, if we are to judge by the little "*Spring Chanson*," now first printed, which is clear, sweet, and beautiful, quite the finest thing Smith ever wrote.

As for that question of plagiarism, revived with some excusable bitterness by

Mr. Alexander, it is of total insignificance, except as exhibiting the danger of consulting the general public on a question of artistic workmanship. A rival bard thought fit to make out a list of petty larcenies against Smith, and to take the public verdict on the matter, quite certain, of course, that the public in its ignorance could be hoodwinked on this subject as easily as a mixed jury on any difficult point of equity. The mean charge was dismissed by the competent, but swallowed holus-bolus by a mass of readers; and the injury to Smith's reputation was enormous. It is too late for regret now, but the "gentleman" who did this business has possibly had much to do in shortening the poet's days. The sudden and cruel change of opinion must have cut deep, though no wound was shown, and disgust supervening, possibly confirmed the lymphatic habit into fatal reticence. While freely admitting that Smith's first book was assimilative to a degree almost unwarrantable, we find no ground even there for the accusation of deliberate manufacture, and every ground for the belief that the writer would develop (as he really did within limitations) into a minor poet. In fact, all this story of Smith's poetic career reads very badly indeed, and gives us new occasion to look with pity and fear on the sunniest public favourite.

As for the *Last Leaves*, they are well worth reading; but the best thing in the book is the memoirs. Mr. Alexander has acquitted himself to admiration of the most difficult and delicate of tasks,—that of writing simply and kindly the biography of a personal friend, and his work will be appreciated best by those who have made similar attempts, or contemplated most critically the innumerable inflated "memoirs" and priggish "biographies" which swarm in literature. In a style easy and colloquial, indeed almost loose, he discusses his theme, and in no instance exceeds or falls short of his duty in his peculiar position as friend and biographer. He has already done well in his own person, as the facetious critic of Mill and imitator of Carlyle, and we are now shown that he can be generous as well as ingenious, tender as well as witty.

PORTER'S PASTORAL.

We find in an English paper the following lively piece:—

SINCE Mr. Seward, when the Russian treaty was under discussion, described the Rosy Polar Arcadia, where the slopes of the icebergs were

clad in perpetual verdure, and the walrus disported in the flowery meads, and tropical monkeys gambolled in the snows, or Mr. Sumner grew eloquent over the Sitkan codfish, and the lettuce and chicory of Aliaska, no more beautiful pastoral poem has been given to the world than the lovely piece which Admiral Porter has just written about St. Thomas. While so many of his gallant shipmates are forced to leave their sweet pastures and domestic joys, and are tossed about by raging seas, caught up by whirlwinds, hurled through the angry air, wrecked and drowned in Mr. Seward's chosen harbour of refuge itself, the gallant Admiral, recumbent 'neath the shade of the United States Naval Academy, like a seafaring Tityrus, pipes his rustic lay. His song begins in the stately strain of a gazetteer, but the fire of inspiration soon kindles in his veins; the movement quickens; the impetuous numbers flow headlong forth, knocking each other into all sorts of corners, and filling the brain with bewildering visions of waving palms, yellow-haired mermaids, dry-docks, steamboats, bananas, rum punch, fortifications, trade winds, parrots, Parrott guns, plantations, and coal-yards. Regarded simply as a terrestrial paradise, the island of St. Thomas is considerably ahead of the Garden of Eden, while as a naval station it is immeasurably superior to any seaport since Tyre and Sidon. Beside the charms of its tropical scenery, it has the additional advantage of being inhabited by a colony of prosperous marine-store dealers. It has three or more harbours, each one of which is better than any of the others. It is "an enchanting place to cruise in," especially during a hurricane. There are shops where you can buy things. It is a good naval station. Up on the hill there are nice little cottages, and everybody who is rich enough buys one of them. They do this because it is too hot to live anywhere else. The island is surrounded by reefs and breakers. All the shopkeepers' clerks are negroes. St. Thomas is a good naval station. Strangers always have capital fun when they go there. The Government is strictly republican in form, and closely resembles our own, all the officers, except two or three, being appointed by the King of Denmark. The most beautiful sight in the world is the town and harbour of St. Thomas, seen from the hill above it. Also the most beautiful sight in the world is the town and harbour of St. Thomas viewed from the sea. You can take in coal there very rapidly. Another advantage is that if a hostile army should land on the island they would immediately starve to death, there being no food and very little water. The inhabitants exercise a princely hospitality, and make up for the want of water by a liberal use of other beverages. If we bought the property we should have a rare opportunity of building forts, docks, coal-sheds, and navy-yards, there being no improvements whatever upon the estate. Thus St. Thomas would become the paradise of contractors, as it is already of ship-chandlers and dealers in second-hand clothing

and dirk-knives. Moreover, it is a good naval station. It would make a delightful watering-place. New York merchants might send their families there in the summer, and run down every Saturday afternoon for their Sunday holiday. The healthiness of the place, the poet confesses, is "doubtful;" but it is a singular fact that, however deadly the climate may be to other people, it invariably spares citizens (native or naturalized) of the United States; and any man who has been registered as a voter in any part of the Union may go to St. Thomas not only without fear of getting sick, but with a certain prospect of being cured of any ailments he may have had beforehand. The epidemics to which the natives are subject are attributed to the evaporation of English coal. But if we went there we should have American coal, which is not in the habit of evaporating. There is a hill from which one gets a very pretty view of ships passing through the Anegada passage. The land scenery would be fine, only, unfortunately, all the trees have been cut down; but there are cactuses and prickly pears, and many other funny plants, which are very amusing to look at. Finally, it is a good naval station.

So the gallant commander sings away, and the little midshipmen, we suppose, sit in order round, and listen to his flowery verse. And so

America vindicates her claim not only to possess the best Government, but to produce the best Government poetry out of the worst material of any nation on the earth. Mr. Seward found beauty in the polar bear; Mr. Sumner drew inspiration from train oil, pine trees, and cannibals; and now, amid the rumble of earthquakes, the bellowing of volcanoes, the shriek of the whirlwind, the crash of timbers, and the roar of the angry waters, our sentimental sailor pipes his pastoral notes on a boatswain's whistle, and makes us a most elegant little song out of the uproar of the warring elements. We have never seen the equal of this achievement, except, perhaps, now and then at the theatres, where, when the thunder has rolled, and the red and blue lightning flashed, and devils come up out of the deep, and gone down again with their victims into yawning abysses, and everything for a while been one demnition crash and bang, and hullabaloo, the canvas has rolled away and a flood of rosy light been poured upon the grand transformation scene, where all the fairies appear crowned with glory, and fountains trickle, and the rouge, and the tinsel, and the sawdust calves, and the pink tights are wrapped in heavenly halo, and the virtuous young shepherd goes up into the flies with a smile of bliss, for all the world like Admiral Porter.

THE "EDINBURGH REVIEW" ON THE BIBLE. — The *Edinburgh Review*, referring to the space which the Bible occupies in the history of literature, says: — "We see nothing like it, and it may well perplex the infidel to account for it; nor need his sagacity disdain to enter a little more deeply into its possible causes than he is usually inclined to do. It has not been given to any other book of religion thus to triumph over national prejudices, and lodge itself securely in the heart of great communities, varying by every conceivable diversity of language, race, manners, customs, and indeed agreeing in nothing but a veneration for itself. It adapts itself with facility to the revolutions of thought and feeling which shake to pieces all things else, and flexibly accommodates itself to the progress of society and the changes of civilization. Even conquests — the disorganization of old nations, the formation of new — do not affect the continuity of its empire. It lays hold of the new as of the old, and transmigrates with the spirit of humanity, attracting to itself by its own moral power in all the communities it enters a ceaseless intensity of effort for its propagation, illustration, and defence. Other systems of religion are usually delicate exotics, and will not bear transplanting; but if the Bible be false, the facility with which it overleaps the otherwise impassable boundaries of race and clime, and domiciliates itself among so many different nations, is assuredly a far more striking and wonderful proof of human ignorance, perverseness, and stupidity than is afforded in the limited preva-

lence of even the most abject superstitions; or if it really has merits which, though a fable, have enabled it to impose so comprehensively and variously on mankind, wonderful indeed must have been the skill in its composition, so wonderful that even the infidel himself ought never to regard it but with the profoundest reverence, as far too successful and sublime a fabrication to admit a thought of scoff and ridicule."

UTILIZATION OF COKE OVEN GASES. — Probably the first attempt to utilize the gases given off in the process of coking has been made at the works of Messrs. Carver & Co., of St. Etienne. The gases are collected, says the *Mining Journal*, and drawn off through pipes and cooled, when the tar ammoniacal liquids, &c., are condensed. From these condensed liquids benzine, naphthaline, sulphate of ammonia, artificial manures, and a number of dye-stuffs, are made. The gas remaining after condensation of the liquids, which is, of course, ordinary illuminating gas, can be used in the usual manner. It is estimated that in France alone no less than 4,000,000 tons of coal are annually coked, and it has been proved that Messrs. Carver's process is capable of giving a profit of nearly 2s. upon every ton of coal treated. A more conclusive evidence of the advantage resulting from that sound, technical education so readily obtainable on the Continent could scarcely be desired.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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THE CHILD'S CONFESSION.

THERE went a little scholar
With slow and lagging feet
Towards the great church portal
That opened on the street.

Without, the sun was shining;
Within, the air was dim;
He caught a waft of incense,
A dying note of hymn.

He drew the crimson curtain,
And cast a look inside,
To where the sunbeam lightened
The form of Him who died,
Between St. John and Mary
On roodloft crucified.

The curtain fell behind him,
He stood a little while,
Then signed him with the water,
And rambled down the aisle.

Behind a great brown pillar
The scholar took his stand,
And trifled with the ribbon
Of the satchel in his hand.

His little breast was beating;
His blue eyes brimming o'er;
Like April rains, his tears
Fell spangling on the floor.

An aged priest was passing;
He noticed him, and said,
"Why, little one, this weeping,
This heavy hanging head?"

"My father, O my father!
I've sinned," said the child,
"And have no rest of conscience
Till I am reconciled.

Then list to my confession" —
He louted on his knee —
"The weight of my transgression
Weighs heavily on me."

But then a burst of weeping
And sobs his utterance broke,
The priest could not distinguish
A single word he spoke.

In vain were all his efforts,
For wildly tossed his breast;
He could not still the tumult,
With hands upon it pressed.

Then said the pastor gently,
"You have a little slate;
Write on it the confession
You are powerless to relate."

The child his satchel opened,
And strove his sins to note,
But still the tear-drop dribbled,
As busily he wrote.

Now when the tale was finished,
He held it to the priest
With sigh, as from the burden
He felt himself released.

The old man raised the tablet
To read what there was set,
But could not, for the writing
Was blotted with the wet.

Then turned the aged confessor
Towards the kneeling boy,
With countenance all shining
In rapture of pure joy.

"Depart in peace, forgiven,
Away with doubting fears!
Thy sins have all been cancelled
By the torrent of thy tears."

A DOUBTER'S HYMN.

God of the Heart! whose love immense
In each of us half quenched unseen
Darts its pure light at times between
The prison bars of sin and sense,

We know Thou art, for there did move,
In guise of mortal nature, One,
Flesh of our flesh, bone of our bone,
Whose life and death were naught but love.

Durst we, then, hope that we, who plod
Up the steep path of wrong or right,
Yet bear within our hearts a light,
The earnest of the perfect God?

God of the Mind! whose power is given
To some of us in part to trace
The glories of Thy hidden face,
The secrets of the earth and heaven,

No man hath ever known Thee quite;
We pant, O God! we pant to find
Some great apostle of the mind,
To lift the veil and show us light.

But no; by turns we fling away
Each faithless guide, and learn that he
Who fain would pierce the mystery,
Himself must grope to find the day.

And must we then in doubt and fear
Watch on, watch ever for each star
That glimmers on us faint and far,
And know the dawn will not appear?

And is the dream that human kind
Is marching on from age to age,
To claim its perfect heritage,
Mere vision of an idle mind?

We know not, but for him, we know,
Who loveth and who prayeth well,
Some flash of God's own truth shall quell
The doubts that bow his spirit low.

Then bate not what thou hast of breath;
In thee hath dwelt, and yet shall dwell,
O man! a love that knows not death,
And reaches past the grasp of Hell.

In thee shall dwell, it may befall,
The knowledge of the truth of things,
The mind to hold high communings
With Him who is the Cause of all.

NEW COLLEGE, OXON. *Spectator.*

From the Spectator, 16 May.

LORD BROUGHAM.

PROBABLY the hugest human phenomenon of our century has passed away in the death of Lord Brougham. He was the Demiurgus of Liberalism during the early part of the century, and brooded over the various germs of intellectual, moral, and political innovation, widely scattered and much needed in that day, with a rich fecundity of result the benefits of which the present generation are by no means likely ever adequately to appreciate. He was in restless energy rather a hundred men than one, and, moreover, for all the unity of design,—the intellectual unity,—that he gave to the various branches of his political activity, he might really have been a hundred men not even bound up in one. By this, we mean that his energy in one department did not so interpenetrate and flavour his energy in others as to make one feel its individual origin and singleness of conception. There was rough force, extraordinary vitality, immense vigour of handling in all he did; but the scientific mind never betrayed itself in the statesman; the judicial mind scarcely gleamed out in the biographer or historian; the metaphysician was hardly seen in the lawyer; nor even the popular leader in the constitutional theorist. Brougham was a big miscellany of useful forces, in which the modern doctrines of correlation,—the doctrine that any one form of force is absolutely interchangeable with every other,—could by no means be detected. True, the measure of his restless strength was nearly the same in every direction, but there was little trace of co-ordination and reciprocal influence among the various departments of his wonderfully miscellaneous energy. Like a besom, his multitudinous intelligence was composed of an immense number of almost equally strong fibres, with which it was possible to sweep a great surface of ground greatly in need of such sweeping; but the bond between these fibres seemed to be rather the comparatively mechanical one of a common sheath or socket in the same energetic character, than that perfect permeation of one faculty or acquirement by all the others which goes to make up what is called the highest culture of accomplished men. He wrote freely and at large on education, history, biography, law, science, natural theology, every branch of politics; he wrote on one branch of classical study, the oratory of Greece and Rome, with as much shrewdness and minuteness of treatment as he ever devoted to any subject of study; he published at least one anonymous

romance; and he spoke probably much more even than he wrote; but while he never touched a subject in his earlier days without leaving the impression of force behind him, there is scarcely a single speech or writing of Lord Brougham's except, perhaps, speeches of a purely professional character, like that on Queen Caroline, which would carry with it the sense of completeness, exhaustiveness, perfection. Indeed, he might have sanely said of himself what the man in the Gospels said insanely,—that his name was Legion. Legion as a reformer in an age when almost everything is wrong, may be all the more useful for his multiplicity of inchoate energies; and no group of men, even though combining Brougham's various powers, could have done so much to bring home to the public the manifoldness of the mischiefs under which England groaned, and of the remedies for which it craved, as the single reformer Brougham; for his name was a thread which united in the popular imagination the various topics of which he treated. But such a one, though the best of all reformers to stir public indignation at the rank crop of evils, is not the one best fitted to perfect the cure even of any; and the movements which Brougham's hundred-handed genius started, it needed minds of a more limited but also more finely chiselled type to mature. Nothing impresses one more in the career of this wonderful man than that he never gained by age a single compensation for the loss of the force of youth. He lost in impetus without gaining in judgment. He lost in versatility without gaining in accuracy. He lost in fire without gaining in serenity. He lost in intensity without gaining in comprehensiveness. He lost in bitterness without gaining in suavity. Finally, he lost in terror without gaining in command. The great advantage of age over youth is in the power it acquires of co-ordinating all its acquisitions, and turning variety of experience into moral wisdom. But Lord Brougham's huge and multitudinous energies seem to have been too hasty ever to have furnished his inner spirit with the materials for this large moral assimilation. As his moral nature never gained that mild and venerable benignity which is so great a charm of old age, so his intellectual nature never gained the lucid and temperate power of impressive survey, which is its greatest privilege. The one often exists without the other, as, for example, in Brougham's great contemporary, Lord Lyndhurst, who had the last in all its splendour; but Brougham displayed neither. His latest efforts in the annual addresses to

the Social Science Association showed the mere flickering flame of former vigour, without a glimpse of any milder and larger wisdom. Here and there the old sarcasm flashed out. Here and there the old power of physically crushing, as with an almost muscular compression of the will, would excite admiration for the old man's lingering might. But for the most part the vital energy had disappeared from the sentences, which trailed a slow length of words along, without any vestige of that great constricting force which once made up for their inordinate volume. While Brougham was engaged in the uphill struggle against blind and obdurate authority he was great, he was Titanic. When he had won his battle and presided over the execution of the policy for which he had fought, he was less than many an ordinary mortal. In denouncing and exposing the disorder he was almost superhuman. In restoring and expounding order he was not even distinguished. He had not the tranquillity of nature requisite to organize and create. His mind reeked with the smoke and passion of battle.

How deep did the true Liberal spirit really reach in Lord Brougham's nature? That he believed with all his mind, and soul, and strength, in the value of popular education, in the blessing of "diffusing useful knowledge;" that he wished to make it really universal; that he carried away from the Scotch University, in which his first intellectual impulses were moulded, something like a pure enthusiasm for the new sciences which were just then taking shape and opening a wide vista of discovery to the great mathematicians, chemists, and electricians of the age, no one who knows Lord Brougham's "Lives of the Literary Men of George III.'s Time" can doubt for an instant. There is, to our minds, nothing in all Lord Brougham's voluminous and fatiguing compositions half so noble and touching as the passage in which he recalls, with a sort of passion of tenderness, his old boyish delight in Dr. Black's lectures on chemistry, especially the lecture in which the venerable professor used to rehearse the great discovery of his youth as to "fixed air," — the combinations, namely, into which air could enter with solid substances. Lord Brougham's style, usually so wanting in grace, and delicacy, and serenity, and transparency, attracts to itself almost all those qualities as he delineates the rekindled enthusiasm of the lonely, gentle, old man, with his neat-handed experiments and his scientific relics, — the carefully preserved instruments of his great scientific

triumph, — going back to the first moment in which a new chemical truth had flashed itself upon his mind. Lord Brougham says, and we imagine truly, that there was no recollection of his life towards which he yearned more often and more ardently than to that first love of science which was most closely associated with Black's lecture-room. And though he had not himself either the patience or the peace of the scientific mind, though he was formed for the heat of battle, it is quite certain that he loved all knowledge and science, and that he believed to the bottom of his soul in the duty of diffusing it through the whole people. So far at least he was a lover of light and a true Liberal. Whether we can honestly say that he was in the same profound sense a lover of liberty, we feel the gravest doubt. He fought early, and passionately, of course, against exclusion of all kinds. He denounced slavery with all his force. He assailed religious bigotry with immense power. But it is one thing for a young man to become the spokesman of the rising popular feeling, and to fling himself with eagerness and delight into the thick of a battle which he feels in every nerve must be, before long, the winning side, and another to entertain that deep love for the principles involved which will keep him true to them through ill report as well as good, when his old friends are deserting him. We do not believe that Lord Brougham had this sort of love of liberty, nor even that he understood how essential a condition of greatness of character moral liberty, — of which political liberty is the natural condition, — is. He certainly joined the hue and cry in favour of the Southern Slave States in his old age; and denounced the conduct of the greatest struggle of our days by the greatest man of our days, with a flash of his old arrogance and malevolence. And in his bitter and sincere opposition to religious intolerance he seems to have been animated less by a deep reverence for religion, than by the lawyer's and man of the world's indifference to it. Intellectually, Lord Brougham was a true Liberal. Morally and politically he was no more than a true hater of restrictions of which he did not see the use.

Lord Brougham's great political weapon, the spear which was "like a weaver's beam" with which he terrified the armies he opposed and overcame, was his wonderful power of hatred, and his subtlety of expression whenever he could allow hatred its full swing. He had a new power of language whenever this impulse came into action. To take a very small instance, he

calls some one, in his anonymous novel *Albert Lunel*—in which almost all the characters are French disguises of his own English contemporaries,—“a compound, or rather a *compost*, of affectations, selfishness, and false sentiment.” What can be more effective than the substitution there of the word “compost” for “compound,”—just conveying the impression of thick and sticky pomade? But to get a measure of the full power of Brougham’s language take any of his diatribes against George IV.,—this, for instance, in that sketch of him which he inserted among his “Statesmen of the Reign of George III.” He had been describing George’s treatment of his wife, Caroline of Brunswick, during the first year of their marriage. At the end of it

“the ‘first gentleman of his age’ was pleased under his own hand to intimate that it suited his disposition no longer to maintain even the thin covering of decency which he had hitherto suffered to veil the terms of their union; he announced that they should now live apart; and added, with a refinement of delicacy suited to the finished accomplishment of his pre-eminence among gentlemen, that he pledged himself never to ask for a nearer connection, even if their only child should die; he added, with a moving piety, ‘which God forbid!’ in case it might be imagined that the death of the daughter was as much his hope as the destruction of the mother. The separation thus delicately effected made only an apparent change in the relative position of the parties. They had before occupied the same house, because they had lived under one roof, but in a state of complete separation; and now the only difference was that, instead of making a partition of the dwelling, and assigning her one-half its interior, he was graciously pleased to make a new division of the same mansion, giving her the outside, and keeping the inside to his mistresses and himself.”

In the two sentences we have italicized, at all events in the first of them, Brougham’s ferocity of contempt blazes out in its full power. Sometimes, we think it a little overreaches itself in grasping after new forms of reiteration, and we fancy that in the latter of these sentences there is a flavour of extravagance which rather injures the intensity. Vanity, which was terribly strong in Brougham,—perhaps as strong as any hate,—now and then weakened the intellectual expression of that hate. He makes his hero in *Albert Lunel* pray, in an agony of fear, “for omniscience and omnipresence,” that he may know what people are saying of him. We should imagine that the idea had actually suggested itself to his own mind, but that the fear was not fear of the kind which he imputes to his

hero. Lord Brougham’s immense power of attack may have been at times fed by his vanity. It was certainly, at times, greatly weakened,—rendered artificial and theatrical by the intensity of desire to kindle new admiration for his own power,—as, for instance, when he knelt theatrically to the House of Lords to pass the Reform Bill.

Lord Brougham has left us a character of himself under the thin disguise of the Baron de Moulin, which illustrates this one of his defects, while exaggerating, we think, others of them, and it is so curious that we will extract it here. The character is introduced with a discussion of the Baron’s attentions to a great beauty, the wife of another:—

“‘But how did she and he go on? I suppose she relished him?’—‘As who does not? His various learning; his brilliant wit; his drollery, for it now soars to the Attic heights and now sweeps the Doric levels; his grave, serious, even severe, though God wot never ascetic moments; his liveliness, alternating with sarcasm, like the clouds which course along the sky, now hiding and now revealing the sun, now screening us from his glare, and now descending in tempests of thunder—all this must have made a strongish impression on a very clever woman, though he has absolutely none of the qualities which win the ordinary female mind; he is plain, nay, as near being ugly as any intelligent countenance will allow; he sings not, plays not, paints not, dances not; he neither hunts, nor hawks, nor shoots; he gambles not; and he dresses so that were he to appear in our salons at Paris, he must either serve a long noviciate, or attain high station, or make some happy hit that all can talk about—else success he never could have; add to all which, manners, though high enough bred, yet abrupt, a temper not under strict control, and as much pride as falls to one man’s share.’—‘Is he amiable in other respects?’ asked Lord Mornton; ‘for somehow he holds himself so much aloof, that the more one sees of him the less one knows of him.’—‘Amiable it is quite impossible any one can be with his hot temper, and the sin raging in him without control whereby our first parents fell. But he is also revengeful, and I should say could forgive more easily than he can forget.’—‘Do you hold him selfish?’—‘In the utmost sense of the word. I don’t mean to say he is incapable of generosity; he is of course generous, because he is proud, and cannot stoop to reckon pounds, shillings, and pence, (*louis et livres*). He is munificent by force of being magnificent, would give to deserving objects rather than to others, but must give to some, that he may be above counting cost, and also make men feel grateful and dependent. But I think he despises, perhaps hates, all he confers favours upon.’”

The exaggerated vanity of the first part of

this description, which certainly overrates Brougham's social qualities, is again quite as evident in the exaggerated description of his pride and contempt for dependents, at its close. Lord Brougham evidently piqued himself on the romantic ruggedness of his own character, and forgot the most unromantic of all personal characteristics, vanity, in this Salvator-Rosa-like sketch of himself.

How curious and striking is the contrast between the genius of the two men who alone in this century have risen from the lowest to the highest point of political fame by the unaided force of their own talents and ambition, — Brougham and Disraeli. We should say that the great force of the one lay in his intellectual *carnality*, — if we may use the expression, — the absolute fusion of his passions and his intelligence, — the stimulus which ambition gave to thought, vanity to knowledge, contempt to *savoir-faire*, anger to insight, vindictiveness to reason, — so that his enemies often regarded him much as Demosthenes, with that exquisite acrimony which Brougham himself so keenly appreciated, regarded

Æschines, as a sort of political disease certain to break out afresh whenever any new malady weakened the nation's constitution. Mr. Disraeli, on the other hand, has risen to the top by the perfect "detachment" of his intellect from all personal passions, by his wonderful power of watching, from a position quite outside his own desires, what he can best do to forward them, and striking in, either without or with the appearance of resentment, as best suits his purpose, in the coolest spirit of generalship. But Brougham has at least one advantage over his still more successful contemporary. On Mr. Disraeli's fall we unfortunately cannot as yet philosophize; but we do know that he rose by casting out the little ballast of principle which he may possibly — we speak on mere hypothesis — at one time have possessed. Brougham's rise, on the contrary, was not due to any dereliction of principle, but *was* finally barred by his defects. He rose by the vehemence of his best sympathies; he fell by the outbreak of his worst frailties. He at least earned his success, — if he also earned the failure of his latter days.

SET YOUR HOUSE IN ORDER. — It is well known that Mr. Bright, for instance, in the House of Commons, is not called Mr. Bright, but the Honourable Member for Birmingham, and that he will, when Mr. Gladstone comes to be Prime Minister, very likely be called the Right Honourable Gentleman the Chancellor of the Exchequer. This is the rule of Parliament; and its observance, in the Lower House, is perfectly easy. In the House of Lords, however, as the *Pall Mall Gazette* has pointed out, "confusion is, no doubt, sometimes occasioned by a reference to 'the noble Lord on the other side of the House, who followed the noble Earl on the cross benches in replying to the remarks of my noble friend behind me.'" This confusion might be prevented by adopting a method of personal reference which would involve nothing more than a slight sacrifice of dignity.

A very great humorist once, speaking in a convivial assembly which included some who were strangers to him, indicated one of them as "the gentleman with the foreign waistcoat and domestic countenance." Their Lordships the Peers might, in mentioning one another, adopt similar methods of description. They might particularize the noble Duke with the sandy hair, the noble Earl with the Roman nose, the right reverend Prelate with the red face, or the noble Lord who squints.

If any of these descriptions were found to give offence to Peers unable to take a joke, peculiari-

ties of attire or ornament might be adverted to instead of distinctions of form and feature. There could be nothing unpleasant in calling a Peer the noble Marquis in the white tie, or the noble Lord with the eye-glass. Mistakes would thus be effectually precluded, and noble Lords would be enabled to observe a maxim which all boys either born to or destined for seats in the High Court of Parliament, should be taught to write in their copy-books: "Avoid circumlocution." — *Punch*.

LORD BROUGHAM died, apparently in his sleep, at Cannes, on Thursday, the 8th inst. We have endeavoured elsewhere to sum up the force and feebleness of his public character, and have succeeded in disinterring from one of the scarcest of books, his suppressed novel, his own estimate of himself, an estimate which shows how strongly he prided himself on the ruggedness of his character, and the unpleasant abruptness of his manners. Lord Brougham had, we believe, lost the use of his memory some time before his death, and in the last few weeks of his life his mind was awake only for a few seconds at a time. An old acquaintance who called upon him about a month since was informed by his physician that one minute was the longest conversation he could be allowed to sustain. — *Speculator*, 16 May.



From the Contemporary Review.

Max Havelaar: or, The Coffee Auctions of the Dutch Trading Company. By MULTATULI. Translated from the original manuscript by BARON ALPHONSE NAHUIJS. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas. 1868.

THIS is a remarkable book. Yet it is one which it is very hard for a foreign critic to judge of fairly. The translator tells us in his preface that it was "published a few years ago, and caused such a sensation in Holland as was never before experienced in that country." He compares it to "Uncle Tom's Cabin," but sets the author—Edward Douwes Dekker, formerly Assistant-Resident of the Dutch Government in Java—far above Mrs. Stowe, as having "sacrificed future fortune, and all that makes life agreeable, for a principle—for right and equity." It is "immortal;" it will "do honour to the literature of any language;" it has been "written by a genius of that order which only appears at long intervals in the world's history." But distance is a dispassionate arbiter, and looked at from across the sea, the first impression which "Max Havelaar" produces is that of an attempt to blend in one a political pamphlet, a novel, and a collection of thoughts and opinions on things in general, which has spoilt all three. The pamphlet is high-toned and sincere, but is deprived of weight by the form adopted; the novel shows power, but loses interest through the intermixture of extraneous elements; the thoughts and opinions are often striking, but out of place. But after coming to such conclusions one feels that they are but platitudes, when the author, dismissing his personages with contempt, tells us that he will make no excuses for the form of his book; that he has simply written it to be read; that read he *will* be by statesmen, by men of letters, by merchants, by lady's-maids, by governors-general in retirement, by ministers, "by the lackeys of these excellencies, by mutes—who *more majorum* will say that I attack God Almighty where I attack only the god which they have made according to their own image—by the members of the representative chambers;" that "the greater the disapprobation of my book the better I shall be pleased, for the chance of being heard will be so much the greater;"—when he threatens to translate his book into all European languages, till in every capital the refrain shall be heard, "There is a band of robbers between Germany and the Scheldt;" if this fails, to translate it again

into Malay, Javanese, &c., and sharpen scimitars and sabres by warlike songs, so as to give "delivery and help, lawfully if possible, *lawfully with violence* if need be—and that would be very pernicious to the coffee auctions of the Dutch Trading Company!" Clearly, a man like this must be followed upon his own ground, measured by his own standard. Though he may be only a Dutch-built leviathan, still he is of the breed; there is no putting "an hook into his nose," or boring "his jaw through with a thorn;" no playing with him "as with a bird," nor binding him for our maidens.

The only true way of judging the book, then, is not to view it as a book, but to look upon both book and man as facts—very surprising and portentous facts, it would seem, to the Dutch nation, and surprising, too, to some other nations also. For it had gone forth to the whole world that the Dutch Government of Java of late years was a great success—anomalous indeed, in some respects, according to political economy, since it rested upon monopoly and regulated cultivation, but undeniable, unmistakable. To the Dutchman himself this was a tenet of positive faith, which he drank down afresh with every cupful of his Java coffee, which he saw confirmed day after day at the auctions of his great *Handelsmaatschappij*, or Trading Company, in which his king was known to be a leading shareholder. Foreign visitors confirmed these conclusions, English above all—amongst whom it will be sufficient to name Mr. Money, whose "Java" is little more than a panegyric on Dutch, as compared with British, India.

In the midst of this state of things a book like "Max Havelaar" would explode like a shell. Here was a man, speaking from seventeen years' official experience, who declared that the profit of the Trading Company "was only obtained by paying the Javanese just enough to keep him from starving;" that he was "driven away from his rice-fields" in order to cultivate other products which the Government compelled him to grow, and compelled him to sell to itself, at the price it fixed for itself; that famine was often the consequence, by which sometimes "whole districts were depopulated, mothers offered to sell their children for food, mothers ate their own children"—as in our own Orissa, alas!—that labour was habitually exacted without payment both by native and European officials, cattle and produce taken away by robbery and extortion; that "endless expeditions" were sent, and "heroic deeds performed,

against poor miserable creatures . . . reduced by starvation to skeletons . . . whose ill-treatment has driven them to revolt; that European officials connived at wrong-doing, or were silent about it where they did not participate in it, knowing that an upright discharge of their duties would only bring on them reproof, disgrace, or ruin; that the official reports of the functionaries to the island Government, and those from the island to the mother country, were "for the greater and more important part untrue," the financial accounts ridiculously false; that a "mild and submissive" population "has complained year after year of tyranny," yet sees resident after resident depart without anything being ever done towards the redress of its grievances; that "the end of all this" would be a "Jacquerie."

The news in itself was startling, and the mode of delivering it was of a nature to make it more so. For a more stinging satire of the lower propensities of the Dutch character could hardly be conceived than that embodied in the Amsterdam coffee-broker, Batavus Drystubble, the supposed author of the work, the contrast between whom and the chivalrous, unworldly Havelaar is most powerfully brought out, though by very inartistic means. Overdone as the picture is, Batavus Drystubble certainly stands out as one of the most remarkable embodiments of money-grubbing Phariseism which literature has yet produced; and this, although the first sketch of the personage is far from consistent with his fuller portrait,—giving a curious instance, in fact, of the way in which a character may grow into life and truth in the author's own mind, if only steadily looked at. Nothing can be better hit off than Drystubble's firm rich man's faith that a poor man must be a scoundrel:—

"Mark that Shawlman. He left the ways of the Lord; now he is poor, and lives in a little garret: that is the consequence of immorality and bad conduct. He does not know what time it is, and his little boy wears knee breeches."

The naïf selfishness of this is equally masterly:—

"Why do they want buffaloes, those black fellows? I never had a buffalo, and yet I am contented; there are men who are always complaining. And as regards that scoffing at forced labour, I perceive that he had not heard that sermon of Domine Wavelaar's, otherwise he would know how useful labour is in the extension of the kingdom of God. It is true he is a Lutheran."

Add this touch also to the last:—

"*I did not speak to him of the Lord, because he is a Lutheran; but I worked on his mind and his honour.*"

This again is terrible:—

"Wavelaar himself has said that God so directs all things that orthodoxy leads to wealth. 'Look only,' he said, 'is there not much wealth in Holland? That is because of the faith. Is there not in France every day murder and homicide? That is because there are Roman Catholics there. Are not the Javanese poor? They are Pagans. The more the Dutch have to do with the Javanese the more wealth will be here and the more poverty there.' I am astonished at Wavelaar's penetration; for it is the truth that I, who am exact in religion, see that my business increases every year, and Busselinck and Waterman, who do not care about God or the Commandments, will remain bunglers as long as they live. The Rosemeyers, too, who trade in sugar, and have a Roman Catholic maid-servant, had a short time ago to accept 27 per cent. out of the estate of a Jew who became bankrupt. The more I reflect the further I advance in tracing the unspeakable ways of God. Lately it appeared that thirty millions had been gained on the sale of products furnished by Pagans, and in this is not included what I have gained thereby, and others who live by this business. Is not that as if the Lord said,—'Here you have thirty millions as a reward for your faith?' Is not that the finger of God who causes the wicked one to labour to preserve the righteous one? Is not that a hint for us to go on in the right way, and to cause those far away to produce much, and to stand fast here to the true religion? Is it not, therefore, 'Pray and labour,' that we should pray and have the work done by those who do not know the Lord's Prayer? Oh, how truly Wavelaar speaks when he calls the yoke of God light! How easy the burthen is to every one who believes! I am only a few years past forty, and can retire when I please to Driebergen, and see how it ends with others who forsake the Lord."

Thackeray himself could not have surpassed this scathing page. It is immortal, come what may to the book which contains it.

Max Havelaar himself, though the conception of his character is a subtle one, and is on the whole well brought out,—at once dreamy and practical, lavish and self-stinting, indulgent and rigid, irregular in his impulses, and yet bent on enforcing order—is of far less worth artistically than the coffee-broker, and there is a constant tendency to rhetorical self-assertion about him which one fears is characteristic of the writer himself. The plot is really too slight to be worth analyzing in detail; suffice it to say that Havelaar is an Assistant-Resident in Java, intent on doing justice, and who

thereby only brings disgrace upon himself. More than one such tale might be told from the records of British India; and it is indeed remarkable that the worst excesses which the book complains of are laid to the charge of the native officials, although the burden of the vicious system of government, with which the tolerance of their malpractices seems almost irretrievably bound up, lies of course with the European rulers.

Havelaar's random opinions, *de omnibus rebus*, are often full of quaint power and humour; as when he complains of guide-book measurements which require you to have so many "feet of admiration at hand not to be taken for a Turk or a bagman," or inveighs against cataracts because they tell him nothing:—

"They make a noise, but don't speak. They cry, 'rroo,' 'rroo,' 'rroo.' Try crying, 'rroo,' 'rroo,' for six thousand years or more, and you will see how few persons will think you an amusing man."

A full idea of the book cannot, however, be given without a sample of its pathos. Here is a perfectly exquisite piece of metreless poetry, which, if not translated from the Javanese, but the work of Mr. Douwes Dekker himself, is simply a nineteenth-century miracle:—

"I do not know when I shall die.
I saw the great sea on the south coast when I
was there with my father making salt.*
If I die at sea and my body is thrown into the
deep water, then sharks will come;
They will swim round my corpse, and ask,
'Which of us shall devour the body that
goes down into the water?'
— I shall not hear it.

"I do not know where I shall die.
I saw in a blaze the house of Pa-ansoe, which he
himself has set on fire, because he was
mata glap;†
If I die in a burning house, glowing embers
will fall on my corpse;

* An offence in Java, as in British India, salt being a Government monopoly.
† In a state of frenzy.

And outside of the house there will be many cries
of men throwing water on the fire to kill it.
— I shall not hear it.

"I do not know where I shall die.
I saw the little Si-Oenah fall out of a klappa-tree,
when he plucked a *klappa* [cocoa-nut]
for his mother;
If I fall out of a klappa-tree I shall lie dead below
in the shrubs like Si-Oenah.
Then my mother will not weep, for she is dead.
But others will say with a loud voice,
'See, there lies Saidjah.'
— I shall not hear it.

"I do not know where I shall die.
I have seen the corpse of Palisoe, who died of old
age, for his hairs were white:
If I die of old age, with white hairs,
hired women will stand weeping near my
corpse,
And they will make lamentation, as did the
mourners over Palisoe's corpse, and the
grandchildren will weep very loud.
— I shall not hear it.

"I do not know where I shall die.
I have seen at Badoer many that were dead.
They were dressed in white shrouds, and
were buried in the earth.
If I die at Badoer, and am buried beyond the
dessah [village], eastward against the
hill, where the grass is high,
Then will Adinda pass by there, and the border
of her sarong will sweep softly along the
grass.
— I shall hear it."

Will not any gentlemen or ladies with
volumes of poems ready, or preparing, or
accumulating for publication, after reading
the above, oblige their contemporaries and
posterity by throwing their manuscripts into
the fire?

There remains to be added that Mr.
Douwes Dekker has, the preface tells us, in
vain challenged a refutation of his charges
— *e. g.*, at the International Congress for
the Promotion of Social Science at Amsterdam
in 1863 — and that he has been declared
to have understated rather than overstated
the truth. One word must finally
be said in favour of Baron Nahujs's translation,
the English of which might put to the blush
many of our professed translators.

CHAPTER XV.

THE GHOST'S SEAT.

MR. WESTON kept his second promise of "calling again soon," and very agreeable he made himself in his own simple country fashion. But he went away remarkably early. He said he was not going straight home. Two or three days after, when Philis returned from buying some tapes for my sister, she told us she thought we should have Mr. Weston to tea, for she saw him in the High Street. But he did not come. However, he arrived duly next week, and spent two or three hours with us. And when he rose to go, he found courage to announce openly that he intended to "look in" at the Refuge. He blushed a little as he said it, and stroked his hat.

Nobody made any comment — only Ruth sent a message to Alice. When next we saw Alice she remarked that she had received this message, and executed whatever its directions were, which I forgot. Nothing more.

One evening, still early in May, Ruth and I were taking a little stroll in the meadows, when we met Mr. Marten. He was in high spirits; in fact, that was now his normal condition. I was very glad to see him, because, at that particular time, I wanted to consult him about the terrible coloured window of St. Cross. I wished to get his consent for its removal. If I succeeded, I would substitute another at my own sole expense, quite apart from any assistance I rendered to the fund for general repairs.

Accordingly, I introduced the subject, without any preamble, candidly adding, that I was prepared for objections, inasmuch as I believed my own sister did not share my views on the matter.

"I'm glad you tell that, Edward," said Ruth, "for it is the truth. Why should people's nerves be so fine as to shrink from the sight of what He endured? His own mother was strong enough to see it."

"Ah, so she was," I responded; "but, depend on it, she never spoke about it afterwards. And, Ruth, I fancy it would be those wrenched and worn with agony something like hers, who would shrink most from that picture, because they only would feel all its terrible meaning. I know I don't, but it pains me for their sake."

"I daresay I do not realize its horrors more than you do, sir," said the rector; "but yet it pains me for my own sake, — or rather, it did so, for I doubt if it would have the same power now. I was often heroic enough to rejoice it was behind me."

"Therefore, while in that state of mind," I remarked, "had you been one of the laity, and doomed to confront it, you would have stayed away from worship."

"A pretty morbid state of mind it must have been," said Ruth. "I can't understand such weakness."

"Then thank God, my sister," I observed, "and so pity those who can."

"Surely you can't," she answered, somewhat sharply, as if resenting the possibility of such weakness in so near a relation.

"Not in my own spirit, God be praised," I replied; "but none the less I know it exists, as I know of blindness, or palsy, or other evils I have never suffered, or of poetry, or music, or other gifts which I have not — yet."

"But such weakness, however pardonable, should be conquered, and not humoured," said Ruth, rather more gently.

"If you had a broken leg to be made whole," I argued, "would you walk upon it or rest it?"

"H'm — I don't know," she retorted; "I daresay I should use it more quickly than most people."

"If it were mine, would you tell me to do the same?" I queried.

"You would not mind me if I did," said she, "for you are naturally lazy!"

"Can't you abstract all personalities from the question," I said, warming just a little, "and answer me fairly which you would recommend as the best course?"

"Well," she answered, "in the first instance I should recommend the owner of the leg to take care it did not get broken, and I should say the same of hearts or spirits, or whatever region is the seat of the whims you're talking about."

"But, in all cases, some unavoidable accidents will happen," I pleaded.

"So they will," said she.

"Then granting that, which is the best and surest cure — perfect rest, or exercise, while the limb is in a diseased state?" I questioned.

"Depends upon the patient," she replied, shortly. "If it were my duty to walk, then it would do me less harm than lying still; for that would set me in a fever."

"But if you were the nurse, should not you think it your duty to keep the invalid calm and —"

"Stop, Edward, stop," said my sister; "we need not argue it. You can do as you like about the window. I don't wish to hinder you."

"I always thought you could give an argument fair hearing, Ruth," I remarked, a little hurt.

"So I can—except when it proves me in the wrong," she replied, with a sly glance, which quite restored my good temper. "And see, here is Mr. Herbert standing at his gate;" for that moment we came in sight of the Great Farm.

Of course we stopped for a chat. If Mr. Marten had been alone, I think he would have bowed and passed on; but as he was with us, he remained to speak. Ruth's first inquiry was for Agnes.

"She's somewhere in the house," answered her uncle. "If you will step inside, Miss Garrett, I will call her. Gentlemen, will you follow?" he added, with a slight hesitation.

"Mr. Garrett and I are consulting about some church alterations," said the rector, as an apology for declining the invitation.

"Well, can't you talk in our parlour?" returned Mr. Herbert. "I guess Mr. Garrett can, and I suppose you are not talking secrets, are you?"

"Oh dear, no," I said, "we shall be very glad to include you all in our consultation;" and with this I stepped up to the garden-path, and the rector followed in silence.

"A fine old place, to my mind, ma'am, though it's rough and old-fashioned," said our host, walking beside Ruth, and doing the honours. "But I've a right to say so. I was born in this house, and my father, and his father, and his grandfather, were born here before me. And our family has lived on the spot for two centuries, only the old house was burnt down, and the present one was built in my great-great-grandfather's time. But don't you fancy we belong to the gentry; we're only a good old yeoman stock—there isn't a better in the three nearest counties. And don't you fancy I'm proud of it. I'm no more proud of it, Mr. Garrett, than you are of your money. You use your fortune to buy up all the hearts in the village by the kindness you do with it. That's your way. So I use my good old English blood; I keep 'em in their place by it. Bless you, if I let go that hold over 'em, I haven't got another."

"Wouldn't it be better, sir," I said, "if you used it to show them how successive honest and industrious generations, without any chance helps of fortune, lift their family above the low level of its fellows?"

Mr. Herbert gave his good-humoured, coarse laugh.

"Let them find that out for themselves," said he. "If one does it, that's quite enough. I suppose my ancestor made it out for himself, and I'm glad his neighbours weren't enlightened on the matter. If they had kept pace with us, we should be no

better off than if we had only kept pace with them!"

"But because your descent proves that honesty and industry may prosper apart from mere 'luck,'" I remarked, "it does not disprove that, in other cases, the will of God may set obstacles between the same qualities and success. Doubtless, if you review your family history, you will remember many instances where the well-being of the Herberts might have been damaged or destroyed, or at least hindered, by one of those commonplace misfortunes which happen every day to somebody. There are the M'Cullums—high-principled people—who were prosperous after the frugal fashion of their country, and yet, through no fault of their own, they were forced to forego all the advantages of old neighbourhood and ancient respectability, and to begin a struggle for bare existence under new conditions in a strange land——"

"There!" exclaimed Mr. Herbert enthusiastically, slapping my shoulder, "that's what I always say! Good blood like good wine needs no blush. It speaks for itself. I knew that Ewen was above the common. He never said so; because he knew if the mettle was in him, it would not need his recommendation. But he did his work, so that he never needed to be told that I was his master. I'm glad the yeoman blood is in him, sir. The best blood in the world. It made Great Britain what she is, sir."

The worthy farmer was evidently in happy ignorance of any difference between the Celtic and Saxon races, and I fear none of us was sufficiently well informed on the subject to care to begin his education in that particular.

"Well, so long as any blood, whether 'gentle' or simply 'good,' is never boasted, but quietly proved by deeds, the wildest Radical will scarcely complain," said Mr. Marten; "but certainly 'descent' is oftenest on the lips of those who themselves forget—"

'Tis only noble to be good,
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

"Pooh! who thinks anything of coronets?" interrupted Mr. Herbert. "How were many of them earned?"

"Anyhow, many were earned most honourably," I returned; "and their value is, that they should be a spur to incite their wearers to rival the sires who won them. A great and good ancestor is as much a gift of God as any other blessing."

"And if the descendant prove unworthy,

he changes that blessing into a curse," said the rector.

"So he does," observed Mr. Herbert, with sudden gravity; "but, to tell you the truth, I hate to hear about 'degenerate families.' Let every respectable family be considered extinct on the death of its last worthy representative."

"But some people have strange notions of worth," began Mr. Marten, but he was interrupted, for, as our host uttered his last dogma, Agnes joined us, entering the great dining-room by one door, as we reached it by another. She looked a little scared, just as she had done on my first visit to the Great Farm, and she glanced from one to another as if she wondered what we were talking about. Her entrance broke the conversation, and presently Mr. Marten introduced the subject of our previous discussion — the coloured window of St. Cross.

"I say, Mr. Garrett, can't you let well alone?" was the farmer's bluff query. "Any old thing is better than a new one, I'll engage."

"What is Miss Herbert's opinion?" asked the rector.

"I shall be sorry if it be taken away," she answered; "and yet I wish it had never been there."

"Thank you, my dear," I said; "that is the strongest possible argument on my side of the case."

"Is it?" she queried, smiling. "I don't quite understand why."

"I do," said Mr. Marten.

And I think so did Ruth.

"Well, it does not matter to me what the window is," remarked Mr. Herbert; "so you can settle it how you like, for my part."

"But you will not destroy the old window, will you?" asked Agnes.

"No, my dear," I answered, "we will exchange it for another."

"Will that be right?" questioned the conscientious rector. "Should we offer another what we reject ourselves?"

"Others may not be in our case," I replied. "In many churches there are several painted windows. In such our objection to this design does not hold good."

"Ah, I see that," assented Mr. Marten.

"Then what shall you have?" asked the farmer. "Your coat-of-arms, eh, Mr. Garrett?"

"Our family has never troubled the Heralds' College," I answered, drily, for I was rather affronted by his hint of self-glorification.

"I think heraldry out of place in churches," said the rector. "Need we take the

most secular art on earth to adorn the House of God?"

"I don't quite agree with you," remarked Ruth. "An escutcheon is a family possession as much as a purse, and as a man may pour the one into God's treasury, so he may set up the other in God's temple, purely in the spirit of dedication, — 'I and my house, we will serve the Lord.'"

"True enough," responded Mr. Marten; "only I fear that spirit is somewhat scarce. But, at least, you do not think heraldry appropriate to a chancel window?"

"Certainly not," said Ruth.

"Do you think we shall have to order a window, Mr. Garrett?" inquired the rector.

"I don't think so," I answered. "St. Cross' window is by no means unusually large, and many of the London ecclesiastical warehouses have coloured glasses which can be made to fit it by using wider or narrower borders."

"And who is to survey these warehouses and make the selection?" asked Mr. Marten, rather blankly.

"You and I," I replied, laughing. "We will take the trip together."

"O dear," said he, "I wish I could get rid of the responsibility! What device do you think most suitable, Miss Garrett?"

"Well, certainly *not* two or three thin monks, each in a separate shrine, turning up his eyes, as if that promoted God's glory," returned my practical sister.

"Monks, Ruth?" I exclaimed. "I think you mistake. Surely they are intended for apostles?"

"If so, they are libels," she retorted. "Apostles indeed! The apostles were all honest working men, and what reason have we to suppose they were so foolish as to wear pink and blue trailing robes, with embroidered edges?"

"I think some incident from the life of our Saviour would be far better," I remarked.

"Not with the usual treatment," Ruth replied. "There is scarcely one picture taken from our Lord's life which is not a *lie*. Can their smooth, pink, feminine faces give any idea of One who wrought hard work, and lived in sun and wind? Are their delicate draperies consistent with the fact that He had not where to lay his head?"

"But I suppose art must have some license in these things," I observed. "You see a painted window must be 'a thing of beauty.'"

"Truth first — and then as much beauty as you like," said Ruth.

"So say I," joined Mr. Herbert, heartily.

ly. "But that is not the fashion now-a-days, madam."

"But there are subjects which admit of beautiful form and colour without any clashing with facts," said the rector. "I know a splendid window with emblematical figures of Faith, Hope, and Charity."

"And I'll engage the artist has painted them so that the most worthless women who ever enter the church, are most like them!" answered Ruth.

"I confess I prefer scriptural subjects for church windows," I remarked.

"Certainly, if they are so treated as to convey God's truth," responded my sister; "for then they may be as useful as the sermon."

"Do not the parables offer good subjects?" suggested Agnes, timidly.

"Yes, that they do," replied Ruth; "and as they are lessons which Christ set in stories, it does not seem inappropriate that we should set them in pictures. But they are not very common, are they, Edward?"

"I have seen them in some city churches, I believe," I answered. "In St. Stephen's, Walbrook, for instance."

"But I don't like any great figures in a window," said the rector. "One cannot see anything else. If you will recall any ancient cathedral, you will remember there is nothing obtrusive about its coloured windows. They warm the light, and rest the eye, but they never stare one out of countenance."

"Well, I daresay we could divide the St. Cross window into three parts," I said, "and about the centre of each part place a medallion representing a striking parable, and then fill in the ground with minute and richly-coloured devices."

"And what parables shall you select?" asked Ruth.

"We must choose those which can best be illustrated," I answered. "I fear it would be hard to make the parable of 'the labourers' tell its own story in a picture."

"Perhaps the Good Samaritan will do for one," said Agnes.

"Yes," replied Mr. Marten, "and the Prodigal Son for another."

By this time twilight had fallen, and Mr. Herbert started up so suddenly, that some suggestion which was on my lips vanished completely from my mind, and I could never afterwards recall it.

"I don't know why we're sitting in the dark," said he; "I'm getting quite sleepy, begging the company's pardon for saying so. Ah, here comes Mrs. Irons with lights." And our worthy host stamped firmly down

the long room, and closed the shutters of the end window with his own hands.

Meantime, Mrs. Irons advanced to the table, and set down a very handsome antique bronze lamp. Then she deliberately smoothed the table-cover, which did not really need smoothing, and at last inquired in her dry acid tones—

"Have you any orders, sir?"

"Now, you know all about it, Sarah," replied her bluff master; "only don't be long."

"I think we must say good-night, Ruth," I said, rising.

"No, you shan't," said the farmer in his peremptory way, "there's some ham coming in presently. Sarah will spread supper in a minute, Miss Garrett. She won't keep you waiting. She's an invaluable woman. Been in this house thirty years. Came here as my mother's maid. Found she liked the place, and concluded she would stay. Never was any danger of her sweethearts drinking up the ale in the kitchen. The only trouble she ever made was that she frightened all the men-servants away."

"Well, Mr. Herbert," observed Ruth, with some asperity, "considering what specimens of womankind one sees in the bonds of matrimony, nobody can suppose that any woman is obliged to remain single on account of any ugliness, or even wickedness."

At this instant, Mrs. Irons, carrying the supper-tray, and followed by a young attendant damsel, entered the room. While the elder servant spread the cloth, the girl arranged five chairs about the table, and Mr. Herbert and his niece took their seats at either end. Mr. Marten chanced to overlook this arrangement, and so drew up his own chair, and as Ruth and I sat down side by side, an empty seat remained between him and Agnes. When he perceived this he pointed to it, and said, laughingly—

"Look, Miss Herbert, the ghost's seat!"

He had scarcely uttered the words before I saw he wished he could recall them. And yet they seemed harmless enough. But Agnes' face quivered, and she glanced nervously at her uncle, while she gave the obnoxious chair a little ineffectual push. Mr. Herbert's face crimsoned, and he threw a fierce glance at the rector; it was only a flash—next instant he turned round on his chair, and shouted in a voice of thunder—

"Sarah, come back and take this—"

I think he was about to utter a word which our presence forbade, and, as he checked himself in that particular, he also paused in his command. He got up, and

himself removed the chair, for Mr. Marten sat perfectly still, as if afraid that any movement on his part would only make bad worse. Our host had scarcely returned to his seat, when the door opened, and the dry, sour voice inquired —

"Did you call me, sir?"

"Yes, Sarah, I did," he answered, in quite a propitiatory tone; "but I made a mistake. Nothing is wanted, thank you, Mrs. Irons."

"Very well, sir," said the acid tones outside the door.

Our conversation never recovered that shock. We all left immediately after supper, and Mr. Marten walked home with us. Somehow, I guessed that he knew the secret of the Great Farm, but whether he kept silence because he supposed we knew it too, or because he had learned it in the course of his pastoral duty, in either case it behoved me to respect that silence.

CHAPTER XVI.

A VISIT TO LONDON.

HAVING once arrived at the conclusion that we must take a journey to London, Mr. Marten and I were not long in making the necessary arrangements. I wished Ruth to be of the party, but she would not "trouble us," as she called it, and so we were fain to go alone. And we started on the third morning after our visit to the Herberts, with nothing to take charge of except ourselves and a portmanteau, and two messages and one parcel, sent by Mr. McCallum and Alice to Ewen.

Ruth drove with us to the railway station, and when I saw her standing on the platform as we were whirled away, it seemed almost a revival of our old parting scene on Mallowe Common. But it was a revival with many improvements.

The rector had asked, "By which class shall we travel?" And it struck me that he would not have put this question had he not wished to go second-class himself. So I gave him the answer I thought he wanted. And as the day was fine and warm, I found our second-class carriage exceedingly comfortable, and could not help reflecting that such men as Shakespeare and Dante would have esteemed it the height of luxury to travel in a vehicle now despised by many a paltry dandy, who is only kept in the flesh by his father's allowance.

During the earlier part of our journey we had three fellow-passengers. When I enter a train or an omnibus, it often seems to me that I must have known my fellow-travellers in some former stage of existence,

where I unfortunately offended them. How otherwise can I account for the active animosity of the lady on my right, or the passive contempt of the gentleman opposite? Sometimes, during the course of a journey, I contrive to propitiate them, but generally it is not easy. Nevertheless, I always do my best. So, on this occasion, as there was a newspaper in the hands of one of our party, a red-faced, important person — one of those who always suggest the idea of an intimate relationship with our national grandmother in Threadneedle Street — I presently ventured to inquire if there were any important telegrams from a certain foreign country, upon which the whole world was then intently gazing.

"No, sir," he answered, suddenly lowering the crackling sheet, and confounding me with the Gorgon gaze of stony grey eyes: "no, sir, there is not." And then up again went the closely-printed page, and down went my hopes of any reconciliation in that quarter.

Opposite sat a fair damsel of fifty, who seemed uneasy at finding herself the sole representative of her sex. I fear she thought I admired her, for I confess my eyes would wander in her direction, simply because I could not help wondering what she could possibly have been in her girlhood, and what she might eventually become before her career closed. I have heard of a great man, who would not seek an interview with an early love in her middle age, because he wished to preserve her youthful memory. I always thought that strange, a sacrifice of feeling to sentiment. But I don't wonder at it, if he had learned to associate middle-age with looks like that lady's. I think she had worn the bloom from her soul by fearing lest it was wearing from her face, and her spirits seemed quite exhausted by her vain contest with Time. I cannot think why any should fear his touches, when once they feel them. They may shrink a little beforehand, for unknown change is always sad. As the white marble is fair, so is the smooth young brow; but even as the one is ennobled by the sculptor's chisel, so is the other by the tracings of a good life. There is a beauty of dimples, and a beauty of crows' feet. We may put summer fruit on our winter table, as a surprise and a rarity, but we do not choose it for our Christmas dinner. For all things there is a season, and what is seasonable is best.

As for our third passenger, I can only describe him as a pair of checked trousers, one straw-coloured glove, a black frock coat, a little reddish hair, and a low-crowned hat. I never saw more of him. He looked

out of window with the greatest assiduity. Perhaps he was shy. Perhaps he had been crossed in love. Perhaps he was in trouble. I shall never know. When our train stopped at a certain station he slipped from the carriage. The stout gentleman gave a sonorous cough, got up, threw down his paper—it was the *Standard*—and also alighted. The lady half rose, and then sat down, and then rose again; but when Mr. Marten, kindly thinking to relieve her uncertainty, repeated the name of the station, she only answered with a freezing glance, and, gathering up a sea of fluffy frills and fringes, hastily quitted the carriage, leaving us alone.

As we moved on again, Mr. Marten pointed to the newspaper, and laughingly remarked—

“That good gentleman left his journal behind him as a present to you, that you may look over the telegrams for yourself.”

“Very much obliged for the favour,” I said, taking possession of it.

“I dare say he meant to vex you,” observed my companion.

“Oh, I hope not,” I replied, “and it does not matter if he did, as I am not vexed, but quite the contrary, for I had no time to read the news before I left home this morning.”

I found one or two reviews, and sundry items of political interest, and our discussions over these beguiled our time until the broad horizon narrowed, and knots of trim villas betokened the outskirts of the great city. Then gradually the fields vanished, and soon the newly-planted trees of suburban gardens also disappeared, and the train dashed on its resolute way amid a forest of houses. On and on it went, cutting through the narrow unknown arteries of our giant London, and the houses crowded close upon its path and upon each other, for it was the dreadful East End, where space is valuable—more valuable than life! As we crossed the railway bridges we saw the people swarming like insects in the streets below. Through open windows, staring on the dreary lines, we caught glimpses of sundry household arrangements, patchwork quilts, boiling kettles, and spread tables.

“Here every room is a home,” I remarked.

“Don’t say ‘home,’” said Mr. Marten, dimly shaking his head.

“Yes, I will say ‘home,’” I replied, “for more are homes than the reverse. The upper and middle classes are too prone to judge the very poor by what they read in the police reports. They have no reason to complain if, in return, the very poor

judge them, as I fear they do, by the revelations of the Divorce Court. If you take up any commonplace aristocratic fiction, you are sure to find the conventional labourer, who gets drunk, beats his wife, and starves his children, and only exists to be converted by the angelic efforts of the young ladies from the Hall. And if you buy any of the badly-printed penny serials sold in the streets beneath us, you will be equally sure to find the conventional nobleman, whose mansion is a very charnel house, and who deceives and seduces every girl he sees, until he is finally induced to abandon his wickedness that he may deserve the hand of some peerless village damsel, whose virtue has resisted force and fraud alike. Now, one picture is as true as the other, or rather as false. I readily grant that in real life there are more ill-conducted labourers than wicked lords, because there are more labourers than noblemen. But unfortunately each class judges the other by the bad specimens, which, like all evil weeds, come into undue prominence.”

“I did not make my remark in any depreciation of the poor,” observed the rector; “only it seems to me that to keep one’s mind pure and healthy and heavenward amid influences such as these, must be so hard as to be nearly impossible.”

“Mr. Marten,” I said, “the modern school of sentimental philanthropists appear to forget that when Christ gave his opinion on the subject, He said, ‘How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God!’ Do not think I deny that this wretchedness is an evil, but I believe it does more harm to the soul of the rich man who allows it to be endured, than to the soul of the poor man who must endure it.”

Just then the train stopped; it was not yet the terminus, but only a little eastern station, where many of the third-class passengers alighted. Close behind the parapet rose a tall old house. Its wide, low garret window overlooked the end of the platform. At this window stood a young woman trimming a laurel in a red pot. She was a pretty girl in a coarse linsey dress. Presently a young railway guard came down the platform whistling, and when he saw her he laughed and nodded, and then stopped, leaning over the parapet. They could easily exchange a few words, but they had to raise their voices a little, and so I could hear what they said.

“Don’t forget this evening, Maggie,” said he.

“No, indeed,” said she. “Shall you get away in time, Tom?”

"Oh, yes," he answered. "Mind you don't make it late, Maggie."

"Mind you don't," she retorted.

"All right," said he. And then our train moved on, and left the little idyl behind; and I looked at Mr. Marten, and smiled, and he smiled back again.

After that, we were very soon at the terminus; and when we were walking down the platform whom should we see alighting from another carriage but that fair damsel of fifty who had deserted us so early in our journey!

"She only changed carriages," I remarked to my companion. "So you see what she thought about us."

"Poor idiot!" said Mr. Marten.

"But I daresay we sometimes judge as unfairly," I added.

We took a cab, and drove to a comfortable old-fashioned hostelry in a quiet city close. There we dined, and after dinner, it being too late to begin our art expeditions for that day, Mr. Marten went off to the Temple to visit a college crony, and I took a leisurely walk to my old house of business by the churchless city grave-yard. But by the quiet which I observed stealing over the streets, I feared that I should be too late to find my friends there. So it proved. Principals and staff had alike departed, with the exception of the old head-clerk, who regularly made a point of being the last on the premises. I was a great favourite of his, and he always treated me with that quaint patronage which confidential servants often extend to their employers. He took me into the familiar counting-house, where we sat down and chatted. He was a little man, whose wiry grey hair had a tendency to stand upright, and he had a habit of touching his auditor's arm when he wished to give particular emphasis to his words. He did so when he told me that the firm had bought the good-will of Barwell Brothers, and had found it a highly-profitable investment. He did so when he told me that the junior partner was about to marry the senior partner's daughter; and he did so when he spoke of Ewen McCallum.

"A fine young man, sir," he said in his little precise tone. "Of course I know all about him. Whatever is told to the firm, is told to me, sir, which, of course, you understand, Mr. Garrett. So I'll own I suspected him at first, and I kept my eyes on him, but he had not been here a month before I saw that to pay him eighteen shillings a week was a sheer robbery on the part of the firm, sir. Now I'm not one for sudden advancement" (an emphatic touch), "but

I talked it over with the principals, and we came to a conclusion. You remember we have on the premises, sir, a dinner-table for the boys—those young lads that get eight or nine shillings a week. Just plain joint and vegetables, sir. Yes, yes, you remember. We don't have it for the better-paid clerks, because they may prefer dining with their wives at home, and if they haven't got wives they can go to an ordinary, and suit themselves *exactly*. So we made McCallum free of that dinner-table, which would make his eighteen shillings go a great deal further" (another touch). "He wrote home of the arrangements, did he, sir? Yes, yes, he's a grateful sort of lad. And no one could be jealous, for the others' wages are all much higher. And now I'll tell you a secret, sir. At Midsummer his salary will be raised to EIGHTY POUNDS A YEAR!" (a vigorous poke).

"I'm very glad to hear it," I said; "and as I must not keep you from your family any longer, I will bid you good-bye, and go and pay him a visit."

"But surely you will see something more of the firm while you are in London," observed the worthy man.

"Certainly," I answered, "I will be here as much as I possibly can, but the length of my stay is very uncertain."

So I took my departure. I knew where Ewen lodged, as he had written to us several times since Alice had delivered my sister's injunction. I got into an omnibus at the Bank, and rode to the "Angel," Islington, whence I soon found my way into the Liverpool Road. Ewen lived in a small cross street of humble but decent appearance. I soon found his number. There was a plate on the door announcing that the landlord was a tailor. The parlour was screened by a respectable wire-blind, and had old-fashioned wooden shutters outside. The establishment boasted both knocker and bell, and I chose the latter. Why need I alarm the quiet street and throw the good housewife into an unnecessary flutter?

A plump, pleasant-faced woman opened the door. "Yes, sir, he's at home," she answered to my inquiry for "Mr. McCallum." "Will you step inside, sir; and what name shall I say?"

"Mr. Garrett," I replied, advancing into the passage. The landlady ran up-stairs, and I heard her open the door, and announce me, and then Ewen's voice said, "Take the candle, please, for it must be quite dark on the stairs." But simultaneously there was a scuffle of feet, and a rush down the stairs, and a tall figure passed me in the dusk, and went out at the front door.

"Will you step this way, sir?" cried the landlady's cheerful voice, as she held the light over the banisters. I obeyed, and went up three flights of stairs. At the top Ewen welcomed me, took the candle from the woman, and led me into his room; and after our first greetings, and when I had repeated my message, and delivered his parcel, I found a moment's leisure to glance round it.

It was neither large nor small, and had two windows facing northward. It was clean and neat, but the furniture was singularly scanty. The floor was bare. In one corner stood a small, ascetic-looking bed, with a common deal washstand near it. The table was also deal; and there were only three chairs — two Windsor ones, and a cane arm-chair, in which Ewen had placed me. The rest of the furniture consisted of Ewen's box (on which lay a shabby port-manteau), a common looking-glass hung against the wall, and a homely set of bookshelves, with a decent array of worn books. I noticed a door beside the fireplace that I concluded belonged to a cupboard. But the region about the mantel had a brightness which, by its contrast to the rest of the apartment, reminded me of the little decorated shrines one sees in Roman Catholic houses. There were three pictures hanging above it — two small ones unglazed, and one much larger, which boasted a very narrow frame. This one I could see was a head, but by the dim light of the solitary candle I could not distinguish more. The shelf itself was decorated by two plaster casts, and one or two bright bits of pottery, and at either end was a smart hand-screen. But there was a familiar look about the room which puzzled me. I had certainly never seen it before, nor could I recall anything like it, and yet it was not wholly strange. My observations were made in a minute, and then my eyes returned to my young host. Glancing at him as he stood in the centre of the room, I suddenly noticed that the two chairs were both drawn up to the table, on which lay two heaps of papers, indicating the recent presence of two individuals. Then I remembered the apparition in the passage.

"I fear I have disturbed you," I said; "did not a friend of yours run away when he heard of my arrival? I saw some one go out."

Ewen laughed, and yet looked a little embarrassed.

"Oh, he is staying with me," he answered.

"But why did he run away?" I queried. "I should not have eaten him."

"He did not wish to intrude," said the young man, rather stiffly.

"But a pleasant companion never intrudes," I replied. "If you know where to find him, pray fetch him back."

Ewen paused, and mechanically turned over the leaves of an open book lying on the table. Then he looked up, and said with hurried frankness —

"I must tell you at once, sir, that my friend is in such an unhappy state of mind, that he generally shuns seeing or being seen."

"I am sorry he did not make me an exception to the rule," I answered, "for I might help him in some way. I think you say he lives with you?"

"At present," Ewen replied. "You see, sir, I am out all day, and then he has the room entirely to himself."

"Doesn't he go to business?" I inquired.

"He is an artist," said Ewen.

"Oh, indeed," I responded, involuntarily glancing round the bare chamber.

"This room has the advantage of a north light," explained the young man, "and the landlady is very kind and attentive. Her husband is a Scotchman, and new to London. I heard from one of my fellow-clerks that they let apartments. The rooms they showed me at first were nicely furnished and too expensive for me. But in the course of conversation, they mentioned this attic, and said they did not wish to go to the expense of furnishing it just now. And presently they said, if I could be satisfied with the furniture you see, they would let me have the room at a very low rent. And I have been here ever since."

"I see you stick to your art studies," I said, glancing at the etchings strewn about the table. "I suppose your artist-friend gives you a few hints."

"Yes, indeed he does," he replied; "some of his things are wonderfully beautiful."

"So are yours," I said.

Ewen smiled very sadly. "Mine are commonplace," he answered. "I always miss the idea in my mind. But I work and work upon them, and then they look elaborate, and so sometimes tempt the dealers to buy, while they stupidly reject his brilliant sketches, with genius in every dash of the pencil."

I glanced at this young man, with his passionate brow and intense eyes, and it struck me that very likely the dealers were right. But I only said, "Genius goes but a little way without hard work."

"And hard work goes but a little way without genius," he answered, somewhat bitterly.

I looked at him again. He was certainly paler and thinner than formerly. His hands had lost the hue they had caught in his days of out-door work. His manner had always been good, not, as people say, for "what he was," but intrinsically good, despite a little shy embarrassment; yet now he had gained an air which caused me to suspect that his companion was not without polish. But I also noticed that he looked much older, and like one who has passed through a severe moral struggle, where self-conquest was not gained without sharp suffering. I thought surely this is not merely the trace of his artistic aspirations. And yet I knew that genius, before it understands itself, is often like that dumb spirit in the Scripture, which tore and wore its unhappy owner. So I said cheerfully, "And your genius, my boy, combined with your hard work, will go a very long way. And when you are at the top of the tree, don't forget that I said so, but give me credit as a good prophet and a wiseacre."

He smiled a little more brightly.

"But I hope you do not forget rest and exercise," I added; "I need not hope you don't neglect business, for I have just heard your praises sounded at the counting-house."

"I think I give satisfaction there," he answered, meekly, "and I never sit up late, and I take two long walks regularly every week; I should not do justice to my work if I neglected those things."

"And yet you get through much drawing," I remarked.

"I could not live without it now," he exclaimed, with startling enthusiasm.

Then it had come to this! The spell was on him, whether for good or for evil. "My boy," I said gently, "would you like to devote yourself wholly to art?"

"No," he replied, slowly and firmly; "but I suppose if I were a genius, I should. And yet Milton did not live on 'Paradise Lost,' and Shakespeare made his fortune from his playhouse and not from his plays. And I'd rather get my bread like other people."

"Your friend does not think thus," I said.

"He did not think so," he answered, "but it would have been better for him, and for every one concerned, if he had."

I looked again at Ewen, for there was an undefinable something about him which filled me with wonder. He had certainly grown much older than the lapse of five months warranted, but it was not only that.

"Your friend is not in trouble?" I queried.

"Not now," he said.

"And you are in no trouble?" I whispered, softly.

"Why, what makes you say such a thing, sir?" he questioned in return, turning on me his old smile, which yet had a new solemnity that gave pathos to its brightness. "There ought not to be a happier man in London, sir, thanks to you."

"Thanks to God," I said — and I said no more; for, of all the delicate tortures which society tolerates, there are few more cruel than such remarks as, "You seem sad to-day," or, "You look ill." If mistaken, they annoy; if true, they sting.

After a little more conversation we parted. I would not promise another visit, for I scarcely knew what my plans would be. Yet, in my own mind, I felt sure that I should not leave the city without seeing Ewen again.

CHAPTER XVII.

MR. RALPH.

IN the morning, Mr. Marten and I went off to one of the most celebrated ecclesiastical warehouses. I had not been in such a place since my boyhood, when I had carried a message from my good old master, relative to some simple piece of church furniture which he had ordered for the use of his parish church. I found the house much enlarged. In the old-fashioned days of my youth the garments of the sanctuary were so plain and so universal that they needed no display, but orders for them were quietly received at a desk, and the only matter for consideration was the precise quality of the silk or linen. But now a plate-glass window was stocked with clerical finery. Upon a dummy, like those in mercers' windows, stood a surplice with a cross embroidered on the collar, and over it was thrown a hood ostentatiously displaying the "Oxford" colours. We passed through this department, and then we were shown into another, where we were detained some time, until the assistant who attended the sales of coloured glass was at liberty to wait upon us. In this place, I should have been fairly confounded but for the rector's explanations. I did not even know the names of the things about me, and when I learned them from the shopmen I was no wiser, until Mr. Marten gave me the plain English for such words as "lectern" and "faldstool," "credence" and "piscina," and taught me that an "eagle" might be a reading-desk, and a "corporal" a cloth, and not a soldier!

"But it seems to me all rank folly," I said; "and I cannot understand how any

same man can upset the unity of the Church for such rubbish."

"To those who do so, it is not such folly as it seems to you," answered the rector. "In their eyes these things symbolize certain doctrines. For instance, that cloth which they choose to call a *corporal* is used to cover the bread at the Lord's Supper. Its name is plainly derived from the Latin *corpus*, or body,—a subtle introduction of that doctrine of transubstantiation which changes our Feast of remembrance into a sacrifice. Admitting the idea of sacrifice, an altar is needed, and where there is an altar there must be, not a simple ministry like that of the Apostles, but a priesthood clothed with the mystic dignity and terrible powers of spiritual privilege—and able to brand with the sin of schism any who venture to expose its duplicity, or who dare to defy its encroachments."

"I don't think I could argue about it at all," I said; "I can only say this doesn't seem like the New Testament."

"It is not, it is not," responded the rector, warmly. "It is a retreat from light into darkness—from realities into shadows—from the Sermon on the Mount to the rules for building the tabernacle. And when and where will it end?" he added, mournfully.

"It will end in God's good time and place," I answered; "and meanwhile, out of evil He can bring some good. Just now, let it stir our zeal to make His house a pleasant place, without turning His service into a mummerly."

And so we went on to look at the glasses.

We were shown many specimens of that false and monkish art of which Ruth had spoken. We were assured that it was "admired," and "popular," and "devotional" (strange connection of words!). We asked if they had no illustrations of the parables or miracles, and, with a sigh for our bad taste, our attendant owned they had; but they were not new, having been removed from a church about to be *restored*. They were shown us, and proved appropriate in shape. But as they were too large to admit of three in the St. Cross window, we instantly decided on the Prodigal Son and the Good Samaritan, with a neat medallion representing an open Bible, for the centre of the triangular top of the window. A small device for the groundwork, and a richly-coloured border for the whole, were very easily selected, and so, having made all due arrangements, we left the warehouse and strolled leisurely back to our hotel.

Of course, we looked at the shops; now it is natural for every one to look at pictures

and books, and occasionally, according to one's sex, at cravats or bonnets. Also it is pleasant to behold beautiful house-furniture, such as carved sideboards, inlaid cabinets, and stately mirrors. But what possessed Mr. Marten to pull me up in front of a painted, cane-bottomed chair, bearing a label, "36s. a dozen," while he remarked, "That seems cheap; doesn't it, Mr. Garrett? A dozen chairs go a long way in bedrooms." And a few minutes after, when I was admiring some photographs, and turned to call his attention to their beauty, I found he had wandered away to a china-shop, where he was gravely weighing the comparative merits of tea-sets, respectively priced "£1 1s." and "£1 5s." And at last, when he actually stopped to feel the thickness of some very cheap drugget, I slyly said, "Come, come, Mr. Marten, we old bachelors need not trouble ourselves about such things." And he answered hastily, "Oh, no," and hurried on.

Having brought our business to a satisfactory conclusion, we agreed to return to Upper Mallowe by the next day's early train. I felt that my few remaining hours in London were due to my old city friends, and as Mr. Marten had many acquaintances of his own to whom he must show attention, I went alone to the counting-house by the church-yard, and saw the whole array of familiar faces, among whom so many years of my life had passed. Of course I saw Ewen, but only as one of the crowd. I went home with the senior partner, and dined at his house in Highbury Crescent, and spent a very pleasant evening, for every one was exceedingly kind. Nevertheless, I left before nine o'clock, and took a cab to the corner of a certain quiet street in the Liverpool Road.

The old-fashioned parlour-shutters were closed, and but for a light in the passage, the whole front of the house was dark. The same cheerful woman opened the door, and instantly recognising me, invited me to enter with a cheerful "Good-evening, sir. Will you please to walk up-stairs? Mr. McCallum is at home."

I knocked at Ewen's door, and a voice, not his, cried, "Come in." So I entered. There were two figures seated at the table, with a solitary candle between them. Ewen had his back towards me, and when he heard my voice, he started up, glanced nervously at his companion, and hurried forward to offer me a seat in the cane arm-chair. I saw he was drawing. The stranger was reading. At first he did not look up, but while Ewen and I carried on that desultory chat which distinguishes unex-

pected visits, I found that he turned from his book, and regarded me with a curious scrutiny.

He was quite a young man, of not more than five or six and twenty. His face was remarkably pale, but his features were handsome, though a little worn for his time of life. I did not notice the details of his attire, but he had an elegant appearance, and his hands were white, and singularly fine in form. At first, I thought he was a little uneasy, though he only showed it by a statue-like stillness, scarcely seeming even to breathe. But after his eyes had met mine twice or thrice, this passed away, and presently he made some casual remark which fell in with the course of our conversation.

By-and-by Ewen quitted the room. I concluded he went to instruct his landlady to prepare some little hospitality. For a few minutes I and the stranger were silent. Then, thinking I must not lose so good an opportunity, I observed—

"It gives me much pleasure to make the acquaintance of a young artist of whose talents my friend speaks so warmly, though I do not think he has ever chanced to mention your name——"

"Ralph—Mr. Ralph," he interrupted, with a graceful bow; "and I feel it a great honour to introduce myself to you, sir," he added hastily, with a strange emotion; "for I, too, have heard and—heard again of the goodness of Mr. Garrett."

"Ah, but you must not trust Ewen for my character," I said, smiling, "for I fear he exaggerates—yes, he certainly exaggerates."

At this instant Ewen returned, followed by a servant girl with a little supper. It was a very simple repast, but it was quite a treat to me, carrying me back to the distant days when I gave such feasts to my few visitors, the dear friends of my youth, who are now all nearer God.

Our conversation during supper was not very brisk. Mr. Ralph was decidedly taciturn, like one who does not care to conceal that his mind is not with his company. But this seemed an unconscious habit on his part, and perhaps arose from too much solitude. Whenever he spoke he was agreeable, though his words sometimes left an uncomfortable impression. Once or twice he was merry, and his mirth was saddest of all. It was as if a man, pursued by a relentless fate, from which he felt himself too weak to escape, recklessly turned and smiled in her direful face. I could not understand the intimacy between him and Ewen. It was evidently of the closest nature: no casual fel-

lowship, entered into from community of tastes or motives of mere financial economy. Yet I could not pass an hour with these two young men without observing a great disparity between their natures. But there seemed a bond between them stronger than any difference of character, and firm enough to resist all change of circumstance. Their manner towards each other had none of the gushing enthusiasm of hastily warm friendships, but rather the quiet, settled confidence one notices between brothers, old school-fellows, or tried comrades in war or travel.

"And did you two make acquaintance in London?" I found opportunity to inquire in the course of conversation.

"Oh, we knew each other a long time ago," said Mr. Ralph. "Will you pass the ale, M'Callum?"

"School-fellows, perhaps?" I suggested, remembering that Ewen's early education had been received among lads of the apparent position of his companion.

"No; our acquaintance was of a very casual kind," he returned; "but one greets a familiar face when one has been lost in London.—A little more cheese, please, Ewen."

So I understood that the subject was to drop.

"I suppose you will ride home, sir?" remarked young M'Callum, when I rose to go.

"I don't think so," I answered, looking from the window. "This is a bright moon, and the streets are clear and quiet now."

"May I come with you?" said Mr. Ralph. "I shall so enjoy the walk."

"Shall I come too?" queried Ewen, as if consulting his friend's pleasure.

"No, my boy," returned the other; "you have to rise early, and march off to business. You go to bed, and to sleep. I will see Mr. Garrett safely to his hotel."

After receiving Ewen's home messages, we started off together. My companion offered me his arm. He had a fine, tall figure, and altogether what one calls "a good presence."

"What solemn grandeur hangs over London by night!" I said, as we walked through the moonlit streets. "Are you a native of the city, Mr. Ralph, or did you come here to try your fortune?"

"I came here to set the Thames on fire," he answered with a light laugh. "And the Thames extinguished me."

"Ah," I said, "London is the best place to teach a man his measure. A good lesson, Mr. Ralph, and one that is never learned too soon."

"I don't know that," he retorted, laugh-

ing again. "When ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

"But when is ignorance bliss?" I asked.

"When knowledge comes too late," he replied.

"And when does knowledge come too late?" I queried.

"When you've done what you can't undo," said he, shortly.

"Then at least you can repent it," I observed. "It is never too late for that. If one's life is ruined, one's soul need not be lost."

"But when one has done all the harm one can," he answered, gloomily, "it seems mere gross selfishness to try pushing into heaven at last!"

There was a something in his tone which chilled me as he uttered these dreadful words. Dreadful indeed they were—the very utterance of despair. They revealed a perilous nature, one that would slide down and down, and then use its most lovable instincts to excuse its never rising and struggling upward. He could actually see selfishness in seeking salvation! Well, perhaps his error was not worse than one much more common, when men fancy they have forsaken evil because they are simply sick of it. I tried to fight him with his own weapons.

"But whatever harm one has done," I observed, "he does a greater harm when he finally leaves his soul to destruction."

"Harm to himself or to others?" he inquired, laconically.

"One cannot harm one's-self without harming others," I answered. "'Nobody's enemy but his own' is a false saying. By benefiting others one benefits one's-self, and by hurting one's-self one hurts others."

"Then goodness is pure selfishness," said he.

"Each has two selves," I explained in answer: "a lower self and a higher self, a temporary self and an eternal self. Each must serve one or the other. By solely seeking the gratification of one's lower and mortal part, one does harm in the world, and neglects one's own best interests. By following the dictates of one's nobler and immortal part, one does good in the world, and makes it a school of preparation for heaven."

"I can believe that," said Mr. Ralph, gently, "because I have seen it."

"Now supposing that you were in the case we have in point," I went on; "supposing that you had done as much harm as you could, and had caused much sin, and suffering, and sorrow—that is, if you will grant me the liberty of such an illustration?"—

"Oh, certainly," said he, with a laugh.

"Then do you not feel that the very fear lest your soul was lost at last would cause more suffering, and more sorrow, and possibly more sin?" I asked.

"Well, I think it might," he answered, nervously lifting his hat from his head;—"yes, it would: there's one or two that it would grieve, and there's one who'd say it was only what he expected."

"Then, if you left no reasonable cause for such fear, and so gave happiness to those who love you, and also taught your enemy more charity in future, would not you serve yourself and others at the same time?"

He did not reply; but walked by my side in silence. I felt I was carrying on the discussion at a great disadvantage; because I did not say that if it chanced there were none on earth who cared whether he went to God or to Satan, there was still One in heaven whom his absence would grieve, because it would show that he refused the salvation which He had purchased with a great price—even His own blood. And I dared not say this; because I was sure that my companion was as well-informed in the mere theology of the matter as myself. And the formal repetition of a fact whose truth can only be *felt*, does no good—nay, it may disgust, by seeming but the easy parade of a glib lip-religion.

At last he spoke suddenly.

"Wandering a little from our subject," he said, "do you think that if a man makes some great self-sacrifices, he does not lose in the end?"

"If he do it for his neighbour's good or God's glory, I am sure he does not," I replied. "But he cannot make the sacrifice in this feeling. If he could, it would lose the very nature of sacrifice. And besides, God's compensations are seldom such as man in his mortality can appreciate. If one resigned his worldly prospects for the sake of another, God might recompense him by an early call to Himself. But till he was fairly within the veil, the touch of death would seem rather his Maker's chastening rod, than his loving Father's benediction."

"Do you—do you think it is right to allow another to make great sacrifices for one's own sake?" he asked, with a broken voice and with averted face.

"It depends upon circumstances," I answered, gently, for I felt I was walking blindfold over the youth's own history; "but I should not refuse a friend's sacrifice merely because it was greater than I could ever make in return. Why should I

grudge him a brighter heavenly crown than mine? Only I should take care his goodness was not for nought. And, Mr. Ralph, if ever a great sacrifice be made in our behalf, let it stand in our hearts as a type of His love who left his Father's throne for our sakes! Let the human affection interpret the Divine love, and don't waste either."

The young man turned and looked at me—not with the face which he carried to the galleries and the picture dealers, but with the look which he surely had worn when he said "Our Father" at his mother's knee, years before;—a look which might return and remain for eternity, if his eyes met the eyes of a good woman who loved him. The reckless prodigal laugh was silent; the cynical, artist sneer was gone; the man's angel was in his countenance—the same angel that had once been in the innocent child's face—only with the pathetic look of its long struggle with the reckless prodigal and the cynic artist. And God had marked

that angel all the time, and He would watch it to the very end! It is because he is All-seeing, that he is All-loving.

And then we walked in silence for the length of many streets, until at last we reached that leading to my hotel. There we shook hands; and in our parting I made some simple remark in praise of Ewen McCallum.

"Yes, yes," he answered, with singular fervour, "all you say is true; but you don't know him as I do, that's all, Mr. Garrett."

And so saying, he hurried off.

When I entered my sleeping room, I found a note from Mr. Marten, intimating that a telegram had followed him from Upper Malloze to London, urging him to hasten to Cambridge, to the dying bed of a young relative, a student there. He had received this on reaching the hotel during my absence, and in compliance with its entreaty he had started off immediately.

So my homeward journey was a solitary one.

From a very old manuscript book of selections.
There is no clue to the author's name.

ECHOES.

Wz, the myriad born of sound,
Where the sweetest spots are found
Over sea, over land,
An invisible band,
Sport all creation round and round.
We love not the plain
Nor the sky-bounded main,
Nor delight in the region of ether to reign;
But enraptured we dwell
In the wood or the dell,
And an age-hollowed oak is a favorite cell.
On a hilly clump or a rocky shore,
We foot it merrily o'er and o'er.

Gay on Andalusian fields,
Purple with autumnal sun;
When the grape its harvests yields,
When the summer toil is done;
Linked in rustic dance appear
Spanish maid and cavalier;
Light they lead the dance along,
Heart to heart, hand in hand,
Mirth and merriment and song,
Castinet and saraband;
Then, upon a neighbouring hill,
Bands of echoes lurking still,
Spring from ambush, dance and play,
Lightly, merrily as they.

When the evening's magic power
Tips with gold the heather flower,
And all the plain delights the eye
With setting sunbeams' richest dye;

When along the silent grove
Meditation loves to rove;
All is sleeping, all is mute,
Save the warbling, dying strain,
Seeming sweetly to complain,
Breathing from some shepherd's flute;
Then, if chance the cadence fall
On some tower or abbey wall,
Oh, how lightly echoes bear
A fainter strain
Away again,
And melt it lightly into air.

Seated by a dripping well
When a cavern spans it round,
Many an echo loves to dwell,
Listening to the liquid sound,
Since the driplets first begun,
She hath told them one by one;
Day and night her station kept,
Never slumbered, never slept,
But, as drop by drop they die,
To each she pays a single sigh,
A momentary elegy.

Often seated on the shore,
We love to mock the ocean's roar;
Often at the break of dawn
We carol to the huntsman's horn;
Oft at evening in the vale
Listening to the shepherd's tale,
Or warbling to the shepherd's song,
Half the charm that music knows,
To our mellowing power she owes;
But for us the sounds would fly,
Harsh, unmodulated by,
Left of half their melody.

From The Spectator.

PARTIAL DEAFNESS.

THERE is probably no affliction to which humanity is liable which excites so little sympathy as deafness. Every one helps the lame, and even criminals affect to respect the blind, but deafness too often wearies pity out. Unless it is total, and, therefore, accompanied by a partial failure of utterance, it does not strike those who have not felt it as an unendurable or even very painful misfortune, while it involves a tax upon all bystanders which to many organizations is exquisitely annoying. It is positive suffering to many persons — unaware that a slight compression of the larynx will double or treble the impact of their speech — to talk for any time to a deaf person, and they often fail in their own minds to distinguish between the physical defect and mental stupidity. Even where this feeling is absent men in possession of their full senses often fail to recognize the immensity of the loss involved in even partial deafness, the enormous deduction it makes from the sufferer's powers of action, of acquisition, and of enjoyment. To realize those things fully it would seem necessary to be deaf; and as the writer happened recently to fall for a week or so into that condition, having been deaf just long enough to analyze his sensations without acerbity, he thinks his experience may be of some interest to readers of the *Spectator*.

The deafness came on suddenly after a severe cold, was nearly complete in one ear, and though less complete in the other, was still sufficient to reduce the total power of hearing to an extent which seemed to himself incredible. The first sensation, unquestionably, was one of intellectual, or rather of nervous relief, — a feeling as if the nerves had suddenly become stronger, or life in some mysterious way lighter to bear. To begin with, that roar of London, that ceaseless breaking of the waves of sound upon a shore of brass, of which no Londoner ever ceases to be conscious, and which has of late years been increased at least one-third by the gradual conversion of our streets into arched and resonant cylinders — *listen* for a moment in the New Road — died suddenly away, leaving a sense of comparative peace. It became possible to *study* the tide of life in the Strand without distraction, while all manner of smaller annoyances, the patter of boots on office stairs, the clanging of doors, the jangle of organs, the jar of bad whistling, the resonant calls, all disappeared, leaving an immensely increased power of concentration and a strange sense of increased courage.

This feeling, absurd as it appears, is probably real. The audacity of the deaf and dumb amid scenes which bewilder other men has often been noticed, and a few years since a deaf and dumb gentleman saved a number of horses in a great fire — Pickford's, we think, — which had been given up as hopeless. He walked about among the flames and falling rafters and screaming brutes like a being of another world, and explained to the writer that he fancied his courage was due to his insensibility to the roar which he could *see* that other people heard. And finally, all voices became low and muffled, till it seemed as if everybody, even noisy men, spoke as civilized human beings should speak, with a distinct recognition of the fact that an undisciplined voice is as much worse than a disciplined one as the wild dog's howl is than a civilized dog's bark. Will nobody invent a steel compress for the throats of people who speak loudly? It would be a real boon to mankind. The sense of relief, however, soon ceases to be pleasant as the ear forgets the roar it previously knew, and then the mental suffering begins. The deaf man seems to himself to have been suddenly struck at once with stupidity and with a new sense of shyness; it is with pain and by an effort of the will that he catches sentences addressed in an ordinary tone to himself, while he cannot catch general conversation at all. He listens and listens, but only the beginnings are clearly audible, dying away into a mutter which he half fancies in his irritation is intended to keep them from his ear. We may remark *en passant* that the result of a week's experience was to convince the writer that all men drop their voices as they proceed with a sentence, and that the difference of audibility among voices apparently of the same pitch ranges, to misuse a musical term, over more than one octave. The clearest to a deaf man is a deep but soft bass. In his office the deaf man wearies himself with a mental effort to be sure that he has heard all aright, without worrying his interlocutors by repeated questions, and is conscious, if he has many communications to go through, that his temper is beginning to slip beyond his own control. At dinner, if he is dining out, the case is even worse. Everything is more or less confusion. He sees lips moving which say nothing, hears laughter of which he cannot catch the cause, finds footless servants thrusting dishes before him unexpectedly, and could box his next-door neighbour's ears, be she ever so fair, for speaking, as he fancies, so affectingly low. Bits of sentences float towards him which he vainly tries to follow, until at last that curious absorption of thought deaf

men seem so often to fall into comes over him, and all mental power is exhausted in useless effort to piece together the broken images constantly offered to his mind. The situation is not very miserable for a man who believes that it will pass away with the cold which produced it; but what must it be to the really deaf, to the man who knows that he will never again be as other men are, never more hear a whisper, never catch the exhilarating aroma of lively talk, never again be addressed except at the cost of suffering, no matter how slight, to the man or woman who addresses him?

At home it is even worse. The popular notion that accustomed voices are more audible than unaccustomed voices is, the writer suspects from his week's experience, a delusion founded on this mistake. People brought habitually into contact with the deaf insensibly contract the habit of compressing the larynx as they speak to them, and their voices therefore, even when not raised, are more audible than those of other persons; but mere habit of itself does not increase the ease of conversation. A deaf man hears his wife, if she does not modulate her voice specially for deafness, no better than other people. The annoyance, therefore, of deafness at home is even greater than abroad because there is a greater wish to hear, and conversation naturally takes more of the form of narration. The deaf man, too, being less restrained at home, becomes conscious within very few hours that he is falling into deaf tricks, into a constant demand for repetition, into the sidelong attitude which brings his best ear to the front, into the ugly gesture involved in placing the hand behind the ear, to make a sort of sounding-board for the speaker's voice to rebound against. In fact, the possibility of easy intercourse, of conversation facile as thinking, of chat in which no one is burdened, of society in which listening is pleasanter than speaking, disappears for him, and with it one-half the pleasure and charm of modern life. He is isolated from his kind with an isolation which has no compensating solitude, or additional power of self-communion. It is all pure loss, loss of power, loss of enjoyment, loss of ease, loss of opportunities of exertion.

To some natures, we suspect, deafness brings with it much active pain. People talking in a room can hardly help glancing at the one man who does not hear, and he therefore, if sensitive, can hardly avoid the suspicion that he is himself the subject of conversation. An old lady told us once that it had cost her five years to overcome that idea, and assure herself that the glances which an-

nnoyed her so much were really unconscious invitations to her to join the conversation, and were made timid only by the instant recollection that as she could not comply the invitation might give pain. To the timid, too, deafness must be a terrible aggravation of nervous suffering. We are hardly aware, until we have lost it, how much we rely on the sense of hearing to protect us from danger, how difficult it is, for example, to cross a London thoroughfare in safety by the aid only of the eyes, how much sound aids us in avoiding a crowd, a falling tile, a shutter rising out of the pavement. A street in London must, to a thoroughly deaf man, be a miserable place, as miserable as an opera house where he can catch no note below a certain pitch, and is bothered to death by the apparent dislocation of all sounds. What with the loss of enjoyment in melody, in society, in home intercourse, and in friendship, with the increase in terror of some kinds, and with the slight sympathetic dullness of brain which we strongly suspect always accompanies a diminution in the faculty of hearing, Heaven keep us, of all the minor miseries of life, from long-continued deafness!

From the Mining Journal.

THE NEW SCIENCE — ATOMECHANICS.

THE importance of a scientific discovery can never be judged of by the manner of its reception by the learned, for it not unfrequently happens that those which develop the greatest truths are precisely those which have the hardest struggle to obtain recognition; they usually necessitate the use of terms which are not familiar to us, and often require us to unlearn much that we have learned, and to cause our thoughts to flow in an entirely new channel. At a comparatively recent date, geology, now recognized as a science of paramount importance in connection with almost every branch of our national industry, was looked upon with suspicion, and geologists were generally considered to be either deluded enthusiasts or impostors; whilst at the present time the science of atomechanics, or chemistry considered as the mechanics of the panatoms, occupies a position not very dissimilar to that of geology at the period referred to. The discovery of the existence of pantogen, which may be regarded as the primary chemical principle, just as gravitation is the primary mechanical principle, is due to Gustav Hinrichs, and dates from the commencement of the year 1855, when he was a student in the Polytechnic School of Copenhagen, founded by Oersted, and at that time under the superintendence of that distinguished chemist, the late Professor Forchhammer. In 1856 and 1857

Hinrichs communicated a memoir upon atomechanics to various *savants* and academies in Europe, and in his several papers, published between 1860 and 1866, reference to the subject has frequently been made; but it was not until the present year that a complete outline of the new science was printed, in the form of a large quarto lithographed memoir, transferred from the author's own handwriting, and elaborately illustrated with the necessary diagrams.

Atomechanics, as it is at present before us, is, as the author remarks, far from perfect, for he has only taken the first step into a boundless realm; but he has already done enough to prove that the study of the science will not be devoid of interest. He reminds us that the phlogiston theory was altogether extinguished by the discoveries of Lavoisier, and that it was only after the establishment of the beautiful laws of Dulong and Petit, Gay Lussac and Mitscherlich, that chemistry could be reduced by the labours of Gerhardt to an exact science, while it remained for the great discoveries in organic chemistry from Liebig to Berthelot, and the spectral analysis of Bunsen and Kirchhoff, to make the domain of chemistry as universal as that of astronomy; the history of astronomy since 1610, when Kepler's third law was discovered, may teach us what changes await modern chemistry. We may conclude, he observes, from the analogy between the history of astronomy and that of chemistry, that there exists some general principle which will transform modern chemistry into a mechanics of the atoms, for, about fifty years after Kepler, astronomy had become a mechanics of the heavenly bodies. As the basis of this celestial mechanics is but a hypothesis, so a similar hypothesis may be pronounced with regard to the chemical atoms. Let us suppose that the atoms of the chemical elements only differ in re-

gard to quantity—that is, in regard to the number and relative position of the atoms of some one primary matter, just as the planets only differ according to the number of pounds of ponderable matter they contain, and its distribution around their axes. Since everything would thus be composed of this one primary matter, Professor Hinrichs calls it pantogen, and its atoms panatoms. But this is a hypothesis. No doubt! Even universal gravitation is nothing more than a hypothesis; and, as this hypothesis is the fundamental principle of theoretical astronomy, so the hypothesis of pantogen explains the numerical relation of the atomic weights, and gives a simple, comprehensive, because natural, classification of the elements, that the chemical, physical, and morphological or crystallographic properties of the elements and their combinations may be calculated just as the orbit of a planet is calculated.

The panatoms, or atoms of pantogen, are necessarily equal; they must be considered as simple and material points, totally devoid of all occult properties. When combined they are at certain fixed distances from each other. Three combined form necessarily an equilateral triangle; since this is the only position of stable equilibrium of three equal material points. More panatoms combining herewith in the same plane will continue this geometrical law, thus forming hexagons, &c., divisible into regular triangles. According as the figures thus formed, or atomares, are composed of equilateral triangles, or squares, the elements are divided into two orders, trigonoids (or metalloids) and tetragonoids (or metals). According to geometrical outline of the atomare these orders are subdivided into genera; the species (or elements) correspond to given values of the variables expressing the geometrical form of the genus.

RODERICK VICH MURCHISON!

HAIL to the Chief in Johanna romances
Belief from the first who had pluck to decline!
Long may such guesses as those he advances
At Burlington House be confirmed 'neath the
Line!

Baker confess them true,
Burton knock under, too,
Galton and Peth'rick, Grant, Osborne, & Co.,
Own them mistaken men,
Shout till they're hoarse again,
"Roderick vich Murchison—ho—ieroe!"

His was no fancy as not worth account in
Brains scientific aside to be laid:
Though Moussa's lie loomed as large as a mountain,

To declare he saw through it he wasn't afraid.
'Gainst F. G. S.'s shock
Sole he stood, like a rock,
All the louder cried, "Ycs," all the more they
said "No."

Burton and Baker then
Echo his praise again,
"Roderick vich Murchison, ho! ieroe!"

Proudly we talk over Livingstone's doings,
Slave-hunters and fevers and tsetse defied,
Taganyika, Nyassa, and Nile's central flowings,
Traced, mastered, and mapped, with the tribes
at their side!

Though Afric tamed to trade,
Freed from slave-dealers' raid,
May be a dream of Utopian glow,
Livingstone's dreams, ye ken,
Like him, turn up again!
"Roderick vich Murchison, ho! ieroe!"

Shout, fellows,* shout, for the pride of the Highlands—

Murchison's come of a high Gaelic line,
Old as Silurian slates in these islands,
That bed on which he may be proud to recline!

But a still brighter gem
'Twill be for him and them,
Livingstone here in the autumn to show,
While swells and learned men,
Make the rooms ring again,
"Roderick vich Murchison, ho! ieroe!"

—*Punch*, 9 May.

* Of the Geographical Society, of course.

From the Sunday Magazine.

"ECCE HOMO."

▲ SECOND LETTER FROM A GERMAN CLERGYMAN.

SINCE I wrote my last letter I have learnt that Professor Dörner has written in the *Studien und Kritiken* a criticism on "Ecce Homo," and that a firm in Erlangen has at length ventured to publish a translation of that book in our tongue. I am very anxious, I may say curious, to know how it will be received by our public, and in how far my suppositions will be confirmed.

In the meantime Mr. Gladstone has finished his essay in *Good Words*. This brings me into the very middle of the subject; want of time and space having compelled me to break off my line of remark rather abruptly last time. I see that Mr. Gladstone advocates the position which he understands to be assumed by the author of "Ecce Homo,"—that of "considering for the moment all Christian tradition, or Christian institutions, all the long and diversified experience of Faith in the world," and I may even add, all the apostolic teaching about the person and life of Jesus Christ, "as non-existent, and of going direct into the presence of Christ, not however as He now presents Himself to us, bearing in his hand the long roll of conquests, but such as beside the Sea of Galilee . . . He then offered himself to the ordinary Jew, with no other arms but those of his commission and his character, and the character of his acts and words." And Mr. Gladstone manifests great admiration of this method, which he thinks "eminently suited to the needs of our particular day and generation." He praises it highly on account of its educational merits. Mr. Gladstone even points to the fact that God himself used no other method in educating the human race, since He did not at once place mankind in the middle of the dazzling light of the Gospel, but gradually prepared them for it by the shadows of the law. Neither did He suddenly manifest all the brightness of the divinity of Christ before the dim gaze of his disciples, but wisely shrouded that divinity by the veil of manhood till, through gradual training, their eyes had become strong enough to bear the brilliancy of his higher nature. In this Mr. Gladstone seems to think the author of "Ecce Homo" was not only justified, but deserves our praise and admiration, in having brought us "into the presence of Jesus of Nazareth without any foregone conclusion, either of submission or of dissent," requiring us to forget for a moment, as it

were, that we are Christians taught by the Apostles, and thus placing us on a level with the Jews among whom Jesus lived, in order that, by approaching Him on the human side, and by making, as it were, his personal acquaintance as a *Man*, we may gradually arrive at such knowledge of his person as will make us apprehend that He is more than mere Man, and cause us to drop down at his feet with the exclamation—"My Lord and my God."

Now, leaving for the present the question whether it can be proved from the book itself, that the writer really wrote it with such an educational purpose as Mr. Gladstone supposes, permit me to express my opinion that such a method must necessarily prove a failure, because the results at which it aims are psychologically impossible. Perhaps it is possible successfully to apply that method in the case of an altogether ignorant, say a heathenish public, which had never heard a word of church doctrines and traditions. But it was not for such a public that the author intended his book. He wrote it for a Christian nation, which for centuries and from childhood has been taught and trained in the orthodox church opinion. Thousands may disbelieve the orthodox doctrines, and hundreds of thousands may feel altogether indifferent to them, but certainly there is not one among the readers of "Ecce Homo" who does not *know* them. Now, to require of such a public to dismiss that knowledge from its mind, and to read a newly-composed biography or character picture of Christ, *tabula rasa*, is to require an impossibility. One might just as well require a man to read a novel the second time in the same mood of mind in which he had read it at first. The man who doubts or does not care for church doctrines and traditions, and yet cares enough for truth to inquire what kind of person the Founder of the Christian religion really was, and in what relation he ought to stand to Him, will undoubtedly hail a biography of Jesus which is drawn from purely historical sources, and free from the influence of traditional assumptions. But then what he will expect, above all, is an explanation of those passages in the life of Jesus which have induced the church to build upon them its doctrines and traditions. It is true the writer may answer: "Well, I have nothing to do with these doctrines and traditions, and you must entirely ignore them; only read my biography of Jesus, and if those doctrines and traditions are true, you will yourself come to apprehend them; if not, you need no longer care for them." But the reply to this will be:

"Very well; but you cannot really expect me to forget the church doctrines *for ever*. I *have* read your book, and I think I understand pretty correctly the image of Jesus as you have tried to depict it, and while engaged in reading I *have* dismissed from my mind all my knowledge of the church doctrines and traditions, as far as that was possible, but now that I have finished the book you will permit me to call to mind again those doctrines and traditions. And here I must confess, that taking your image of Christ to be the true one, I find myself altogether at variance with the church. Your picture of Christ will never lead me to behold in Him the sin-bearing and sin-atonement sacrifice slain in our stead. Your picture will never cause me to adore Him as God, to worship Him as the second person in the Holy Trinity. Your picture will never make me see in Jesus the Christ of the Scriptures, whom many prophets and kings have desired to see. And here you certainly cannot find fault with my asking you whether you are certain that you have given me a *correct* picture, for if this is all that can be said of the history of the Man Jesus Christ, I cannot understand how the Apostles and the church could possibly build their theology upon that history."

And to this question the writer cannot give a satisfactory answer. Upon closer examination of the historical documents from which the picture is drawn, we find that the writer has not told us all that can be said of the Son of Mary, and that he has left a few very important incidents in the life of Jesus wholly unmentioned. Had these incidents been dealt with and placed in their proper light, they would have been sure to lead us towards the teaching of Paul and the theology of the church. I am not at present prepared to discuss how far such manner of drawing historical character-pictures may be called fair and honest. But this much is certain, that it is educationally wrong. If you want to enable your pupil to draw his own conclusions from the image of a historical person, you ought at any rate to present that image to him correct and complete.

Moreover, it would in my opinion be a strange educational method, which, when giving instruction in some science, art, or philosophical system, required its pupil to ignore what in the process of time had already been acquired, in order to go back to the dark period of the first rudiments, and from thence to scramble up again to the latest light.

Mr. Gladstone endeavours to justify that method by pointing to the example which

he believes God has set before us. But it is not too much to say that God never did any such thing. There is not in the history of mankind a single instance of God, after having trained a generation to a certain degree of knowledge and belief, requiring the next generation to dismiss from their minds that which had been handed down to them by their fathers, and to begin again where their first progenitors began. The Jews were trained by the law until Christ appeared, when the law was put aside; but God never told a subsequent generation to dismiss from their minds for a time the knowledge of the gospel, and to begin again at the foot of Sinai. I know many Christians are of opinion that every man who is to come to Christ must still be put under the law first, but I have nowhere found this opinion corroborated by Scripture. It is an opinion which seems to me as unchristian as it is absurd. It is as absurd as would be the proceeding of a man who, to teach his son to read, were to begin with written documents in old characters, and then afterwards printed books, and who would justify his method by saying that God had taught mankind to read in the same way. An absurdity very similar to this is committed by the writer of "Ecce Homo," if it be true that he has written his book with that educational purpose which Mr. Gladstone ascribes to him; if it be true that, for the purpose of carrying us up to the full knowledge of Christ Jesus, the Son of the living God and the Saviour of the world, he "invites us to consider all Christian tradition as non-existent, and to take our place next to the ignorant but honest Jew who heard the Rabbi of Nazareth and saw his deeds at Capernaum."

Mr. Gladstone, however, deems this method "eminently suited to the needs of our peculiar day and generation," which shows "a disposition to deny outright the authority which Christianity may justly claim from its long historic existence." Well, but what is the *nature* of this kind of unbelief? What is it that renders Christianity repulsive in the eyes of the modern school? Is it the doctrine that there was a great man of the name of Jesus, who, living in Palestine eighteen centuries ago, has proved to be the greatest religious teacher that ever lived and blessed human society with that astounding reformation of its moral and social condition, of which our present civilisation is the wonderful effect? Not at all. Christ's true humanity, his unparalleled human excellency, his lofty genius and talents, all this is gladly believed by the modern skeptics. What then renders

the Christ of the Christian church so repulsive to them? It is certainly not the human, but the superhuman, the supernatural—his miracles, his resurrection, his elevation to the throne of God. Only strip the Christ of the church of that "fantastic radiance," and your people who "deny outright the authority which Christianity may justly claim" will at once be satisfied. Of course, we cannot do that. On the contrary, we wish to convince those unbelievers that they are altogether wrong, that the tradition of the church is quite correct, and that the supernatural in Christ's life was a fact. Well, what is the best way to produce that conviction in them, in so far as this is in the power of man? The answer is: *Prove* to them from the records of history that the supernatural deeds of Christ are supported by the strongest evidence science can reasonably demand. And has the writer of "Ecce Homo" done this? Not a bit of it! He does not even so much as attempt it. He simply tells his readers that miracles, though in themselves extremely improbable things, yet have in reality been performed by Christ. "The evidence by which these facts are supported," he says, "cannot be tolerably accounted for by any hypothesis except that of their being true. And if they are once admitted, the antecedent improbability of many miracles less strongly attested is much diminished." This, then, is all the writer has to say about the supernatural in the life of Christ. It is a fact; when we begin to read the book, we must begin by believing *that*. But on what authority? Only on the writer's. *He* says it is so.

How this can contribute so much as a straw towards the conversion of people who "deny outright the authority of Christianity," it is impossible for me to perceive.

Great injury is often inflicted on the character of an historical person by representing one of the subordinate purposes which he may have had in view as though it had been the chief object of his aspirations, and the main motive of his actions. It is a misrepresentation which does far greater harm than a caricature would do. And it is exactly such a misrepresentation of the person of Christ, to say, for instance, that He veiled his divinity in his humanity for an educational purpose. It is quite true that a strong educational element prevailed all through our Lord's life. He was himself trained as a child. His whole life was to him what life is to every man—a school in which He was continually being educated, "learning obedience by the things which He suffered, and being made perfect" for

his high destiny (Heb. v. 8, 9). In the same way, by a gradual process, He also trained his disciples up to the knowledge of the great truths which their minds would not have been strong enough to take in at once. All this has been very ably and eloquently expounded by Mr. Gladstone. But one gives altogether a misrepresentation of the person and appearance of Christ, if he neglects to show that, according to the teaching of the historical documents, this educational process was not the *purpose* but the inevitable *sequel* of the Lord's incarnation. Thus, the Son of God did not become man for the purpose of educating, but of saving us. He came to die for us, and to rise again from the grave for our good. To effect this it is self-evident that he had to become a man, i.e., to hide his divinity in *our* manhood. Had he, during his life on earth, continually displayed the majesty of his divinity, his death on the cross would have been impossible. So we see there was a necessity for his veiling his divinity, quite apart from all educational and philanthropic purposes. Had that necessity *not* existed, it is very questionable whether the mere educational purpose would have been a strong enough reason to keep him so many years in midst of toil, suffering, and shame. Of course the training which He gave to his disciples was not altogether in vain, but neither was its effect upon their "hardened hearts" (Mark vi. 52) so amazing that it could with any propriety be held out as the chief object of our Lord's incarnation. Indeed it is difficult to say what progress the disciples, during the three years of his teaching, had made in the knowledge of their Master's Messianic character and destiny. When first they made his acquaintance, they did not know, for instance, that the Messiah of Israel had to suffer, to die, and to be raised again. But Jesus over and over again *taught* them that doctrine in the plainest possible terms. Well, but did they understand it on the day of the crucifixion? Just about as little as on the first day of their acquaintanceship with him. His teaching, with reference to this important point at least, appeared altogether lost upon them. What they wanted was—the Holy Ghost. No sooner, on the day of Pentecost, did that Spirit enter their souls, than scales fell as it were from their eyes, and they saw in one moment what three years' instructions from the greatest teacher had not been sufficient to make them see. It is clear from history that the teaching and training was delegated to the *Spirit*. As to *Christ's* teaching and training, it could only be very limited, rudimen-

tary, and, so to speak, accessory to the great work which He came to perform.

To say that Christ veiled his divinity with his manhood for an educational purpose, is to misrepresent the history of the Man Jesus. The author of "Ecce Homo" similarly misrepresents his character by asserting that our Lord always kept himself in an obscure condition, because He was "one naturally contented with obscurity, wanting the restless desire for distinction and eminence which is common in great men," &c. (p. 168 *et passim*). True, Christ was, more than any other man, meek and lowly in heart; but the Gospels nowhere give *this* as a reason why He kept himself aloof from distinction and eminence, and refused to manifest himself in all the mystery of his royalty. Numerous are the passages in the Gospels from which it is as clear as sunlight that Jesus had constantly but *one* point in prospect. 'To reach this He strained every nerve, because it was the point He must reach if everything for time and eternity was not to be lost. That one point was — Calvary. Did He not continually "show unto his disciples how that He must go to Jerusalem, and suffer many things, and be killed, and be raised again the third day"? Now it stands to reason that a Christ who not only has this prospect in view, but likewise anxiously avoids everything that might prevent its realisation, cannot possibly manifest himself in his royal majesty, but *must*, as much as possible, hide himself in obscurity, "lest the people," as the fourth Gospel has it, "should come and take Him by force, to make Him a king." Truly Christ was by no means so indifferent to "distinction and eminence" as the writer supposes. He aimed at far higher distinction and eminence than was ever even so much as thought of by any other human being, — a glory and honour compared with which the distinctions and eminences which great men commonly desire are but trash and tinsel. So He left those distinctions alone, not because he was too humble to desire them, but because He deemed himself too illustrious not to spurn them. Indeed, He had not the slightest objection to his disciples making Him known as the Christ, the Lord, the Lord of Glory; only He desired that they should wait till He was killed and had risen again. That He was entitled to that highest of all distinctions, He showed them one day in secret on the mount of transfiguration, where for a moment they beheld his all-outshining glory. But when they came down from the mountain again, "He charged them that they should tell no man what things they

had seen." What? tell it to no man? and never tell it? Oh yes, they should yet be free to tell it, and were only to keep it secret "till the Son of Man were raised from the dead" (Mark ix. 9). This is something different, however, from "natural contentment with obscurity." This is the wise prudence of a king, who avails himself of a temporary disguise to secure in the future all the greater power and glory.

I must, for a moment, return to my foregoing observation — that it is clear from history that the teaching and training which Christ imparted to his disciples could not but be very limited, and only preliminary in nature. We know from the unanimous and unqualified belief which the first Christian church professed about Christ, that his death and resurrection were events of such prime importance, that they determined most definitely his true *being* and *character* as an historical person. So much was this so, that without knowing the object and meaning of these events, it is impossible to have before one's mind a clear, complete, and historically true image of the Man Jesus of Nazareth. In other words, the death and resurrection of Christ contribute most of the principal features for forming a true character-picture of Him as a man. Now, what could Jesus teach his disciples about these two important events before they had taken place? The answer of the three Gospels is, next to nothing. He could only throw out a few hints in that direction; but even these sounded in their ears like unto words without meaning. The great questions as to his true character and the object of his life on earth, — such questions, for instance, as Who He was? where He had come from? why He was so immovably intent upon being killed and buried? what were the meaning and object of his bodily reappearance on earth after his death? — all such questions could not be discussed, except in very short and enigmatic sentences. We know from history that this branch of instruction was left to the Holy Ghost, who was to teach the church *after* the above-mentioned events had taken place. It was He who enabled the disciples to draw a complete picture of the nature, character, work, and destiny of that wonderful Man with whom they had lived for three years, but whom they had never known and understood as they now knew and understood Him.

Now if this be correct — and I believe the truth of it is evident from the contents of the synoptists and the Acts — I would ask whether a historian who purposes to portray an image of Christ from historical

sources, is acting justly in not only limiting himself to the Gospels, but to that portion only of the Gospel story which describes the life of Jesus *before* and until his death and resurrection? Is it right and fair to make up the contents of a teacher's system from that portion of his instruction alone which—owing to the liminary and, for the purpose of teaching, unfavourable circumstances in which he was placed—could only be incomplete, abrupt, and fragmentary, while the remaining and completing portion of his instruction, which he committed to an agent equal to himself, is left wholly unnoticed? Has a historian who pretends to give a character-picture of an historical person the right to take his materials from one portion of the life of that person alone, and to leave another and not less important portion of that life altogether unnoticed? Suppose that a writer were to give us a portrait of the first Napoleon, and to take his materials solely from that portion of the hero's life which ends with the Russian campaign in 1812; would anybody ascribe the least historical or scientific value to that composition, though written ever so ably and eloquently? Well, what short of this has the writer of "Ecce Homo" done? Renan is quite right, from his stand-point, when he regards the crucifixion as the terminus of the life of Jesus of Nazareth, for he does not believe in the resurrection. But to the writer of "Ecce Homo," who does believe in the resurrection, the crucifixion cannot, or at least *may* not, be the terminus. To him the life of Jesus on earth cannot appear as finally terminated, before He leaves this earth for good by ascending to heaven. So the writer, according to the rules of congruity, ought to have had regard to the death and resurrection of Jesus as being events in his life, which, not less than the baptism, the temptation, the miracles, and his daily intercourse, threw their own peculiar and most important light upon the character of that wonderful historical person.

I am sorry to say that I cannot help regarding this manner of dealing with historical documents as unworthy of an historian and a scientific man. It is not what we call honest, loyal fidelity to history. You are perfectly at liberty to reject this or that document, or portion of a document, as spurious if its genuineness is not proved to you, and you remain unblameable in making no use of that document for your composition. But if you acknowledge a certain historical document, which contains information about your subject, as trustworthy, you are guilty of infidelity to his-

tory if, notwithstanding, you leave that document aside, and proceed as if it did not exist. Your portrait cannot be but partial, one-sided, untrue—the portrait of such a Christ as *you* would like Him to be, and which you have not built up from all the materials history gave you, but only from *such* as you could use towards decorating your pet image. In a word, your picture must inevitably teem with misrepresentations of historical facts.

And that the writer of "Ecce Homo" is not averse to this, I am sorry to say is clear from almost every page of his book. I will take one instance—the manner in which he represents the Holy Ghost to us. He tells us it is "an enthusiasm," to which he gives the name of "the enthusiasm of humanity." Now the writer is perfectly at liberty to say, "I do not believe the Holy Spirit was, or is, or could be anything else but that;" but then he should not leave his reader under the impression that this is the representation of the Holy Ghost which *history* gives us. The writer must know that Luke in the Acts does not represent the Holy Ghost as a *thing*, but as a *Person*, who speaks and acts independently of any other personality—a *person* who may *inspire* an enthusiasm, but is not an enthusiasm himself. (Acts viii. 29, 39; xv. 28, &c.) It is in the same character that the Holy Ghost appears in the Epistles of Paul when he describes the operations of that Spirit in the churches and in himself. In short, the history of the first Christian church knows nothing of a Holy Ghost who is an enthusiasm, a feeling, a passion, or a *thing*. Had any one spoken in these terms, say to Apollos, or to Epaphras, or to Timothy, or to Philemon, about the Holy Spirit, his speech would have sounded as absurd as if he had said that Christ was an enthusiasm. Now to speak of what the historian represents as a person as though it were only a thing, is an absurd misrepresentation of an historical fact, unless you can clearly prove that the representation of the historians is incorrect, or can only be understood in a metaphorical sense. But this the writer has certainly not done.

Another instance is the writer's representation of the Lord's temptation in the desert (pp. 8–16). Now, before proceeding to criticise this portion of the book, let me observe that if the writer had frankly told us at the outset that he regarded the Gospel narrative of the temptation as an allegory, or as a vision or dream of Jesus, I should have no other request to make than that he should give us the grounds for his opinion. But the writer acknowledges the

temptation as an historical fact. "A retirement of Christ into the desert, and a remarkable struggle at the beginning of his career," he says, "are incidents extremely probable in themselves, and the account of the temptation, from whatever source derived, has a very striking internal consistency" (p. 9). A few lines lower down he says, "The narrative of the Evangelists is not like a poem, though it affords materials for a poem; it is rather a dry chronicle" (p. 10). Now we know what representation of this event in Jesus' life the Evangelists give. It is a colloquy between two persons, Christ and Satan. The latter is the chief character, the assailant, Christ acting only negatively. Satan makes three proposals, to which Christ replies. The proposals are very wicked, and even blasphemous, just such suggestions as may be expected from the mouth of an utterly wicked, godless being. Well, but how does the story look as it comes from the pen of the writer? It is altogether different, hardly recognisable, indeed, as a modification of the Gospel narrative. It is a soliloquy of Christ. The devil, the chief actor in the drama, is done away with (probably because the writer does not believe in the existence of a devil). The three wicked and blasphemous proposals appear as suggestions which arise in Christ's own mind. They have a common root—one fundamental mother-thought, as it were, from which these three harpies have birth. It is the thought which, immediately after the baptism, took possession of Christ's mind, "I am possessed of miraculous power, and what am I to do with it?" The writer plainly tells us that "what is called Christ's temptation is the excitement of his mind, which was caused by the nascent consciousness of supernatural power" (p. 11). The writer is, however, honest enough frankly to admit that "none of our biographies point this out." Of course not. How could they when, according to *their* narrative, the tempting thoughts did not originate in Christ, but in his wicked adversary? But though none of our biographies point it out, "yet," the writer says, "it is visibly the key to the whole narrative." Oh yes, if you make altogether a different story of it; if you leave out the devil; if you put just such passions, aspirations, and reflections into Christ's mind as are necessary to make your key visible. You may do all that very ingeniously, but then there is no truth in it. *C'est magnifique, mais — ce n'est pas l'histoire.*

Mr. Gladstone is quite right when he finds nothing offensive in the writer's asser-

tion that "we are to conceive Christ as becoming now (*i. e.*, about the time of the temptation), for the first time, conscious of miraculous powers." This is really one of the best sentences in the book. Had the writer devoted his uncommon talent for discrimination and logical deduction to working out this train of thought, he would indeed have placed the *Homo* before our view. But, owing to his gratuitous inductive method, he has altogether failed to do so. It stands to reason that if Christ really was a man, He must have known many successive stages in his mental development, at which He became, for the first time, conscious of one thing or another. And so it is very probable that the moment at which He first became conscious of miraculous powers was between his baptism and the temptation. But why this consciousness must needs bring about such a temptation as his, is more than the evangelists tell us, and more than I can see. The writer says, "the key is visible," but not, in my opinion, to common human eyes. The writer makes very great cry of the possession of miraculous power. Were we not better informed, we should suppose, from his description, that nobody before Christ ever was possessed of that power, and that it must be some tremendously great but still mere brute force, which one who is so lucky as to get possession of may employ, just like Aladdin's magic lamp, either for a good or a bad purpose, as he pleases. "Here," the writer exclaims, "we see the good man placed in a position *utterly strange, deprived of the stay of all precedent or example,** gifted with power not only extraordinary, but supernatural and unlimited." &c. Now, is this true? Were not Moses and Joshua, Elijah and Elisha, gifted with miraculous power? Perhaps the writer does not believe in the astounding miracles of these great prophets, as genuine historical facts; but *Jesus* believed in them at any rate, and to *Him* they were undoubtedly "precedents or examples." Nor do we learn from the history of these men that the possession of that supernatural gift is such an exceedingly dangerous thing as necessarily to lead its owner into great temptations. "In difficult circumstances," the writer says, "few men can wield extraordinary power long without positively committing crime" (p. 11). This may be so far true of secular power, but history does not show us that it likewise holds good of the divine power of performing miracles. The devil thought it was the case, but he soon found himself

* It is I who put italics here.

mistaken. Moses and Elijah were often in very great difficulties indeed. What crimes did they commit? It is true Elijah twice killed a band of fifty men by his miraculous power, but that was not a crime under the then existing dispensation. Everywhere we find these good men serving God, and ministering to his people in humility and simplicity of heart, notwithstanding that they have the power of healing the leprous, of drawing down fire from heaven, and even of raising the dead. Speaking of the third temptation, the author says (p. 13), "A vision of universal monarchy rose before him. What suggested such thoughts to the son of a carpenter?" And his answer is, "What but the same new sense of supernatural power which tempted him to turn stones into bread, &c.!" The mental struggle is caused by the question, how to use the supernatural power" (p. 14). "This," he adds (p. 13), "together with the Baptist's predictions" (*Which predictions of the Baptist? I certainly do not know of any having reference to a universal monarchy*), "and those Messianic predictions of the ancient prophets, on which we can imagine that he had been brooding, might naturally suggest such an imagination." I can understand how the Messianic predictions might have done this, but the writer evidently considers these only as something accessory. The chief source from which, according to his theory, the vision of universal monarchy arose, was "the new sense of the miraculous power." Now, is it not strange that nothing analogous to this is to be found in the history of Moses or Joshua? If the possession of miraculous power is really so apt to make a man think of a monarchy and of exercising dominion over the nations, why did it never suggest such a thought to these men, who were actually at the head of an army? Indeed the Christ of "Ecce Homo" comes to stand far below these men, whose noble self-restraint and humble self-denial were, on our author's showing, far greater than his, since they not only were in the possession of miraculous, but also of strong military power. To the Christ of "Ecce Homo" the temptation was very great. To them even the thought of it did not occur. They were too humble and noble-minded, too pious and devout for it.

But all this absurdity is the necessary sequel of the attempt at making history say what it never meant to say. According to the narratives of the Evangelists, the central question round which the temptations turned, was not "How to use the supernatural power?" but this, "Art thou the Son of God?" We do not read that Jesus

at his baptism received the gift of supernatural power, but we read that then for the first time he heard a voice from heaven say that He was God's Son. Now, what a Jew understood by that illustrious, all-surpassing title, is well known. It was the title of a *man*, who, of all the countless millions of human beings born of women, was to bear that title. To him, in the second Psalm, the dominion of all the peoples of the earth was promised when God said, "Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten thee. Ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession." On the occasion of his baptism the official declaration from heaven was given that Jesus was that One out of myriads of millions. It was believed that there were some characteristic marks of that illustrious Personage described in Scripture by which his identity could be tested. Among others, he must be able to perform miracles, and to show that he was the Person who was described in the 91st Psalm.

Now, what do the narratives of the Gospels tell us? Simply this, that Jesus, after having received the official declaration that he was that highest and fairest one among the children of men, was driven by the Spirit into the desert, where he met with a wicked individual, who tried to make Him waver in his belief that He was this high Personage. To this end it was that the tempter challenged Him to show one or two of the characteristic marks of the Son of God. The challenge having been disdainfully refused, the tempter offered Him *now* the possession of that boundless kingdom which the second Psalm promised to the Son of God at a *future* period. The offer was scornfully rejected, because the Son of God was to receive that kingdom from God, and not from the prince of the evil spirits.

This is the story. It is out and out Israelitish. If it were a dream, it was just such a dream as an Israelite who believed himself to be the Messiah, who believed in the existence of the great adversary of the Messiah, Satan, and who likewise believed that it was the Messiah's task to wrench the kingdoms of this earth from the grasp of that adversary, could have dreamt. The description of the temptation in "Ecce Homo," on the contrary, is altogether un-Jewish. It makes of Jesus of Nazareth only an ambitious heathen. But what right have we to call the story a dream? It is either *history*, or it is not. If it is not, let us leave it alone. What have we to do with fables? If, on the contrary, it is *history*—which the writer of "Ecce Homo" admits—

let us, then, be honest enough to take that history as it is given to us, and not to squeeze, twist, and wrench it, till it becomes such a story as *we* should have wished it. You may say, "I do not understand everything in it, so I will not try to explain it."

Or you may say, "I do not believe it, so I will say nothing about it." But you have no right whatever to say, "The Evangelists do not tell the story well, but I will tell you prettily how things really happened."

HOME, SWEET HOME!

(A Song of the Day.)

THROUGH realms Thaumaturgic the student may roam,
And not light on a worker of wonders like Home!

Cagliostro himself might descend from his chair,
And set up our Daniel as Grand-Cophta, there—
Home, Home, Dan Home,
No Medium like Home!

Confronted with Home, Lyon's terrors are vain;
Into fortunes he flies, and won't fly out again;
And with raps such as his, "worth a rap" means worth all

For which, on rappers, up-to-snuff rappers call—

Home, Home, Dan Home,
No Medium like Home!

Spirit-legs, spirit-hands he gives table and chair;
Gravitation defying, he flies in the air;

But the fact to which henceforth his fame should be pinned,

Is his power to raise, not himself, but the wind!—

Home, Home, Dan Home,
No Medium like Home!

He is vouched for by friends, F. R. S.'s, M. P.'s;
With Emp'ror and Czar hob-and-nobs at his ease;

And to show off for shillings he cannot have grounds,

Who still has on tap draughts for thousands of pounds!—

Home, Home, Dan Home,
No Medium like Home!

—Punch.

THE FAIRY'S RESCUE.

BY ANNETTE BISHOP.

Good luck for me!
There's a humble-bee
Rolling in the clover;
Hay-seed, fly over
And catch him for me.

I must take a ride to-day
O'er the waves of blooming hay.
Up the hill-side, in the glen
Live two little, elvish men.

LIVING AGE. VOL. IX. 367

Their beards are white, their beards are long,
Their hands are big, their hands are strong.
They've got my baby in their den,
The hateful, hateful elvish men!
They rode on a long-tailed dragon-fly,
And they soared low, and they soared high;
They snatched her up
From a butter-cup
And carried her off
With squeal and scoff.

They'll make her toil, they'll make her slave,
Their hoards of blossom-dust to save;
They'll harness her with beetles, too,
To drag their acorn-cups of dew.
Get up, humble-bee!
Or I'll tickle thy furry thigh
With this beard of golden rye—
Get up, humble-bee!

Buzz! buzz! hum! hum!
Here I come!

I've got her! The hateful, elvish men
Shall never, never find her again.

I stormed their den with my humble-bee;
With his big, sharp lance he fought for me.
We tore their walls of rotting bark,
We chased them into their dungeons dark;
With strong pine needles we barred them in,
There they shall stay till they rue their sin.

I found my darling with smutty wings,
And spotted with cruel nettle-stings;
But I've swung her through the waterfall's mist,
And a cleaner darling never was kissed.
I'll put her to bed in the grass down deep,
And set the crickets to sing her to sleep.
—Public Opinion.

THE CITY PIGEONS.

How yonder flock of silver wings
Fly round in ever-changing rings!
And as they cut the azure's pride,
And turn their pinions' silken side,
All sparkle like a net of stars.

Below, half bright in early beams,
The trodden city pours its streams,
And deafens with the roll of cars;
But high those white-plumed spirits soar
Above the tide of rich and poor,
And see the fresh blue morning bent
O'er Earth that toils with Earth content.

—Chambers's Journal.

From The Spectator.

FREDRIKA BREMER.*

MISS BREMER is such a favourite in England that many will take up this book with interest. We are afraid everybody will lay it down with disappointment. This is not altogether the fault of the writer, though the details actually given us are just sufficient to tantalize us, for if they were not so agreeable we should not feel so keenly the want of more. Nor is it, in spite of many clumsy phrases and an appearance of two languages having disagreed with each other, the fault of the translator. But it arises chiefly from the fact that Miss Bremer's sister, who observed her closely during the years of childhood, was parted from her in after life, that Miss Bremer's autobiography extends over some sixteen pages only, and that her letters tell us far too little about herself. We learn a great deal about Miss Bremer as a child, and all this is interesting in the extreme. But of the authoress, the grown woman, the observer of life and manners, the living argument for female suffrage and the rights of the sex, we have mere passing glimpses. Once or twice we are allowed to peep through the outer window of the novelist's workshop. What we see most of is a mischievous, impulsive, awkward, and vain girl, kept down by her parents and indulged by a governess, playing pranks on old and young, and setting out at the age of thirteen to walk to Stockholm, with a view of crossing to Germany in disguise and fighting against Napoleon. As a prelude to a literary life such a childhood has much to recommend it. But we cannot accept it as an equivalent for the life of Miss Bremer.

We have said that Miss Bremer's sister is to be relied upon for the years of childhood. Yet the sketch of this period is not so much a biography of Miss Bremer as an autobiography of one who lived with her. The subsequent fame of one of the children has caused the other to write these recollections; but the democratic mind of a child is not to be drilled into hero-worship. Charlotte cannot forget that Fredrika made all her sisters shut their eyes and pretend to be at the theatre, while she took advantage of the pretence to pillage the luncheon-table. No amount of after reputation can efface the memory of such tricks. Then, too, the children had the same parents, and were treated alike. It is almost impossible to remember that Fredrika was hardly used,

without thinking that the same afflictions were accomplished in Charlotte. The narrative is all the more lifelike for these touches, but the necessary result is that instead of a famous woman we have a girl and her sister. The traits which would be most interesting in a child destined to future fame would be those that another did not share, those that gave some promise, that were in some way connected with subsequent efforts. A plot upon the dishes left from luncheon, and on the fair claim of the other children to a part of the spoil, hardly answers to this definition. Nor do the statements that on the day of their grandmother's funeral the children cried a great deal and eat a great deal of confectionary; that the children had to be thinly dressed in winter, with bare necks and arms, although the rooms were very cold, double windows were unknown, and the panes were so thick with ice that for days together it was impossible to look out of the window. We do not say that such incidents are trivial or common-place. Far from it. They make us familiar with the early days of the future novelist, and they are of interest in a social point of view as throwing a light on Swedish customs. But this is all they do, and, under the circumstances, it is not enough.

We seem to have a foretaste of the works by which Miss Bremer became known when we look at her youthful inquisitiveness. Her sister says there were days on which she put all sorts of questions, and these were called her inquiring days. At one time she had a turn for analyzing her dolls, cutting off their heads, legs, and arms to see what was inside them. This might seem rather the work of the critic than of the novelist, and it appears to have been always of the destructive order. Between the years of seven and ten, Fredrika would throw into the fire whatever she could lay her hands upon, giving as a reason that it was so delightful to see the flames. China and glass were tested for brittleness on the stone flags before the stove, or on a load of firewood. One day Fredrika went up to her mother and tendered a penny, being all the money she had left, as a compensation for a decanter and three glasses which she had broken. So much was never expected that coin since the time of the old woman who bought a pig with it, and set so many men, animals, and objects in motion to her purchase over the stile. In this case the offer had the effect of pacifying Fredrika's mother, who was generally severe to her children. She wanted them, says Fredrika, to be perfect, as the heroines of romances are perfect. And in this the mo-

* *Life, Letters, and Posthumous Works of Fredrika Bremer.* Edited by her Sister, Charlotte Bremer. Translated from the Swedish by Fredr. Milow. London: Low, Son, and Marston.

was disappointed. Fredrika says herself, "I walked badly, sat badly, stood badly, curtsied badly," and the sister's account, though fuller, is hardly more graphic:—

"At the time when Fredrika and I were children, there did not exist the same relation between parents and children as nowadays. Severe parents belong now to the exceptions; at that time they were generally severe, and children felt for them more fear than love and confidence. I remember still how frequently, when we heard the voices of our parents on their return home, we hastened to hide ourselves in our governess's room, or in that of our Finland nurse, old Lena. During the winters, in the first years of our residence in Stockholm, my parents used to be a great deal out in the fashionable world, and we children saw them rarely except at stated times in the day. At eight o'clock in the morning we were to be ready dressed, and had to come in to say 'Good morning,' first to my mother, who sat in a small drawing-room taking her coffee. She looked at us with a scrutinizing glance during our walk from the door up to her chair. If we had walked badly, we had to go back again to the door to renew our promenade, curtsy, and kiss her hand. If our curtsy had been awkwardly performed, we had to make it over again. Poor little Fredrika could never walk, stand, sit, or curtsy to the satisfaction of my mother, and had many bitter and wretched moments in consequence."

Another parental requirement must have grated harshly on the daughter's mind. The mother wished her children to be ignorant, in order that they might dwell in an atmosphere of purity. They were never allowed to remain in the drawing-room when visitors came, lest they should hear something unsuited to their innocent ears. We may conceive how obnoxious this would be to an inquisitive child, and one whose curiosity was to stand her in such good stead. Again, Fredrika's father had an excellent practice of reading aloud to his daughters in the evening. It is difficult to imagine anything more calculated to excite an early interest and create youthful taste. Unfortunately he read them works they did not care for in a language which they did not understand. We hear more of the severity of the parents from Charlotte than from Fredrika. But Fredrika alludes to it shortly, and complains that while "they stuffed my head full of fine precepts against vanity, they planted vanity itself in my heart." The measures she took to correct the natural lowness of her forehead by pulling out her hair from the roots, and to reduce the size of her nose, in which she was not equally successful, were apparently the chief outward signs

of this weakness. We do not detect it in her letters when she had become famous. This is what she writes on the reception of her second work:—

"It is absurd, absurd, absurd! I believe that some kind fairy has pronounced some hocus-pocus on me and my little book. The sensation which it creates is quite ridiculous. It is now the *ton* to read it, especially in the fashionable world. It is spoken of everywhere, and so is its authoress, who cannot now any longer hope to remain anonymous. I am obliged to listen to so many fine things, that I am only astonished that they do not make me quite giddy (which, after all, they do not). *Medborgaren* (the newspaper) has also reviewed the work, and in a most flattering manner it speaks of the unusual talent of the authoress; and 'the II—family,' especially, gets the most splendid encomiums. Palmblad has written to G—ström that the book meets with such a rapid sale that he must provide a second edition thereof."

In a similar strain, she asks her sister to provide her with materials:—

"If you should happen to see any remarkable personages, any real originals, please describe them to me. I want to make use of them in my *Sketches*. But pray, dearest, mention this, or whatever else I write to you about my authorship, to nobody. People are in general very frightened of being described in books, and in our country an authoress is often looked upon as a regular scarecrow. If I should come to Christianstad, I wish to be known there merely as the sister of Mrs. —, which I am sure will be the best letter of introduction for me."

With the exception of these two passages, and a few of the same kind scattered throughout the letters, the book adds little or nothing to literary history. The details of Miss Bremer's own success are singularly scanty. Of criticism, of revelation, there is hardly a word. Perhaps the few lines in which the authoress speaks of one of the characters in the *Neighbours* are the only exception, and we confess we quote these lines more for the sake of the lesson they teach to other lady novelists than for their intrinsic value:—

"You are right, dear Charlotte! 'I have not been able to make Bruno fall deeply enough' with respect to *deeds*, for only then true love could reveal its power and sublimity. Ah! when the guilty to the eyes of the indifferent spectator disappears in the depths of his dark abyss, when he has forfeited everybody's sympathy and interest, and when the pure and the good turn away from him with horror, then it is that true love triumphantly feels its power, stoops down to the forsaken one, seizes hold of him, and does not rest until it has raised him out of the slough.

I know that it is so, and that this picture is true. But it would have been truer and better, if I had chosen for Bruno another kind of criminality. A murder would have been more in accordance with his character; but there is something so horrible in a murder. On the other hand, a participation to a certain degree in the slave trade may be imagined without the participator necessarily being a hardened villain, especially when his active share in such a trade is so far given up, which his confession seems to imply. It would, therefore, have been better if I had more clearly defined Bruno's share in the misdeed."

From The Spectator.

A STUDY OF TENNYSON.*

MR. TAINSH does not belong to the numerous class of critics who love to detect "motes in sunbeams." He brings a quite sufficiently large share of reverence to his work, but, like many another zealous disciple, he aspires too eagerly to the office of interpreter. We were about to say he had strong sympathy with Tennyson, but sympathy implies insight, which he certainly possesses in a very limited degree, — enough, perhaps, to save him from the charge of 'murdering to dissect,' but utterly insufficient to render him of service to the careful student of Tennyson's writings. To those who have not made a deep study of Tennyson, Mr. Tainsh's book will afford pleasant reading, and, perhaps, guide the attention to much which might otherwise have been passed by; as, for example, when he observes that Tennyson "has the true dramatic power dashed with a tendency to analysis," we know that he has put into the reader's hand a key for the lack of which many have not read Tennyson aright, and which it is possible he may use to much more purpose than Mr. Tainsh himself has done. For example, there can be no doubt that the personal sympathy of the poet is so strongly with the contempt expressed in the fifty-first verse of the "Palace of Art:" —

"In filthy sloughs they roll a prurient skin,
They graze and wallow, breed and sleep:
And oft some brainless devil enters in,
And drives them to the deep;"

that the effect of the preceding verse, in which the soul is giving expression to the thought which of all others the poet holds to be falsest, loses much of its power.

* *A Study of Tennyson.* By Edward Campbell Tainsh. London: Chapman & Hall.

"O godlike isolation! which art mine,
I can but count thee perfect gain,"

is the keynote of the despairing cry which follows, —

"Back on herself her serpent pride had curled.
No voice,' she shrieked in that lone hall,
'No voice breaks through the stillness of this world, —
One deep, deep silence all.'"

And the fifty-first verse, though uttered by the same soul, is really but the sad perplexed minor in which the poet himself suggests the surface truth which fed the false conclusion.

Mr. Tainsh observes, "It cannot be denied that one tendency of civilization is to produce such a character as is here idealized," but in making that remark we think he has missed one special point in the character portrayed. He says, "With nature and the giants of mankind he seeks to dwell." Now we demur to this utterly. The soul here described knows nothing of nature save through art. The love of nature, like the love of God, kills contempt. Nature, "which counts nothing that she meets with base," would at least teach the impossibility of speaking of "isolation" as an attribute of Him who is the central source of harmony: —

"My soul leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky;
So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man;
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die."

To such a one the whole universe is filled with voices, to him the emmet seems to have a "large heart in small room," and the very spider that lives in a ditch to be surrounded with an atmosphere mud cannot touch. It is true Tennyson says elsewhere of man: —

"As through the frame which binds him in
His isolation grows defined."

But this, often so true of man, is so in proportion to his inability to touch others with and draw them into intimacy with his highest or inmost self, — surely no godlike faculty this, though often the plague of the most godlike men. But none knew better than Tennyson that intimacy with nature would remedy, not create this evil, and we think he has made this most manifest to the careful student, who, throughout this poem, will trace the absence of nature everywhere; he has done this with the *apparent* carelessness which uses the highest art to conceal art. Nature is everywhere spoken of freely

enough, but it is Nature in stone, not Nature.

"Whose living motion lent
A pulse of hope to discontent."

Mr. Tainsh says Tennyson cannot help interpreting his characters. This is absolutely true, and that which in feebler hands would have been a defect, in his has become a great spiritual power, having all the force of the subtlest mental analysis; but when Mr. Tainsh observes that, unlike Shakespeare, Tennyson never quite leaves his own personality behind, we are inclined to think this only superficially true. There may be (and Mr. Tainsh would be the first to admit this) the highest dramatic power in exhibiting character from inside, but when Hamlet soliloquizes, we inquire of Shakespeare, not that he comes before us in the least, but that all revelation carries thought instinctively back to the revealer. And on this subject we have one of the weakest paragraphs in the book:—

"I may venture a remark here upon the poem 'A Character.' It is, I conceive, the weakest of the portraits; and it is so because the poet has no point of sympathy with the character he has drawn. Tennyson has drawn sinful men and women with a masterly hand (as Lancelot and Guinevere); but, in all that he has so drawn, there are touches of nobility that make them not altogether unlovable. Whenever he attempts a character that he wholly dislikes, he fails, as I think. The brother in 'Maud,' the parents in 'Aylmer's Field,' the curate in 'Edwin Morris,' and the hypocrite in 'Sea Dreams' are examples of this. He cannot stand outside such characters, and look at them with a mere artist's eye; his moral repulsion shows through his work and makes the drawing coarse. One does not love him the less for this; but, as far as artistic power is concerned, it is a defect. Shakespeare was not thus, nor is any great pure objective poet; but then objective poets do not gain the strong *personal* love of their readers."

Mr. Tainsh has done much of his work well, but this criticism argues an extremely limited range both of thought and experience on the writer's part. In the first place, weakness and coarseness are the reverse of synonymes, and neither term is applicable. To say Tennyson fails in drawing a character he wholly dislikes is a piece of criticism altogether beneath notice. In what group does Vivien stand? But in the instances quoted, more especially in "A Character," Tennyson has given some of his finest and strongest touches. We could fancy him never more contented with his work than when he drew the inimitable sketch of the man who

"Stood aloof from other minds
In impotence of fancied power."

And Mr. Tainsh makes his want of insight most manifest when endeavouring to exhibit it most. We confess, we think that except in the hands of a very great critic (which he assuredly is not) there is something amounting to a literary impertinence in publishing, as in chapter vii. he has done, a prose version of "The Two Voices." We opened this chapter with a feeling of annoyance akin to that which we have often experienced when looking at "Parables explained" or "Truths made easy," but our irritation reached its climax when we found this passage:—

"'But thou,' said I, 'hast miss'd thy mark,
Who sought'st to wreck my mortal ark,
By making all the horizon dark."

"'Whatever crazy sorrow saith,
No life that breathes with human breath,
Has ever truly long'd for death."

"'Tis life, whereof our nerves are scant,
Oh! life, not death, for which we pant,—
More life, and fuller, that we want.'"

Thus rendered:—

"*Man.*—Yes; but you have missed your mark, and have not tricked me into death by one-sided falsehoods. No living being ever truly longed for death. It is more life that we want, not death."

After this, our readers will not be surprised that Mr. Tainsh can speak of "The Two Voices" as "full of *luscious* poetry." Nothing could be so utterly slipshod and unmeaning as the application of this epithet to a poem wherein every metaphor is restrained to its severest meaning, and the spirit itself is exhibited as shivering in the nakedness of unresolved doubt.

Some of the criticism on the lesser poems is very good, and on Annie in "Enoch Arden" we think Mr. Tainsh reads her as Tennyson meant her to be read, as "in no way an ideal character." "Her long hesitation about marrying Philip is as much fear as fidelity. It was through her suggestion, half or wholly unconscious, it may be, that he first spoke of it to her,—

"I thought not of it, but I know not why—
Their voices make me feel so solitary,"

is the language not of the desolation of faithful love, but of the longing for some new interest and sympathy." But even here we think he is utterly mistaken in believing that Tennyson introduces a kind of "mechanical

supernaturalism" into such passages as where it is said of Enoch on Annie's wedding day,—

"Though faintly, merrily, far and far away,
He heard the pealing of his parish bells."

Or that more exquisite passage in "Aylmer's Field," beginning,—

"Star to star vibrates light, may soul to soul
Strike through a finer element of her own?
So, from afar, touch as at once? or why
That night, that moment when she named his
name,
Did the keen shriek, 'Yes, love, yes, Edith,
yes!'" &c.

On these passages we have the remark, "This element of mechanical supernaturalism tends to give the thoughtful student an impression of unreality, and, therefore, weakness, in the structure of the story; while, on the other hand, it pleases those whose standards of judgment have been formed by lower masters." Perhaps Mr. Tainsh thinks Milton guilty of a like weakness in that famous passage,—

"Whatever draws me on,
Or sympathy, or some co-natural force,
Powerful at greatest distance to unite
With secret amity things of like kind,
By secretest conveyance."

In "Aylmer's Field," though appreciating much, Mr. Tainsh has missed many of the finest points, as, for instance, that sketch of Edith, which artists must have failed for want of power rather than of will to translate for us into more tangible form,

"Edith, whose pensive beauty, perfect else,
But subject to the season or the mood,
Shone like a mystic star between the less
And greater glory, varying to and fro,
We know not wherefore; bounteously made,
And yet so finely that a troublous touch
Thinn'd, or would seem to thin, her in a day,
Or joyous to dilate as towards the light."

But it is when he approaches "In Memoriam" that Mr. Tainsh fails most completely. Though one of the most interesting and in many respects beautiful chapters in the book, it is weak in relation to its immediate subject, really, we are compelled to think, through want of a little more industry on the writer's part, rather than from failure in intellectual capacity. "The power of reverence," he tells us, and with considerable truth, is "the measure of the life of the soul;" this power he certainly does not want. He has insight enough into the genius of the whole to see much of its beauty and to feel

its power; it is in analysis he fails. This strength in generalization and weakness in detail is apparent throughout the book, but comes out most fully in the verbal commentary on "In Memoriam," which fills chapter ix. Mr. Tainsh tells us, that as minds differ, what is perfectly clear to one may fail to strike another, and for this reason he feels it right to make this commentary full, but that at the same time he has marked the passages which have seemed to himself obscure, in the hope that by publishing his needs he might create a chance of getting them supplied. We are bound to observe that the latter part of his intention is the most obvious in the commentary. We select a few instances; in the first verse of the dedication, beginning—

"Strong Son of God," &c.

Mr. Tainsh observes, "Probably Christ, but there are passages below that look more like an address to the impersonal love of God." Surely the fourth verse might have settled that question,—

"Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood Thou."

Again, "Canto iii., 2, 3, 4. The general drift of these lines is manifest. The exact force of the expressions used I do not see." We think a very little reflection might have revealed the exquisite beauty of delineating sorrow, "Priestess in the vaults of Death," as seeing all things through the distorting mist of unshed tears:—

"'The stars,' she whispers, 'blindly run;
A web is woven across the sky.'"

Of the perfect metaphor in canto 24: 4:—

"Or that the past will always win
A glory from its being far;
And orb into the perfect star
We saw not, when we moved therein,"

—a thought as absolutely consistent with the facts of our mental as of our bodily vision, being as scientifically accurate as any demonstrable proposition, we have this remark:—"I cannot but think this rather far fetched as a metaphor, seeing that it does not lie within the present experience of man to see, as a distant star or planet, a body he has once lived upon." In canto 42, we think he altogether misses the sense of the passage through not seeing the force of the word "figured." If he had ever marked the exquisite tracery on leaves void of pulp, "bare of the body," he would have understood the

"So that still garden of the souls
In many a figured leaf enrolls,"

— and, —

"And silent traces of the past
Be all the color of the flower,"

more clearly than at present. So again in canto 49, in the verse beginning —

"Be near me when the sensuous frame
Is racked with pangs that conquer dust,

Mr. Tainsh "does not see the force" of

"And Time a maniac scattering dust,
And Life a fury slinging flame."

Here, again, the failure of imaginative power comes in. But paraphrases would be worse than useless to any one who cannot instinctively realize the truth and power of these images. In canto 54,

"I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,
And gather dust and chaff,"

Mr. Tainsh observes, "There is an antithesis of thought here, that is not clearly brought out. It is thus: — 'I fall upon the great altar stairs that slope up to God, and stretch lame hands of faith, but because they are lame hands, I do but grope and gather dust and chaff,' &c. Now a man with his eyes open in the light does not gather chaff for grain, because his hands are lame. Mr. Tainsh does not perceive that "grope" must refer to the fact that the soul is working in the dark, kneeling

"Upon the great world's altar stairs,
That slope through darkness up to God."

The same class of difficulty occurs to him

when reading the fifty-fifth canto in the verse,

"Man, her last work, who seemed so fair,
Such splendid purpose in his eyes, —
Who roll'd the psalm to wintry skies,
Who built him fanes of fruitless prayer,"

He observes, "I cannot but think wintry and fruitless discordant with the thought of the canto." "They must be discordant because they endorse the apparent teaching of nature," which the rest of the canto is against, but we think if any one would take the trouble to look for a moment from the poet's stand-point, he would see, on the contrary, how essential the words are to the climax, how in strict harmony with the thought of the whole, though like all Tennyson's writing, indeed, like all the writing of the deepest thinkers, slightly elliptical, the silence suggesting more than the speech: the higher the spirit of man has reached the more impatient he becomes of explanatory words. It is always difficult to realize that other minds may not grasp a thought which comes intuitively to our own.

If we seem to have been hypercritical in noticing the many points wherein Mr. Tainsh fails so signally, it is because we yet believe him, on the whole, worthy of patient criticism, because when all deductions are made we can still commend his little work to many to whom the writings of our great poet are a sealed book. They would do well to read much that Mr. Tainsh has written, imbibe his spirit, and avail themselves of his suggestions, though they would do better to drink for themselves at the fountain-head, and find out with a little painstaking if Tennyson be not far more lucid than his commentators.

GEMS OF LITERATURE. — A new novel is advertised under the name of *The Countess's Cross*. It is rumoured that this is the first of a series with similar titles, such as, *The Baroness's Bracelet, or the Fatal Clasp; The Duchess's Diamonds, or All are not Brilliants that Glitter; The Princess's Pendant, or Thereby hangs a Tale, &c.* Critics are forewarned not to condemn these works of fiction as precious rubbish. — *Punch*.

and artists had better go at once and take a last fond look at Paris. Thanks to Baron Hausmann's organ of destructiveness, there soon will hardly be a single old house left there. He goes about, like *Asmodeus*, taking all the roofs off, and does not put them on again, until the streets have been remodelled. Says a Paris Correspondent —

"What with expropriation and moving, all the world is unhousted."

Unhousted; precisely so: and may we not suggest that Hausmann ought to change his name now to Unhausmann. — *Punch*.

JUST THE NAME FOR HIM. — Antiquarians

From Macmillan's Magazine.
LUCRETIVS.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON, POET LAUREATE.

LUCILLA, wedded to Lucretius, found
Her master cold; for when the morning flush
Of passion and the first embrace had died
Between them, tho' he loved her none the less,
Yet often when the woman heard his foot
Return from paces in the field, and ran
To greet him with a kiss, the master took
Small notice, or austere, for — his mind
Half buried in some weightier argument,
Or fancy-borne perhaps upon the rise
And long roll of the Hexameter — he past
To turn and ponder those three hundred scrolls
Left by the Teacher whom he held divine.
She brook'd it not; but wrathful, petulant,
Dreaming some rival, sought and found a witch
Who brew'd the philtre which had power, they
said,

To lead an errant passion home again.
And this, at times, she mingled with his drink,
And this destroy'd him; for the wicked broth
Confused the chemic labour of the blood,
And tickling the brute brain within the man's
Made havoc among those tender cells, and
check'd

His power to shape: he loath'd himself; and once
After a tempest woke upon a morn
That mock'd him with returning calm and cried,

"Storm in the night! for thrice I heard the rain
Rushing; and once the flash of a thunderbolt —
Methought I never saw so fierce a fork —
Struck out the streaming mountain-side, and
show'd

A riotous confluence of watercourses
Blanching and billowing in a hollow of it,
Where all but yester-eve was dusty-dry.

Storm, and what dreams, ye holy Gods, what
dreams!

For thrice I waken'd after dreams. Perchance
We do but recollect the dreams that come
Just ere the waking: terrible! for it seem'd
A void was made in Nature; all her bonds
Crack'd; and I saw the flaring atom-streams
And torrents of her myriad universe,
Ruining along the illimitable inane,
Fly on to clash together again, and make
Another and another frame of things
For ever: that was mine, my dream, I knew it —
Of and belonging to me, as the dog
With inward yelp and restless forefoot plies
His function of the woodland: but the next! —
I thought that all the blood by Sylla shed
Came driving rainlike down again on earth,
And where it dash'd the reddening meadow,
sprang

No dragon warriors from Cadmean teeth,
For these I thought my dream would show to me,
But girls, Hetairai, curious in their art,
Hired animalisms, vile as those that made
The mulberry-faced Dictator's orgies worse
Than aught they fable of the quiet Gods.

And hands they mixt, and yell'd and round me
drove

In narrowing circles till I yell'd again
Half-suffocated, and sprang up, and saw —
Was it the first beam of my latest day?

Then, then, from utter gloom stood out the
breasts,

The breasts of Helen, and hoveringly a sword
Now over and now under, now direct,
Pointed itself to pierce, but sank down shamed
At all that beauty; and as I stared, a fire,
The fire that left a roofless Ilium,
Shot out of them, and scorch'd me that I woke.

Is this thy vengeance, holy Venus, thine,
Because I would not one of thine own doves,
Not ev'n a rose, were offer'd to thee? thine,
Forgetful how my rich procemion makes
Thy glory fly along the Italian field,
In lays that will outlast thy Deity?

Deity? nay, thy worshippers. My tongue
Trips, or I speak profanely. Which of these
Angers thee most, or angers thee at all?
Not if thou be'st of those who far aloof
From envy, hate and pity, and spite and scorn,
Live the great life which all our greatest fain
Would follow, center'd in eternal calm.

Nay, if thou canst, O Goddess, like ourselves
Touch, and be touched, then would I cry to thee
To kiss thy Mavors, roll thy tender arms
Round him, and keep him from the lust of blood
That makes a steaming slaughter-house of Rome.

Ay, but I meant not thee; I meant not her,
Whom all the pines of Ida shook to see
Slide from that quiet heaven of hers, and tempt
The Trojan, while his neat-herds were abroad;
Nor her that o'er her wounded hunter wept
Her Deity false in human amorous tears;
Nor whom her beardless apple-arbiter
Decided fairest. Rather, O ye Gods,
Poet-like, as the great Sicilian called
Calliope to grace his golden verse —
Ay, and this Kypris also — did I take
That popular name of thine to shadow forth
The all-generating powers and genial heat
Of Nature, when she strikes through the thick
blood

Of cattle, and light is large and lambs are glad
Nosing the mother's udder, and the bird
Makes his heart voice amid the blaze of flowers:
Which things appear the work of mighty Gods.

The Gods! and if I go my work is left
Unfinish'd — if I go. The Gods, who haunt
The lucid interspace of world and world,
Where never creeps a cloud, or moves a wind,
Nor ever falls the least white star of snow,
Nor ever lowest roll of thunder moans,
Nor sound of human sorrow mounts to mar
Their sacred everlasting calm! and such,
Not all so fine, nor so divine a calm,
Not such, nor all unlike it, man may gain

Letting his own life go. The Gods, the Gods !
 If all be atoms, how then should the Gods
 Being atomic not be dissoluble,
 Not follow the great law ? My master held
 That Gods there are, for all men so believe.
 I prest my footsteps into his, and meant
 Surely to lead my Memmius in a train
 Of flowery clauses onward to the proof
 That Gods there are, and deathless. Meant ? I
 meant !

I have forgotten what I meant : my mind
 Stumbles, and all my faculties are lamed.

Look where another of our Gods, the Sun
 Apollo, Delius, or of older use
 All-seeing Hyperion — what you will —
 Has mounted yonder ; since he never swears,
 Except his wrath were wreak'd on wretched man,
 That he would only shine among the dead
 Hereafter ; tales ! for never yet on earth
 Could dead flesh creep, or bits of roasting ox
 Moan round the spit — nor knows he what he
 sees ;

King of the East altho' he seem, and girt
 With song and flame and fragrance, slowly lifts
 His golden feet on those empurpled stairs
 That climb into the windy halls of heaven :
 And here he glances on an eye new-born,
 And gets for greeting but a wail of pain ;
 And here he stays upon a freezing orb
 That fain would gaze upon him to the last :
 And here upon a yellow eyelid fall'n
 And closed by those who mourn a friend in vain,
 Not thankful that his troubles are no more.
 And me, altho' his fire is on my face
 Blinding, he sees not, nor at all can tell
 Whether I mean this day to end myself,
 Or lend an ear to Plato where he says,
 That men like soldiers may not quit the post
 Allotted by the Gods : but he that holds
 The Gods are careless, wherefore need he care
 Greatly for them, nor rather plunge at once,
 Being troubled, wholly out of sight, and sink
 Past earthquake — ay, and gout and stone, that
 break

Body toward death, and palsy, death-in-life,
 And wretched age — and worst disease of all,
 These prodigies of myriad nakednesses,
 And twisted shapes of lust, unspeakable,
 Abominable, strangers at my hearth
 Not welcome, happier miring every dish,
 The phantom husks of something foully done,
 And fleeting thro' the boundless universe,
 And blasting the long quiet of my breast
 With animal heat and dire insanity.

How should the mind, except it loved them,
 clasp
 These idols to herself ? or do they fly
 Now thinner, and now thicker, like the flakes
 In a fall of snow, and so press in, perforce
 Of multitude, as crowds that in an hour
 Of civic tumult jam the doors, and bear
 The keepers down, and throng, their rage and
 they,
 The basest, far into that council-hall
 Where sit the best and stateliest of the land ?

Can I not fling this horror off me again,
 Seeing with how great ease Nature can smile,
 Balmier and nobler from her bath of storm,
 At random ravage ? and how easily
 The mountain there has cast his cloudy slough,
 Now towering o'er him in serenest air,
 A mountain o'er a mountain, ay, and within
 All hollow as the hopes and fears of men.

But who was he, that in the garden snared
 Picus and Faunus, rustic Gods ? a tale
 To laugh at — more to laugh at in myself —
 For look ! what is it ? there ? yon arbutus
 Totters ; a noiseless riot underneath
 Strikes through the wood, sets all the tops quiv-
 ering —

The mountain quickens into Nymph and Faun ;
 And here an Oread, and this way she runs
 Before the rest — A satyr, a satyr, see —
 Follows ; but him I proved impossible ;
 Twy-natured is no nature : yet he draws
 Nearer and nearer, and I scan him now
 Beastlier than any phantom of his kind
 That ever butted his rough brother-brute
 For lust or lusty blood or provender :
 I hate, abhor, spit, sicken at him ; and she
 Loathes him as well ; such a precipitate heel,
 Fledged as it were with Mercury's ankle-wing,
 Whirls her to me : but will she fling herself,
 Shameless upon me ? Catch her, goatfoot : nay,
 Hide, hide them, million-myrtled wilderness,
 And cavern-shadowing laurels, hide ! do I wish —
 What ? — that the bush were leafless ? or to whelm
 All of them in one massacre ? O ye Gods,
 I know you careless, yet, behold, to you
 From childly wont and ancient use I call —
 I thought I lived securely as yourselves —
 No lewdness, narrowing envy, monkey-spite,
 No madness of ambition, avarice, none :
 No larger feast than under plane or pine
 With neighbours laid along the grass, to take
 Only such cups as left us friendly-warm,
 Affirming each his own philosophy —
 Nothing to mar the sober majesties
 Of settled, sweet, Epicurean life.
 But now it seems some unseen monster lays
 His vast and filthy hands upon my will,
 Wrenching it backward into his ; and spoils
 My bliss in being ; and it was not great ;
 For save when shutting reasons up in rhythm,
 Or Heliconian honey in living words,
 To make a truth less harsh, I often grew
 Tired of so much within our little life,
 Or of so little in our little life —
 Poor little life that toddles half an hour
 Crown'd with a flower or two, and there an end —
 And since the nobler pleasure seems to fade,
 Why should I, beastlike as I find myself,
 Not manlike end myself ? — our privilege —
 What beast has heart to do it ? And what man,
 What Roman would be dragg'd in triumph thus ?
 Not I ; not he, who bears one name with her,
 Whose death-blow struck the dateless doom of
 kings,
 When brooking not the Tarquin in her veins,
 She made her blood in sight of Collatine

And all his pears, flushing the guiltless air,
Spout from the maiden fountain in her heart.
And from it sprang the Commonwealth, which
breaks

As I am breaking now !

And therefore now
Let her, that is the womb and tomb of all,
Great Nature, take, and forcing far apart
Those blind beginnings that have made me man
Dash them anew together at her will
Through all her cycles — into man once more,
Or beast or bird or fish, or opulent flower —
But till this cosmic order everywhere
Shatter'd into one earthquake in one day
Cracks all to pieces, — and that hour perhaps
Is not so far when momentary man
Shall seem no more a something to himself,
But he, his hopes and hates, his homes and fanes,
And even his bones long laid within the grave,
The very sides of the grave itself shall pass,
Vanishing, atom and void, atom and void,
Into the unseen for ever, — till that hour,
My golden work in which I told a truth
That stays the rolling Ixionian wheel,

And numbs the Fury's ringlet-snake, and plucks
The mortal soul from out immortal hell,
Shall stand : ay, surely : then it fails at last
And perishes as I must ; for O Thou,
Passionless bride, divine Tranquillity,
Yearn'd after by the wisest of the wise,
Who fail to find thee, being as thou art
Without one pleasure and without one pain,
Howbeit I know thou surely must be mine
Or soon or late, yet out of season, thus
I woo thee roughly, for thou carest not
How roughly men may woo thee so they win —
Thus — thus : the soul flies out and dies in the
air."

With that he drove the knife into his side :
She heard him raging, heard him fall ; ran in,
Beat breast, tore hair, cried out upon herself
As having fail'd in duty to him, shriek'd
That she but meant to win him back, fell on him,
Clasp'd, kiss'd him, wail'd : he answer'd, " Care
not thou !

What matters ? All is over : Fare thee well !"

GREATNESS TESTED BY LITTLE THINGS.

THAT is not greatness, calmness, strength of soul,
When, once for all, thou dost experience
Some sudden, terrible calamity,
Some last, decisive, heavy blow of fate,
The loss of reputation, of estate,
Of those thou lov'st, of health, of happiness,
And still remainest patient and composed, —
That is necessity laid on thy soul ;
The suffering of violence humbles thee.
But if thou bearest all the lesser cares,
Burdens and torments of each passing day,
Nor feel'st them bitter, — if, serene and strong,
Thou bearest little trials, blessing God,
That, only that, dear soul, is greatness, strength,
Collectedness of spirit, godly walk.
For little griefs thou mightest not endure,
But scorn them, prove thyself inferior
Ev'n to thy destiny. Then use, O heart,
Courage and strength, mildness and cheerfulness,
Where only thou canst do it, — in little things.

—*The Layman's Breviary.*

ANECDOTE OF REV. DR. HAWKS. — A correspondent furnishes the following hitherto unpublished incident relating to the late Rev. Dr. Hawks. Early in the session of the Triennial Convention which met in New York in 1862, a member offered a resolution expressing sympathy with the Government in the effort to put down the rebellion. Doctor Hawks made an earnest and plausible speech against what he called the introduction of "politics" into the Church of Christ, whose "kingdom is not of

this world." Others excitedly followed in the same style, and the resolutions were tabled by a large vote. Shortly afterward the subject before the Convention was a proposed revision of the Hymns of the Church. Doctor Hawks advocated this measure with his usual ability. He was followed by a member who complimented him highly on his speech and sentiments; he had himself felt the revision to be necessary; in the present aspect of the Church it had become indispensable. In conclusion, he would ask the Secretary to read the 82d Hymn from the Prayer-Book. The Secretary read :

" Now may the God of grace and power
Attend his people's humble cry,
Defend them in the needful hour,
And send deliverance from on high."

At the second verse the Secretary had seen the point; his face wore an expression broader than a smile, which he vainly tried to suppress as he proceeded:

" In his salvation is our hope;
And in the name of Israel's God
Our troops shall lift their banners up,
Our naries spread their flags abroad."

At the third line there was a suppressed titter through the house, and when at the close the speaker added, " that is politics, Mr. President," and sat down, the dignified body was convulsed with undignified laughter. The loyal man had got his hearing. The rebellion subject was subsequently taken from the table, and loyal resolutions passed by a handsome majority; but Dr. Hawks's voice was never again heard in the councils of the Church. — *Harper's Magazine.*

From the Spectator.

THE NEW VERSION OF THE HEBREW PSALMS.*

THIS is one of the most instructive and valuable books which has been published for many years. We have already delayed our notice of it nearly a year from its time of publication, which furnishes in itself a fair test of the intrinsic value of any book,—the temporary charms of which are apt to disappear, like the foam of effervescing wines, with a very little exposure to the public,—and it has only gained in our estimation in weight and beauty by the delay. To any one who wishes to read the Psalms as he would read modern poetry, not merely by the gathered associations of his own childhood and youth, but by the light of the best attainable knowledge as to their origin and the circumstances affecting it, this edition of the Psalms is quite invaluable. The "Four Friends" who have prepared it have mainly followed the greatest Hebrew scholar of this or perhaps any other time, Ewald, in their chronological arrangement and the view they have taken of the circumstances in which the various groups of Psalms had their origin. In this, we think, they have been wise. It may be, indeed, that Ewald builds too much on very faint indications of time and authorship; but even when he does so, his conjectures deserve at least more attention than any other conjectures; and where all is conjectural, it is better to let the best conjecture occupy the foreground, than to have all foreground blotted out in the mist of vague possibilities. Moreover, the "Four Friends" have never broken wantonly or idly with the cherished associations of the English Prayer-Book version. Their alterations are exceedingly rare and exceedingly necessary where they are made at all. Indeed, we think they might have ventured oftener than they have done to substitute, where it is the more correct, the version of our Bible, which is almost equally familiar, for the version of our Prayer-Book. For example, when they substitute for the familiar version of the 130th Psalm, which stands in our Prayer-Book "My soul fleeth to the Lord before the morning watch, I say, before the morning watch,"—the following,—"*My soul waiteth for Jehovah more than watchmen for the morning, I say, than watchmen for the morning,*" we do not know why they have not kept to the very words of our au-

thorized version, namely, "*More than they that watch for the morning, I say, more than they that watch for the morning.*" The latter is the most truly poetical of the three versions, for it includes all watchers, whether by the sick-bed or on the mountain top, as well as the professional class of watchmen, and can scarcely be excluded by the Hebrew words which are striving to illustrate the full intensity of longing with which the soul waits for God. Such longing could scarcely be adequately illustrated by the expectation of mere professional watchmen waiting for the expiration of a routine duty. So, too, where our editors alter the Prayer-Book version of the fourth verse of the 139th Psalm, "*Thou hast fashioned me behind and before, and laid Thine hand upon me,*" into "*Thou hast compassed me behind and before,*" why did not they rather substitute the more beautiful, and familiar, and exactly equivalent words of our authorized version, "*Thou hast beset me behind and before*"? The only fault in this beautiful and critical version, if it be a fault, is that the authors have not sufficiently availed themselves of the associations of the fine version of the Bible, where they have felt compelled to deviate from the version of the Prayer-Book,—from which, however, they have deviated rarely, and only with great reason. To illustrate the kind of motive which has alone induced them seriously to alter the translation, we may take the conclusion of the 19th Psalm, where, after the earlier verses on the glory of the heavens and the power of the sun, which the translators believe to be of the time of David, is appended a sort of spiritual antistrophe, in which the glory of the heavens is described as mirrored in the beauty of the divine law, and the might even of an Arabian sun is presented as equalled or surpassed by the commandment which giveth light to the inward eye. We had long been aware that modern critics had maintained that the latter part of this psalm was of much later origin than the first, and only appended to the first as an afterthought. But we never felt the force of the criticism till we saw what our present editors advanced. They translate the latter part of the verse, "*Who can tell how oft he offendeth? Oh, cleanse thou me from my secret faults,*"—thus, "*Oh, cleanse thou me from the sin that I wist not of,*" and say, by way of comment, "*the fears of the Psalmist, that with the ever-growing anxiety to satisfy the minutiae of a written law, his own unconscious sins against these prohibitions would also increase, . . . belong to the period of the end of the mon-*

* *The Psalms Chronologically Arranged. An Amended Version, with Historical Introduction and Explanatory Notes. By Four Friends. London: Macmillan. 1867.*

archy,"—if not even to the later period of the 119th Psalm. This interpretation of a verse which, if this be the true translation, certainly partakes of the overscrupulous tone of a developed and written morality, rather than of the spirit of a young and rapidly growing national life, is likely, we think, to arrest the attention of all true critics; and it is a fair specimen of the light in detail which this version strives to throw on passages which are to the most of us almost too familiar for true understanding.

But it is not by the light in mere detail which this edition of the Psalms gives us, that it can be adequately judged. It gives the Psalms a perfectly fresh setting, adds a new power of vision to the grandest poetry of nature ever composed, a new depth of lyrical pathos to the poetry of national joy, sorrow, and hope, and a new intensity of spiritual light to the divine subject of every ejaculation of praise and every invocation of want. We can scarcely give an adequate conception of the first point,—the marvellous touches which this version often adds to the finest poetry of nature contained in the Psalms, without extracting the whole of the new version of the 29th psalm, and the note thereon.

(The Psalmist calleth on the angels round the throne to bow down and worship Jehovah, when He shall reveal Himself in thunder and lightning to the world.)

I.

"Give unto Jehovah, ye sons of God,
give unto Jehovah glory and strength!
Give unto Jehovah the honour due unto His
name,
worship Jehovah in holy apparel!

II.

"Hark! Jehovah is above the waters,
The God of Glory thundered,
Jehovah above the waterfloods;
Hark! Jehovah is in power,
Hark! Jehovah is in majesty.

"Hark! Jehovah—He breaketh the cedar-trees,
how Jehovah breaketh in pieces the cedars
of Lebanon,
and maketh them to skip like calves,
Lebanon also and Sirion like young buffaloes;
Hark! Jehovah how He flasheth forth names
of fire!

"Hark! Jehovah shaketh the wilderness,
Jehovah shaketh the wilderness of Kadesh;
Hark! Jehovah maketh the hinds to calve,
and strippeth the forests of their leaves;
while in His temple everything shouteth
'Glory!'

III.

"Jehovah ruled above the mighty flood;
so ruleth Jehovah as a King for ever!
Jehovah will give strength unto His people,
Jehovah shall give His people the blessing
of peace!

"Ver. 8. Hark! Jehovah = the voice of Jehovah, or Jehovah revealed in thunder.

"Ver. 8. Cp. Isaiah vi. 8, And the Seraphim cried one with another, and said, 'Holy, Holy, Holy is Jehovah, God of Hosts; His glory the fulness of the earth.'

NOTE.

"The closest examination of this psalm only reveals more strikingly the perfection of its structure. It has the regular form of the psalm or triumphal ode, and is divided into three members:—

"1. The Prelude, in which the Psalmist calls on the angels round the throne to do homage to Jehovah, when He shall reveal Himself in thunder and lightning to the world.

"2. The body of the Psalm, in three equal strophes, each of five lines, marking the successive stages of the storm: 1st, its distant gathering; the low faint muttering of the thunder in the far-off unapproachable realms of sky; 2nd, its sudden advances seizing the mountains and crushing the cedars; then, in the 3rd, it passes on and spreads over the plain and dies away; thus making the whole universe to tremble from sky to earth, from Lebanon in the north to the wilderness of Kadesh in the south. These contain the revelations of Jehovah to man, issued like royal mandates in peals of thunder.

"Nay, more, each of these strophes is itself divided into five lines, and each line begins with a fresh burst of the storm.

"In strophe 1 we have in the first line the distant muttering of the thunder; the peal becomes louder and clearer in lines 2 and 3; and in lines 4 and 5 rings with ever-increasing and more continuous roll, the voice of Jehovah, through the world.

"In strophe 2 the storm falls with its crashing power on the cedars; then with bounding speed upon the mountains themselves, making them to skip like buffaloes; ending with the flashing of the forked lightning.

"In strophe 3 we have the same structure; the sound of Jehovah making the wilderness to tremble, sweeping in jubilant might from Lebanon to Kadesh; bowing the very beasts in the throes of labour, while the hurricane strips the forest of its leaves, till it is hushed and lost in the diapason, which through all the world telleth of His glory.

"3. The conclusion, that men may learn the protecting love of Jehovah; who, though He sitteth a King above the mighty flood, shall give strength unto His people and the blessing of peace."

This is one of the versions in which the translators have permitted themselves the maximum of deviation from the version of the Prayer-Book, but we confess, as it seems to us, with the happiest result. In the psalm as we read it on the fifth evening of the month, the thunderstorm which it is meant to image is quite lost to our view. It reads like an abstract statement of the "attributes" of God in relation to His power over the physical universe. "It is the Lord that commandeth the waters, it is the glorious God that maketh the thunder. It is the Lord that ruleth the sea," &c. Only compare that almost dogmatic statement of God's power over the elements with the third verse of the version we have given,

where the Psalmist is exulting in the immediate sign of God's power which the gathering tempest and the downfall of the waterspout bears in upon his mind. As an illustration of a like vividness given to a hymn of a very different and lower order, — a hymn celebrating a royal marriage, — let our readers compare the life-like version of the 45th Psalm, the one beginning in our Prayer-Book version, "My heart is inditing of a good matter," with the translation in our Prayer-Book. The alterations are not great or grating, but they are just such as transform the vague ambiguities of changing tenses and vague panegyric into the emphasis of direct vision, and that delight of the eye which lives in the present.

But our version gives not only a new power of vision to the poetry of physical nature, and the less interesting and much less important poetry concerned with royal pageants, but it adds a new pathos to the finest and most pathetic lyrics which ever proceeded from the human heart. Take, for instance, the light which it throws on the familiar Psalm, "Like as the hart desireth the water-brooks, so longeth my soul after thee, O God!" — the psalm in which so exquisite a voice is given to the dejection with which the writer thinks upon his old visits to Jerusalem, now that he can worship there no more. The translators believe that this psalm was written by an exile on his journey into Eastern banishment, perhaps by the departing King himself, who, as he passed the heights of Hermon and the hill Mizar, on his way to exile, cried out, "My God, my soul is heavy within me; therefore I remember thee from the land of Jordan, of Hermon, and the hill of Mizar," a translation which gives quite a new pathos to the psalm. In the Prayer-Book, indeed, the version "My God, my soul is vexed within me; therefore will I remember thee concerning the land of Jordan and the little hill of Hermon," has no intelligible meaning at all. The new version notes the spots from which the exile, as he retreated, cast back a glance of passionate farewell; the old one is only a promise to remember God's connection with some obscure historical transaction to which we have lost the key. Thus the new version inserts a new and perfect link of sentiment in one of the most plaintive of religious odes, in place of what was not a link at all, but a rude break in the current of mingled melancholy and trust. So, again, to take the 102nd Psalm, written amidst the ruins of Jerusalem. Our Prayer-Book version, after insisting on the melancholy pleasure which God's servants take even in

the ruined stones of the low-laid capital, goes on quite abruptly, "The heathen shall fear thy name, O Lord; and all the Kings of the earth thy majesty; when the Lord shall build up Sion, and when his glory shall appear; when he turneth him unto the prayer of the poor destitute, and despiseth not their desire. *This shall be written for them that come after; and the people which shall be born shall praise the Lord.*" Our translators give a quite new and very much finer turn to the passage, making the Psalmist pray that his posterity *may be able to use the language of praise to Jehovah for rebuilding Sion* : —

"For 'Jehovah hath built up Sion,
and hath made His glory to appear;
hath turned to Him the prayer of the poor destitute,
and despised not their desire.'
Let this be written by those that come after!
and let the people that shall be born praise
Jehovah."

No one can fail to see how much more beautiful and appropriate this language is in the mouth of one sitting among the ruins of his beloved city, and seeing the glory of the future only through the religious trust of the present.

To illustrate how slight a change in the version will give a new depth of lyrical feeling to the tone of a psalm, and again, how much that depth is itself deepened by a very simple explanation of the circumstances which attended its composition, take the version of the 121st psalm, the first verse of which as it is translated in our Prayer-Book runs, "I will lift up mine eyes to the hills from whence cometh my help." Our authors, after explaining that the group of psalms to which this belongs were pilgrim psalms written in Babylon or on the way back, explain the drift and give the first strophe of this psalm as follows : —

"The exile sighs for the hills of his home: he sees no sign of help, yet with the name of the Creator, the Keeper of Israel, for his talisman, he wins his way through doubt to trust, from inward conflict to peace.

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills;
Oh, whence cometh my help?
my help cometh from Jehovah,
Who hath made heaven and earth.
Will he suffer thy foot to be moved?
and He that keepeth thee, shall He sleep?
behold, He that keepeth Israel
shall neither slumber nor sleep!"

The first two lines seem to us entirely transformed and clothed with a new lyrical force by the form of appealing question given to

the second. The first line becomes the pilgrim's expression of passionate longing for his home, instead of the language of supplication,—the second of appeal to God, instead of almost meaningless assertion that his help comes from the very hills to which he is imploring to be restored. The first line thus becomes a cry of longing, the second an appeal to his own heart to tell him the true source of trust. The interrogative form given to the clauses of the third verse with the trustful answer of the fourth seem to us again to convey a far more exquisite poetical feeling than our Prayer-Book version, beautiful as it is, has succeeded in rendering for us.

We have given but imperfect illustrations of the new beauty and light which the translators pour upon the most perfect devotional poetry of any day or nation, and which they pour on it in almost every page, by the scholarship and perfect taste with which they have executed their work. We can only say that their version deserves to live long and to pass through many editions,—for while it religiously respects the rich associations gathered round the text which they have adopted as their groundwork, it clears up its innumerable obscurities, corrects its not infrequent blunders, and supplies that knowledge of the context which is almost as requisite to the true enjoyment of poetry, as is the crowd of new and living associations by the aid of which each successive generation interprets it, and applies it to the wants of its own heart.

From The Saturday Review.

THE STARRING SYSTEM IN LITERATURE.

SHILLING magazines illustrate some curious peculiarities of the modern literary world. For one thing, they show the imitative nature of publishers. Ten years ago the genus had not been discovered. *Macmillan's* and the *Cornhill Magazine* showed the way, and since then the shilling magazines have sprung up like mushrooms. How it happens that the struggle for existence does not kill them off more rapidly is amongst those mysteries of trade into which it is not given to profane outsiders to pry. We can guess, indeed, with more or less vagueness at the particular expedients upon which they rely for attracting notice. One, for example, has a more detestable set of flashy engravings than can easily be found elsewhere. Another takes the line of thrilling stories, and leaves an unsolved mystery at the end of each section as a bait to induce

us to look into the next, on the principle on which some newspapers adopt the simpler plan of giving a double acrostic and the answer to it in successive numbers. Another takes a high moral tone, and supplies matter, fit for the Sunday reading of Evangelical families. These plans are obvious enough, and we must call them beneficial or injurious to the public taste, according as we suppose that they make those read who never read before, or that they supplant reading of a more solid kind. It is perhaps better that the intellectual mill should be set to grind mere chaff and husks than nothing at all, though it is most unfortunate that chaff and husks should be substituted for good farinaceous food.

Another plan which has lately become popular suggests some wider considerations. It has been lately discovered that one of the best expedients for floating a magazine number is to get Mr. Tennyson to write a poem. It matters little, apparently, whether it is a short stanza, or an elaborate and highly finished work. The great thing is to have an opportunity of advertising, on every hoarding in London and at every railway-station throughout the kingdom, that the Poet-Laureate is a contributor to the lucky periodical. His name must meet our eye in every variety of gorgeous and gigantic letters that the genius of the "champion bill-poster" can invent. Doubtless, as the art of advertising advances, new means will be found of giving publicity to the fact. We shall have tract-like papers insinuated into our hands in the street, to tell us that Mr. Tennyson has composed two new stanzas; his name will confront us as we travel in hansom cabs; and probably it may be painted on the spot consecrated to reminiscences of Warren's blacking, the base of the Great Pyramid. It would be gratifying to see the intensity with which we pay homage to the first of living poets, if only the homage took a more graceful form. His name must, in the favourite phrase of penny-a-liners, be enshrined in the bosoms of his countrymen when it competes for a place with Mappin's Razors and Thorley's Food for Cattle. Mr. Tennyson's last new poem seems, if we judge from what we see in our streets, to be as potent a cause of popular excitement as the arrival of the Japanese jugglers and the appearance of the hairless horse at the Crystal Palace. And yet fame blowing so noisy a trumpet may perhaps be a little repulsive to the delicacy of a poetical imagination. There is no reason indeed, it may be urged, why Mr. Tennyson should not publish his poems in a magazine as well as anywhere else. He

is in no degree responsible for the advertising energy of his publishers. There is, it is true, a danger of overdoing the thing as far as his own profit is concerned. After such a flourish of trumpets to herald the appearance of mere trilles, the public may become rather deadened to the publication of his more serious efforts. When the time comes, as every lover of poetry must hope it will soon come, for another volume of highly-finished poetry, it will not find our appetite so keen as would otherwise have been the case. The advertising system only means that his reputation is being discounted, and that a great price has been obtained for small specimens of his art, to the detriment of public interest in the more complete gallery. Of this, however, Mr. Tennyson is the best judge; he can doubtless take care of his own dignity; and, whatever may be the merits of his last poem, it at least bears no traces of having been prepared with undue haste for temporary effect. It is as carefully finished as if no such thing as a popular magazine even existed, and as if great poems were still written for the love of poetry, and their copyright sold for five pounds.

It is, therefore, rather of the system than of any particular case that we desire to speak. Mr. Tennyson began his career many years before such a system could ever be thought of, and he formed his style too thoroughly to be in much danger of being affected by it. But the influence of the practice upon younger men is more questionable. It illustrates very forcibly one of the great obstacles in the way of modern art of all kinds. Not long ago the great difficulty was that a man of genius could hardly obtain recognition; he had to write for years, in spite of discouragement, and could then only look forward to a trifling reward. Now the difficulty is that he can hardly avoid premature recognition; there are so many people anxious to get the credit of discovering rising talent, that they will not give it time to rise. There is still a sort of traditional horror of the sneering critic who goes about blighting young hopes, and bidding an ardent young Keats "go back to his gallipots." The gushing school of criticism has proved itself at least equally dangerous. The young Keats is not nipped in the bud, but is put at once into a forcing-house. Every clever young man gets a little band of worshippers who, in praising him, praise their own critical discrimination; they have found the pearl where the cynics saw nothing but the decaying oyster, and they take wonderful credit to themselves for their geniality and open-mindedness. The conse-

quence is that, whenever we find a real genius, we set about spoiling him, and a poetical genius is more quickly spoilt than any other. It is melancholy indeed to observe how many reputations of great promise have collapsed in a few years. First novels, for example, are notoriously often the best, and partly for this reason. A man first writes a story to recall lively impressions of what he has seen and felt; a number of enthusiastic critics assure him that he is a brilliant light of English literature, and of course he naturally tries to do the same trick again and to bring down the same rounds of applause. He acts like the ingenious artist who, having painted the discovery of Harold's dead body, proceeds to look up all the other dead bodies that have at different times been discovered in history, and works the cheerful vein of study from the discovery of the dead Abel by Adam and Eve down to the discovery of Theodore by Sir Robert Napier. Continuations of stories are proverbially failures, as may be exemplified by *Robinson Crusoe* and *Pilgrim's Progress*; and a very large number of the feebleness of eminent writers are produced in the same way. They are substantially repetitions, if not continuations; they are an attempt to produce consciously and in cold blood the effect due to spontaneous enthusiasm—to make a pump do the work of a spring. A young writer who had survived some good sharp criticisms, instead of being received with a chorus of ecstatic recognition, would be far more likely to strike out a new path and cease to supply colourless copies of his first success. This, however, is only one of the incidental evils of the puffing system. The wider evil consists in the unhealthy atmosphere to which the poet or artist is necessarily exposed. He is under a strong temptation to produce a startling new sensation at least once a month. A poet is treated by our magazines just as a race-horse is treated by ardent speculators on the Turf; the horse is run off his legs as a two-year-old, and started wherever he has a chance of making money, without the least regard to the permanent effects on his constitution. It must be admitted that the poetical organization is at least as delicate as that of the race-horse; it must be as trying to throw off a poem as to run a mile whenever you are called upon to do it; and it is as bad a thing for the poetical mind to be forced to make verses, with or against the grain, by the inducement of so much a line, as it is for the equine body to be driven into unnatural action by whip and spur. We must not be surprised if, under the influence

of such a system, a poet of thoroughly ripened and matured faculties should become as rare as an aged race-horse is becoming at Newmarket. A real poet should accumulate reflection till he has something to say, should say it when the impulse comes to him spontaneously, and should afterwards polish his work to the highest possible degree; and these are precisely the things which are discouraged by the temptation to starring in a magazine. Wordsworth probably was injured by his too great isolation from the sympathies of his contemporaries, but there are many degrees between such a life and one passed amongst the incessant irritation of literary touts.

It may be said that the evil is almost inevitable under modern conditions of society. We are often told that we are all living in a feverish state of excitability, and tempted in a thousand ways to prefer making a few hours' sensation to the more enduring efforts necessary for a lasting reputation. If true, this would be poor consolation; but it does not seem to be the whole of the truth. There has surely never been a time at which the necessity of thorough and conscientious study in most departments of thought was better understood than it is now. No man, for example, could set up for being a great historian on the slender stock of information which was once considered sufficient. He must be prepared by severe and systematic labours before he can even gain a right to be heard; and the same may be said, with equal truth, of any kind of scientific pursuit. The increase of knowledge in the world tends steadily to increase the demand for elaborate preparation. A poet who would speak the mind of his age should be, if anything, familiar with a wider sphere of knowledge than his

predecessors. He should possess a more thoroughly cultivated mind if he is to be the spokesman of an age to which larger stores of thought are open. To be a Goethe a man must be familiar with many ideas that were unfamiliar to Shakspeare; which partly explains why it is more difficult to be a first-rate poet now than formerly. And the particular evil of which we have spoken seems to indicate a more special source of temptation than any general tendency of the time. It is a peculiarity of English society that there are more people who read superficially in proportion to those who study deeply than in any other country except the United States. The mass of readers who support magazines want amusement, but are not sufficiently cultivated to appreciate thorough cultivation in others. Thus we are suffering from the misfortune that our best writers are strongly tempted to appeal, not to the best judges, but to a class who are not qualified even to pay respect to the best judges. It would be chimerical to hope that the general body will ever be raised to such a pitch of cultivation as to be good critics for themselves; but if Englishmen are ever decently educated, in a wide sense of the word, they may possibly learn to look up to the real leaders of thought. When that happy period arrives, men of genius will be less tempted to desert the higher road to fame to secure the applause of the half-educated crowd. Even as it is, Mr. Tennyson himself and Mr. Browning have shown that poets may have enough faith in their powers to wait for a comparatively distant verdict; but under present circumstances the magazines distinctly tempt a rising young man to snatch at notoriety, instead of patiently looking for a higher recognition of his merits.

THE ACTION OF PUTRID MATERIAL ON THE ANIMAL ORGANISM.—The following conclusions have been derived by Dr. Moriz Hemmer, of Munich, says the *Blatter f. Staats-Arzneikunde*, from his researches on the nature and action of putrid fluids. 1. Putrid infection causes severe acute inflammation in the intestinal mucous membrane and the glands of the chylopoietic system. 2. It excites very violent central irritation. 3. By it the blood is changed into a dark-coloured, thin, and scarcely coagulable fluid. 4. It causes the rapid approach of putrefaction. 5. The putrid poison is an albuminoid body undergoing change, not fluid or gaseous, but solid. 6. The poison acts in imperceptibly small doses; and, with regard to its intensity, can be com-

pared only with the most active toxic agents known to us—some vegetable alkaloids, curare, the snake poison, &c. 7. It is insoluble in absolute alcohol, soluble in water. 8. It resists a heat of 100° centigrade. 9. It acts as a ferment, and induces symtomic changes in the blood. 10. The action of the putrid poison is exerted on the albuminoid materials of the plasma of the blood. 11. An analogy may generally be recognized between putrid infection and the infectious diseases. 12. The morbid materials of the infectious diseases are, therefore, putrid poisons, and possess the properties of the same. 13. The varying action of the morbid materials in the infectious diseases depends upon a special modification of the putrid poison.

From The Saturday Review, 9 May.

MR. DICKENS'S RETURN.

MR. DICKENS'S visit to America, as the *Times* Correspondent tells us, has been a complete success. Everything has gone right, except that Mr. Dickens has been troubled by a bad cold; and we presume that, so far as his private interests are concerned, he has excellent cause to be satisfied with his journey. Into this we have, of course, no wish to inquire. If Mr. Dickens likes to add something to his fortune by letting Americans look at him and listen to him, it is a question for Mr. Dickens's own consideration. Some persons may argue that there is something slightly undignified about this method of turning one's reputation into cash, but they argue under peril of an obvious retort. It would be only too easy for most men to resolve that they will never make money by showing themselves, for they need not fear that their resolution will subject them to any severe pressure. Mr. Dickens's visit, however, has another quasi-public significance. He went more or less — or some people think that he went — as an ambassador from one great nation to another. It is his exalted prerogative, as a man of genius, to soften international animosities, to strengthen the sympathies which bind together the great English-speaking races of the world, and to hasten perceptibly the millennium of universal brotherhood. We do not know whether there are many people who would maintain this doctrine in cold blood, and argue before dinner that the negotiations between Lord Stanley and Mr. Seward will be materially facilitated by Mr. Dickens's journey; but in that glowing frame of mind which is universally felt or simulated by post-prandial orators this glorious prospect becomes vivid and near. To which we can only say, how pleasant it would be to live in a world where it was always after-dinner! How many difficulties would become small, and how much our nobler affections would be stimulated! After dinner, a charming rose-coloured haze is diffused over the whole world; harsh outlines are softened, and objects that seemed violently contrasted a few minutes earlier melt gracefully into each other. The orator looks upon a crowd of sharp-featured sallow Yankees, and to his eyes they take the form of rosy-gilled plethoric Englishmen. The very Stars and Stripes change their decided form, and become indistinguishable from the Union-Jack. At such a moment all the cohesive tendencies of our nature are intensely stimulated, and the forces of repulsion become

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imperceptible. The man who did not feel for the time that the English and Americans were one people would be more or less than human; he ought to desire that all his auditors had but one neck, that he might fall upon it and embrace it. And, if any one could be equal to the occasion, who could be more so than the prophet of geniality? The most masterly descriptions extant of the appropriate frame of mind are to be found in *Pickwick*. The milk-punch which flows so freely through the pages of that admirable work is a liquid thoroughly appreciated in America. Whether it has been actually consumed on the occasion of Mr. Dickens's reported speech we have no means of knowing, but in a spiritual sense it must have been present. When absorbed by *Pickwickians*, it was transmuted into a general desire to look upon the pleasant side of everything; and this frame of mind is so strongly marked in Mr. Dickens's speech that we may perhaps infer the presence of some similar compound.

It would, therefore, be altogether unreasonable to criticize Mr. Dickens's remarks as though they had been put forward in cold blood. He is too good a speaker not to fall in with the prevalent sentiments of his audience, and to call out their cheers even by a rather exaggerated expression of the common enthusiasm. Wise men who have been raised to a pitch of maudlin affection try next morning to forget what they may have said overnight, and we cannot but look upon it as rather unkind that reporters should be present to supply any judicious gaps of memory. It is as unkind to set down in black and white all that lively orators may have hastily said, as it would be to reckon up the number of glasses of wine consumed in the recklessness of the moment. We feel that Mr. Dickens would have been wanting in dramatic propriety if he had not given some good cues for enthusiastic cheering. Otherwise we might ask whether it was not rather hard upon the porter of the British Museum to describe him as "obese" and insensible to female charms, in order to give point to the anecdote of his admitting an American lady to the library at forbidden hours. No man, however, and least of all an obese porter, can object to the trifling caricature necessary to make him figure well in an after-dinner story. In spite even of this excellent excuse, we demur a little to the assertion that it would be better for the earth to be riven by an earthquake or fired by a comet or handed over to the Arctic fox and bear than for a war to take place between England and the United States. No one doubts

that such a war would be a great misfortune; but English and Americans, even if they were fighting each other, would still be distinctly preferable to Arctic, as indeed to any other breed of, foxes and bears.

The sentiment, however, when reduced to before-dinner pitch, is doubtless unimpeachable. It merely means that we had much better be on friendly terms with the Americans. No sane person doubts it; and, putting aside post-prandial eloquence, it may be worth while to ask for a moment how far Mr. Dickens's success, and the sentiments which it indicates, are favourable to so desirable a result. Nothing is gained in the long run by importing high-flown sentiment into ordinary life. If we really like the Americans better than we used to do, by all means let us say so; and if on the whole we cannot help a prejudice against their ways, let us put it as civilly as possible; but there is no use in a rapturous scream of asservation that England and America are all one, and that not only Shakespeare and Washington, but General Grant and Sir Robert Napier, are glories of our common race; because, after all, we are not one, but very emphatically and distinctly two. The bare facts are that Mr. Dickens has so much popularity in America that he can draw large audiences all over the Northern States, and that a large number of the best known writers will meet him at dinner, and cheer him enthusiastically when he talks about the "Anglo-Saxon race." What is the legitimate conclusion? From one point of view this, of course, means next to nothing. Of the editors who met Mr. Dickens at dinner, not one would be the less willing to denounce a bloated aristocracy, or the unprincipled support afforded to Southern pirates, the next time that it happened to suit his purpose; and, to say the truth, he would show very little sagacity if he were less willing. In another sense, Mr. Dickens's popularity certainly illustrates the importance of the tolerably notorious fact that the Americans talk English. In some respects the two races not only differ, but tend to diverge from each other. The "Anglo-Saxon race" must really be a small minority of the population of the United States. The German and Irish emigrants and their descendants are constantly reinforced by new streams swamping the original Yankee. In political and social institutions the contrasts are perhaps greater than the resemblances. The one indisputable bond of union is that Mr. Dickens is very nearly as intelligible at New York and San Francisco as he is in

London. This certainly implies a close relation between the two nations, and a relation of a remarkable kind. That one nation should be influenced by the great religious or political thinkers of its neighbours might be expected. The European nations are all sufficiently allied for the thoughts which powerfully affect one to be propagated throughout the whole family. But it is much more difficult for one nation to understand the jokes of another. Mr. Dickens's works, when translated into French, amuse Englishmen by the grotesque effect of their new dress, but we should imagine that they simply bewilder Frenchmen. On the other hand, the humour of Mr. Pickwick or Mrs. Gamp is as much appreciated across the Atlantic as it is with us. The currency of an English joke is co-extensive, not only with sovereigns, but with greenbacks. The Americans, in this department at least, are able to make us some return. If they have produced anything distinctively American in literature, it is their peculiar turn of humour. Yet the *Biglow Papers*, in spite of many local allusions, and still more the fun of Artemus Ward, have been as popular with us as in their native place. Orators who wish to establish a resemblance between us should put in the background bits of eloquence about the Anglo-Saxon race, and rely upon the much more indisputable fact that we all see the point of the same witticisms. The popularity of Mr. Dickens in the United States is an illustration of the intellectual similarity; whatever it may be, implied in this curious sympathy; and if a mutual power of relishing each other's humour is a proof that we ought to be intimate friends. Mr. Dickens has done more than any one in confirmation of the proof.

To draw any practical moral is more difficult. Something might perhaps be made of the fact that the Americans can relish a joke even when directed against themselves. We might infer that we can discharge a most useful function towards them by laughing them out of their objectional peculiarities. We can encourage them to give up chewing tobacco, and picking their teeth with bowie-knives, and bragging intolerably about the manifest destinies of the Anglo-Saxon race. It is sometimes a good thing to have a friend who does not mind telling you very plainly that you are making an ass of yourself, and who in fact rather likes it than otherwise. We may lay on the lash as freely as we like, and be certain that none of the blows will fail from want of a duly sensitive nature in the victim; we can be

pretty certain, in short, of catching him on the raw, and, if we can only hit hard enough, making him cry out with satisfactory vehemence. It must be admitted that the function is rather invidious, and one which a nation can hardly discharge in a thoroughly satisfactory manner. However thick-skinned our cousins may be, they have a fair share of national vanity, certainly enough to make us hesitate about unnecessarily assuming the office of Mentor. If, in five-and-twenty years, they have condescended to forgive Mr. Dickens for his sketches of the most remarkable men in their country, it is because they are convinced that they have thoroughly grown out of the absurdities ridiculed. A writer who should do a similar kind office for the rising generation need not count upon an enthusiastic reception till the year 1895. The costume of tar and feathers has gone out in the civilized States; but as fair a substitute as strong language can give may still be provided for a reckless critic. In short, as nothing is more dangerous between friends than a habit of rough joking at each other's expense, there is much the same difficulty between nations. We get on better with those whose humour is couched in a foreign language, and is of a kind which we fail to appreciate. To have sufficient resemblance to a people to be able to laugh at them, and make them feel our laughter, is an endowment of questionable value.

One moral of a less ambitious kind might be drawn from Mr. Dickens's visit. He has undoubtedly gained, in a pecuniary sense, by his reputation in America. If, instead of paying for a sight of him, our friends had paid for the books which they appropriated, he would have received, we presume, considerably greater profits in a more legitimate way. Perhaps the sight of a real living victim of a system of literary plunder may tend to impress upon them the objections to stealing; if so, we should derive a greater advantage from this mute eloquence than from convivial nonsense about Arctic bears and foxes. By establishing honest dealings between the two countries, we should get from the community of language a palpable material benefit, instead of a vague flow of Buncombe. British and American authors would be so many pounds and dollars the richer, and would probably therefore write about each other in better temper. Let us hope that the enthusiasm which Mr. Dickens has excited may be expressed in the practical result of a refusal to steal his writings.

From The Saturday Review.

POETESSES.

THREE women, and three only, endowed with a true poetical faculty, have lived in England during this century. They are — Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Christina Rossetti, and Emily Brontë. Many women, it is true, have written elegant and pleasing verses; and two of these — Mrs. Hemans and Miss Ingelow — would, if the circulation of their works were taken as the exclusive test of merit, be ranked above those three to whom alone a critic can allow genuine poetic excellence. But there is nothing in which immediate popularity is so insufficient a test of real distinction as poetry; because ordinary readers are more pleased by a lesser fire which displays itself, in a customary and recognised manner, than by that more vehement intensity which in its hurry seizes upon *bizarre* and unusual modes of expression. Yet, for all that, intensity is the real thing, the only true essential. It seems almost hard not to allow Mrs. Hemans the title of poet; she has such grace, such unaffected feeling, and even artistic merit. Yet, as there are hills which have every attribute of a mountain except height, which at an elevation of three hundred feet above the sea exhibit a fine contour, jagged peaks, and dark gorges ten feet deep, so there are writers of verse who have every qualification of a poet except that which alone is indispensable. And of these Mrs. Hemans is one. Miss Ingelow has the same radical defect, though the result in her case is somewhat different. For, whereas Mrs. Hemans is throughout natural and consistent, feelings, ideas, and expression being in her works perfectly adapted to each other, each and all the unforced product of her own mind, and having no fault but their intrinsic weakness; Miss Ingelow, being more ambitious, has adopted a style of imagery and expression which is altogether too much for the material at her disposal — that is, for the amount of passion of which she has command. There is a grandiloquent or pathetic flow about her verses, at times even an attractive obscurity; reading them lazily or dreamily, one is easily deluded into the belief that there is that in them which will repay further examination; just as a person living in Cambridgeshire, and looking at the clouds on the horizon, may in a dreamy mood fancy himself looking at the Swiss mountains. But the delusion in either case is short-lived; the dispersion of the clouds speedily

proves Cambridgeshire to be Cambridgeshire, and that solid stuff which ought to have lain behind Miss Ingelow's flowing lines is soon seen to be lamentably conspicuous by its absence. Miss Ingelow's prose stories deserve to be spoken of with much greater respect than her poems; but their very excellence, when the small scale on which they are written is considered, is a proof that her mind is not adapted for the larger sphere of poetry.

To return to our triad of genuine poetesses. Undoubtedly, they are not to be placed on a level. The range of experience which Mrs. Browning vivifies with passion is a strong contrast to the narrow individualities of the other two; and the smooth beauty of Miss Rossetti's best poems is a considerable advance on the ruggedness which is the general characteristic of Emily Brontë. But the root of the matter is found in them all; they all had that in them which they were impelled to speak, and which could not be spoken adequately otherwise than by those cadences, imitative of passion, which verse alone supplies. And as Emily Brontë is by far the least known of the three, and indeed scarcely known at all except as the wild and uncultured sister of a woman of genius, it may be as well to begin with her, in order to justify the estimate of her that we have expressed. And our first remark is, that her poems have probably suffered much in general estimation from being mixed up with the much tamer and weaker effusions of her two sisters; for Charlotte Brontë is as much inferior to Emily as a poet as she is above her as a novelist. The joint volume which they published has, in consequence, a somewhat washy tinge. But if Emily Brontë's poems are read by themselves (which may easily be done, for her poems, and those of her sister Anne, are published separately at the end of Charlotte Brontë's posthumous novel, the *Professor*), it will be seen that strength is their most remarkable characteristic. Her creative power, it must be admitted, is not great; or, rather, there are scarcely any signs of it in her. But she has passion, energy of thought, and daring—the daring to lay hold of those problems which arise, not from a large experience, but from the very constitution of our being; she does not drive or sentimentalize about them, as is the way with weak writers who put out feeble tentacles towards grand subjects and imagine they are thinking grandly, but places them straight before her eyes, and gazes at them with all the vision at her command. Hence, while in her sister

Anne's poems, which are often pathetic and pleasing, there is a recurrence of well-known phrases, the result of memory and not of invention, she, on the other hand, coins her phrases for herself; she knows that what she has to say is this and not that, and is not to be expressed by those vaguenesses which mean a great deal in general and nothing in particular. But to exercise a severe originality upon great subjects, not to shrink either from strangeness of thought or of expression, provided they are the natural product of the mind—these are not gifts likely to procure a large audience; and anything less likely to be popular than the greater number of Emily Brontë's poems it is impossible to conceive. Her strength was her weakness. She entrenched herself so resolutely in her isolation from mankind, that her communication with them was cut off. She said so emphatically, "I will be myself," that her sympathies were narrowed, and her knowledge of the language and tone of the world almost destroyed. If, either by gradual influences in her youth, or by some sudden blow when older, she had been forced out of the circle in which she was confined, so that her great feeling and originality could have flowed out upon the outer world, it is difficult to say what eminence she might not have attained. As it is, she will please only those who delight in originality for its own sake, and these she assuredly will please; and moreover, in extenuation of her defects, it is to be remembered that, if her original temperament was exclusive and self-centered, the circumstances in which she was placed were such that the most comprehensive mind would hardly have been able to develop, or even to maintain, itself under them. Let us quote a few passages from her poems. The following appears to be addressed to her genius, or imagination:—

Stern Reason is to judgment come,
Arrayed in all her forms of gloom;
Wilt thou, my advocate, be dumb?
No, radiant angel, speak and say,
Why I did cast the world away,

Why I have persevered to shun
The common paths that others run,
And on a strange road journeyed on,
Heedless alike of wealth and power,
Of glory's wreath and pleasure's flower.

These once, indeed, seemed Beings Divine;
And they, perchance, heard vows of mine,
And saw my offerings on their shrine;
But careless gifts are seldom prized,
And mine were worthily despised.

So with a ready heart I swore
To seek their altar-stone no more;
And gave my spirit to adore
Thee, ever present, phantom thing;
My slave, my comrade, and my king.

There is not much beauty here; but there is strength, which is a quality of more promise than any amount of beauty without strength. Mysticism is a common characteristic of her poems, yet wholly without affectation; it is the natural product of a mind that, without aid from others, strives to penetrate into the abstruse subjects of our being, our nature, and our happiness. Here are ten lines, mystical and beautiful. It is a prisoner that speaks:—

A messenger of Hope comes every night to me,
And offers for short life eternal liberty.
He comes with western winds, with evening's
wandering airs,
With that clear dusk of heaven that brings the
thickest stars.
Winds take a pensive tone, and stars a tender fire,
And visions rise, and change, that kill me with
desire—

Desire for nothing known in my maturer years,
When Joy grew mad with awe at counting future tears,
When, if my spirit's sky was full of flashes warm,
I knew not whence they came, from sun or
thunderstorm.

But the following is the most touching of her poems; it is entitled "Remembrance":—

Cold in the earth—and the deep snow piled
above thee,
Far, far removed, cold in the dreary grave!
Have I forgot, my only love, to love thee,
Severed at last by Time's all-severing wave?

Now, when alone, do my thoughts no longer
hover
Over the mountains, on that northern shore,
Resting their wings where heath and fern-leaves
cover
Thy noble heart for ever, ever more?

Cold in the earth—and fifteen wild Decembers,
From those brown hills, have melted into spring:
Faithful, indeed, is the spirit that remembers
After such years of change and suffering!

Sweet love of youth, forgive, if I forget thee,
While the world's tide is bearing me along;
Other desires and other hopes beset me,
Hopes which obscure, but cannot do thee wrong!

No later light has lightened up my heaven,
No second morn has ever shone for me;
All my life's bliss from thy dear life was given,
All my life's bliss is in the grave with thee.

But, when the days of golden dreams had
perished,
And even despair was powerless to destroy;
Then did I learn how existence could be cherished,
Strengthened, and fed without the aid of joy.

Then did I check the tears of useless passion,
Weaned my young soul from yearning after thine;
Sternly denied its burning wish to hasten
Down to that tomb already more than mine.

And, even yet, I dare not let it languish,
Dare not indulge in memory's rapturous pain;
Once drinking deep of that divinest anguish,
How could I seek the empty world again?

Let us turn to Miss Rossetti, of whom, as being considerably better known than Emily Brontë, we shall have proportionably less to say. In her we no longer find the inchoate, chaotic character of Emily Brontë's poetry; what she is, she is completely; she has reached, if we are not much mistaken, the highest point attainable by her. Feeling, with her, is absolutely predominant; there are no symptoms of any struggles of thought, of any intellectual range; and though these latter qualities are not absolutely essential to poetry, they endow it with a far greater power. Hence we do not think her naturally so strong a genius as Emily Brontë; but her imaginative power is decidedly greater. Their most prominent characteristic, intense personal feeling, is the same in both; nor is there in either any lightness, much less any satire or comedy; their most serious pieces are their best. Miss Rossetti does, it is true, make two or three most doleful attempts at being light and airy, such as "My Secret," and "No, thank you, John." We most sincerely hope that some day or other she may be induced to cut them out of her volume. We have spoken of her imaginative power; it is not always, perhaps, exercised in quite a healthy manner; but it is very genuine and remarkable. Here are instances of it. The mistress, on the threshold of the convent, bids farewell to her lover:—

If now you saw me you would say:
Where is the face I used to love?
And I would answer: Gone before;
It tarries veiled in paradise.
When once the morning star shall rise,
When earth with shadows flees away
And we stand safe within the door,
Then you shall lift the veil thereof.
Look up, rise up; for far above
Our palms are grown, our place is set;
There we shall meet as once we met,
And love with old familiar love.

Take, again, the following sonnet, entitled "After Death":—

The curtains were half drawn, the floor was swept

And strewn with rushes, rosemary and may
Lay thick upon the bed on which I lay,
Where through the lattice ivy-shadows crept.
He leaned above me, thinking that I slept
And could not hear him; but I heard him say:

"Poor child, poor child:" and as he turned away

Came a deep silence, and I knew he wept.
He did not touch the shroud, or raise the fold
That hid my face, or take my hand in his,
Or ruffle the smooth pillows for my head:
He did not love me living; but once dead
He pitied me; and very sweet it is
To know he still is warm though I am cold.

Opinions are, we believe, divided as to the merit of Miss Rossetti's principal poem, "Goblin Market." To us its beauty appears unquestionable.

Mrs. Browning is too considerable a person to be dealt with fully in the space that is left to us. We can therefore here only make a few observations on her. That which distinguishes her from Emily Brontë and Christina Rossetti is the intense effort after objectivity, after downright portraiture, narration, description, which in the other two is entirely wanting. The poetry of women (unlike the novels written by women) has, from Sappho downwards, been almost entirely subjective and personal. Nor perhaps can any instance be given, besides Mrs. Browning, of a poetess who even attempted to escape from these limits. Was she successful in the endeavour? Not more than partially, we think. In *Aurora Leigh* there is no clearness; with plenty of excellent matter and fine enthusiasm, there is an utter absence of that quiet delineation, that decisive separation of the lines and avoidance of confusion, which is essential to good character-drawing, and of which no better instance can be found than Charlotte Brontë, a woman who in nature and power was by no means dissimilar to Mrs. Browning. The *Last Poems*, less ambitious than *Aurora Leigh*, are more successful; and none of her other poems can be thought even to approximate to the highest rank. Yet, with all drawbacks, she is far the greatest English poetess.

One more observation may be made. Why is it that, while the novels written by women approach so nearly in excellence to those written by men, the poetry of women should be so inferior? Miss Austen, Charlotte Brontë, and "George Eliot" almost, if not quite, equal any men who can be set against them. The suffrages of the many would no doubt set Scott, Thackeray, and

Dickens above them; we are by no means certain that the suffrages of the few would incline the same way. But to compare Christina Rossetti, for instance, we do not say with Tennyson or Browning, but with Mr. Matthew Arnold or Mr. Swinburne; can any one doubt that Mr. Arnold is as a poet far more complete, far more likely to endure, than Miss Rossetti? The difference is not in genius; on the contrary, we think Miss Rossetti's finest touches superior to anything that can be produced from Mr. Arnold. But there is a certain knack in poetry, as in other things, which is very different from genius, and the place of which cannot be supplied by genius; though genius is possibly a help towards acquiring it. Just in the same way, a man of first-rate abilities will often fail in conversation; nay, more than that, such a man will often converse in a manner that proves him to possess abilities, and yet his conversation will be all the while an utter failure. So in painting; this it is which, we understand, all foreign critics assert to be lacking in our artists. We do not express an opinion as to the justice of the accusation; but the seriousness of it seems quite misapprehended by English critics. And so, we presume, women, in writing poetry, draw their style from other women, and thus miss that largeness and universality which alone compels attention, and preserves a work through all changes of sentiment and opinion.

From The Examiner, 16 May.

AUSTRIA AND POLAND.

"GALICIA," said Prince Ladislas Czartoryski, in his recent speech, which has already given rise to various comments, "is henceforth the centre round which the other parts of Poland are to group themselves." In the opinion of the leader of the aristocratic section of the emigration, Austria, the present holder of Galicia, is the Power from which a revival of Polish nationality may be expected. Prince Czartoryski lays stress on the fact, that great freedom exists at present in the dominions of the House of Hapsburg, and that the Government at Vienna shows itself fully ready to grant an ample autonomy to the Polish province under its sway. The leaders of the Moderate party of the emigration have, however, always looked with hopeful eyes upon Austria, even before she was beaten into Liberalism in the harsh school of adversity. We may bring to recollection here that General Dembruski, during the insurrection

of 1863-64, in Russian Poland, wrote words much in the strain of Czartoryski's speech. It is true that Dembruski's expectations were doomed to sore disappointment. For a while, no doubt, the Austrian Government winked at Polish doings across the border; so much so that a corresponding jealousy arose on the part of Russia. We could easily give facts proving that, at that time, the agents of the "Secret National Government" at Warsaw were by no means treated with ill favour by the authorities of the Kaiser. But in proportion as the fortunes of the insurrection waned, a change occurred in the attitude of the Court of Vienna, until at last, with a view of humouring the Czar, it even consented to act the odious part of a jailer of Langiewicz.

In the interest of her self-preservation, Austria is by the nature of things driven to resist the encroachments of Russia in the East. Only, feeling herself weakened at home by various agencies, she has generally lacked the courage for decisive conduct in the most important crises. Thus she let slip the great opportunities of the War of Independence in Russian Poland in 1830, of the attack made upon the Muscovite Empire by the Western Powers some fourteen years ago, and of the last Polish insurrection. On all those occasions, Austria betrayed a certain desire to see Russia crippled; but she dared not act. It ought to be here remembered that to Austria the partition of the old Sarmatian commonwealth has never been productive of any benefit. On the contrary, it has, by bringing Russia closer to the frontiers of the Hapsburg realm, only served to create or increase, for the latter, the danger arising from the Pan-Slavonic movement. The true protection of Austria is the Carpathian wall. Galicia, situated outside that natural boundary, forms, strategically speaking, rather an element of weakness for the dominions of the Kaiser. Those who know the history of the partition are indeed well aware that it was not Austria which suggested that crime, however much such a consummation appears to fit into that Machiavelian policy which has characterised the Hapsburg race for some time past.

Since her defeat on the Bohemian battlefields, Austria has clearly turned over a new leaf. She tries to conciliate some of the nationalities of whose assistance she may stand in need, in case of the recurrence of danger. To speak correctly, we can no longer even employ the designation of "Austria" for the complex dominions under Francis Joseph's sway. In the relations between the Magyar realm and the so-called

Cis-Leithan countries, it has already become the fashion to speak of "The Austro-Hungarian State." The political distinction between the two separate bodies is thus indicated. There is no longer an "Austrian Empire"—at least, not in the opinion of the Hungarians; but there is a Hungarian kingdom on the one side, and a composite mass of "Austrian" territories on the other. It is, in technical State language, the system of dualism. Now the party which Prince Czartoryski represents, would fain convert this dualism into a "Trias," by conferring upon Galicia a full autonomy, and making it the nucleus of a revived Poland. To this idea the best Magyar patriots and German Liberals would readily assent, were it not that Prince Czartoryski clogs his proposal with the demand of "a large administrative autonomy of the Czechs, the Croats, and the Serbs," and with the suggestion of an alliance of the House of Hapsburg with France, for the purpose of effecting a Polish reconstitution. Among Germans the thought naturally arises, that in this manner a pro-Polish action of the Vienna Government would only facilitate the famous "duel" which Marshal Niel seeks to fight out with Prussia. This, however, we should say would be little to the taste of the Austrian Germans who have some feeling for their own Fatherland, though they are for the nonce politically separated from it. They, as well as the remainder of the Southern Germans, have preserved great sympathies for the Polish cause. Prince Czartoryski himself bears witness to that. But their desire to see justice done to a down-trodden nation does not go so far as to lend a helping hand to the ambitious views which Napoleon of France entertains, in the direction of the Rhine.

A circumstance is yet to be taken into account, which renders Austrian action, in the matter of Poland, somewhat more difficult than may even be assumed at a first glance. In Galicia there are two races, of nearly equal numerical strength—the Polish properly speaking, and the Ruthene or Rus-sine. The latter is chiefly found in the central, and to a certain extent also eastern part of the province; it forms there the bulk of the peasantry. Round Lemberg, the capital, the Ruthenes are most thickly grouped. In religion they belong to the schismatic Greek Church, but their priests are much in connection with the "orthodox" Muscovite propaganda. In race, the Ruthenes stand intermediate between the Polish and the Russian stock; and, according to locality, they have either more affin-

ity with the former, or with the latter. Thus there are Ruthene dialects approaching the Polish, and some that have relationship with the Russian tongue. This occurs not only in Galicia, but also in that part of the old Polish kingdom which is under the dominion of the Czar. It is on this floating, undefined national element, that the exertions of the emissaries from Moscow and St. Petersburg are chiefly brought to bear. As for the true Poles, or "Lechs," they are looked upon by the Russians, and some of their affiliates among the Ruthene ultras, as mere intruders, to be got under or ejected.

Unfortunately, Prince Metternich, some twenty-two years ago, when the Polish patriotic movement became troublesome in Galicia, made the cruelest use of the brutishness in which the Ruthene peasantry was then sunk. Frightful massacres, by hired bands of assassins, took place, under the leadership of the notorious Szela. By such means Galicia was pacified. A few

years later, during the German Revolution of 1848-49, the Ruthenes once more served the Hapsburg crown as a counterpoise to the Poles, in the Reichstag at Vienna. In the subsequent Reichsrath, which was introduced by the Schmerling Constitution, the Ruthene deputies of Galicia played the part over again. At the Diet of Lemberg itself, bickerings between the Poles and the Ruthene ultras—always brought about by the latter—have been of frequent occurrence. Thanks to the altered policy of the Government at Vienna, there is, however, less acrimony now between those "hostile brothers." Still, it will be seen, from what we have indicated, that a pro-Polish movement which has Galicia for its basis, labours under some disadvantage, that province being ethnologically, as it were, broken in twain, or at least split into two marked *nuances* which do not very well agree together.

THE LAUREATE'S NEW POEM.

MR. ALFRED TENNYSON has just published, in *Macmillan's Magazine*, a poem called *Lucretius*. It will be read by everybody because it is written by the Laureate, and it should be read by everybody, firstly, for that good reason, and secondly, because it is a poem of singular beauty and power. Now, as *Mr. Punch* is ever anxious to assist the Diner-Out, that person is recommended to arm himself for inevitable cross-examination by young ladies, who desire or pretend to desire information upon the subject of and the allusions in this poem, now the talk of society. Diner-Out will do well to get the poem, and with the aid of Dr. William Smith's classical dictionary, and some consideration, enable himself to answer the following questions:—

1. Who was Lucretius, and in what year a. c. did that Roman poet live?
2. What is the Hexameter?
3. Who was his Teacher, and what were the 800 scrolls left by Epicurus?
4. What is a love-philtre?
5. What is the Atomic Theory?
6. Who was Sylla, who was Helen, who was Venus?
7. Who was Mavors, and had he anything to do with a spelling-book?
8. Who was the great Sicilian poet?
9. Who was Kypris, and why was she so called?
10. What was the theory of Lucretius about the gods?
11. Should Hyperion be pronounced as *Hamlet* pronounces it?
12. Who was Plato?

18. Who were Pious and Fannus, and were they related?

14. What is an Oread?

15. What is a Satyr?

16. Who was Lucretia?

17. What is cosmic order?

18. Explain "the Ixionian wheel," and the "Fury's ringlet snake."

19. Why does Lucretius kill himself?

20. Is Lucilla to be pardoned or condemned?

Having mastered which points, Diner-Out may go out to dinner.

—*Punch*.

LIME AND LEMON JUICE FOR MERCHANT SHIPS.

—The *Standard* has the following:—After the 1st January, 1868, merchant ships are to carry lime juice mixed with fifteen per cent. of rum, and it is to be served out to the crew daily in proportions named in the new Merchant Shipping Act. Before the juice is allowed to be shipped for the use of the crew it is to be inspected, reported on, fortified, and certified to the satisfaction of the Board of Trade. We have reason to hope that that terrible scourge of our mercantile navy, sea scurvy, will be eradicated by the use of good lime juice. We learn that Sunderland is the first place at which lime juice has been inspected under the new Act, and that a report has been sent in by the Board of Trade officer to the effect that the lime juice there is proper and fit in every respect. This is satisfactory, as there were doubts whether lemon or lime juice would be forthcoming at the last moment.



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